

"NATURAL BORN KILLERS"

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DRAFT FIVE  
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NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE NUMBERS  
AND SOME "OMITTED" SLUGS. THEY HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR THIS  
SOFT COPY.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY (PRESENT)

A black scorpion crawls towards us on hot tarmac. The sound of  
an approaching PICKUP. A tire crushes the life from the  
scorpion, CAMERA rising from it to reveal a desolate DINER in the  
middle of nowhere.

INT. DINER - DAY

MICKEY KNOX, his back turned to us, is sitting at the counter  
finishing his meal. We hear the PING...BANG...of a pinball machine  
being played OFF SCREEN.

MABEL, a waitress, comes over and fills Mickey's coffee cup.

MICKEY

What kind of pies do you have?

MABEL

Apple, pecan, cherry, and key lime.

MICKEY

Which do you recommend?

MABEL

Well, the key lime is great, but it's an acquired taste.

MICKEY

I haven't had a key lime pie in ten years.

MABEL

When ya had it, did ya like it?

MICKEY

No, but that don't mean much. I was a completely different person ten years ago. Let's give key lime a day in court. And a large glass of milk.

Mabel turns to her right.

MABEL (to someone O.S.)

Should I make that two pieces?

CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see for the first time MALLORY KNOX, Mickey's wife, sitting on a counter stool next to him. Her back is to the camera as well.

MALLORY

Nada, Rosey.

MABEL (annoyed)

My name's not Rosey. (points at name tag) It's Mabel.

Mabel exits FRAME.

MALLORY

Whatever.

Mallory hops from the stool, walks over and grabs the JAR next to the cash register, then dumping out the coins on the counter, she selects a quarter.

MABEL

Hey, what the hell do you think you're doin'?

Mallory saunters past the COWBOY playing pinball. As his eyes follow Mallory, he loses his ball.

She walks to the jukebox in the back, inserts the quarter, selects a song, punches the buttons, a needle lands on a record,

and a hard-hitting rockabilly TUNE cuts through the coffee shop. (Suggestions: "Let 'er Roll" by Sid King or "Red Hot"/"The Way I Walk" by Robert Gordon)

Mabel brings Mickey his pie and milk.

MABEL (to Mickey)  
She ought not be doing that. That's for  
Jerry's kids, not rock 'n roll.

CAMERA moves around to a CU of Mickey. This is the first time we see him. As he takes a bite of green pie:

MICKEY  
I can't take her anywhere.

Mallory starts doing a slow seductive fandango around the coffee shop. She's really cooking and smoking.

Pinball Cowboy and Mabel are starting to wonder just who the hell these people are.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A dirty pickup truck, sporting a Confederate flag decal, pulls up to the coffee shop, a DEAD DEER in the back. SONNY, OTIS, and EARL, three tough-looking rednecks, pile out. Steam rises from beneath the pickup's hood.

EARL  
Goddamn this sonbitch is runnin' hot. Y'all go  
inside. I'm gonna check 'er out.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The LOUDNESS of the Rockabilly song slaps SONNY and OTIS in their faces as they walk inside the door. The sexy sight of MALLORY doing the ubang stomp stops them in their tracks.

SONNY  
Good God almighty. What the hell is that?

OTIS  
That's a bitch outta hell, son.

Otis and Sonny exchange looks.

OTIS  
Take a run at 'er, kiddo.

Sonny heads toward Mallory. Otis moves over to the counter next to Mickey.

OTIS

Miller, Mabel.

MABEL

Comin' up.

Sonny stands in front of Mallory, trying to copy what she's doing. Her eyes are closed at the moment, so she doesn't see him.

Mabel sets the Miller down in front of Otis. Otis takes a swig, enjoying the floor show.

OTIS (to Mickey)

That's some sweet piece of meat, ain't it?

Mickey turns from his pie and looks at Otis. His expression betrays nothing.

MICKEY

Her name's Mallory.

OTIS

Mallory, whatever -- who gives a shit. I call it pussy.

The needle lifts off the record. The song ends.

Mallory opens her eyes and sees Sonny, grinding up against her, grabbing for her tits.

SONNY

Hells Bells! Don't stop now sugar. I'm just getting warmed up.

Sonny gives her his best shit-eating grin before turning to Otis. Otis gurgles out a laugh.

OTIS

Hey, I think she's sweet on you.

Sonny turns to Mallory.

MALLORY (sweet)

Oh, are you flirting with me?

She starts to sing "Shitlist" by L7. Sonny doesn't understand as she punches him hard in the face, spinning him around. More punches follow as she wallops him all over the diner.

A new song automatically drops on -- Patti Smith's "Rock 'n Roll Nigger" or L7's "Shitlist" pumping the room to a new peak of murder and insanity.

Mallory grabs the back of Sonny's head and SMASHES it down on the

table, cracking the linoleum.

MALLORY

Don't fuck with my dance! Goddamnit Mickey, why do they fuck with my dance, goddamn is it because I'm so cute? Why are they fucking with me?

Otis jumps off the counter stool, but Mickey's hand clutches hold of his shoulder.

Otis spins around toward Mickey, loaded for bear, and points his finger at him, threateningly.

Before any threat can be made, Mickey whips a large buck knife out from its sheath, and in a flash, SLICES off Otis' finger.

Otis' finger drops on his boot. He grabs his aching hand. Blood flows from the wound.

MICKEY

Just because my woman's mopping up the floor with your buddy is no reason for you to join in.

Mickey makes five lightning quick SLASHING SWINGS. The buck knife slips back into its sheath. At first, there seems to be no difference with Otis. Finally, blood flows from the slices made in his face and chest. Otis collapses.

The SHORT-ORDER COOK in a hairnet charges out of the kitchen at Mickey, wielding a meat cleaver and screaming.

Mickey whips out a .45 automatic from a shoulder holster inside his jacket and FIRES.

BULLET'S POV: Heading fast toward Short-Order Cook's face. It HITS. Short-Order Cook puts his hands to his face and falls to the ground, screaming.

Mickey spots Earl, who's standing outside the plate glass window. Earl's watched the whole shebang.

Earl mouths "Fuck!" He turns and runs for it.

Mickey hurls the knife through the plate glass window, which SHATTERS. The knife PLUNGES deep into Earls back. He hits the ground dead.

Mickey turns to Mallory. She's sitting on top of Sonny, SLAMMING his head repeatedly on the floor. He's dead, she's still singing.

MALLORY

..."you made my ... shitlist!"

MICKEY

Honey.

Mallory looks up at Mickey. She gets off Sonny and moves to Mickey's side.

Mickey trains his .45 on Pinball Cowboy, who's shaking in his cowboy boots. Mickey aims at Mabel, who's clutching the coffee pot, crying.

MICKEY (to Mallory)

Pick one.

Mallory does eanie, meanie, minie, moe, pointing back and forth from Mabel to Pinball Cowboy. Twice the jingle lands on the cowboy, but Mallory adds another phrase...

MALLORY

Eanie, meanie, minie, moe, catch a redneck by the toe. If he hollers, let him go. Eanie, meanie, minie, moe. My mom told me to pick the best one ... and you are it.

...so that she ends on Mabel. Mabel's dodging around screaming.

Mickey FIRES the .45. The bullet CHINKS through the coffee pot Mabel's holding and explodes, THUNKING her in the chest. She hits the floor dead.

Mickey and Mallory join hands and walk over to the Pinball Cowboy who stands in a pool of his own urine.

MALLORY

When you tell people what went on here, tell 'em Mickey and Mallory Knox was here. Say it.

COWBOY

Mickey and Mallory Knox.

MALLORY (to Mickey)

I love you Mickey.

MICKEY

I love you Mallory.

They kiss. Holding hands, Mickey and Mallory walk out of the cafe.

TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. CONVERTIBLE CAR - MOVING - DAY (PROCESS SHOT)

"Rock 'n Roll Nigger"/"Shitlist" blends into a PROCESS SHOT of plates of the Southwest USA (Shiprock, buttes, mesas, Rio Grande, Indian Reservation), mixed with the Midwest, Alaska -- the

country on the move.

The Song Track acquires a second and possibly third song, all clashing on the track at the same time (possibly older fare like Duane Eddy's "Rebel Rouser" or Shangri-La's "Leader of the Pack" with some "Madame Butterfly" thrown in). The TITLES splash over this with big Rock Hudson/"Giant" '50's-style block lettering.

In the foreground (possibly grainy, black-and-white 16 mm, "Breathless" style cinema verite), MICKEY drives a 70's type American muscle car fast (Suggestions: a Plymouth Cuda, Dodge Challenger, Coup de Ville Cadillac). Buffalo grass blurs by. White clouds.

Then some RAIN. The top is down. They are wet and laughing. A bottle of tequila lays between them. She turns the radio up louder...and louder. Micket drives faster ... and faster. The car feels like it's taking flight. The wind, the music -- everything merges.

The CAR crashes off the road, through a barbed wire fence, fishtails -- races on, mowing through brush.

Mickey floors it and howls to get 400 horses under control. MALLORY yells. Can you believe? Can you see Life in Death?

EXT. NIGHT - STARS

A vault of Southwest Stars, clean as milk, pouring down on the TWO LOVERS in the middle of nowhere. Mickey peeing in the dark. Softer Music (Cowboy Junkies' "Sweet Jane" style).

MICKEY

Goddamn! Looks like the world's comin' to an end, Mall.

Mallory is dancing barefoot on the hood of the car. As she sings/talks, the stars become light-moving explosions into the earth.

MALLORY

(dreamy, looking up)

I see angels Mickey ... comin' down for us from heaven. I feel their feathered wings ... I see you ridin' a red horse, drivin' the horses, whippin' 'em -- they're spittin', frothin' all over the mouth -- comin' right at us...I see the future...and there's no death Mickey...cause you and I are angels.

She gets out of the car. Mickey, buttoning up, turns to look at her for a moment.

MICKEY

That's goddamn poetry...damn I love you Mall.

In the shadows, we see her little devil grinning back at him, as she pees. Light on her flanks. She's singing "Ain't Nobody's Business" by Billy Holiday.

TITLES END.

EXT. WINSLOW/GALLUP - DAY

MICKEY and MALLORY drive into a quiet one-street town on Rt. 666.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The car is parked outside a cheap MOTEL in the middle of nowhere. The sign reads "FREE HBO."

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

MALLORY is drying her hair, in a slip.

MALLORY

You wanna go out? Get somethin' to eat?

No answer. The TV's on to "Thelma and Louise" blasting it out with the cops. MICKEY has a copy of TV Guide in his hands, worn out.

MICKEY

Nah, let's stay in, (he looks off to the corner) we got plenty action here.

MALLORY (stepping out of the bathroom)

You know what I been thinkin' bout?

MICKEY

Course I know. You been thinkin' bout rollin' round that big sunflower patch outside Tulsa.

He flicks the channel. To "Badlands" -- another shootout.

MALLORY (pleased)

How'd ya know?

MICKEY

And you been thinkin' bout cutting your hair short.

She steps on the bed and sits on her knees, snuggles. She puts her head on his shoulder and he traces the line from her eyebrows down through her nose and chin. She's like a cat, purring, nestling for his warmth.

MICKEY



And you been thinkin' bout us settlin' down --  
on a boat in the middle of a big lake, with a  
dog and a juke box.

Mallory wraps her arms around his chest, nibbles his neck. What  
she never felt in her father's house -- a warmth.

MALLORY

Oh, Mick, I love it when you can read my mind.  
I bet I know what you been thinkin' bout?

Mickey flicks to "Scarface" -- the chainsaw scene.

MICKEY

Yeah, why they make all these fuckin' stupid  
movies. Don't they believe in kissin' anymore!  
I tell ya out there in Hollywood somebody's a  
taco short of a combo plate.

He gives her a big kiss. She smiles.

MALLORY

Oh mercy.

MICKEY (laughs)

You're so cute. I love you, right down to  
your... (notices)... where is it?

Her wedding ring is missing. He glares at her hard, grabbing  
her wrist.

The CAMERA suddenly hauls ass from the bedroom back through the  
bathroom door and careens towards the sink. It STOPS at a soap  
dish. There, bigger than life, is Mallory's WEDDING RING. A  
diamond to light up the sky.

Her hand comes into FRAME, grabs it and exits FRAME.

Mallory jumps back in bed with Mickey, waving her ring.

MALLORY

Calm down Mickey! I just took it off so it  
wouldn't snag when I washed my hair, goddamn.

Mickey flicks the remote to a "Game Show" -- a new refrigerator,  
a miniature swimming pool, and a new car are given away in a  
rapid sequence. Mickey throws her perturbed looks inbetween:

MICKEY

Even if that ring pulls out every hair on your  
head, it never comes off. If it scratches my  
face, it never comes off. If it tears out my  
eyes, it never comes off. Every great thing we  
do, starts with these.

Mickey clicks their wedding rings together. Mallory, excited, kisses him in great slurps of lust as Mickey flicks to a "Nature Show" -- Insects devour insects. Who eats who, and where.

MALLORY (sexy)  
If you put it that way.

She makes love to him under the sheets.

On the TV, a praying mantis swallows a bug.

Mickey, a love crazed guy, splits his looks between the TV and something in the corner.

MICKEY (to TV)  
"Jeesus, look at that...my god!"

MALLORY  
Stop lookin'...will you stop lookin' at her!

It could be the TV he's looking at; we're not sure.

Mallory stops humping him, looks at her ring. He blows some hair out of her eyes.

Mallory, frustrated, gets off him, throws a jacket over her slip, adjusts her highheels.

MALLORY (going out)  
I'm goin' for a ride. See ya' later.

MICKEY  
Hold it? Weren't we going to do something with her?

CAMERA PANS, with Mallory on the way out to the corner of the motel room. A young GIRL is tied up, her mouth taped shut, her eyes bugging out of their sockets, she's so scared.

MALLORY (going out)  
Later...

MICKEY  
Prude.

Mickey closes his eyes. The TV light washing his face with another trip to Hawaii.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

MALLORY drives, top down, through a truckstop town. It's a hot night.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

COYOTE catch MICE drawn to the street lights. A little outside town, MALLORY'S pulled into an all-night gas station. Bugs fly around the neon. The radio in the car is on to something like "Ted Just Admit It" from Jane's Addiction.

A YOUNG GAS ATTENDANT slides out from under a Corvette he's working on in the garage. He puts on his greasy cowboy hat and walks up to her car.

MALLORY

Fill 'er up.

TIME CUT:

He pumps the gas. She walks over to check out the Corvette. As he comes over,

MALLORY

Nice 'vette.

ATTENDANT (nods)

That'll be seventeen bucks lady. Say, don't I know you?

Mallory leans into his face, a yearning. She takes his hand, feels it.

He looks, wondering, surprised. There's something so needy, so desperate in Mallory's child-like eyes.

She takes his hand and runs it up inside her shirt, muttering.

MALLORY

Why don't you just feel me...tell me you want me...think I'm sexy?

His hands feel her up. She presses her lips to his neck, nibbling.

A brief flashing image of MICKEY passes before her eyes. It's him in front of her.

MALLORY

...come on, say it more...

His hands get rough, taking the lead. She doesn't want that. She pushes his head down, deflecting his aggressivity. (... "go down") Camera dwells on her leaning back on the Corvette as he is he is beneath her.

But he is rough, and pops his head back up and smothers her on the top of the hood. His blackened hands starting to push and knead her roughly.

ATTENDANT

Oh baby! You are sexy!

She is increasingly agitated, coming out of her reverie. This is obviously not Mickey.

He spreads her hard across the hood and spreads her legs in a vee.

ATTENDANT

Holy shit! I can't believe this...can I get ya autograph? You're Mallory Knox ain't yal

MALLORY

Yeah. And you're dead.

She kicks him hard, freeing her legs. He falls off the hood. She gets the gun from her purse and fires an angry SHOT into him.

She is ranting as she kicks him and steps over him.

MALLORY

Next time don't be so fuckin' eager...that was the worst fuckin' head I've ever had in my life.

She scoops the cash out of the night register at the pump.

MALLORY

Goddamn! You deserve to fucking die!

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Peering at Mallory's underwear, JACK SCAGNETTI expresses reverence, moving his attention to the hood of the Corvette, dusted with crime powder. He's a cop, one of the best. He consults a LOCAL COWBOY SHERIFF.

SCAGNETTI

Jesus, a perfect ass... you can even see the crack... that's the back ... arm...her head...fuckin' dry saliva drops still on the fender.

He drops down to examine the DEAD ATTENDANT.

SCAGNETTI

...poor bastard was eatin' her when she did 'im.

He looks in the attendant's mouth, pulling out a small pocket knife. Using the tweezers, he removes a pubic hair from the dead man's mouth. He holds it to the light, looking at it intensely.

SCAGNETTI

Mallory Knox...meet Jack Scagnetti.

INT. MICKEY CAR - (MOVING) - INDIAN RESERVATION - DAY

CU of a rear view mirror -- MALLORY'S eyes looking.

MALLORY

Fuck...fuckin' cheese!

The camera now revolves in the mirror to rack MICKEY, driving, also peering seriously into the mirror.

MICKEY

This fuckin' guy's got me worn down to a bare fuckin' nub.

The mirror -- A NAVAJO PATROL CAR is shadowing them.

INT. INDIAN CAR - DAY

Closer -- stoic INDIAN EYES under a tribal baseball cap. Just looking, tagging -- not on the radio or anything.

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - DAY

CU on a state road MAP showing Indian Reservation symbols. Up to MALLORY.

MALLORY

Be cool -- take the next right. Looks like a town out there.

MICKEY

All I see is desert.

MICKEY turns onto a dirt road off the Highway. A cloud of dust.

They look back.

The Indian slows to a crawl, watching them...then goes past, down the main road.

MICKEY (relieved)

That's right Cochise, go eat some more fried bread...Gimme some more mushrooms.

Mallory reaches for the mushrooms -- gives him a couple of dry chewy pups. He gnashes on them. The radio's been playing something zonal like "Alive" by Pearl Jam or "Dizz Knee Land" by Dada.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATER - DAY

They have run out of gas in the middle of nowhere. Red earth. Sky. Clouds. A thrush calls out a song.

MICKEY is staggering, besotted with mushroom power. Sticks his gun in his belt, begins walking up the road looking for gas.

MICKEY

Shit. Right now I'd go down on a lawman for a gallon of gas...do I have something on my nose?

MALLORY (sings it)

"Guess it's farther than I thought."

MICKEY

Snakes, birds, nothin' out here. "Turn right?"  
Turn right to what? You fuckin' stupid bitch.

She punches him right in the face. Then she kicks him to the ground. On the ground he tries a savate kick. She sees it coming, jumps over him and lands right on him, gun in his forehead.

MALLORY (mocking)

"You stupid bitch! You stupid bitch! You stupid bitch!!" Don't call me bitch. My father called me that. Once too much. You're losing it, Mickey.

He has a tooth loosened.

MICKEY

Sure Mall, take it easy...it's me, your lover, not some demon.

MALLORY

How do I know that? Take off your pants and gimme your money...now. I'm serious.

MICKEY

Mall! I don't have to be dictated to by a woman...

MALLORY

Shoes too.

She fires. Into the ground. Right next to him. He hops to comply.

MICKEY

What are you gonna do? Leave me. Just cause I don't have the goddamn same puritanical belief systems you do! What the fuck is that gonna...

She fires again. Speed it up. He senses she's really pissed.

MALLORY

Mickey, you gotta get respect for me...turn around and drop your knickers. I want to see your ass up in the air.

MICKEY

Mall! What the hell game is this!

She fires again. The shots bring the sound of BELLS jingling. They look.

On a KNOLL fifty feet away stands a flock of RAMS.

Conversely, the Rams' POV is of a near-naked man and a woman with a gun in the desert. The Chief RAM tears out after Mickey.

MICKEY

What the fuck!

He starts to run.

MICKEY

Shoot it! Goddamn Mall, shoot the fucker!!

Mallory laughs as the ram closes on Mickey. But the Ram comes to an abrupt stop as it hears the WHISTLE.

A FIGURE now stands at the top of the knoll with the flock of sheep and a YOUNG BOY. The ram trots back towards him.

Mickey looking. Mallory puts away the gun.

The Figure is an OLD INDIAN.

Mickey crossing himself, half joking.

MICKEY

Rejoice...for he hath found his sheep which were lost in the desert

(pointing)

Hey, Chief, we ran outta gas...our car's up the road apiece.

The Indian knows something. He says nothing, continuing down the hill and across the road with the Young Boy, the ram and about 30 sheep.

Mickey, throwing on his clothes, follows with Mallory, their dispute forgotten for now.

EXT. DESERT HOGAN - DAY

MICKEY AND MALLORY approach a hogan -- a mud and log structure, twenty feet across. A PICKUP is parked nearby. A scruffy DOG alongside a PICKUP barks as they approach; a DONKEY is tied to a pinon tree and SHEEP wander.

The YOUNG BOY stands in the breeze watching them.

Mickey knocks at the open door.

MICKEY

Hi...so look we got tobacco, lots of tobacco...  
you got any gasoline we can buy?

No answer.

MICKEY (looking at the donkeys, to Mallory)

We can always snatch the donkey and ride outta  
here.

MALLORY

Maybe he don't speak English.

INDIAN

Come on in.

Mallory and Mickey look at each other and step inside.

INDIAN (his only English)

Come on in.

INT. HOGAN - DAY

It's dim inside but cozy. The old INDIAN sits on a rickety old bed with a horsehair mattress, sheep skins and an Indian blanket. A worn aluminum kitchen table occupies the middle of the room.

Bays of dried ears of corn, squash, melon and beans lay on the dirt floor. Chilies and dry mutton hang on wire strung on one side of the room. A pile of cedar wood is stacked by an old franklin stove, a covered pot on top. Scraps of cotton hang over the windows, various photos of family and friends, and feathered Indian gear hang from nails pounded into the wall. It's very quiet.

INDIAN

Come on in.

He motions for them to sit in an overstuffed chair.

MALLORY

Thank you (pointing to herself) I'm Mall-o -  
ry...That's Mi...ckey.

Everyone nods and smiles. MICKEY and MALLORY show another side of sweetness and politeness. The YOUNG KID coming in and sitting down next to the OLD MAN.

INDIAN (in navajo)

When are you leaving?



Mallory signals they don't understand.

INDIAN (in navajo to the Boy)  
Good looking woman...uh...Man's got things in his head he can't get out...demons. Too much TV...Trouble follows that one.

MICKEY (to Mallory)  
This is like the twilight zone or something.

The Old Man walks over to some pictures on the walls, hands one to Mallory of a YOUNG COUPLE back in the 1940s or 50s.

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INDIAN BOY (navajo)  
Can you help them grandpa?

INDIAN (navajo)  
Maybe they don't want to be helped. They both fly too close to sun. Now they are falling to earth. That is why they have come here. My prayers would mean nothing in their world.

He stokes the fire, feeds the snake again. He studies a crystal in his hand.

INDIAN (navajo)  
Once there was a woman who went out to collect firewood.

The snake is crawling over to the Indian who reaches down and picks it up and puts in his lap.

INDIAN (navajo)  
You want to hear the story too don't you old man... O.K. (continues) She came upon a poisonous snake frozen in the snow. She took the snake home with her. She put the frozen snake on her favorite blanket by the warm fire. She fed it and nursed it back to health. One day she picked the snake up and it bit her on the cheek. As she lay dying she asked the snake, I loved you, why have you done this to me? The snake answered, "look bitch, you knew I was a snake."

He chuckles, as does the Boy. It's very quiet. The sound of the fire.

Mickey has fallen asleep. The Old Indian begins to SING.

Mallory is awake, watching the Indian. The room, shadows

dancing. It is the first time she can remember feeling peace, almost like family. She starts to drift off.

Mickey is dreaming out loud.

The Old Man stands and takes the snake to the door. Opening it, he lets the snake out.

INDIAN (navajo)

Go be a snake.

Mickey's nightmare is getting heavier. He's moaning and sweating. The Old Indian takes his feathered hat off the wall and puts it on. He opens a wooden box and takes out a white eagle feather and a bundle of medicine.

EXT. HOGAN - NIGHT

The OLD MAN and the BOY with him now make offerings to the four directions, to the grandfather spirit, the stars, the earth, the mother, praying, singing. His face and hands are marked with white ash and colors so the spirits will recognize him.

INT. HOGAN - NIGHT

As we hear the mounting sounds of the prayer, we see MICKEY'S face dreaming, sweating.

The OLD MAN is now leaning over Mickey and MALLORY in half light, shaking the rattle and waving the burning sage over Mickey to chase the demons.

We push into Mickey's eyes.

DREAM IMAGERY -- death, murder, shit...a WAR FOOTAGE. In Bosnia...a decapitated BODY sitting in the corner of the room, just sitting as if alive, as if about to rise up...A MAN slaps a WOMAN. A BABY cries...shooting...a MURDER VICTIM screaming "Oh god no! Please no!" BIRDS fly backwards...A MONSTER with a knife in its hand coming at us, the face of the Demon!

Suddenly TWO SHOTS explode off the walls of the hogan.

Mickey is awake, stunned, sweating -- the gun in his hand.

Mallory sitting up.

The OLD INDIAN stands still over Mickey. Everything stops.

Then staring into the Beyond, he falls to the ground.

Mickey is shocked, howls.

MICKEY

Ahhhhhhhhh!

MALLORY (screaming, feeling the merge)  
Ooohhh my God... Mickey YOU KILLED HIM!!!

They look down at the dying Chief.

INDIAN (quietly, in navajo)  
You thought coming here was an accident...this  
was no accident...I saw this demon in my dream -  
- 20 years ago. I was waiting...I forgive you.

The Old Indian dies.

MALLORY  
This is bad Mickey.

Mickey walks outside, in circles, ranting to himself.

EXT. HOGAN - NIGHT

The last of the moon is disappearing behind the earth. The lone  
dog howls.

MICKEY with the gun in hand runs to the Indian's PICKUP truck,  
jumps in. It won't start. He catches a glimpse of something in  
the rear view mirror. The DEMON FACE over his own.

MICKEY (spooked)  
SHIT!

He leaps, scrambles out of the truck, looks in the back for gas.  
A 5 gallon can. He shakes it. Half full of gas.

MICKEY  
Mallory!

INT. HOGAN - NIGHT

MALLORY is covering the dead INDIAN with his blanket.

MICKEY (O.S, desperate)  
Mallory!

EXT. HOGAN - NIGHT

On the horizon, we see the YOUNG BOY standing there looking. He  
runs away.

MALLORY walks past MICKEY, heading elsewhere.

MICKEY (carrying the can)  
We got gas, baby.

She says nothing, pissed.

MICKEY

Come on Mall -- it was an accident. This whole fucking thing is crazy (catches up to her, spins her).

MALLORY

Don't you feel anything!...Something else has taken over Mickey. I don't know what's real anymore. I'm scared. That was bad! Maybe we were led into the wilderness by the demon.

MICKEY

There's no demon -- just us.

She looks at him.

MICKEY

I'm sorry bout the old man. I really am. But you gotta be strong Mall. I need ya. Now come on. The car's this way.

Mallory walks away.

MALLORY

I felt at peace last night. It's over Mickey! I'm going any place but with you. You got no real feelings. You're just as dead as all of 'em!

Mickey follows. A sudden rattle in the night.

MICKEY

Wait a minute!

Mickey flicks a lighter.

A big RATTLESNAKE.

They walk around it. She wants to get away from him, doesn't pay attention.

He flicks his lighter again.

MORE SNAKES.

Mallory keeps walking faster and faster. Mickey tries to grab her. She breaks away.

MALLORY

Lemme alone! I'm outta here.

We hear another RATTLER. Mallory screams out. She's bit!

MICKEY

OH GOD NO!

He starts shooting into the ground.

Mallory lies there stunned, hands to her ears.

MALLORY

Stop it...STOP IT.

Mickey rips off his shirt and wraps it around a stick, soaks it in the gasoline and lights it, making a big torch in the night.

There are SNAKES coming at them from all directions.

MICKEY

Holy Shit! What the fuck have we done!

Lighting the way with his torch, he hauls Mallory up and hotfoots it out of there, snakes popping their rattlers everywhere.

A huge RATTLER sinks its fangs into Mickey's leg. They're both bit. He keeps moving, spitting the torch into the snake's face.

INT. CAR - MOVING - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Mickey driving past a ROADSIGN saying "GALLUP."

MALLORY is delirious.

MICKEY

You'll make it Mall. Badasses don't die ... Indians got a saying I read. It says you're either stronger than the poison or you die. They get bit, they run... fast as they can. They either drop dead right then and there...or they live. We're gonna live Mall -- a long, long time.

PAST A CHEAP MOTEL on the outskirts of town -- says "U SLEEP MOTEL. \$7.50 the night. Free Hot Tubs. Porno Films on Cable." The CAMERA stays with the motel, letting the car whip past.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

JACK SCAGNETTI, in undershorts on the bed, is drunk, sweating, eyeballing a friendly YOUNG WOMAN. She's awkward, a little nervous but she's down to her undergarments, looking at the CLIPPINGS of "Mickey and Mallory" spread over the table and dresser, pictures of crime scenes and his book -- "Scagnetti on Scagnetti." A half empty bottle of vodka. A gun, handcuffs and a police badge.

PINKY (worried)

...my name's Pinky...

(no answer)

Say are you a real cop? Or are you some kinda freak or something? I don't want no trouble.

SCAGNETTI (mumbles)

Ya...I'm a real cop.

Pinky smiles. The light from the TV fills the room with a strange aura. The sound is off. We hear MUSIC from the next room. TRUCKS pass by outside.

PINKY

You're not gonna hurt me are you?

SCAGUETTI

I never hurt anybody in my whole life. I'm the law. I'm your protector. You don't ask me any more questions, Pinky...step up on the bed...move slowly.

Not sure what he wants, Pinky steps barefoot up onto the bed, standing over him, a foot on either side of his torso...she's slowly bending, spreading, arching like a young woman remembering childhood ballet dreams, her eyes closed...

He moves his hands up her legs and ass, exploring, continuing up across her shoulders. Around her neck, bringing her down. Closer.

SCAGNETTI

Come here, give big Jack a kiss...just keep lookin' at me now...just keep lookin'...don't close your eyes...y'ever been strangled?

Head LIGHTS wipe across the wall. A TRAIN passes.

A different rhythm now. Her eyes. His hands around her neck. Strangling her. She is terrified, struggles.

An ankle with a thin gold chain. A flailing arm kicks over the night stand and lamp.

Falling, rolling. Stale green motel carpet...she heaves, staring. Slender leg kicking, fists pound at his face as he gets on top of her. Fingers tear flesh. Not a word is spoken. Her eyes never close. Fingers tear at his cheeks.

The TRAIN has passed. Silence. The TV blinks. The radio plays softly in the next room (people partying, laughing).

His face.

EXT. GARBAGE DUMP - EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

The HOOKER'S separated body vanishes in plastic bags in a large

dumpster.

SCAGNETTI looks around, impeccable in a clean suit, shiny cufflinks. He crosses back to his car, revealing an ancient DRIVE-IN next door.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE - NIGHT

The last show. A Goldie Hawn-Steve Martin picture is playing -- giant closeups, a comedy.

MICKEY and MALLORY are slumped against the driving wheel, delirious, struggling for breath, sweating heavily.

MICKEY

When's this over? We gotta get outta here,  
Mall...we...

MALLORY

Angels Mickey... I see angels

On Goldie Hawn. (ANIMATION SEQUENCE begins here -- TBD)

MICKEY

Ya, I see em.

MALLORY

They're guarding us. Each step we're  
together...Oh God...it's perfect. We're gonna  
make it Mickey...we're gonna...

MICKEY

Goddamn Mall, that's poetry.

Mickey slams the car into drive, plowing forward out of the parking spot, smashing the movie meter.

He sideswipes into another car, screams, anger. A PERSON stepping out to confront.

Mickey slams his car backwards into the angry person, crushing him. Then he zigzags his way through the parking lot past the faces of Goldie and Steve.

EXT./INT. "DRUG ZONE" - NIGHT

It towers over the deadbeat western landscape like a vision of the future -- gleaming white cube of fluorescent power -- sacred Aztec Gods within -- offering aisle after aisle of nicely colored packages of American D...R...U...G...S.

HIGH ANGLE moving on MICKEY staggering down one aisle ... looking (presumably) for snake venom.

The same goes for MALLORY in her aisle -- face now green with the sickness, cotton-mouthed. Time is running out...her breathing labored, short -- a sound from hell.

MALLORY (pleading)  
Mickey, I'm so cold...I'm goin' now...

Staggering, falling in the aisle...

MICKEY  
No you're not! No you're not! Get angry! Mall--

Mickey in his aisle looking through the rubbers, pulling out a handful, staggering down a football-field aisle towards the counter that looks as far as an oasis in the Mojave.

ON TV:

At the CONTROL BOOTH, a nine-inch COLOR TELEVISION plays in CLOSE UP. A pumped up MUSIC CUE peaks as we see:

PHOTO: Charles Manson  
TITLE: "AMERICAN MANIACS"  
PHOTO: Charles Whitman  
PHOTO: Richard Ramirez  
PHOTO: Ted Bundy  
TITLE: HOSTED BY WAYNE GALE  
PHOTO: David Berkowitz  
PHOTO: Henry Lee Lucas  
TITLE: PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY WAYNE GALE

Following a series of shots of WAYNE GALE in the field (VIDEO SEQUENCE), the young commando journalist stands on the yellow line of Highway 58. His accent AUSTRALIAN STREET:

WAYNE TV  
Welcome to another episode of "American Maniacs," where we chronicle the mayhem, the brutality, and the violence of that peculiarly American creation -- the serial killer.

PULL BACK to reveal an enormous POLYNESIAN DRUGGIST, 300 pounds, watching a portable TV on the counter of the control booth. He's behind a hi-strength glass and raised up a couple of steps. His eyes, at this late hour, nervously wander to his SURVEILLANCE SCREEN -- revealing:

ON SURVEILLANCE MONITOR:

Mickey and Mallory, separate aisles, alone in an enormous sea of fluorescence, foaming.

ON THE TV:



WAYNE TV

Tonight I'm standing on Highway 666 -- running through towns like Cortez, Colorado, Shiprock, and ending in Gallup, New Mexico. To some it's a beautiful stretch of the American landscape, but to Mickey and Mallory Knox, who are still at large, it is literally a candy lane of murder and mayhem...

The moments are expanding in the Pharmacist's eyes as -- not yet, but almost -- thoughts begin to cross over into neighboring compartments.

HOME MOVIE MONTAGE -- TV

On the TV -- a MONTAGE OF Home Videos. These are films of Mickey and Mallory living a normal life.

-- MALLORY -- very introverted -- with her PARENTS who look really weird -- doing something weird like feeding the fish. Or all three are smiling, Mallory in the middle. Her father holds a chicken drumstick. Mallory's taking a bite out of it.

-- MICKEY in his high school yearbook photograph or elementary school. Very innocent, sweet. Possibly a photo in Santa's lap.

WAYNE TV

Once they were average citizens, living drab, nothing-ever-happens lives, but then these sweethearts began a cross-country murder spree that has lasted only three terrifying weeks but has left.

-- PHOTOS: BLACK & WHITE of bloody VICTIMS -- both men and women

-- PHOTO: BLACK & WHITE of a bloodstained police chalk outline.

WAYNE TV

...forty eight known bodies in its wake.  
Including...

TIGHT over the DRUGGIST in enormous diopter as MICKEY approaches the CONTROL BOOTH, staggering.

A PHOTO OF MALLORY'S PARENTS -- MOM and POP.

WAYNE TV

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wilson -- who are -- or rather "were" -- Mallory's Mom and Dad!

The Pharmacist's terrified eyes carry from the television to Mickey trying to get his attention out the booth. Up close Mickey looks like shit, pale, sweating, waving a handful of rubbers at the Druggist. His mouth voicing words through the

ventilated "bullet-proof" glass:

MICKEY

Hey you... 'scuse me? Aloha?

The Pharmacist in zombied terror approaches.

MICKEY

Hey! Chief -- this rattlesnake took a chunk out of us a ways back. My lady friend and I are pretty sick...I think we're dyin', but you never can tell these things... so how's 'bout ungluing your fat ass from the boob tube and getting us some snakebite juice, okay??

The Pharmacist nods and silently pushes the ELECTRONIC ALARM beneath the counter with his fat finger. In a daze of his own, he complies with Mickey's request, meandering to the medicine shelves.

ON THE TV:

WAYNE in front of a 7/11 store.

WAYNE TV

Mickey and Mallory started off as armed robbers, but their idea of robbery is a little different than you or I -- in fact it is an assault.

ON TV CONT.

INT. 7/11 STORE - DAY

This scene is shot through the store's black and white SURVEILLANCE CAMERA high angle corner.

MICKEY and MALLORY are in the 7/11, cocking their shotguns and shouting things.

MICKEY (on video)

Money! Money! Money! Fast! Fast! Faster!  
Faster!

MALLORY

Mickey!

Mickey shoots a CUSTOMER.

Mallory blasts the Young CLERK who flies into a comic book rack.

MICKEY (not noticing the TV, impatient)

You fuckin' find it yet?

The Pharmacist, stalling, fiddling with bottles, ultranervous about the naked TV staring at Mickey, trying to distract him.

PHARMACIST

Have...have you tried the hos... hospit...tal yet.

MICKEY

What the hell is this?  
(sicker)  
You fuckin' find it yet!

WAYNE TV

They'd storm in with shotguns and kill every customer in the place without hesitation. But they always leave one clerk alive. To tell the tale of...

ON TV --

The surveillance camera revealing Mickey and Mallory tearing out the 7/11 leaving one OLD INDIAN behind.

CUTTING to PHOTOS, BLACK and WHITE, of:

MICKEY and MALLORY -- high school sweetheart photos

Staring right back at him. It finally reaches MICKEY who can't help but be flattered.

WAYNE TV

Mickey and Mallory!

MICKEY

I'll be damned. (then) You piece of shit!

He goes for his gun.

The Pharmacist, all 300 pounds of him, hits the floor in one giant sumo fireball.

Mickey blasting the window with his gun -- bullets careening off the hi-strength glass.

MICKEY (come alive)

MALL!!! COPS! Get the fucking car out front!  
I'll get the snakeshit!

Mallory, reinvigorated by the mention of "cops!" -- gets back to her feet and with pure, groggy will tears herself outside like a cyborg.

Mickey with successive gunblasts, shatters the COUNTER GLASS and climbs in...

The Pharmacist, hands hitting the ceiling, begs for his life.

PHARMACIST  
Ppppppllllll.....eeeezzzee.

MICKEY  
Snake juice!

The Pharmacist shits --

PHARMACIST  
We don't carry...hosppp...ital... I'm the only  
clerk left...I'm the onnnlllly clerk left ...

Mickey trashing the counter in any case, cramming every prescription drug into a shopping bag, comes close.

MICKEY  
Yeah, but you forgot one thing...

PHARMACIST  
Whhhaaaat's th...thhhaaaat?

MICKEY  
If I don't kill you, there's nothing to talk  
about, is there?

The Pharmacist gets it.

MICKEY  
Fuckin' squid!

Blows his 300 pounds through the gut. Octopus flesh flying in gobs in every direction. Mickey tears out of there...

FLYING POV CAMERA -- ripping down the aisle, Mickey's POV -- there's a honk from outside.

Mickey tearing past vitamin displays, knocking down a rack of stuffed animals. His strength is fading. Snake juice coursing through his veins.

FLASH -- THE DEAD INDIAN

FLASH -- THE SUN. BUDDHA...some sign of spiritual hope.

He gets to the door, swings out through the glass. Sees it:

EXT. PHARMACY AND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mallory is slugging it out toe to toe with a COP. Another COP lies on the ground at her feet, dead. TWO COP CARS.

THREE MORE COPS in windbreakers are tearing up - simultaneously spot MICKEY in the doorway. They hit the pavement pulling their guns.

Mickey is faster. Whipping down, his .45 out, blazing away...

Tearing a hole through one COP...

Taking out ANOTHER with a headwound.

Bullets CRASHING through the pharmacy glass, shattering the frontage of the store.

INT./EXT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

MICKEY scrambling back into the aisle, protected. Looks back and sees:

COP (O.S.)  
Throw your gun down! And get on the floor!  
Now!

AN EXIT PATH -- out the rear of the store.

But back to MALLORY as she is engulfed by TWO MORE COPS, altogether beating the shit out of her with guns, fists, nightsticks, and dragging her behind one of their cars.

The look on Mickey's face. Heartbroken. He's gotta stay. He's gotta go down with her.

MICKEY  
Awright! Awright! I'm coming!! But don't  
fucking touch her! You hear me or you got a  
few more dead pigs on your hands!

COPS, crouched behind protection, looking at each other.

MALLORY (yells)  
Mickey! Take off!

COP (O.S. to Mickey)  
Okay! Okay! She's secured!

Their POV -- Mickey's TWO GUNS come skittering out from behind the aisle.

Mallory, blood pouring out of her, looks, moved by his action --

MICKEY  
(standing, arms in the air, full exposure)  
So...come'n get the big bad wolf.

SCAGNETTI suddenly appears from behind one of the cars -- nice

suit, a gun in his hand, the "look." Even down to the fingernail scars on his cheek.

A LIGHT pops on. A LOCAL NEWSCREW filming as:

Three more COP CARS arrive. POLICE are pouring in.

SCAGNETTI

(on bull horn)

Put your hands where I can see them. Step out into the light and lay down on the ground. Now...

With Scagnetti in the lead, the video camera tracks behind the THREE COPS in windbreakers crashing towards Mickey, guns drawn, overdoing it a bit for camera in a "COPS" TV docudrama style. A "recreation" already of an event that is just traspiring.

Mickey has a smile on his face as Scagnetti hauls him around and cranks up his arms behind his back, trying to cuff him.

SCAGNETTI

You're outta business Knox you fuckhead!  
You're gonna die, you piece of shit!

Mickey, never out of surprises, joker smile and all, wrenches one hand free. He whips out his BUCK KNIFE and swings it behind him.

He hits COP 1 in the eyes. COP 1 screams and falls on the ground. Blood smears his face and hands.

COP 1

My eyes! My fuckin' eyes are out!

Scagnetti has jumped back, alarmed.

SCAGNETTI

Don't kill him! I wanna fuck him! He's mine!

Mickey stands there, knife in hand, toying with them. As he drops the knife:

The TWO OTHER cops pull out their TASER GUNS and fire lots of volts into Mickey's torso. It's an extraordinary sight!

CU on Mickey on fire, electrified, spinning, spinning...till he sees stars, millions of stars.

The CAMERA WHIRLING with Mickey as he crashes to earth.

Unsatisfied, the Cops pull out their clubs and beat him mercilessly -- with all the pent-up righteous rage of so many good men killed in the line of duty against this raging psychopath asshole. Galaxy bandit. Forever outlaw to the race

of man.

The NEWS CREW films. In the wake of Rodney King, the Cops don't really pay attention.

Mallory, bloodied to her pulp, watches from the ground, on her knees, arms squeeze-cuffed behind her, a nightstick through her elbows. She SINGS to herself.

Scagnetti crosses to her, jerks her up by the hair, examines her as coldly as a bug.

MALLORY (sings, ignoring him)  
"These boots are made for walkin  
That's just what they're gonna do  
One of these days these boots are gonna  
walk over you"

She doesn't bother to look at him.

FADE TO BLACK:

## ACT TWO

EXT. BATONGA PRISON - DAY

SUBTITLE: "A YEAR LATER"

TWO MEN move toward us -- SCAGNETTI and a Deputy Warden, WURLITZER, in uniform.

WURLITZER  
...always wanted to meet you Scagnetti. I respect you and you know what, I even bought your book and I read the whole goddamn thing!

As they walk past us, revealing the medieval-looking prison in background, they come to a standing tower of a man, Warden DWIGHT McCLUSKY -- suit and tie, a man of iron from another era -- with another Deputy Warden, KAVANAUGH, in uniform.

WURLITZER (introducing)  
Warden...Jack Scagnetti.

McClusky giving him an iron handshake.

MCCLUSKY  
...Dwight McClusky. Welcome to Hell.

Scagnetti playing top dog, supercop cool.

SCAGNETTI  
Good to meet ya Dwight. How the hell are my two favorite assholes?

MCCLUSKY

We got the two rat fucks back in there. I guess you wanna see em.

INT. PRISON CORRIDORS - DAY

A door slams, giant reverb down the halls. Echoes of keys clinking, eyes of GUARDS. McClusky waves his arms as he moves and gates slide.

As they move, we sense a tense prison -- the nervous demeanors and eyes of GUARDS, silent scary PRISONERS in close proximity. The TWO DEPUTIES, Wurlitzer and Kavanaugh, tag along, wary protection, despising the inmates, ADLIBBING to their many requests.

MCCLUSKY

I seen you on TV. I even went and read your goddamn book. I'm impressed. That E. Scarwin case was something. You put an end to a nightmare, Scagnetti...

SCAGNETTI

It was no big deal, Warden, just business as usual.

MCCLUSKY

I'm surprised Hollywood ain't found you yet. Your story would make a better movie than that "Serpico" shit. But I tell ya Scagnetti, in all my years in the penal business -- and I tell ya that's no small number Mickey and Mallory Knox are without doubt the most twisted, depraved group of shitfucks it's ever been my displeasure to lay my eyes on. I mean, these two rat fucks are a walkin' reminder of just how fucked up our system really is.

SCAGNETTI

Don't get me started, Warden.

MCCLUSKY

Dwight, you call me Dwight, Scagnetti. You up to date?

SCAGNETTI

They been separated since incarceration -- couple of places?

MCCLUSKY

Semanko and Jessup...

SCAGNETTI

They killed a shitload of inmates and guards?



MCCLUSKY

Three inmates, five guards and a shrink all in one years' time.

SCAGNETTI

Psychiatrist?

MCCLUSKY

Yeah. Mickey's better half -- Miss Mallory strangled his ass when he made the dumbass mistake of askin' her what her parents done to her -- and she done it all shot up on tranquillizers!

FLASHBACK -- PRISON CELL - DAY

The dead PSYCHIATRIST lying on the floor, tongue sticking out of his face. MALLORY cuffed to a chair, beaten, right into CAAERA at the milling, freaked out COPS:

MALLORY

You gonna give me some more time? I already got life. What else you got? Death? I'd like to see you fuckin' try! I haven't met one motherfucker here who's shown me shit!!

They WHACK her good.

BACK TO:

INT. PRISON CORRIDORS - DAY

SCAGNETTI (sarcastic)

Oh yeah. Her parents. Her father was doin' her. So she drowned him in a fish tank.

FLASHBACK - INT. MALLORY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on a home aquarium with fish swimming around. Suddenly Mallory's FATHER'S head is shoved into the tank.

SCAGNETTI

The mom they stuffed a sock in her throat and torched the bitch!

(laughs, cynically)

Her kid brother they left alive.

FLASHBACK - INT. MALLORY'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mallory's MOTHER mouth is stuffed with a sock, held down. A gas nozzle pouring gasoline all over her.

BACK TO:

MCCLUSKY

Yeah. My old man beat the tar out of me -- but I didn't kill him.

SCAGNETTI

Well, it was because they wouldn't give 'em their blessing to get married.

MCCLUSKY

You gotta be kidding!

SCAGNETTI

No. Ain't love grand?

MCCLUSKY (roars)

"Ain't love grand." Ain't that the truth!  
It's like that other lie -- "love makes the world go round."

They laugh together as they go past a new door. A nervous GUARD whispers to Deputy Wurlitzer.

Suddenly FOUR GUARDS come out of a cell, carrying a badly bloodied PRISONER. He's been stabbed over and over. They hustle him past McClusky and Scagnetti who keep talking, ignoring the filthy looks thrown at McClusky from every PRISONER in the cell block.

MCCLUSKY

...so how does a guy like you become a specialist in psychos?

SCAGNETTI

Well, Dwight, for starters I'd recommend having your mother killed by one. After that happened, I developed a rather keen interest in the subject.

MCCLUSKY

What the hell happened?

SCAGNETTI

I was born and spent the first part of my life in Texas.

MCCLUSKY

You don't have an accent?

SCAGNETTI

I don't wanna talk like those assholes.

MCCLUSKY

My mammy was from Texas.

SCAGNETTI

I meant y'know, the assholes I grew up with who

beat the shit outta me...Anyway, one day when I was five, my mother took me out to play in the park. Well, that just so happened to be the same day that Charles Whitman climbed up to the top of University of Texas tower and started shooting strangers.

MCCLUSKY

You was with her?

SCAGNETTI

Sure was. You see, the thing is I didn't hear the shots. I didn't hear any of 'em. One minute I'm walking with my mother and then all of a sudden her chest explodes. She hits the ground, right? I'm just lookin' at her. Her forearm flies off. Then her hip explodes. Now, I'm not hearing any of these shots. All I know is my mother is falling apart in front of my eyes...

MCCLUSKY

What about you, son?

SCAGNETTI

Some hero grabbed me and threw me behind a bush. It took them all goddamn day to get Charlie. So, that meant I spent all Goddamn day lyin' flat on the grass, being eaten alive by fuckin' ants and thinkin' "What the fuck happened to my mom?" Ever since I've had a strong opinion about the psychopathic fringe that thrives today in America's fast food culture. I tend not to exhibit self-discipline becoming of a peace officer.

MCCLUSKY

You got a right Jack. Say, you don't mind, d'you, if I call you Jack--?

SCAGNETTI (ignores the question)

Not at all. But I tell you what it is. These fucks think they're special -- Daddy yanked their dicks, Momma never game 'em a hug -- so they have carte blanche to take innocent life.

(McClusky nods intensely)

They think they're invincible. I never caught a killer yet who ever dreamed he might get caught. And they all look the same when I catch 'em -- like little kids with their hands in the cookie jar.

MCCLUSKY

That's my observation as well. We have an army

of shrinks who talk about mania and schizophrenia and multiphrenia and obsessions. But it's all bullshit. It's Pride! Arrogance! Somewhere, somehow they get the idea they're better than everyone else -- it makes me sick. And Mickey and Mallory Knox are the sickest I've ever seen.

INT. DINING AREA - DAY

They walk through the spotless dining area. The PRISONERS eat silently, each one more uptight than the one before him.

The Guards on the catwalks above sense something in the air, nervous, nodding to the Warden who makes AD LIB INQUIRIES as he moves.

MCCLUSKY (to prisoner)  
Y'all right.

WURLITZER (nervous)  
Don't go down that corridor, chief.

McClusky changes direction.

KAVANAUGH (whispers)  
Not there either, boss.

MCCLUSKY waits.

SCAGNETTI (shrewd)  
So why me, Dwight? What's this really about?

MCCLUSKY  
You feel the silence, Jack! The silence in the air?

SCAGNETTI  
...yeah?

MCCLUSKY  
The one thing you don't want in prison, Jack, is silence.

Camera coming to rest on a huge BLACK INMATE. He's not eating. He's not chewing. He's not blinking. The inmates on either side of him look like they might shit their pants.

The MAN he's looking at is nervous, jacked up on speed.

NERVOUS MAN  
Don't focuking you look at me, motherfucker!

The Black Guy goes for him --lunging across the table with a fork

aimed at the jacked up guy's throat.

But McClusky beats him to the punch -- twisting a personalized medieval instrument of torture -- a thumb cracker or something, over the inmates' fingers -- breaking them backwards.

The Black Inmate's face shows the agony he is feeling. As he finally releases the fork.

GUARDS now surround the TWO PRISONERS and cart them away.

As McClusky renews his walk with Scagnetti, reinvigorated by the incident.

MCCLUSKY (to Guards)

Put him in F Block for the month. Then bring him to me.

SCAGNETTI (impressed)

Jesus Dwight! You should be on "American Gladiators."

MCCLUSKY

...30 minutes every day, just shake and roll it.

(shaking his body tai-chi style)

...doesn't take much...someone goes for you, you go right for the throat Jack!

(feints for Scagnetti's throat with a flat palm)

...a chop that paralyzes...you know I got an office I'm gonna show ya Jack, it's so good I don't wanna go home at night. I got a secretary 23 fuckin' years old.

WURLITZER

Yolanda Bingham.

MCCLUSKY

Got an ass on her like...

KAVANAUGH

...two perfectly round scoops of vanilla ice cream.

MCCLUSKY

My coffee cup...

WURLITZER

...which says The Boss on it,

MCCLUSKY

...might as well be a bottomless pit.

KAVANAUGH

She puts the fuckin' waitresses at Sambo's

shame.

WURLITZER

And we ain't talkin' lukewarm water poured over old grounds.

MCCLUSKY

So, tell me why would I want to leave paradise to come down here and breathe this air and smell the smell of a bunch of losers?

(pauses, holds Scagnetti's eye)

Cause of you, Jack...

(indicates the prisoners)

Mickey and Mallory did this to 'em. Got my whole prison worked up.

WURLITZER

Like sharks to chum bait.

MCCLUSKY

Smell of blood drives 'em nuts.

WURLITZER

80 percent of these assholes are violent offenders...

KAVANAUGH

We're over 200 percent capacity.

MCCLUSKY

This ain't a prison anymore Jack -- it's a timebomb.

SCAGNETTI

So ship 'em out.

KAVANAUGH

Nobody wants 'em

WURLITZER

No state!

MCCLUSKY

I'm even talkin' hellholes where the warden's hard as a bar of iron. No one wants these assholes behind their walls, dealing with 'em

WURLITZER

Day in

MCCLUSKY

Day out.

SCAGNETTI

So fry 'em.

MCCLUSKY

Fuck we tried! And each fuckin' time they kill somebody new we got to start the whole legal process all over again.

WURLITZER

It eats up two to three years.

KAVANAUGH

Mickey is fuckin' diabolical.

MCCLUSKY

He knows...

INT. WOMAN'S CELL BLOCK - DAY

MCCLUSKY

What's his name?

KAVANAUGH

Pete.

MCCLUSKY

Pete, open it up. We got a visitor for the song bird.

A BUZZER sounds. A door clanks open. Soon as it does we hear a FEMALE VOICE singing "Walking after Midnight" by the Cowboy Junkies.

SCAGNETTI

So, sounds like a hemorrhoid you can't get rid of, Dwight.

MCCLUSKY (smiles)

Even hemorrhoids can be cut out Jack. That's why we're shipping 'em for testing to Nystrom with you.

SCAGNETTI

Nystrom? Lobotomy Bay?

MCCLUSKY

Vegetable land. Home of the criminally insane.

SCAGNETTI

That hasn't been done in years.

MCCLUSKY

We got a first stage ruling. It won't stick with all these asshole do-good shrinks around, but it gets them under your control for a few hours.

SCAGNETTI

Yeah? And then...?

MCCLUSKY

The public loves you Jack...you're a celebrated  
lawman. You busted "M&M." Twenty six years on  
the force, a bestseller out in paperback.

WURLITZER

A modern day Pat Garret with a deadly axe to  
grind with maniacs...

(Scagnetti puffing up)

MCCLUSKY

You're a livin' breathing icon of justice and  
that's why you were chosen to deliver Mr. and  
Mrs. Knox. We -- the Prison Board -- we know  
that once you get 'em on the road...if anything  
should happen...

WURLITZER

an accident

MCCLUSKY

a fire

KAVANAUGH

an escape attempt

ALL

...anything...

MCCLUSKY

Jack "Supercop" Scagnetti would be there to  
look out for his public's best interests.

SCAGNETTI

I'm getting the picture here.

MCCLUSKY

...and of course nobody in their right mind  
would cry for those two pigfuckers if they  
happened to take some lead. A lotta lead.

(Scagnetti thinking)

You write the script, Jack, call it "Showdown  
in Mojave: The Extermination of Mickey and  
Mallory," I don't give a shit ... I'll give you  
my two best men (indicating) Kavanaugh and  
Wurlitzer. (corrects their names and faces).

WURLITZER

We got a special dislikin' for these punkolas.

MCCLUSKY



Have we found our man?

Hold on Scagnetti as he walks up to Mallory's glassed cell -- very white, very medical. Inside we hear singing. An old friend. Still fascinating to Jack.

MCCLUSKY

...So here she is...you know her, you love her, you can't live without her...Mallory Knox.

INT. MALLORY KNOX CELL - DAY

MALLORY (a year older) sings.

MALLORY

"I go out walkin' after midnight  
in the moonlight just like we used to do."

MCCLUSKY

Hey Knox! Somebody out here wants to meet you.

MALLORY

"I'm always walkin' after midnight  
searchin' for you..."

Mallory just keeps on truckin.

MALLORY'S POV: We stare at MCCLUSKY and SCAGNETTI for a second. Then, like a bull, we charge/DOLLY straight at them. Mallory screams O.S. We SMASH headfirst into the bars. Mallory's POV flings up, looking at the ceiling, then falls backward.

MEDIUM TIGHT SHOT of floor, Mallory falls into FRAME, out cold.

CU on Scagnetti through the cell bars.

SCAGNETTI

Jesus Christ!

CAMERA PANS to McClusky smiling.

MCCLUSKY

Don't worry about it. She does it all the time.

BACK TO: Mallory on the floor, still unconscious with blood trickling out her scalp.

MCCLUSKY (O.S.)

Follow me.

SCAGNETTI

So, uh...where do you keep the other half, Warden?

McClusky walking through ANOTHER DOOR.

MCCLUSKY

We got his stinkin' ass in the deepest, darkest cell in the whole dungeon. But it just so happens we can't see him right now. Cause he's got a special visitor.

SCAGNETTI

Who's that?

MCCLUSKY

Wayne Gale.

SCAGNETTI (surprised)

Wayne Gale! That TV scumbag.

MCCLUSKY

We call 'em "Media," Jack. Why, you don't like the media?

SCAGNETTI

A worm in my blood stool's got more attraction to me. This guy lives to fuck cops over.

MCCLUSKY

Can't say no to the media. You want the job Jack? Then come say hello.

INT. JAIL -- SPECIAL VISITING ROOM - DAY

WAYNE GALE, the young, energetic commando journalist is testing a small tape recorder, accompanied by a FEMALE ASSISTANT, JULIE, and TWO GUARDS. His Australian accent on, he manages to include everyone in his monologue. Including his face -- which he likes to bounce off every reflecting surface he sees, continually checking himself. A natural-born narcissist. A BLACK INMATE is working in the room.

WAYNE (sympathetic)

How ya doin' brother? Doin' some hard time? What you in for?

INMATE

Murder.

WAYNE

I'm with you. (into recorder)  
Testing one...two...three...over. Oh man this place brings back memories. I did my first network interview in this place. Remember Sonny "The Beast" Maricopa.

They shake their heads.

WAYNE

Years ago. Great welterweight. But dumb -- like all these killers, couldn't count the eyes in his head. Beat his bimbo girlfriend to death, then mutilated her. Ever box?

DEPUTY WARDEN

A little. Back when...

WAYNE

Yeah. I was nowhere near as good as Sonny but...I could hit. I had some power. Some moves. I was a dancer...

FLASHBACK - INT. GYM - DAY

A sudden disconnected image of WAYNE beating a bag, lathered up, a real anger expressing itself.

BACK TO WAYNE - PRESENT

WAYNE (Cont.)

Anyway there I was just another punk kid from the streets of New York, got a free ride to Columbia, got out of school, kissed some ass over at CBS, and my first pony out the gate I get to interview Sonny Maricopa. That was something.

During this, Wayne's expression tightens as he hears the approaching SLAM of doors and the CLANKING of chains and now the sound of "his" FOOTSTEPS:

WAYNE

Ohhhkkkaaay.....showtime

The gate slides open. MICKEY KNOX is led in by TWO DEPUTIES, wearing a blue jumpsuit with a thick and wide leather belt around the waist and metal rings built into each side. Long sturdy chains with handcuffs on each end are wrapped across his body and through the rings, binding his arms to his sides. His hands and feet are double-cuffed.

The DEPUTIES have their guns drawn, ready to blow Mickey in half at the slightest provocation. Yet for a man wrapped and bound in chains, Mickey seems strangely in control of his environment.

He is seated roughly on the prisoner's side of the glass.

Wayne starts to smile but something weird happens. The smile gets stuck on his face. He can't stop smiling his all-American you-must-love-me smile. It just hangs there, embarrassing and noticeable to everyone in the room.

Mickey waits -- what's wrong with this guy?

Finally Wayne gets control of his nerves.

WAYNE

Hi, Mickey. We've never been introduced, but I'm...I'm Wayne Gale. (starts to laugh again) Oh jeeesus! Oh god!

MICKEY (cutting it short)

Hey. I know who you are. You're famous...

WAYNE

Hey I could say the same about you. (smiles) I want to thank you for seeing me. (Mickey waits) I have a television show. Every few weeks as part of our look at current America we profile a different serial killer. You don't mind if I call you a serial killer, do you?

MICKEY (shrugs)

Technically, mass murderer.

WAYNE

Whatever. The episode we did on Mickey and Mallory was one of our most popular ones.

MICKEY

Y'ever do one on John Wayne Gacy?

WAYNE

Yes.

MICKEY

Whose ratings were higher?

WAYNE

Yours.

MICKEY

How 'bout Ted Bundy? Ever do one on him?

WAYNE

Yes. Yours got the larger Nielsen share.

MICKEY

Good. Yuppie piece of shit.

WAYNE

What I'd like to do --

MICKEY

How 'bout Manson?

WAYNE

Manson beat you.

MICKEY

Yeah, it's pretty hard to beat the king.

WAYNE (indicating Julie)

Julie, my producer...and I...

(Julie nods; she's mute)

...we've been waiting to do a follow-up episode on you for a long time. And that time has definitely come

(encouraged, Julie makes a strange, grunting sound of approval)

I feel it's apparent to anyone who's hip to what's going on that the Prison Board has thrown the Constitution straight out the fuckin' window. You and Mallory may be killers but nuts, insane? NOT. You're being railroaded into a hospital for the sole purpose of turning you into a vegetable. Now some people are saying, "So what." I am not one of those people. If we avert our eyes while they do this to you, we give them permission to do it again whenever they see fit. Today, they wipe clean your mind because they feel your actions are dangerous, tomorrow they wipe clean my mind -- or dump me in syndication -- because they feel what I say is dangerous. Where does it all end? That's my angle.

No response from Mickey.

WAYNE (looks at Julie and back to Mickey)

My problem Mickey, is you don't exactly inspire empathy. I'm all alone on this. I need your help. I have interviews with the Prison Board, with Warden Dwight McClusky -- and I'm telling ya Mickey, they look bad. The two psychologists they used for their kangaroo court won't talk to us -- which also looks bad. I have an interview with the judge at your trial Bert Steinsma, and the psychologist and famous author Emil Reignold -- both of which discount the notion you're insane. What we need now is YOU. You haven't talked to the press since your trial. Now a few days before you get transferred to an asylum, you give an exclusive to Wayne Gale. We're talking a media event here. A 40/50 share. We run this during the Sweeps, the network'll be creaming for it, promos on the Super Bowl -- (new idea) hey, I'll even ask 'em to program it same day as the Super Bowl! Right after it! They might go for

it. Television history. The first sit down, in-depth interview with the most charismatic serial killer ever, one day before he's being shipped to a mental hospital for the rest of his life. This is Wallace with Noriega, Elton John confessing his bi-sexuality to Rolling Stone, this is the Maysles Brothers at Altamont, this is the Nixon/Frost interviews.

INT. OBSERVATION BOOTH - DAY

Watching them through one-way glass are the WARDEN and SCAGNETTI.

WAYNE

Every sonofabitch out there witha TV's gonna be looking at you Mickey, listening to your words. Sell 'em on your sanity. You're composed, you're articulate, you may be a cold-blooded killer but you're obviously not a nut. We'll shame 'em into dropping the whole thing. Whattaya say?

MICKEY

You got any gum?

Wayne has a duty free bag filled with items -- gum, multi-vitamins, fruit shakes, health food.

WAYNE

Gum, spearmint, big red? Multi-vitamins? I even got a fruit shake.

MICKEY

You got a guitar you can give me?

WAYNE (hopeful)

I'll bring a guitar next time!

MICKEY (pause)

You talked to Mallory about this?

WAYNE

She won't see me Mickey. Now you're not supposed to know anything about what's going on with her, but since you two been sentenced, Mallory hasn't spoken one word. All she does is sing.

MICKEY

She sings? What does she sing?

WAYNE

Songs. "He's a Rebel" "Leader of the pack," that Dusty Springfield tear-jerker, "I Only Want To Be With You." Her behavior's the main

thing the doctors used against you. So even if she'd see me which she won't, I can't put her on camera anyway. If I ask her, Mallory, are you insane?" And she starts singing, "Dead Skunk in the Middle of the Road," that blows our whole case.

Mickey cracks a smile. The GUARD comes over to take him away.

DEPUTY

Time, motherfucker!

WAYNE (jumping up)

Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Civilization rules here, civilization! Let him answer me...Come on Mickey, whaddaya say? Time is running out...

Pause. Mickey being pulled up by the Guards, strangely in control. CAMERA suddenly TRUCKING in on him -- a bizarre sound as if a plan has now kicked off in his malevolent mind.

MICKEY (quietly)

I say, go for it...

He exits with Guards. Wayne stunned, turns to Julie.

WAYNE

"Yes!" Am I God or what! This saves us, Jules, this saves us. That asshole didn't know it but we were over, we were history, shitcanned. This gives us another whole season! Takes us to the end of the year! I'll renegotiate with network, million dollars more on the contract, maybe Sunday night, maybe you get a little more money...One fucking "Yes," Yes! Yes! Yes!

INT. OBSERVATION BOOTH - SIMULTANEOUS DAY

SCAGNETTI has the opposite reaction.

SCAGNETTI

Why the hell you lettin' that scumbag do this, Dwight?

MCCLUSKY

Relax. If I don't, we'll be excoriated in the press. If I do, it'll be weeks before they clear it.

WURLITZER

Legal, appeals.

MCCLUSKY

And M & M are gonna be post toasties before that ever happens, right Jack? And no one's gonna give a flying fuck about two dead losers.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

The WARDEN, followed by SCAGNETTI, enters the room, smiling.

MCCLUSKY (to Wayne)

Everything all right Mr. Gale?

WAYNE, seeing the Warden, switches character instantly.

WAYNE

Warden McClusky -- a man made for the camera. Too bad James Arness just kicked off. And Ted Danson's busy. He would've been just perfect for your life story.

MCCLUSKY (chuckling)

How 'bout Johnny Cash? Is he available? Maybe you know Jack Scagnetti -- he's gonna be helping us with the transfer.

Wayne, affable, shakes hands. Scagnetti treats him like vermin.

WAYNE

Of course. America's favorite cop. "Scagnetti on Scagnetti" great book -- makes me want to do one of my own. You paved the way Jack...

SCAGNETTI

And you shit on it you little turkey-neck.

WAYNE

Turkeyneck, eh? Am I? You better get back on the stairmaster, Scagnetti.

MCCLUSKY

Boys boys.

WAYNE

Heh heh Jack isn't too fond of our show; we sometimes give the B.O.D. to the defendants. You know "human rights" --

MCCLUSKY

B.O.D.?

WAYNE

"Benefit of the doubt"

SCAGNETTI



What doubt? Mickey and Mallory are turds, you little sissy. Australia is a penal colony, isn't it. The only doubt I got is you --

MCCLUSKY (contains him)

Uh Jack! ... Jack's sort of our avenging angel you might say.

WAYNE

In any case, he says yes.

MCCLUSKY

I figured he would. But I want to keep contact with the population to a minimum.

EXT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

The WARDEN shuttling the GROUP back out into the CELLBLOCKS, towards the exit.

MCCLUSKY (Cont'd)

They hate Mickey Knox in here. They see him as a publicity hound. It's bound to stir 'em up. It's gotta be done my way.

WAYNE

No problem. Just give me a big room and I'll take it from there. We're "stealth" journalists.

As they walk off, we hear:

WAYNE (Cont'd)

My crew is the crew that got inside the Shining Path for a face to face with Abimayel Guzman while the BBB was stuck at the airport scratching their nuts. If I were you, chief, I'd worry more about the promos that start hitting the air next week. You're a national face, Warden -- a real hero to the American public. You run a damn impressive ship here. And...frankly, who knows? Something like this could launch a new career in public office for you. So I'll have my producer Julie call you in the morning to work out the details. I got a plane to catch right now to New York.

CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY KNOX CELL - DAY

CAMERA drifting to MICKEY lying on his bunk. A high security single cell. Lawbooks, no pinups, a fax, a telephone,

television. He writes Mallory a letter.

MICKEY (V.O.)

Dearest Mallory...You once told me I had no feelings. You were right and you were wrong. I got more feelings now than I ever had before. I never missed someone like I miss you. My cell is so cold. At night I get the chills. pretend you're lying next to me, holding me from behind with your leg draped over mine and your arms wrapped tightly around me. I lie in my cell...

WIDE SHOT off the cell.

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. MALLORY'S CELL - DAY

Not knowing where we are, CAMERA moves across a wall into a CU of MALLORY.

MICKEY (V.O.)

...and imagine kissing you. Not making love, just kissing for hours and hours on end. I remember everything about our time. I remember every joke you ever told.

INT. MICKEY CELL - DAY

CLOSE UP of the LETTER being written over the WIDE SHOT of the cell.

MICKEY (V.O.)

I remember every secret you ever shared. Shared or revealed? I think shared is proper. I remember every single time you laughed.

ECU of Mickey, mouthing the words as he writes. We can hear Mallory's laugh -- a distant haunting echo.

MICKEY (V.O.)

I remember every meal we ever ate. I remember your cooking. I remember watching David Letterman.

We hear the echo of television laughter.

MICKEY (V.O.)

I remember driving fast behind the wheel of the Dodge Challenger.

The sound of the Dodge Challenger swells as we...

INTERCUT TO:

INT. MALLORY'S CELL - DAY

MALLORY is moving her body in the middle of the cell to a music only she can hear, then begins to sing "All of Me" (B. Holiday) in slow acapella, using the cell as the stage and a man who isn't there as her audience.

MALLORY (singing)

I'm no good without you  
Take my lips I want to lose them  
Take my arms I'll never use them  
You took the part that once was my heart  
So why not take ALL OF ME.

MICKY (V.O.)

You, baby, by my side. Your bare feet up on the dash, singing along with the radio, "He's A Rebel," "Ring of Fire," "Groove Me,"...and your dancing, my God, your dancing. I lie on my bed and go over every day, every minute of our happiness. Every day take a day of our time and go through it hour by hour. I don't jump ahead either. I take it as it comes, and I live that day again. That way when I get to our first kiss...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. MALLORY'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The set is sitcom TV format. The lighting is flat, the performances and timing are TV. It is SHOT in three camera SITCOM FORMAT -- possibly BLACK and WHITE, harkening back to an earlier era in Mickey's mind. The time when he first saw TV.

MICKY (V.O.)

...they're not just memories. I feel that joy again. And I am no longer in prison. We're together again. And when my head hurts and I can remember no longer, I write you letters and send them telepathically to your heart.

MALLORY gets a big handful of AUDIENCE APPLAUSE as she comes down the stairs, dressed to the nines, punky, sexy, ready to trot -- yet a sweet girl's expression, maybe with braces.

MALLORY

Hello Dad, how was work?

DAD is a strange-looking hombre, seated at the table, exhausted

and angry in a dirty undershirt.

DAD

Work? What work! I'm unemployed. Three years.  
I'm unemployed.

(LAUGHTRACK)

MOM is always-smiling with cracked-egg eyes, serving him a large salt cracker with pea soup.

MOM

You look nice, Mallory.

Her younger brother, KEVIN, is doing his homework at the table.

KEVIN

Yuck. She looks like...uccckkk.

(LAUGHTRACK)

MALLORY (ignoring Kevin)

Thanks Mom. I'm late. I'll be back by midnight.

DAD

What are you wearing? A broom stick in a trash bag. A few pounds lighter and you'd be Miss Ethiopia. Where the hell do you think you're going?

MALLORY

To the John Lee Hooker concert. With Donna. I told you yesterday.

Dad rises and tracks her across the living room. She's evidently not going anywhere tonight in his mind.

DAD

First off, you don't tell me anything, you ask my permission. Second, you can't go out in that whorehouse dress. Third, you can't go out at all. You didn't mow the yard.

Mom keeps her smile intact. But Mallory loses her schoolgirl sheen and becomes the Mallory we know and love.

MALLORY

That piece of shit lawnmower is fucked! How am I supposed to use it?

Dad backs her into the wall, puts his hand on her face, his thumb on her lip. She's scared.

DAD

You fuckin' little douchebag cunt, you watch your language in front of your mother. I'll kick the

shit outta you just like I do her. Just remember you stupid bitch, you shit brown just like me.

Mom just shakes her head at Dad's shenanigans and keeps setting the table.

BROTHER KEVIN

Mom do we have any croutons?

MOM

Sure Kevie.

At the base of the stairs, Dad feels around Mallory's ass. She writhes in disgust.

DAD

This is my house. It doesn't matter how much you wag your ass in my face. If it's in my house, it's my ass. Got it? So take it upstairs and take a shower. Make sure it's a good shower. Cause I'm coming up after to see how clean you are.

Mallory runs upstairs really upset. Dad reconfigures himself, sits back down at the table.

MOM

Don't you think you were a little hard on her, dear?  
(LAUGHTER)

BROTHER KEVIN

Yeah Dad. Mallory can't fix a broken bobbypin. How's she gonna fix a lawnmower? (LAUGHTER)

DAD

I'll show her a...little "tenderness" after I eat (wink). When I get up there, she won't see my face for an hour.

LAUGHTER. The DOORBELL ringing. Dad gets up but Mom stops him.

MOM

That's probably Donna. I'll break the news to her. Don't let your macaroni get cold, Ed.

But when Mom opens the door, it's MICKEY who steps in, dressed as a meatman with a big box of beef, blood all over his apron. The APPLAUSE is deafening. GIRLS in the audience SCREAM his name. Mickey hangs five for the recognition as he puts down the beef.

MICKEY

Delivery for Ed Wilson.

MOM

What on earth is it?

MICKEY

It's beef lady. Fifty pounds of beef.

MOM

Well...wait here. I need to have a word with my husband (exiting to kitchen).

Mallory stands on the stairs, getting a good look at him. His apron smeared with old blood.

MALLORY

Who are you?

MICKEY

I'm Mickey. Who are you?

MALLORY

I'm Mallory.

MICKEY

You're "beautiful."

(Mallory melts at the appreciation, a look of embarrassment at the camera)

You a big meat eater, Mallory?

MALLORY

I can be.

MICKEY

You always dress like that, or were you waitin' for me?

MALLORY

Why would I be waitin' for someone I don't even know?

MICKEY

Well...maybe something's inside you told you to get ready...ever think about that?...Fate. You believe in fate, Mallory?

MALLORY

Maybe..

MICKEY

You don't look too happy. How bout we go for a ride?...Talk about it.

She smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MOM is scolding DAD, her hands on her hips.

MOM

You promised your doctor, Ed -- no more meat.

DAD

I eat what I want! So what! This food here (her food) you pray after you eat.

Mom cries.

MOM

I just don't want your arteries to clog up and then you'll keel over at the table.

DAD

Don't fuckin' cry. It turns me off!

MOM

I haven't cried in 20 years and you still haven't touched me...

(big laughter)

DAD (pointing at Kevin)

What about him?

MOM

You thought you were in Mallory's room. That's why we have Kevin.

KEVIN

What?

MOM

(going back to the Living Room)

I'm sending it back. I don't care what you do to me.

The SOUND of BURNING RUBBER.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MOM and DAD RUN out. The beef remains, with a note which Dad grabs.

DAD

"Out with the meat man. Back before dawn. Love Mallory..."that cunt!

MOM (at the window)

They stole your car!

DAD

That meatman cocksucker! I'll get him too. Call the cops!

INT. PRISON -- VISITING ROOM - DAY (TWO YEARS LATER)

MALLORY, 2 years older, the braces gone, is visiting her love, MICKEY, who's taking on convict mannerisms -- early stages that are refined into the later, more famous Mickey. He's doing 2 years for car theft. They are embracing, sitting down, in a room full of reunited FAMILIES.

NOTE: The shooting style reverts back to 16 mm black and white -- two young lovers.

MICKEY

Everything I see, I see you Mall.

MALLORY

I know baby. I'm goin' crazy too...

MICKEY

Even ugliness looks beautiful cause of you. Even though I'm here, I visit you every night.

MALLORY

I know Mickey...I can't break away from you either, but you gotta listen...My Dad is moving us away so you can't never find us. He's insane...He knows you're getting out next month. He got a doctor to say you raped me and he's gonna bring more charges.

MICKEY

He can't keep me away from you.

MALLORY

He says if you ever show up he'll kill you.

MICKEY

When's this supposed to happen?

MALLORY

He won't say. Look, I've gotta go. If he finds out I'm gone he'll beat me...I just wanted to see you...I love you Mickey. Please don't forget me.

MICKEY

It's cool. It won't matter where he takes you, to Timbaktu...I told you we're fate. They can't stop fate...Nobody can...it won't matter.

She looks at him deeply.

MALLORY

Bye.

MICKEY



One of these nights, I'll be coming to see ya.

On Mickey's face as she exits.

EXT. FARMLAND - DAY

A BLACK CLOUD rolls in. The WIND is blowing. A STORM is brewing.

MICKEY is part of a Jail WORKCREW breaking MUSTANGS -- guarded by ARMED MEN on horseback (with shotguns)

Suddenly a large FUNNEL CLOUD touches down. A TORNADO zigzags crazily up the road--more and more immense. The end of the world.

The WORKBOSS is yelling for the men to get back to the bus.

EVERYONE is running for the road.

The TORNADO is moving in fast.

But Mickey, lost in all the blowing and confusion, has taken off down the road, heading straight at the tornado.

One of the GUARDS takes off after him...fires a shot.

Mickey is running his ass off, straight into the twisting devil...obviously a PROCESS SHOT is looming here.

The HORSEMAN is gaining on Mickey, fires again. But the horse is spooked by the storm and THROWS the Guard.

As the Man hits the ground, he discharges the shotgun right into himself -- blowing his chest out.

Mickey is last seen as a tiny man disappearing into the TORNADO -- arms extended as if he were embracing Death itself.

INT. MALLORY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She lays in bed, hears a car SCREECH up. Knows it's him. Runs downstairs. Tonight will be the night!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DAD is watching wrestling on TV in his underwear ("go on, break his arm! Do something! What do we got here...2 fuckin' faggots! Kill each other!") But it is no longer the sitcom style -- we are in 16 mm hard-edged film format.

DAD (to Mallory running to the door)  
Where the fuck do you think you're going! Get  
back upstairs!

MALLORY

I'm going OOOOUT!!

The door BLASTS OPEN. MICKEY -- all fucked up from the storm, cuts, bruises, is on Dad like lightning struck a demon. Hitting him with a tire iron.

MICKEY

Hey Jack, Mickey's back.

But Dad doesn't go down. He fights back.

Tipping the scale, Mallory jumps on her dad's back -- liberated at last -- kicking him, tearing his eyes out! It goes round and round.

Mickey hits him again. Dad's dazed.

They stuff his head in the fish tank. They hold him down. Dad drowns.

MICKEY

Where's the old bag?

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MOM comes awake from an open-mouthed snore -- terrified eyes as:

MICKEY stuffs a sock, soaked in gasoline, into her throat, shutting her up.

The rest of her is sprayed with gasoline from the can Mickey is holding.

CLOSE UP of a MATCH being lit.

MALLORY holds it in front of her face for a moment.

MOM begging for her life with her daughter. Her words muffled by the sock:

MOM

Oh God. Don't please don't Mallory!

Mallory tosses the match. We hear ignition.

INT. STAIRS/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mickey and Mallory exit the room on the run, freezing as Mallory's little brother, KEVIN, stares at them in his nightshirt from the hallway.

Mallory makes a farewell gesture.

MALLORY

You're free!

They run out.

EXT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT (PROCESS SHOT)

MICKEY and MALLORY flying blind to their freedom. Outrageous STARS whirl and collide above them.

MALLORY

Wherever we go, whatever happens Mickey, when I look up at the stars, I'll know you're looking at the same ones.

MICKEY (sweet)

The same ones, baby.

MALLORY

Mickey.

MICKEY

Yeah.

MALLORY

You make every day like kindergarten.

EXT. RIO GRANDE GORGE - DAY

They're standing by an old iron BRIDGE looking down into an enormous 100-foot drop into the feisty waters of the Rio Grande.

All their last clothes and possessions sail over.

MALLORY even lets her favorite teddy bear go.

MICKEY takes both her hands.

MICKEY

Mall, it's time to grow up, we got the road to hell in front of us...will you marry me?

MALLORY

Oh Mickey I been ready for so long, but where we gonna have our wedding Mickey?

MICKEY

Right here. This is our church, Mall.

They notice, for the first time, the beauty of the land and water around them. They look at each other.

MALLORY

Oohh. I'm so excited!

(goes to the car and pulls out a headdress)

I got the perfect thing.

Mickey takes out his knife and slits his left hand.

He takes Mall's right hand and slits it.

MALLORY

Oh, it's not what I had in mind.

They clasp their hands, mixing blood. He hikes Mall and himself up closer to the railing so they are looking directly down into the plummeting gorge.

They watch as the blood drips from their hands into the river below (ANIMATION OPTION). Mickey pulls out the two wedding rings he's been saving.

MALLORY (quietly)

...we'll be livin' in all the oceans now.

MICKEY

God...before you and this river and all the things we don't know about...Do you Mickey take Mallory to be your wife, to stay with her and treat her right -- till you die?

(answering himself)

I do.

A TRUCKLOAD OF INDIANS drive by looking at these gringos.

MICKEY (Cont'd)

Mallory, do you take Mickey to be your husband, and love him till you die?

MALLORY

For all eternity until you and I and you die and die and die again. Till death do us part! Yes, yes, yes.

MICKEY

Then baby...we're man and wife.

He puts the rings on their fingers. And they kiss joyfully.

INSERT - TELEVISION FILM - "AMERICAN MANIACS"

WAYNE GALE is once again standing on HIGHWAY 666 right next to a shot-up roadsign.

WAYNE TV

...after that there was no stopping Mickey and Mallory. They tore up the countryside with a vengeance right out of the Bible. In the course of 3 weeks that stretched down this Highway -- 666 -- to some a beautiful stretch of

American landscape, to others the fastest distance between Cortez and Gallup, but to Mickey and Mallory a candy lane of murder and chaos. As they slaughtered 48 people -- innocent people, people they never met before, total strangers -- all killed to fill the fantasies of these love-crazed narcissist psychopaths...

INT. TELEVISION STATION - DAY

WAYNE GALE is looking at himself on tape with his CAMERA and EDITING CREW and JULIE, the assistant. They're in an editing "session," rolled up sleeves, coffee, cigarettes, donuts, bagels. A mirror is close by.

WAYNE (involved)

...not bad, not bad. Maybe trim that look... and go for the close-up there when I say "love-crazed-narcissistic etcetera."

DAVID (bright young editor)

...we really raped and pillaged the first show to do this.

ROGER (cameraman)

...but we changed the order around so it wasn't super obvious.

DAVID

...it still needs a new intro in my opinion Wayne, you can't cannibalize yourself all the time or...

WAYNE

Repetition works, David, you think those schmucks out there in zombieland remember anything. It's junkfood for the brains. It's filler, fodder -- just build for the interview. Keep using that word -- "Live Interview." Anticipation, David -- that's all it's about, the next bite of chocolate, the next car, the next vacation, the next life, next -- that's all. 'Just do it.'

DAVID (making a tape cut)

Heil, mein Fuhrer!

DEBORAH, another assistant, hands him a cellular phone.

DEBORAH

Your sensei...

ON TV

INSERT COLOR POSTCARD OF CHICAGO

WAYNE TV (V.O.)

...they began their crime wave in the poorer suburbs of Chicago...and they finally caged here at this All-Nite Pharmacy in the small New Mexico town of Jerome -- not far from the Navajo Indian Reservation.

EXT. PHARMACY (REPEAT) - NIGHT

Actual NEWS FOOTAGE of the apprehension, repeated. Tracking in wildly behind the THREE WINDBREAKER COPS & SCAGNETTI on MICKEY, clobbering him for camera.

PHOTO: Police Academy BLACK and WHITE PHOTO OF OFFICER GERALD NASH.

WAYNE TV

Patrolman Gerald Nash was just the first of twelve peace officers that Mickey and Mallory murdered during their reign of terror.

PHOTO: BLACK and WHITE photo of Gerald Nash and his partner DALE WRIGLEY, dressed in their uniforms, arms around each other.

WAYNE TV

Gerald and his partner Dale Wrigley were parked at...

PHOTO: BLACK & WHITE snapshot of DONUT SHOP.

WAYNE TV

...this donut shop, Dales Donuts. When --

INT. DALE WRIGLEY HOME - DAY

Interview with the real DALE WRIGLEY. His name appears below him on the screen.

DALE

...This '68 Cadillac Coupe De Ville (or alternative) pulled up about three spaces away. Gerald -- three weeks out of the Academy came walking out with our coffee and --  
(begins to tear up)  
my bear claw. When the driver of the car asked him something...

EXT. DONUT SHOP - DAY

A cinema verite recreation of the crime, a la "COPS," shot in 16 mm color. Moving in fast on TV GERALD, who has little

resemblance to the photograph of Real Gerald.

DALE (V.O.)

Gerald started giving him what looked like street directions. When he finished, the driver waved him "thanks," brought up a shotgun and --

Pandemonium! The shadowed figures of TV MICKEY and TV MALLORY firing a blast. TV Gerald flying backward with pumped "sound" effects.

TV DALE, another actor type with little resemblance to the real Dale, is jumping out of his car, gun pulled, in futile anger as:

TV Mickey peels his car out -- leaving a really bloodied corpse of TV Gerald on the pavement, bear claws and donuts and coffee heaped over him.

BLACK & WHITE PHOTO of Alfie's DONUT SHOP. A white grease pencil circles where REAL GERALD is shot. We hear another shotgun BLAST and a SCREAM over this.

BLACK & WHITE PHOTO of MICKEY and MALLORY standing next to each other, guns in hand, smiling into camera. We hear LAUGHTER and a car PEELING OUT over this.

INT. COP CAR - MOVING - HIGHWAY - DAY

TV DALE is pursuing MICKEY and MALLORY -- FIRING rounds out his side window as he drives.

TV DALE (into radio)

I am currently in high pursuit! Send back up!  
Send back up!

INT. MICKEY CAR - MOVING - HIGHWAY - DAY

TV MICKEY is weaving back and forth on the road like Steve McQueen in "Le Mans." TV MALLORY is hanging out the window, FIRING her shotgun, laughing her head off. She sees something that gets her attention.

WAYNE TV (V.O.)

...in the ensuing chase, they even managed to kill American marathon bicyclist, Bryan Smyj, who was in the wrong place at the wrong time, only because...

Mallory passing a BICYCLIST decked out in colors, flying down the road, sucking on a water bottle. Threatened by the vehicles barreling down the road at war, he shoots Mallory the finger.

Like a skilled trap-and-skeet shooter, Mallory whips her shotgun

left, tracks the fast-moving target, and gleefully BLASTS the Cyclist off the bike, then whips her shotgun back onto the oncoming Cop.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

As the CYCLIST flies off the road, the TWO CARS whip through the FRAME, one at a time, SPITTING gunfire.

REAL MALLORY (V.O.)  
...well I always wanted to take a shot at one of 'em...they're not so easy to hit.

ON TV (CONT'D):

EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

TV WAYNE stares at us a few beats, sitting in some school football bleachers.

WAYNE TV  
Sick, isn't it?  
(mournful pause)  
Renaissance psychopaths that they were -- and obviously bored with conventional robbery and murder, they would always leave one clerk or one policeman alive...to tell the tale...of Mickey and Mallory.

WAYNE (between dialogue, on the cellular)  
And cut there. Pop to the "Maniacs" logo, ding, ding, two commercials, AT & T and Reebok with any fucking luck, and we come back on: da da introducing "The Schmuck Fans"

(into phone)  
...sensei...Taru pleeze. How can you even think that? I would never advance to a brown belt without doing the work, I would not!...Please let me come in and talk to you, please. I feel like shit...Network just told us we're goin' live next week -- Super Bowl Sunday. 80-100 million people. I gotta be together for this one, taru...Stress? I invented the word. Please don't turn me away...sensei?...sensei?  
(cuts off, to Julie)  
My life's falling apart. I sense it. It's coming to an end.

JULIE (sign language)  
You're so dramatic.

ON TV



WAYNE TV

...and famous they became. Worldwide, loved, adored by their fans, driven by the madness of media, the dragon grew more and more heads ...

EXT. COURTROOM STEPS (MICKEY'S TRIAL) - DAY

In a LARGE CROWD gathered outside Mickey's and Mallory's trial, WAYNE interview THREE LONG HAired GUYS, cinema verite style, jumpcutting their response time.

KID 1

Hot.

KID 2

Hot.

KID 3

Totally hot.

KID 1

Mickey and Mallory are the best thing to happen to mass murder since Manson.

KID 2

But they're way cooler...

KID 3

They're romantic, I dunno...

KID 1

I'm not saying y'know I believe in mass murder or that shit, but...

KID 2

Don't get us wrong.

KID 3

We respect human life and all...

KID 1

Yeah it's a tragedy but...if I was a mass murderer, I'd be Mickey and Mallory.

JUMP TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

"Man in the Street" interview style. TITLE CARD reads "LONDON." A BOY and a GIRL, dressed like the Knox's.

LONDON BOY

You take all the great figures from the States.. Elvis, Jack Kerouac, James Dean, Jim

Morrison, Jack Nicholson...add a bloody pale of nitro and you got Mickey and Mallory. They're like rebels without a cause, except they have a cause. Only nobody knows what it is.

LONDON GIRL (screaming)  
Their cause is each utter!

EXT. TOKYO STREET - DAY

TWO JAPANESE TEENS dressed like the Knox's speak in Japanese which is translated in English.

TRANSLATOR V.O.  
Keep the faith, Mickey and Mallory, keep the faith.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

TWO FRENCH TEENS, also dressed like the Knox's, speak in English.

FRENCH BOY  
Mickey and Mallory have a love that's L.A.M.F.

FRENCH GIRL (in English)  
They are super cool!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

WAYNE is interviewing Dr. EMIL REINGOLD who talks to us with an impressive manner. His name on a TITLE CARD underneath.

DR. REINGOLD  
...Mickey and Mallory's operatic devotion to each other. In a world where people can't seem to make the simplest of relationships work and the slightest emotional commitment is considered devastating, Mickey and Mallory have a do or die romance of a Shakespearian magnitude. To the country's youth, 75 percent of whom are coming from broken homes, they have an us-against-the world posture which youth loves. And they've taken that posture 10 steps beyond. Mickey and Mallory have shocked a country ntimb with violence. They've created a world where only two exist and anybody who inadvertently enters that world is murdered...

Wayne going at it on a cellular conference call.

He knows the footage, bored.

WAYNE (in phone)  
Bill...Bill listen to me...if you advertise that we'll hit a 75 awareness. By Wednesday! By Saturday we'll be 85, 90 climbing...by Sunday morning only homeless

morons living in parks won't know we're there! We'll eviscerate "60 Minutes" -- they'll be a spark in a distant galaxy fart. We're LIVE Don, hello! Anybody in? Right after the Superbowl! We got 'em in their houses, angry, the Game's just sucked (it always does), and they wanna see this guy Mickey. What makes him tick! Is he like me! The guy wants to tear apart his wife! His best friend he wants to kill. Recent statistics show that more husband-wife beatings take place during and after sports events than at any other...listen, Bill, this is Don King and Muhammed Ali in the Jungle, Michael Jackson at the SuperBowl! The most talked about event in television history. Books will be written ... So? Who cares, it's a book for chrisakes, who the fuck reads a book. Don Don listen to Jim, talk to Don -- who can stop live TV? Nobody. You blow this and NBC'll be eating your lunch next season, and I'll be there too ... With Letterman. And you'll be cleaning out gorilla shit and reptile cages in pet stores, you better fuckin' believe me for once. Cause ... 'cause I am outta here!...I'm out unless...unless yeah...you know...yeah...at least a mill...maybe 2 we're talkin' now...should've signed me a month ago. Peanuts! Fox was offerin' more. Lobotomy Bay. Right...yeah right...

ON TV CONT'D:

DR. REINGOLD (Cont'd)

Insane, no. Psychotic, yes. But to suggest that they're insane gives the impression that they don't know right from wrong. Mickey and Mallory know the difference between right and wrong. They just don't give a damn.

WAYNE TV (in front of courthouse)

It was Dr. Reingold who Mallory Knox strangled six months after this interview.

FREEZE FRAME ON REINGOLD

WAYNE (to the editors)

Rrrrrnnnnnggg. Commercial. How to brush your teeth. How to get an enema, how to live longer. Fanfuckingtastic! But less of the shrink. Keep the teens, the long hairs, love the cop at the donut shop, love the Warden, he's so dumb McClusky, he still thinks he's the good guy. Cut in right when he's on that horrific fuckin' laugh. Freeze frame on the laugh (the Warden displays a rictus of francis bacon madness on his face)...don't even let him answer. Fuck him. He's such an idiot. Then cut to me talking with the Huns...

JULIE (sign language, subtitled)  
Should we shoot film on Mickey? For posterity?  
Maybe a PBS; gives us library value; give us  
some respect for a change, maybe an Emmy?

DAVID  
Fat fuckin' chance.

WAYNE  
Yes! Great idea Julie! Same time as the video. I  
see... high contrast sixteen millimeter black and white.  
And I mean black and white, where the black's black and  
the white's white. For history. For prosperity.

DAVID  
Posterity.

WAYNE  
You're right, David. Prosterity. Film!

ON TV (CONT'D):

INT. GOLD'S GYM - DAY

WAYNE TV  
...Even their victims fell in love with Mickey  
and Mallory!

WAYNE'S standing in a GYM. Behind him MUSCLE MEN and WOMEN are  
working out; their GRUNTS fill the BG. Wayne turns off camera  
into an ECU of two heads belonging to the famous bodybuilder  
twins, SIMON and NORAAN HUN. Their names appear in a subtitle  
card below screen.

WAYNE  
Simon and Norman Hun, what do you think of  
Mickey and Mallory?

SIMON  
I admire them.

NORMAN  
I do, too.

WAYNE (confused)  
But how can you say that?

SIMON  
They're mesmerizing.

NORMAN  
Have you seen "Pumping Iron?"

WAYNE

Yes.

SIMON

Then you've seen the scene where Arnold Schwarzenegger is talking to Lou Ferigno.

WAYNE

Yes.

NORMAN

Through the power of the simple word --

SIMON

And a snake-eye glare --

NORMAN

-- and a snake-eye glare, Arnold was able to totally psyche out any confidence Ferigno had.

SIMON

He squashed him mentally before physically defeating him.

NORMAN

He had the edge. The mind's edge.

SIMON

Mickey and Mallory have that edge.

NORMAN

They've hypnotized the nation.

SIMON

Schwarzenegger was the king of the edge before they came along

ZOOM BACK to WAYNE.

WAYNE

Yet you two are both victims of Mickey and Mallory?

SHOT now ZOOMS back to reveal that both Simon and Norman are in wheelchairs (their legs maimed or gone).

SIMON & NORMAN

Yes.

WAYNE

How can you say you "admire" them?

NORMAN

It's like this, Wayne. Two people are standing in a dark room waiting for the other to attack.

These two people can't see each other, yet they know they're there. Now, they can either stand in that dark room forever waiting until they die of boredom, or one of them can make the first move.

WAYNE

Why can't they just shake hands and be friends?

NORMAN

They can't because neither knows if the other is a deranged senseless killer like the knoxs. So, you may as well make the first move.

WAYNE

Obviously they made the first move.

NORMAN

Unfortunately, yes.

SIMON

But you see, that's okay, Wayne.

WAYNE

Why?

SIMON

They passed the 'edge' along to us, Wayne.

WAYNE

How so?

SIMON

By taking away our legs. Now we have to fight harder to get ahead than anyone else in the gym. Probably the whole city. They gave us the fighting spirit. Before this happened I was content. Now I'm pissed off. Now I'm half a man and I've got to work like the devil to get whole again.

WAYNE

But you'll never be whole again.

SIMON

Never is a very long time, Wayne. A word only the weak use. I'm not a sore loser. Even if I don't have a leg to stand on, I'm going to get up and fight this world until I'm on top again.

NORMAN

That's the Mickey and Mallory way.

SIMON

And that's the way of the world.

NORMAN

They're just shocking the world into remembering the primal law.

SIMON

Survival of the fittest.

WAYNE

One last question, boys. Usually Mickey and Mallory kill all their victims except for the lucky one. How come they let you two survive?

The brothers pause, turn to Wayne.

NORMAN

They had us hogtied down during one of their house-raids, and they were taking chainsaws to our legs before they were gonna kill us.

FLASHBACK - INT. HUN BROTHERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

MICKEY and MLLLORY are carving the BROTHERS up with chainsaws -- hidden in shadows. A demonic humor to the scene.

BACK TO SIMON. The sound of the CHAINSAW echoes over:

SIMON

Just for fun, I guess.

NORMAN

And then Mallory stops Mickey and says, "Hey, these are the Brothers."

SIMON

Mickey stops sawin' on my leg and says, "Oh my God, I'm your biggest fan."

FLASHBACK -- Micky's look of genuine admiration as he stops the sawing.

NORMAN

Apparently, they've seen all our films.

SIMON

They were especially influenced by "Conquering Huns of Neptune."

NORMAN

So Mallory calls 911 and they took off.

SIMON

They actually apologized.

CUT TO:

ON TV

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

WAYNE standing outside the deserted COURTROOM.

WAYNE TV

...The couple proved so popular, a motion picture glamorizing their exploits is now in the works with Bruce Willis and Demi Moore and Brad Pitt starring...and even MTV got into the act with the new hot single, debuting at number 32 in the charts and climbing now to #3... "Murder Me!"

MUSIC pumps in (possible L7's "Shitlist" or Pearl Jam's "Alive")

MTV MONTAGE

TO BE DETERMINED, in conjunction with the Clip/Song (that could be titled "The Ballad of Mickey and Mallory" or "Natural Born Killers.") In this spoof, we see a VIDEO MICKEY and a VIDEO MALLORY -- they dance, they kill, they kiss. Moody atmospheric lighting.

AD LIBS to be determined.

During this, WAYNE is on the phone in a corner with his WIFE.

WAYNE (softly)

...look honey, I don't know what you think you found...but it isn't what you think it is...There is no Mai Ly -- that's a restaurant! What do you mean going through my drawers?...

(firmly)

Look we'll discuss this later. Put Jimmy on. I'll be home late...About ten. I got network to see tonight...I'll tell you later but it means big bucks. Yeah! Put Jimmy on...

(pause, his son comes on)

...hi Jimmy, it's your Pop! Yeah so, you going to Judo? When...Oh I thought that was today...how was school?...Oh next time, you kick his ass. Daddy'll show you...Daddy loves you very much.

(gooing and kissing sounds)

ON THE TV:

WAYNE outside the COURTROOM (PRESENT). The MUSIC gathering like an ominous cloud.



WAYNE TV

Unfortunately, the story didn't end with their capture. It just became more surreal. Their subsequent trial turned into a sick circus...

JUMP TO:

FILE FOOTAGE (Mickey's Trial): -- grainy large CROWD circling the courthouse, a very mixed bag.

WAYNE TV (V.O.)

As spectators, reporters, law students, tourists, gawkers, the devoted and the demented were drawn to the Illinois courthouse like moths to a flame. The Mickey and Mallory Knox murder trial was such an event that it made the crime spree that preceded it pale by comparison. The nation caught Mickey and Mallory fire.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP -- an INTENSE COP in the CROWD outside the COURTHOUSE. WAYNE interviewing him live (FILE FOOTAGE)

INTENSE COP

(referring to crowd behind him)

And these assholes (BLEEP) are making heroes out of this scum sandwich. You wanna know who a hero is? You wanna know? I'll tell ya who a Goddamn hero is. Mike Griffin. Mike fuckin' (BLEEP) Griffin is who these misguided assholes (BLEEP) should be revering. You know why Mike Jerome Griffin is a hero? I'll tell ya why. Because he was killed in the line of duty. Do you want to know how he died?

WAYNE

Yes.

INTENSE COP

I'll tell you. Mike Jerome Griffin was killed in the line of duty by these two scum-sucking (BLEEP) degenerate douche bags! (BLEEP BLEEP)

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR COURTROOM (PRESENT) - DAY

WAYNE walking, into camera, looking back at the courthouse. The location is desolate.

WAYNE TV

The very first thing that was strange was the

decision of Mickey's to act as his own counsel. Now this in itself is not unheard of; for instance, Ted Bundy acted as his own counsel as well. What was unexpected was how spectacular Mickey's performance would be.

INT. JUDGE'S DEN - DAY

WAYNE interviews JUDGE BERT STEINSMA in his courtroom office.

WAYNE TV (V.O.)

We spoke with Burt Steinsma, who was the presiding judge during the Knox trial...

JUDGE STEINSMA TV

When he said that I got a headache that lasted five days. But I breathed a sigh of relief when Mickey showed up and he was very prepared, and proved to be an excellent amateur lawyer.

INT. WANDA BISBING'S OFFICE - DAY

WAYNE interviews state prosecutor WANDA BISBING, a stern woman in her forties.

WAYNE TV (V.O.)

However, this opinion is not shared by the state's prosecutor on the case, Wanda Bisbing.

BISBING TV

Oh that's rich. Considering that Mickey Knox turned his court into a mockery and personally made him look like a fool, I'd say that's very benevolent of Judge Steinsma. As far as Mickey being an excellent lawyer, maybe I'm old fashioned but when I went to law school, we were taught the object was to win the case, which I did.

INT. TELEVISION STATION - DAY

WAYNE is back on the phone, very secretive.

WAYNE

...something wrong? What?...she's not onto it, no. You're paranoid. Look...Mai Ly, Mai Ly! Just don't put anything on paper -- ever...I gotta see you...tonight!...I got the watch, it's the Ebell...don't worry -- it's got 3 carrots...all right 10 o'clock!

ON THE TV

WAYNE TV

...but of course the twist to the tale

is...Grace Mulberry.

FRONT PAGE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES read: "MICKY AND MALLORY KILL SIX TEENS DURING SLUMBER PARTY!" In smaller bolder face under it: "One Teen Escapes Killer's Clutches." On the front page is a PHOTO of the teen who escaped. It's seventeen-year old GRACE MULBERRY. CAMERA moves into a CU of the photo.

WAYNE TV (V.O.)

Of the six teens murdered that night, seventeen-year old Grace Mulberry was the lucky one left to tell the tale. This haunted young lady summoned up the courage to take the stand, and tell what she saw that horrible night -- and then allowed herself to be cross-examined by the man who killed her brother and girlfriends.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - (MICKEY'S TRIAL) - DAY

As it was then. A circus.

GRACE, her FATHER and BISBING emerge from the sedan in front of the COURTHOUSE and start up the steps. Microphones and cameras are thrust in their faces.

Grace is afraid to face the crowd. Her head darts in the direction of each question, but she doesn't answer.

FEMALE ORIENTAL REPORTER

Miss Mulberry! How does it feel to be the only survivor of Mickey and Mallory's reign of terror?

FAT MALE REPORTER

Miss Mulberry! Has the experience marked you!

WAYNE

How do you feel about Mickey cross-examining you?

Grace and her Father shove their way through the crowd. We hear the cry of:

VOICE (O.S.)

Mickey and Mallory!

CAMERA whips towards the bottom the steps as MICKEY and MALLORY step out of the van, in chains. The REPORTERS race down the stairs. The FANS go apeshit. As they are led up the stairs by SHERIFF DEPUTIES.

REPORTER 3

Mickey, how do you feel about cross-examining Grace Mulberry?

MICKEY

I'm keen with anticipation.

FEMALE ORIENTAL REPORTER

What do you think of this turnout Mallory?

MALLORY

I never had so much fun.

WAYNE -- a year younger -- is there alongside Mickey and Mallory

BLACK REPORTER

What's your favorite pastime?

MICKEY

You mean aside from what I'm being tried for?  
(Mallory elbows him in the ribs playfully) Oh  
I'd say watching TV.

The REPORTERS in unison:

REPORTERS

What's your favorite show?

MICKEY

"Have Gun Will Travel."

WAYNE

Do you have any regrets Mickey?

MICKEY

Yeah, I always regretted we never got around to  
looking up my old history teacher, Miss  
Bainbridge. Now there's a big bad bitch not  
good for herself or nobody else.

WAYNE

But if you had to do it all over again, would  
you do anything different?  
(swinging the mike to Mallory; CAMERA following)

MALLORY

Yeah, I'd kill the jury.

CUTE REPORTER 4

Do you have anything to say to your fans!

MICKEY

(looking into CAMERA; big smile)  
You ain't seen nothin' yet.

EXT. COURTHOUSE (PRESENT) - DAY

WAYNE by himself on the courthouse steps, to CAMERA:

WAYNE TV

No, apparently not. Grace Mulberry gave her tearful testimony. Then it came time for Mickey Knox's cross-examination.

INT. WANDA BISBING OFFICE - DAY

BISBING TV

Grace was terrified of Mickey. You have to understand most of their victims were normal people with normal lives that nothing out of the ordinary ever happens to.

CUT TO:

INSERTS -- COURT SKETCH shows Bisbing standing at the bench in front of Judge Steinsma with Grace on the stand. Mickey sits with Mallory at the defense table.

BISBING (V.O.)

Then out of the blue, they're dealing with the devil incarnate. It was extremely difficult for us to find survivors who would take the stand and testify when they knew Mickey would be cross-examining them.

INSERT COURT SKETCH of Mickey looking like the devil incarnate, cross-examining Grace.

INSERT COURT SKETCH of a terrified Grace. CAMERA closes on her face. The distinct sounds of a court in session can be heard in the BG.

BISBING (V.O.)

Grace was every bit as terrified, every bit as haunted. But she felt her brother Tim and her five girlfriends were counting on her...

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM (MICKEY'S TRIAL) - DAY

The camera cranes up over the sketch to GRACE, in tears.

WANDA BISBING (wrapping up)

No further questions your Honor.

CAMERA dollies towards a MEDIUM OVERHEAD TWO SHOT of MICKEY and MALLORY. Mickey pauses, sketching something on a piece of paper. Mallory looks over at it, still unseen.

JUDGE STEINSMA

Defense?

MICKEY (extending the moment)  
As a matter of fact, your Honor, I do...have  
some questions ...

Holding the pencil to his lips, he stands and leaves the drawing behind, exiting FRAME.

Mallory looks at it. A SKETCH of a man stabbing a woman.

CLOSE on Mickey as he crosses to GRACE.

CLOSE on GRACE'S eyes as they look downward.

CLOSE on JUDGE STEINSMA as he shuffles paper on his bench.

CLOSE on BISBING as her eyes follow Mickey across the court.

CLOSE again on Mickey studying Grace, the pencil pressed to his lips in thought.

CLOSE on Grace as she pulls from a reserve of strength. Clenching her hands, her eyes come up and lock hatefully on Mickey.

MICKEY  
That's one helluva story, Miss Mulberry.

GRACE  
Maybe to you.

Mickey paces in front of her, like a caged tiger.

MICKEY  
Grace...I hope you don't mind if I call you Grace.

CAMERA dollies tighter on Grace. Once locked onto her eyes, her head drops forward and we:

FLASHBACK

INT. GRACE'S HOME - NIGHT

ECU of GRACE'S eyes as her head is yanked back into frame. The CAMERA pulls back to reveal her eyes wide with fear, a gag in her mouth and a knife pressed against her throat. SOUNDS of squealing murder victims in adjacent spaces. The night of the murder. A slaughter-fest of squealing TEENAGERS.

MALLORY'S got the knife to her neck.

MICKEY is wandering around, in a daze, in a black leather jacket over a white t-shirt covered with blood. Blood on his face, a knife in his hand. He turns to camera with the same deadcalm:

MICKEY (at the murdersite)  
Grace...I hope you don't mind if I call you  
Grace.

BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

CLOSE on GRACE in a daze.

CLOSE on MICKEY smiling at her.

MICKEY  
Grace?

Uh...yes.

MICKEY  
I'd like to ask you about your murdered  
brother...Tim? His martial arts abilities?  
How long had he been studying?

GRACE  
Uh...he started when he was in the seventh  
grade, so that would make it nine years.

MICKEY  
And what was the color of Tim's belt?

GRACE  
The style of fighting that Tim studied didn't  
believe in belts.

CLOSE on BISBING listening. Grace is doing better than she  
thought.

MICKEY  
Is that a fact? Well, then, Grace could you  
tell us what form of martial arts it was?

GRACE  
It was Jeet Kune Do.

MICKEY  
Jeet Kune Do...Now I did some research on that  
form of fighting, and I found out that Jeet  
Kune Do was a style developed~by Bruce Lee.  
Did you know that?

GRACE  
Yes. That why Tim studied it. Because it was  
Bruce Lee's fighting style.

CLOSE on the COURT CLERK'S HANDS typing.

MICKEY

Now, I think it would be safe to say that anybody who studied the fighting style that Bruce Lee developed -- arguably the greatest fighter in the history of martial arts -- anybody who studies that for nine years, that would be a fella who could defend himself. Would you describe Tim that way, Grace?

GRACE

Yes I would.

Mickey points at Grace with the pencil in his hand.

MICKEY

Point of fact, weren't Tim's hands and feet considered weapons like guns or knives? Am I correct on that point?

Grace's eyes on -- a CU of Mickey's HAND holding the pencil.

GRACE

Yes, you are.

CU of MALLORY listening.

MICKEY

Yet in your testimony just now, you described that Tim...

CAMERA moves into a tight CU of Grace. Her eyes widen.

MICKEY (O.S.)

...kicked me four times in the head.

FLASHBACK -- INT. GRACE'S HOME - NIGHT

TIM, in a rage, cuts loose and hammers MICKEY with four punishing kicks in the head!

BACK TO COURTROOM - CLOSE ON MICKEY

MICKEY

...and his trained Bruce Lee kicks had little or no effect.

FLASHBACK - INT. GRACE'S HOME - NIGHT

CAMERA is LOW ANGLE as TIM backs up after his attack.

We INSERT a High School class RING he wears on his right fist as



he steps into a fighting stance, ready for Mickey to drop.

MICKEY, however, spits out a stream of blood, and smiles at him.

BACK TO COURTROOM

CLOSE on GRACE. We move down and see she is twisting the same High School RING nervously in her hand.

CLOSE on MICKEY noticing the Ring and her attachment to it.

MICKEY

Then, after shrugging off four blows to the head like I was Superman, I lifted Tim-nine-years-of Jeet-Kune-Do Mulberry off the ground and threw him across the room.

Mickey, with arms raised over his head, pantomimes throwing Tim's body.

FLASHBACK - INT. GRACE'S HOME - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT as TIM flies into FRAME, CRASHING into the living room wall.

BACK TO COURTROOM

We quickly PAN down a number of items with white evidence tags on them. We stop at Mickey's BUCK KNIFE. Mickey's HAND comes into FRAME and picks up the knife.

MICKEY

Then I took...

CU of MICKEY as he brings the knife into FRAME.

MICKEY

...this knife and proceeded to tear your brother limb from limb. And your brother, whose hands are lethal weapons--

CLOSE on WANDA BISBING as she stands.

BISBING

Objection, defense is intimidating the witness with the murder weapon.

JUDGE STEINSMA (O.S.)

Sustained. Mr. Knox, put the knife down.

Mickey is locked on Grace.

MICKEY (Cont'd)

-- had little to no defense.

GRACE (yelling)  
I don't know how you did it, but you did it!

JUDGE STEINSMA  
Mr. Knox! The knife!

Mickey glances to the Judge, then slowly places the knife back on the table.

MICKEY  
How do you think a human being could possibly be capable of doing something like that?

CLOSE on MALLORY watching.

GRACE (yelling)  
I don't know!

Mickey locks eyes with Grace, moves very close.

MICKEY  
Now...I don't believe that Grace. I think you have a definite opinion on how I was able to do those things you described. Now, I'm going to ask you again. And I want you to remember you are under oath.

Grace collects herself.

MICKEY (O.S.)  
In your opinion, Miss Mulberry, how was I able to murder your brother Tim Mulberry in the manner described?

Bisbing waits for the answer.

The Judge looks down at Grace.

Grace looks back into her open palm. CU of the ring.

Mickey bearing down on her, waiting.

We DOLLY tighter on Grace as she looks up at Mickey timidly.

GRACE (softly)  
You're not human.

Mickey smiles.

GRACE  
I thought about it a lot. And the only thing I could figger' is you're not human...You're a vampire, or the devil or a cyborg or something

like that. But you're not human.

Grace breaks down. Putting her hands to her head to stop the pain.

Mickey rolls his pencil in his hand, then CAMERA tilts up as he leans down into a CU, smiling at her.

MICKEY (softly)  
Thank you. Grace, there is one other thing...

GRACE (softly, into her lap)  
What!...

Mickey smiles.

MICKEY  
Do you believe in fate?

GRACE  
What? I don't know.

MICKEY  
Well do you believe you have any choice when it's time for you to die?

BISBING  
Objection. What does this have to do with Grace Mulberry?

MICKEY  
You know what this has to do with Grace Mulberry? I'll tell ya what it has to do with Grace Mulberry. It's her time!

Grace tearfully looks up and meets Mickey's demonic glare as he plunges his PENCIL deep into her chest. Grace's eyes go wide as Mickey's vicious attack continues.

CAMERA whips to a CU of Bisbing jumping up screaming as PANDEMONIUM breaks out in the courtroom in SLOW MOTION.

CU pencil puncturing Grace's blood-soaked chest.

CU Judge Steinsma slams his gavel, directing the Sheriff DEPUTIES in SLOW MOTION.

CU of the DEPUTIES running towards Mickey in SLOW MOTION

ECU of Grace. A Tear rolls out of her widened eyes in SLOW MOTION

CU of Mickey. His attack is unending.

Grace goes limp.

As the Deputies reach Mickey from all sides, the pencil breaks off inside Grace in SLOW MOTION.

SIDE ANGLE as Grace's head falls back into a CU. As her mouth plops open and as her eyelids close, they pinch out a tear that rolls down her cheek in SLOW MOTION.

CU of Mickey's torso as the Deputies wrestle him away from Grace. The bloody broken stump of the pencil in his hand.

CU of Grace's hand dropping into frame, and as her fist opens, her brother's high school ring falls out in SLOW MOTION.

CAMERA follows Mickey's bloody pencil stub falling from his hand. Flitting the floor next to the ring in SLOW MOTION.

CU of Mallory jumping up and down on the table like a puppet, singing "Mickey and Mallory sittin' in a tree..." Deputies grabbing her.

Mickey turning to the Judge.

MICKEY

No further questions your Honor.

Mickey's POV of a large DEPUTY stepping in front of him with a riot club.

LARGE DEPUTY

Lights out prick!

Deputy swings the club.

CUT TO BLACK:

### ACT THREE

EXT. PRISON - DAY

SUBTITLE READS: "SUPERBOWL SUNDAY"

WAYNE unloads his cameras with CREW and VANS. A major mobile setup, yards of cable, lights.

INT. MICKEY'S CELL - DAY

MICKEY'S pacing back and forth in his cell, talking to himself in the mirrors, over the washbasin.

MICKEY

...You know. 'I'm gonna just rip off your dress and squeeze your titties.' Then Little Red Riding Hood whips out her .357, sticks it in the Big Bad

Wolf's face and says, 'No, you're not. You're gonna eat me...just like the story says.'

LAUGH SOUNDTRACK -- the sitcom running in his head.

JUMP TO:

MICKEY

...and the Polish guy says, 'That's nothing. When I get through with my Hanna, I get up, wipe my dick on the curtain, and she hits the roof!'

LAUGH SOUNDTRACK

JUMP TO:

Mickey's pretending he's calming down a hysterical audience.

MICKEY

No...please...thank you...you're too kind...no...please...

KAVANAUGH opens the cell door.

MICKEY (hands in the air)

How ya doin' today Kavanaugh?

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

WARDEN McCLUSKY strides through his kingdom, trailed by SCAGNETTI -- in a foul mood of indigestion and nausea. WURLITZER follows.

SCAGNETTI

How the hell did you let it go "live" Dwight -- for chrisake!!

MCCLUSKY

I couldn't stop it, it just got out of hand. It don't change a thing Jack! We're gonna move the scumbags tomorrow morning -- a little ahead of schedule, that's all.

SCAGNETTI

You know Dwight--when I do these two ratfucking douchebags, I'm going right up there with Jack Ruby. In the Hall of Fame. I'll be world famous.

MCCLUSKY

You'll be bigger, Jack -- Oswald was a pussy... (cocking his ear) Do you hear it, Jack?

SCAGNETTI

Oswald might've been a pussy but he was a great shot (listens)...yeah, it's...

MCCLUSKY

...dead quiet.

Now we notice it. Like the vacuum before the storm.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

MCCLUSKY and SCAGNETTI enter, past the TECHNICIANS setting up two cameras, lights, cable; ASSISTANTS, GUARDS all over the room.

WAYNE is checking his makeup and stubble in a mirror with a MAKEUP PERSON as he walks and talks with his cameraman, ROGER.

WAYNE

Then maybe take him to the window, Rog...

(pretending the cameraman is Mickey)

So, Mickey, 'if you were let outta jail today, what's the first thing you'd do?'

(pause)

Little shit like that. I don't wanna have to feel I gotta stay in the chairs. We're after a cinema verite, anything can happen, truth-twenty-four-times a second kinda feel...Hi Dwight. How goes? Can I just have a little word?

He takes the WARDEN aside; Scagnetti dropping back.

SCAGNETTI

So Dwight, I'm gonna catch myself a little word With Mallory. The air in here's...y'know, a little phoney for my taste.

Scagnetti exits.

WAYNE (to Scagnetti)

Yeah, you do that Jack. Nice suit.

(to Warden)

Now Dwight, I don't know if you've ever been on a set before --

MCCLUSKY (proud)

Ya know, I was. I was...

WAYNE (acting surprised)

Really?

MCCLUSKY

I was on the 'Dukes of Hazzard' set about 8 years ago. I knew this guy who...

WAYNE

Well...small world. Well then you know how it

works. What we're about in this talk business is intimacy, Dwight. We're about two people having a conversation. I want a trust to develop. If you're thinking about all this...

(indicating the bustle of the room)  
you're not going to relax, we'll be talking at each other instead of "to" each other...

(pauses, Dwight waits; Wayne switches gears)  
Which brings me to ... what I wanted to talk to you about...I have to get Mickey Knox to relax-- to share what he's never shared before. How Dwight can we expect him to do that when we got more deputies per cubic inch looking up his asshole with shotguns than he has photosynthetic spores?

MCCLUSKY (turning on Wayne, short)  
Well, just what the hell do you expect me to do, Wayne?

WAYNE  
Lose 'em. Leave 'em outside. I'm getting rid of my crew. Just me, the cameraman, the soundman, that's it. Intimate. Dark. Shadows. Truth.

MCCLUSKY  
Wayne, do you have the slightest idea how dangerous Knox is?

WAYNE  
Dwight, I assure you I am very familiar with Mickey's career.

MCCLUSKY  
Since he and his wife have been in custody, they've killed --

WAYNE  
I'm sure I know the facts as well as you do Dwight.

MCCLUSKY  
Well lemme clue you in on one fact you don't know. If I take my men out, Mickey Knox is gonna snap your pencil fuckin' neck like a fuckin' twig.

WAYNE (sensitive)  
Dwayne...Dwight...One--fuckin' I grew up in a very tough neighborhood in Sydney, and I've handled some pretty rough customers in my day. Mickey Knox don't scare me.

MCCLUSKY

You're a dreamer, son...you're a dreamer.

WAYNE

Two--I'm a journalist, and I'm prepared to take that risk. Grenada, Panama; I was dodging 'scuds in Baghdad, Dwight. Three--it ain't gonna happen. Believe me when I tell you, it's in Mickey Knox's best interest to play this game according to Hoyle. (pause) Wait a minute. Wait a minute. We've gotten into an adversary relationship here, which is not what I want...

MCCLUSKY

No!

WAYNE

Seriously Dwight, look at this...

(counting the DEPUTIES in the room)

Six...seven.. eight. Jesus Christ Duane, they hate him. He hates them. We got hate in the air. Even you and I feel it. I gotta explore Mickey. Columbus didn't know he was looking for America. He was looking for India. He needed to be left alone, trusted, he...

MCCLUSKY

What in the goddamn hell are you talking about?

WAYNE

Two guys?

MCCLUSKY

Okay. I'll take two guys off.

WAYNE

No, no, no, no. I mean only two guys.

MCCLUSKY

I can't do that. Five guys.

WAYNE

Three.

MCCLUSKY

I'll cut it in half. Four guys, but that's it.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - PRISON - DAY

Elsewhere in the prison, the boring SUPERBOWL winds down with the Quarterback dropping to his knees, running out the clock and "timeouts" being taken.

A LARGE CROWD of silent PRISONERS is gathered as the "AMERICAN MANIACS" PROMO comes on:



INSERT TELEVISION FOOTAGE -- LOGO

A SHOTGUN GRAPHIC explodes through the screen and reveals file footage of MICKEY and MALLORY, supering to WAYNE GALE waiting, standby, "live."

TV ANNOUNCER

Right after the "Game," stay tuned for a special "American Maniacs" on W-A-T-C-H. Mickey Knox is the most dangerous man in America, but Wayne Gale isn't afraid to meet him one on one to learn what 48 people died for: is this man insane or does he belong where he sent so many others: in the grave? Be sure to stay tuned for...

The SCREEN of the TV EXPLODES as something heavy (a machine tool wrench) is thrown through it. We hear an INMATE:

INMATE

Mother fucker!

The INMATES are throwing whatever they can now at the TV as the WHISTLE goes and the GUARDS rush in with sticks.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

TV INSERT -- LOGO for "AMERICAN MANIACS" rolls to loud cue-in MUSIC and ANNOUNCER.

TV ANNOUNCER

...and now Wayne Gale goes one to one with Mickey Knox. Straight from Batongaville Penitentiary -- on the eve of Mickey Knox's lobotomy. Is he or isn't he? Let America be the Judge...

CUT TO:

MICKEY'S face -- in a chair, real calm, no handcuffs, a pleasant smile.

MICKEY (TO THE GUARD)

How ya doin' today?

Across from him is WAYNE, with a serious intensity, half-glasses, consulting his yellow legal pad notes, Mike Wallace-style.

WAYNE TV

Mickey Knox. Thank you for this time. I have a few questions I'd like to start with, do you mind?

MICKEY TV (smiles)

Let's roll the fuckin' (BLEEP) dice, Wayne.

WAYNE TV

Mickey Knox, when did you first start thinking about killing?

CAMERA now in the room, rolling off Wayne to reveal Mickey and the setup. It's made to look like a one on one but we now see McClusky's DEPUTIES, among them WURLITZER and KAVANAUGH, are quite close, just out of camera range. Mickey is cool as a feather.

MICKEY

Birth... I was thrown into a flaming pit of scum...forgotten by God (laughs).

WAYNE

What do you mean by that?

MICKEY

What do I mean?...I mean I came from violence... it was in my blood. My Dad had it.  
(chuckles)

You know. Eat, Shit, Fuck, Kill, Die... it was all my fate...my fate.

INSERT TV MONITOR -- the words are BLEEPED immediately.

Wayne's excited, Mickey's rolling right out the gate.

WAYNE

No one is born evil Mickey, it's something you learn...Let's talk about your father? How he was murdered? You were 10 years old when he died is that...

Mickey's mood immediately changes, darkens.

MICKEY TV

I didn't kill my father...and I don't want to talk about that shit...

He throws a box of donuts at the camera.

JULIE signals excitedly from the monitor - a head set sending messages to her. More people turning on. Thumbs up to WAYNE, excited.

MICKEY

Please.

WAYNE TV

OK OK Mickey, let's go on to something else. I understand Mickey Knox is reading the Bible these days?

MICKEY

Ya?

WAYNE

The teachings of the Bible seem inconsistent with your actions -- Christian values.

MICKEY

I don't know why. The Bible's full of killings.

WAYNE

But what about God, does he have the right to judge you?

Wayne's eyes scooting everywhere, motioning to McClusky to get his men out of the background when Mickey's on camera.

MICKEY

God created me...if what I did was so bad why didn't he stop me...why didn't he protect me when I was a kid...He's doing it, not me.

WAYNE

Mickey, how can you look at an ordinary innocent person...a guy with kids...and shoot him to death... how can you do that?

MICKEY

Innocent? Who's innocent Wayne?...it's just murder man. Everyone does it, all God's creatures ...in one form or another...I know a lotta people deserve to die...

(a look at McClusky who is impervious)

WAYNE

Why do they deserve to die?

MICKEY

Everybody got somethin' in their past, some guilt, some sin, some awful secret thing...I think people who deserve to die are those people who are not living in the first place. I think there's a lotta people walkin' round right now who are already dead and need to be put outta their misery.

WAYNE

...sort of "everyone meets their serial killer half way"? Is that what you're saying?. The theory that the Jews wanted to be victims walking into the gas chambers at Auschwitz; that even genocide at some level's agreed upon...?

MICKEY

The wolf don't know why he's a wolf, and a deer don't know why he's a deer...God just made it that way...

WAYNE

...You're talking now about "predators" Mickey. You're saying the world itself is predatory. When a mountain lion takes down an elk, it's because it's the elk's time to go, and all the b.s. liberal agenda about saving the animal herds only overpopulates the balance of nature? Maybe you're right Mickey Knox, maybe you're right.... Corporate predators. Enviromental predators. Nuclear predators. Life is a hunt. I've seen it Mickey. I was there. When the shit (BLEEP) hit the fan. At Grenada. I saw it all go down at Grenada...

Mickey bored. Julie signalling frantically to Wayne to cut the jab. Wayne sees the signal,

WAYNE

...so tell me Mickey, any regrets? Three weeks. 47 people, not cool.

MICKEY (corrects)

...48. Ya, I'm sorry I got Mallory into this mess. Prison and all. She doesn't really deserve it.

WAYNE

Anything else?

MICKEY

I'm sorry the Indian got killed.

WAYNE (consulting his notes)

The next to last victim. The one whose grandson testified at the trial that his grandfather was trying to help you...

MICKEY

He saw it...

WAYNE

He saw what?

MICKEY

The Demon...He saw the Demon.

Mickey is deep into the memory. Wayne's puzzled.

WAYNE

So what happened?

MICKEY

The whole deal was a mistake. I didn't mean to kill him...The old man was trying to help us...

WAYNE

So what happened?

(fiercely, aside, to McClusky)

Dwight, will you get those two assholes outta there! It's supposed to look like me and Mickey alone!

MCCLUSKY (aside)

Don't call my men assholes.

WAYNE (aside)

Shhh! I didn't mean they were assholes. I mean "get 'em outta here!"

McClusky signalling to Kavanaugh and Wurlitzer to step back.

Julie signalling fiercely for quiet.

WAYNE (to himself, re: McClusky)

Asshole.

MICKEY (meanwhile deep into it)

...there was a fight in my dream, see...it's the same dream I've had since I was a kid...it's hard to move...like I'm made of lead...I taste metal in my mouth...Then...the Demon comes after me.

WAYNE

What does it want...your soul?

(no answer)

What does it do?

MICKEY

It kills in this case something good.

WAYNE

So as long as you're bad...it won't kill you.

MICKEY (somewhere else)

...after the old man, we were gonna stop killin'. The old man took it out of us.

WAYNE

...but you both've killed on the inside?

MICKEY

The Demon lives in here. Everyone's got the demon. It feeds on their hate, it cuts, rapes, kills...it's the alien man, it uses your weakness, your fear...only the vicious survive.

WAYNE (skeptical)

So that's why you're reading the Bible, you're looking for help? Hard to believe, Mickey.

MICKEY

You mean if Jesus could raise Lazarus from the dead maybe he could help me?...No dice. (pause) You know the only thing that kills the Demon? ...Love. That's why I know Mallory is my salvation. She was teaching me how to love. It's like being in the Garden of Eden...

WAYNE

"Only love can kill the demon." Hold that thought.

COMMERCIAL MUSIC cues in. Pause for a BREAK.

CUT TO:

INT. MALLORY CORRIDOR - DAY

The silence is vast...As SCAGNETTI'S feet go past, drawn inexorably to her cell. TWO GUARDS accompany him.

INT. MALLORY CELL - DAY

DOORS open -- SCAGNETTI'S POV marching in.

SCAGNETTI (O.S.)

Rise and shine Mallory!

MALLORY, asleep on the bunk, springs into a fighting stance. If you've seen a panther in a zoo, you understand the attitude Mallory brings with her everywhere she goes.

CAMERA whips back to Scagnetti and the TWO GUARDS -- with shotguns trained on her.

GUARD

Turn around and face the wall!

SCAGNETTI (approaching her)

That's all right fellows, we want to have a little talk is all...

Pulls a chair out, indicates for her to sit. She doesn't.

GUARD (nervous)

Mr. Scagnetti, don't get close to her. She'll kill you!...One way or the other, she'll kill ya!

Scagnetti ushers them to the door.

SCAGNETTI

Relax fellows, read my book. Now I met some women were really crocodiles in my time but this little lady--I think she's gotta sweet streak for me.

Scagnetti pulls his gun out and gives it to the Guard, pushing the door closed on him.

GUARD

Sir, we're not allowed...

Scagnetti closes the door on them. Alone with Mallory.

SCAGNETTI

Smoke? (she stares)  
I know you smoke.

A look of steel. He gets closer, gentle.

SCAGNETTI

You know I'm not here to hurt you, Mallory. I wanna be your friend. And if I ever met a girl who needs a friend, it's you. You're a very pretty girl...but I'm sure people tell you that all the time.

Mallory doesn't respond. Scagnetti takes the cigarette from his mouth, puts it between Mallory's lips. She smokes.

Scagnetti relaxes. Step one. Hold on a C.U. of Mallory.

SCAGNETTI (O.S.)

I was reading the file on you. You know what it said? It said during your trial, whenever they put you on the stand, no matter what they asked, your answer was always the same... "I love Mickey." It also says that when they gave you a polygraph "I love Mickey" was the only thing you said that registered as the truth ...

Scagnetti appears at the side of frame next to Mallory.

SCAGNETTI

Who are you supposed to be? Squeaky Fromme? Is Mickey your Charles Manson? Or does he just got a big dick? That's it, isn't it? Mickey's got a big donkey dick. But you ain't seen mine. You never been fucked by the real Prince Charming.

Scagnetti changes to Mallory's other ear. He's playing with a cobra here, and he knows it. It turns him on, deeper into his sexual obsession with murder.

SCAGNETTI (pressing close)

Can you remember the last time you fucked? Huh? What I want you to do is close your eyes and remember...remember the last time ol' Mickey gave you the high hard one. Are ya thinking about it? Good. Remember it. Don't ever forget it cause it ain't never gonna happen again. Cause when they get through with all that electroshock shit they got lined up for you two, Mick's dick ain't gonna be worth shit. Course you're not gonna give a particular shit either. Cause when the good doctors get through givin' you the zap...you won't know where the hell you are. They'll just put you on a window sill and water you every other day.

Mallory looks at him with steel, then yawns. Drops the cigarette on the floor

CU of cigarette hitting the floor in SLOW MOTION. We can still see the red, burning end.

CU of Mallory's bare foot rising off the floor in SLOW MOTION

CU at floor level of Mallory's foot coming down on top of the cigarette, then grinding it out -- SLOW MOTION.

Scagnetti watches this, gulps.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Where the television was first smashed; the tone has shifted from insurrection to riot. Instead of subduing the PRISONERS, the SEVEN GUARDS are now in full retreat, swinging nightsticks over shield. The Prisoners, all desperate angry men, attack them -- bring them down.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

The RIOT is spreading. The MEN take one of the GUARDS and throw him into a huge spinning WASHING MACHINE and slam the door on him, watching him go round and round.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

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The interview winds down. JULIE very pleased -- a big "thumbs up" for WAYNE who gleams. Dollar signs all over his brain.

WAYNE

You have ultravision Mickey...you see things



others don't. You see the shadows. Tell us.  
Describe Mallory, Wayne...I mean Mickey.

MICKEY

Describe Mallory? Okay. She's my wife, she's pretty, she's got brown hair, two eyes, two feet...

WAYNE

Don't play dumb with me Mickey. You know what I mean. Describe Mallory.

(points to his head)

What's up there?

(points to his heart)

What's in here?

MICKEY

That's indescribable.

WAYNE

Well, riddle me this Batman. How do you feel about the fact that you're never gonna see Mallory again?

MICKEY (smiles)

Says who?

WAYNE

Says the United States Government of America.

MICKEY (laughs)

When have they ever been right?

WAYNE (pressing)

Then was it really worth it?

MICKEY

Was what worth it?

WAYNE

Was massacring all those people worth being separated from your wife for the rest of your life?

MICKEY

Do you think up all these question or does it come from some central casting for reporters?

WAYNE

No Mickey, I can't let you get away with rhetoric. Answer the question. Was it worth it? You haven't seen, heard, or smelled Mallory in a year? Was it worth it?

MICKEY

Was an instant of purity worth a lifetime lie?  
Yeah, it was.

WAYNE

Excuse me, did you say an 'instant of purity'?  
What was that instant of purity? The bodies  
you left behind?

MICKEY

That's only part of it. I mean, its a big,  
big part. But it's only the chorus, it's not  
the whole song.

WAYNE (passionately)

Please explain to me, Mickey, where's the "purity"  
that you couldn't live without in 48 people who  
are no longer on this planet because  
they met you and Mallory? What's so fucking  
(BLEEP) pure about that? How do you do it!!

CAMERA ZOOMS in on a pore-catching CU of Mickey. Pause.

ECU profile of DEPUTY WURLITZER on the intercom, hearing the news  
of the riot for the first time. His expression shows. He  
signals to MCCLUSKY who goes to the phone.

MICKEY (meanwhile)

You'll never understand. Me and you, Wayne, we're  
not even the same species. I used to be you...then  
I evolved. From where you're standing, you're a  
man. From where I'm standing, you're an ape...I'm  
here...I'm still evolving...and you, you're stuck  
somewhere else man. You're presenting a reflection  
of yourself. You buy and sell the Fear. You say  
why? I say why not?

WAYNE (with Mike Wallace intensity)

Awright, Mickey...now let's cut the BS, let's  
get real. Why? Why this "purity" you feel  
about killing? Why forchrissake, why!!!!

MICKEY (laughs)

...I guess...Wayne...you just gotta hold that  
ol' shotgun in your hand and it all 'comes  
clear to you like it was for me that first  
time. That's when I knew my one true calling  
in life.

WAYNE

And what's that Mickey?

MICKEY (smiles)

Shit, I'm a natural born killer.

COMMERCIAL MUSIC plugs in.

WAYNE (ecstatic, to himself)  
GREAT!! Oh fuckin' brilliant! DID YA GET THAT!

JULIE (sign language)  
Through the roof! The whole country was  
watching. I heard 80, 90 share!!!

WAYNE  
Oh Jesus, we'll be famous...how can I top this!

McClusky freaking out on the phone.

MCCLUSKY  
Where! For the love of Pete! Shitfire Leroy!  
Okay...Okay.. Mobilize the men. I'm on my way.

Hangs up, to the room.

MCCLUSKY  
CLOSE DOWN ALL THE CAMERAS! We got a riot  
going on in the Rec Room in B Wing.

WAYNE  
Is this a joke? Are we finished! We're live  
for chrisake. We got another 10 minutes! 200  
million Americans are...!!

MICKEY takes it all in.

MCCLUSKY  
You sure as hell are finished! They got guns,  
hostages, explosives. Close it down now!

WAYNE (disappointed as hell)  
Then could we go with you and film it?  
Dwight, forchrisake! "Live!"

MCCLUSKY  
You stay here and you shut up! I got to see what  
the hell's going on down there before I can let  
you film anywhere, it all started cause of your  
goddamn peckerhead show in the first place!

WAYNE  
(following him out, trying to grab Roger)  
But the world is watching Dwight -- you can  
never get 'em back! You'll be famous. It's  
history! Dwight!

MCCLUSKY (to Kavanaugh and his men)  
This asshole's still tryin' to tell me what I'm

gonna do in my jail. Fuck him! This nanderfuck don't know what he's dealing with here, but we do. And he ain't gonna be responsible, we are. So keep your shotguns on, your fingers on the triggers, and be ready to fire at a moment's notice! Phil, Frank you come with me! Jim you stay here. Let's go!

McClusky, Wurlitzer and DEPUTIES 3, 4 exit--leaving THREE GUARDS and Kavanaugh with the LIVE CREW...and Mickey who pops gum, smiles...

INT. RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Pandemonium. PRISONERS holding GUARDS hostage, working their way out the ROOM, into a CORRIDOR.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The PRISONERS storming the GUARD CONTROL CENTER. SHOTGUN blasts from the GUARDS kill SEVERAL MEN but they are so desperate they get into the Tower anyway, piling over the bodies of their dead comrades.

INT. CONTROL CENTER - DAY

The MEN ransack the keys, hitting the electric locks and controls -- kicking open several NEW CORRIDORS at once. Men running in all directions.

INT. MAIN TIER - DAY

TWO INMATES chase a SNITCH -- throw him off a railing.

INT. MAIN TIER - DAY

The "telegraph" hits the 5-Tier MAIN ROOM. The MEN there start to go crazy, running down from all levels, attacking the GUARD TOWER in the center of the room. SHOTGUN BLASTS are fired.

CAMERA TRACKING OUT -- the noise of a buffalo stampede grows through the prison. Madness is coming!

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Everyone's nervous, locked in, hearing the noise. WAYNE stares, dying to get out, be part of the action.

JULIE nervously eats donuts.

The THREE GUARDS shift nervously, shotguns ready, eyes looking out.

MICKEY strolls a bit, smoking, in the middle of a stupid joke no

one really listens to, stretching.

MICKEY

...so the mother says to the sister 'Okay, you can go to the drive-in movie with Bobby as long as you take Little Johnny.' The sister says okay. They go to the drive-in, they come back. The Mother gets Little Johnny and says, 'Okay, what happened? Where did ya go?' Johnny who can't talk, goes...

Mickey, as Little Johnny, draws a square in the air, and acts like he's driving.

MICKEY

Mother says, 'The drive-in movie. What did they do?'

Mickey, as Little Johnny, acts like he's kissing.

MICKEY

'They kissed. What else?'

Mickey, as Little Johnny, squeezes imaginary breasts. The guards relax, listening. It gets their minds off the outside riot.

MICKEY (surprised)

'He felt her up? What else?'

Mickey, as Little Johnny, acts like he's undressing.

MICKEY (dumbfounded)

'They took off their clothes? What else?'

Mickey, as little Johnny, pantomimes a fucking motion.

MICKEY (angry)

'They did that! What were you doing?'

Mickey, as Little Johnny, vigorously jacks off.

MICKEY (as Mother)

'Little Johnny, NO!!!'

Everybody in the room breaks up. As Mickey finishes the punchline he steps in front of KAVANAUGH, laughing, and SLAMS his elbow in his face. Kavanaugh staggers. Mickey grabs his shotgun, rips it from his grasp, then bashes him in the face, swivelling to confront:

The THREE other GUARDS reacting.

Mickey SHOOTS DEPUTY 1 in the chest, blowing him off his feet. He flies across the room and lands in a thudding heap.

DEPUTY 2 raises his gun, fires.

Mickey fires simultaneously, dropping to a crouch.

Deputy 2 crumples into the wall, firing off another blast -- SLOW MOTION.

The stray blast takes the SOUNDMAN right in the chest, blowing him across his equipment.

Mickey takes a hit in the shoulder, spins, pumping the slide.

DEPUTY 3 fires, missing -- hitting one of the TWO VIDEO CAMERAS. It cracks.

Wayne terrified, running for a corner.

ANOTHER CREWMEMBER, the boom guy, goes crashing down, hit, screaming

CU of ceiling being blasted.

Mickey spinning on Deputy 3.

MICKEY

Drop it -- put the gun down.

Deputy 3 (DUNCAN HOMOLKA) is a tired and old guard, very scared. He drops it.

MICKEY

Smart move ... open the chamber. Empty the shells! Everyone raise your hands.

SEVERAL TECHNICIANS shoot up their hands.

HOMOLKA's shells hit the floor.

MICKEY

Wayne! Where the fuck are you?

Wayne in the corner, cowering, thinks Mickey's gonna kill him.

MICKEY

Get up! Get a camera.

WAYNE

Uh...uh...where's Scotty?

ROGER

He's dead.

MICKEY

... and unless you wanna play follow the leader,  
shut up and do as you're told.

(to Homolka)

You...toss it.

Homolka tosses his shotgun over to Mickey.

MICKEY

Hands behind the head!

Mickey grabs the burly Kavanaugh, who's on his knees, by the collar.

MICKEY

On your belly, Kavanaugh, the fun's just beginning.

KAVANAUGH

You'll never get out of here, Knox. You're dreaming -- they'll mop you in a bucket.

The battered Kavanaugh glares back at him, drops down. Mickey bends over him and takes hold of his right hand.

MICKEY

I am the most dangerous man in the world,  
Kavanaugh.

Mickey snaps the trigger finger on Kavanaugh's right hand. Kavanaugh screams.

MICKEY

And when the most dangerous man in the world tells you to do something, you oughta think twice before refusing.

Mickey snaps the trigger finger on Kavanaugh's left hand. Kavanaugh screams. ("Fuck you!")

MICKEY (points at him)

You're the law.

(points to himself)

I'm the law breaker.

Kavanaugh shuts up.

MICKEY (to Roger)

You...you got a camera?

ROGER

Uh, both cameras are shot to shit!

MICKEY

Too bad for you.

ROGER (quick change)  
Uh uh we can get an image. Got a video  
shoulderpack! Remote Beta.

MICKEY  
Good. Put it on your shoulder. We're going  
out. All of us. One big party. Shoot  
everything I do. (pregnantly) Got it?

ROGER  
You bet.

MICKEY  
Wayne, tell your station we're going to resume  
our broadcast "alive." Make it happen Wayne.

WAYNE (with feigned enthusiasm)  
No problem, chiefo, you got it!

As Wayne reaches for his cellular phone, Mickey notices something  
in the back of his belt, under his loosened and frayed shirt.  
Mickey reaches for it.

MICKEY  
What the hell is this Wayne!

It's a 40 calibre Glock semi-automatic. States of the art. But  
Wayne will not give it up so easy. Quick as a wink, Wayne goes  
for Mickey's wrist -- tries to put him into an aikido sweep-down  
move -- accompanied by a fierce SHOUT.

WAYNE  
Eeeeeeyaaahhhhhh!

Nothing happens. Mickey just stands there, grins -- then smashes  
Wayne in the face with a straight arm.

Wayne hits the floor, in GROANING pain.

Mickey brandishes Wayne's gun.

MICKEY  
You're a naughty boy bringin' this in here,  
Wayne. What would the lawman say?

Turning his attention back to Kavanaugh, Mickey propells him out  
the door.

MICKEY  
Get me to Mallory -- and she better be in one  
piece.

INT. MALLORY'S CELL - DAY



SCAGNETTI

OK, spread um!...I'll show ya I'm the bad motherfucker here!

MALLORY smiles and suddenly starts to dance. Spreading her arms, undulating her belly. She's a natural born dancer.

SCAGNETTI watches her, fascinated, misunderstanding. He peels off his shirt.

SCAGNETTI (changing tone, intimate)

I know you... I saw what you did to that kid at the gas station... I know what you like.

MALLORY

Yeah?...what do you think about...right now?

Mallory is weaving like a cobra around him, getting close but never touching him, making him sweat. Pulling his pants down half way, he takes her seat.

MALLORY

Tell me what you want...

Scagnetti is screaming with lust and murder. His head revolving 360 degrees around the back of the chair to watch her. He can't help himself. He's not thinking straight. He's lost it.

She gets in his face, very close. About to kiss him first with her belly, then with her lips.

We even think she might be going along with him. He's moving his lips closer to hers. She smiles -- that long slow orgasm of a smile.

Then she nails him. Smashing into his face with a headbutt. Breaking his nose in an explosion of blood and pain. Scagnetti lets out a horrible SCREAM. She tears into him.

EXT. MALLORY CELL - DAY

The TWO GUARDS fumble with the keys to open the cell door.

INT. MALLORY CELL - DAY

The TWO GUARDS burst through the door to find SCAGNETTI face down on the ground.

MALLORY'S standing, her foot pressed against the middle of Scagnetti's back, pulling his arms behind him trying to break his back. His body is bending like a branch, and he's screaming.

The TWO GUARDS are on top of her like tornadoes, beating the shit

out of her with their shotguns.

She slugs it out with them. Is Scagnetti alive... Barely crawling on the floor, a crumpled wormlike moan escapes his lips.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

MICKEY at the helm of WAYNE, JULIE, TWO HOSTAGE DEPUTIES and a party of FOUR TECHNICIANS hustles down a corridor of the prison past SCREAMING INMATES flying in all directions.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN - DAY

A SHADOW of a PRISON GUARD stumbles into frame, followed by a MOB of other SHADOWS carrying nightsticks and bars. Suddenly we are out of shadows as:

The MOB catches the PRISON GUARD and stuffs him, mercilessly into one of the LARGE OVENS, turning up the heat. He SCREAMS horribly, the sound carrying over:

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MAIN TIER - DAY

This SCENE is a TRAVELLING CU that never leaves MCCLUSKY -- trailed by WURLITZER and STAFF. We can make out activity on the edges of frame and we can vividly hear the sounds of chaos all through the prison.

MCCLUSKY

Get two men up on that tier. And I want men with rifles all along the walkway.

WURLITZER

Capt'n

MCCLUSKY

Where do the air ducts lead?

SMITHY

Over there. But they'll hear somebody approaching thru 'em.

MCCLUSKY

Then turn the power back on. The machines supply us with the cover noise we need. Smithy, get on it.

SMITHY

Right away Capt'n!

McClusky snatches the walkie talkie from him, talks into it.

MCCLUSKY

Bergman, you in place?

BERGMAN (O.S.)  
Sure am, Capt'n. Nothin' clean yet.

MCCLUSKY (into walkie talkie)  
Pass this on to your teams...the second they  
get a lock on a blue, they're to take the shot.  
Do you understand?

BERGMAN (O.S.)  
That's a big ten-four, Capt'n.

MCCLUSKY  
It's that or death, Bergman! Do it!

CAMERA follow MCCLUSKY as he heads in another direction.

MCCLUSKY  
Wurly, are the sharpshooters in place?

WURLITZER  
Yeah.

MCCLUSKY  
You sure?

WURLITZER  
I think --

MCCLUSKY  
Never say you think when you know, or you know  
when you think...What do you think, Wurly? How  
many explosives do you think they have in there?

McClusky now reveals the MAIN TIER in utter pandemonium. He barks  
out.

WURLITZER  
It's hard to say Capt'n.

MCCLUSKY  
Take a wild stab!

WURLITZER  
I'd say enough to destroy this wing.

MCCLUSKY  
The entire wing?

WURLITZER  
That's my opinion.

MCCLUSKY  
Jesus Harold Christ. How'd I let this happen! I

was too soft, Wurly...When I get my prison back,  
there's gonna be hell to pay!

WURLITZER

There's gonna be hell to pay!

MCCLUSKY

Pure Hell!

CUT TO:

ON TV:

SCREEN FILLS WITH STATIC

INSERT TITLE CARD: "SPECIAL REPORT"

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We interrupt this program to bring you a  
Special Report.

INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY

Title Card recedes in frame to expose an active NEWS ROOM in the  
BG. News Anchor ANTONIA CHAVEZ is lowering herself behind a desk  
while adjusting her earphones.

CHAVEZ TV

Good afternoon, I'm Antonia Chavez and this is  
an W-A-T-C-H Special Report. (fingering earphone)  
I'm being told that we're taking you right now  
live to Batonga Penitentiary where Wayne Gale  
continues his interrupted interview in the  
middle of a full-scale riot.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - MALLORY WING - DAY

VIDEO FOOTAGE of WAYNE caught in MICKEY'S HOSTAGE TRAIN -- is all  
handheld and harshly lit. Wayne's crouched, moving backwards,  
trying to reassert control over the situation as well as his own  
terror. The relationship he has to his mike and the camera  
certainly helps.

WAYNE (into camera)

This is Wayne Gale reporting live from Batonga  
where you can tell by the blood and carnage all  
around me that the final chapter in the book  
called Mickey and Mallory has not yet been written.  
An incredible war has broken out here in Batonga,  
unlike anything I've ever seen! Grenada. The  
Gulf...Batonga will stand alongside them as...

The CAMERA swings wildly on ROGER's shoulder to catch MICKEY  
edging up to the exterior of MALLORY'S CELL -- about to break in.

CONVICTS screaming continue to run by CAMERA without direction occasionally flitting to a stop to stare or to make a face in the camera, chased off by Mickey's gun.

INT. MALLORY'S CELL - DAY

SCAGNETTI is holding his bloody nose, screaming, blood all over his face.

SCAGNETTI

She broke my fucking nose! That bitch broke my nose!

He glares over at MALLORY who lies with the shit beaten out of her in the corner.

GUARD 1 has his shotgun barrel placed in her mouth.

CU on Scagnetti. He's a hand grenade with the pin pulled as he walks over to her.

SCAGNETTI

Hold her!

He grabs a can of MACE from GUARD 2's belt and brings it up to Mallory's face, as she's propped up by the Guards.

Mallory and Scagnetti trade looks.

Scagnetti gives her an intense blast of mace right in the face, eyes, and all over her body.

Mallory crumples to the floor, SCRAAMING in agony.

TWO SHOT of the Guards looking down at her. We can hear Scagnetti still SPRAYING her. They can't look at this anymore.

Mallory wiggles on the floor as Scagnetti keeps spraying her.

CU of Scagnetti's bloody face smiling.

The DOOR whips open and MICKEY steps through aiming the shotgun.

MICKEY (to Mallory)

Honey I'm home!!

He blows GUARD 1 away.

CU of Mallory -- she hears it, but can't yet see.

GUARD 2 is whipping up his gun, FIRES a round as he is hit and BLOWN across the room.

Right next to Mickey, TECHNICIAN 4 (we will work backwards as they are eliminated) takes a hit in the gut. Mickey spins to

confront:

The CAMERA dollying down to the "Scag" crouched over Mallory, his gun pointed right at Mickey about to fire.

Squatting, Mickey has the shotgun trained on Scagnetti.

They're positioned across from each other on opposite sides of the room.

Nobody fires.

We DOLLY PAST the faces of both WAYNE and ROGER, inside the room now, filming this LIVE. They both hit the deck flat, as do the OTHER HOSTAGES.

Just the Two Men. The Showdown.

CU on Scagnetti's face

CU on Mickey's face

CU on Scagnetti's finger putting pressure on the trigger, then CAMERA moves up to a CU profile of his face.

OVERHEAD SHOT of Mickey. CAMERA moves down in front of him into a CU of his face.

MICKEY

Looks like we got a Mexican standoff.

SCAGNETTI (not backing down)

Slide the shotgun over here, asshole, put your hands behind your head, your forehead on the floor

MICKEY

Or what? You'll wound me? I can blow you in half Scagnetti an' ya know it.

SCAGNETTI

I've never wounded anything in my life. I got you locked right between the eyes, Knox. I've had you locked from the "jump" you fuckin' phony.

MICKEY

If you don't drop that toy, I'm blowin' you in half on three. So, if you got me locked, take the shot. One...

DOLLY in on Scagnetti's gun in FG, past the gun, to his face CU of barrel of shotgun.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Two...

SCAGNETTI

Come on! Shoot me! I was just fuckin' your girlfriend. She came so hard she broke my nose.

DOLLY continues closing on Scagnetti's face

Wayne watches, beyond himself. Television nirvana.

Roger filming

ECU on Mickey's face

MICKEY

Okay Scagnetti...you win.

Scagnetti is in pig heaven as MALLORY, reddened with mace, looms up behind him with a prison fork clasped in her hand. She yanks Scagnetti back by the neck and drives the fork deep into his throat.

ECU the back part of his head. We hear the sickening sound of the fork plunging into his throat. His head jerks back violently, farther into frame, still held by Mallory

ECU of Scagnetti as his face is racked with pain. He gurgles, eyes bulging.

She lets him go, stands.

Wayne and his TV audience unbelieving.

She looks down at him. Raises her foot and pitches him over onto the floor, trembling, still alive. He tries -- through the remainder of the scene -- to get back up on his knees, the CAMERA trembling from his POV on:

Mallory running into Mickey's arms, passionately kissing. This kiss has been a year coming. Now they're doing something everybody told them they would never do again.

WAYNE (on TV, getting into it)

This kiss has been a year coming. They're doing something everybody told them they would never do again. At this moment they are the only two people on earth.

We are enraptured too. Roger's CAMERA does a 360 around the loving couple.

MALLORY (inbetween kisses)

It's taken you so long to come to me.

Scagnetti from a FRONTAL ANGLE spoils the scene with his GURGLING SOUNDS as he climbs to his knees. The two lovers look down at him.

Mickey, distracted, cracks open his shotgun, showing it to be empty as he reloads it.

MICKEY (smiles)  
Lost your touch Jack. You had me. Two shells.  
Two guards.

Scagnetti realizing it. His POV:

Mallory looms over him.

MALLORY  
Get the picture, ya fuckin' squid?

She lifts her foot and sets it down on the CAMERA, covering the FRAME.

CU of Scagnetti as his face is shoved down to the floor by Mallory's foot. She grinds her foot into his face. Scagnetti gives up the ghost in that position.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - MAIN ROOM - DAY

CU of MCCLUSKY'S SHOES cutting a mean path down the hallway. CAMERA rising to his face. A computer printout of several hundred pages in his hands.

MCCLUSKY (O.S.)  
What's this?

WURLITZER (O.S.)  
A list of prisoners.

TILT UP to McClusky's face, exasperated.

MCCLUSKY  
What the fuck do I need this for -- I asked for a list of hostages.

WURLITZER  
The hostages? How'm I supposed to know.

MCCLUSKY  
Just get it! What I gotta tell you everything!

WURLITZER  
I'm working on it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

MCCLUSKY turning into a GROUP of DEPUTIES clustered around the VIDEO MONITORS



MCCLUSKY (urgent to Deputy)  
What are those, gates? Try closin' 1-2-3 again.

GUARD (at controls)  
They're still jammed open sir...(rapid fire)  
We got fires in 5-6 north...the Psych unit  
looks like a zoo. They're slaughtering each  
other. All our informants are being tortured.

ON THE FIVE MONITORS:

MCCLUSKY sees mayhem: Cons fighting cons, fires, yelling, water flowing from broken toilets and sinks. Cons are pounding out steel mesh windows with pipes. Rape and murder. In the Psych Unit: violence, sexual perversion, people dancing, crying, climbing. Everyone feels the demon's arrival.

Even McClusky.

NAPALATONI (O.S.)  
Capt'n!

McClusky glances at him, then back at the monitors.

MCCLUSKY  
What is it, Napalatonni? (mispronounces name)

NAPALATONI (corrects name)  
Mickey and Mallory Knox are loose.

McClusky looks, remembers.

MCCLUSKY  
What do you mean they're loose?

NAPALATONI  
They're armed, they got the Wayne Gale crew and  
Kavanaugh and Homolka. Scagnetti's dead. They  
got cameras and they're on TV right now!

McClusky holds a frozen look, as if a fuse has blown and his mind has shut down.

MCCLUSKY  
Jesus Harold Christ on a fuckin' crutch, is  
this happening to me?

CUT TO:

INT. MALLORY CELL - DAY

DIOPTRER SHOT - Wayne's personal phone rings loudly. Everyone looks at it. Wayne slams it to his ear.

WAYNE

Yeah!

MICKEY uses the camera crew's gaffer tape to tie the HOSTAGES (3 TECHNICIANS, WAYNE, JULIE, KAVANAUGH and HOMOLKA) to each other, in a train pattern. ROGER is given a short leash with camera.

MICKEY

What's your name?

HOMOLKA

Duncan...Duncan Homolka.

MICKEY

Okay, Duncan Homolka, step forward. Keep coming. Put your solar plexus right against Kavanaugh's butt... Grab his arms...

They squeeze together. He wraps them.

MICKEY

We're gonna go through some heavy fire. We're gonna march down the hall and right out the building.

KAVANAUGH

You don't have a chance in hell. If they have to kill us all they will.

MICKEY

Police psychology, Kavanaugh. You know the way I feel about cops, but you don't know how I feel about my father. So when you sound like him, that makes me feel like hurting you...

A tense moment.

MALLORY

Come on Mickey -- we don't have time for this shit. I wanna get outta here before this place blows up.

During this Wayne is pleading on the phone, quietly. Mickey in BG, tying the hostages, casts an amused glance.

WAYNE

...look honey, nothing happened, I swear! I've been faithful...since that incident...I don't know what you think you found. Look we'll talk about it when I get home...about two hours...is Jimmy okay?...Of course I'm not okay...this is worse than Baghdad...listen if I get through this Delores, it's all straight sailing from now on... I love you.

MICKEY (to Wayne)  
Hey Romeo, you say something about a news van.

WAYNE (clicking the phone off)  
Sure Mickey, we have a van.

MICKEY  
Where's it parked?

WAYNE  
Out front.

MICKEY  
Let me have the keys.

Wayne point to JULIE, who digs through her pockets and tosses the keys to Mickey.

MICKEY  
How come you never talk?

ROGER (the cameraman)  
She was born without a tongue.

MICKEY (repulsed)  
Oh my God! (to Julie) Sorry.

Julie shrugs her shoulders like "what're ya gonna do" as Mallory tapes her up.

Wayne approaches Mickey like he is insane and has to be handled gently.

WAYNE  
Mickey, can I talk to you alone?

MICKEY (taping a hostage)  
No.

WAYNE  
This is crazy. You can't escape like this.

MICKEY  
Probably not, but we're gonna give it the old college try.

WAYNE  
We'll all be killed!

MICKEY  
Exciting, isn't it?

Duncan Homolka starts to cry. Wayne's cellular phone RINGS again

in his pocket. Everyone stares.

WAYNE (interrupted)  
SHIT! No one has this number!  
(slamming the receiver to his ear)

MICKEY (continuing to the others)  
Now, when we get out there, you do what we say or it's shotgun city. If we say move, you move. If we say left, you move left. If we say right, you move right. If we say mole, you dig a hole. Got it?

During this, Wayne pleads on the phone with 'the other one.'

WAYNE  
...She called you???...Oh shit! She doesn't mean that...Mai Ly, it's not "either-or," that's bullshit...It's not evidence...Mai Ly I can't talk to you like this...look I'll be there as soon as I can...Two, maybe three hours, we'll settle this, I promise...I promise...what do you mean 'is this real?' Do you think this is a show? They're dead people here, honey. I gotta go!

MICKEY  
Wayne! Wagons, hooooaaa!

The hostage train moves out! Roger hauling the video camera. Mallory grabs Wayne around the neck and jams her pistol up to his head as he pockets the cellular phone.

MALLORY  
Let's go. Tongue in two faces.

INT. MAIN TIER - DAY

CAMERA flies down CONVICTS running. They hang a GUARD off the railing by his neck. He dangles there.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

CONVICTS are cutting the throats of the SNITCHES in the barber chairs. Smoke is pouring out everywhere.

INT. MAIN TIER - DAY

TEARGAS is fired at the CONVICTS as the GUARDS rush the 5-story MAIN TIER, retaking it.

A CONVICT FIRES a teargas grenade right into the head of ANOTHER CONVICT.

Out of this morass of smoke and gas, MICKEY and MALLORY lead their CARAVAN, blasting both GUARDS and CONVICTS who try to attack them.

CAMERA MOVES with them through smoke, flame, gas, dying bodies -- as if it were a process shot behind them. There is no stopping Mickey and Mallory.

TECHNICIAN 3 and TECHNICIAN 2 go down, dead, wounded, dropping out of the caravan.

KAVANAUGH is wounded

JULIE is wounded, but can't yell out. It's sad

ROGER'S VIDEO captures it all. The FOOTAGE we see through his camera is very similar to Vietnam footage. It's shaky, real harsh, and it captures the pandemonium of battle.

The soundtrack is a mad mixture of yelling, crying, laughing and gunfire.

MORE DEPUTIES appear, tracking them.

The wild CARAVAN runs in the other direction, FIRING behind them. TECHNICIAN 1 goes down and Mickey's HIT in the leg, but keeps on running and FIRING. Mallory sees this and screams.

MALLORY

Mickey!

MICKEY

Don't stop.

Roger's CAMERA right alongside them.

ROGER

Man, oh man!...this is better than Vietnam!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MAIN TIER - DAY

MORE DEPUTIES appear at the other end of the HALLWAY, catching Mickey and his crew in a treacherous CROSSFIRE.

Mickey and Mallory get back to back with each other, using their SHIELDS firing from the rear and the front.

DUNCAN (hysterical)

Please don't kill me! Don't kill me!

Wayne's hit in the ass and ear. Anger in his face. ("Fuck! Fuck!")

Julie is killed, geysering blood all over Mickey and Mallory.

Roger's camera WHIP PANS from that to catch a DEPUTY hopping around the corner. The SCREEN FLASHES WHITE with a BLAST.

Roger's HIT, and the VIDEO CAMERA goes haywire, reeling out of control, then THUNKING to the ground. Roger screams O.S.

CAMERA lies on the floor, video still recording. Roger rolls into FRAME screaming.

MICKEY

Get the camera! Get the fucking camera!

Wayne, angry beyond his character, reaches down inside himself and grabs the gun off a dead Deputy -- and fires a blast at an oncoming DEPUTY who drops. He fires at another, and another!

WAYNE

YOU BASTARDS! YOU FUCKSHITEATIN BLOODY BASTARDS!!

As Mallory swipes the camera from the dying Roger

Mickey firing cover for her, sees Wayne has gone nuts.

Kavanaugh is hit again, looks like he's dying. It looks bad for the hometeam, but suddenly:

OWEN is there. A mild looking man in convict's uniform, calm, emotionless, with his thinning hair he could pass for an accountant. In one arm is a 12-gauge. On his other arm is a gas grenade launcher.

He's blasting down the approaching DEPUTIES, letting gas grenades blur the corridor.

The Deputies scatter.

Through the smoke, Owen looks down at Mickey.

OWEN

Come on. This way!

The Knox's jump up and holding Duncan and propping Kavanaugh, with Wayne tailing, they run down a NEW CORRIDOR that Owen leads them to.

Deputies are lying on the ground, wounded and screaming, or dead and silent.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

On the run:

MICKEY

Who the fuck are you?

OWEN

I'm Owen.

MICKEY

What do you want from us?

OWEN

I want you to take me with you.

MICKEY

Right now we're not goin' fuck anywhere.

OWEN (smiles enigmatically)

Follow me!

Turns into a stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

MICKEY

Where does this go?

OWEN

To the front entrance. The ground floor.

A look between MICKEY and MALLORY. They can smell it -- Freedom!

DUNCAN is hyper-ventilating against the wall. KAVANAUGH looks like he's dead.

WAYNE is pumped, yelling.

WAYNE

It was great! It was fuckin' great!

Mickey patches his shoulder up.

MICKEY

I'm proud of ya! (gives him a high five) got the feeling now??

WAYNE

I'm alive! For the first fucking time I'm alive! Thank you Mickey. Let's kill all these motherfuckers!

Mallory takes the gun away from him, gives him the video.

WAYNE

No! No!

MALLORY

Sorry Wayne, you're not centered. You keep shooting with that.

MICKEY (grabbing Kavanaugh)  
Let's go!!!

They tear down the STAIRS. Two flights. Freezing as:

INT. LOWER STAIRWELL

MCCLUSKY stands at the bottom of the stairwell, surrounded by a TEAM OF DEPUTIES, their guns pointed right at MICKEY and the Caravan.

MCCLUSKY  
End of the line, Knox. Drop 'em!

Mickey grabs KAVANAUGH, props him. HOMOLKA tries to make a run for it but MALLORY grabs him. OWEN has suddenly vanished.

McClusky's POV -- Kavanaugh dies right then and there.

MCCLUSKY  
He's dead, dickweed! You got shit, asshole! Fire!

Several shots are fired. Mickey discards Kavanaugh and grabs for Homolka. But Mallory is faster, grabbing Wayne and propelling herself in front of Mickey on the narrow stairs.

MALLORY  
Back off ya squids or I'll blast him! Back off  
or I'll blast him!

None of the Deputies lower their guns, but they appear less likely to start shooting.

WAYNE (begs)  
Don't shoot! I beg you, don't shoot! Please,  
please, please.

MCCLUSKY (steps forward)  
Shut up Gale! Ya prick! Now Mickey, Mallory,  
just let me say --

MALLORY  
You shut up! I don't wanna hear it.

MCCLUSKY  
I'm sure you realize Mallory if you kill this  
prick, you...

MALLORY (jerks Wayne)  
Put your hand up!!

Wayne automatically sticks his right hand up



Mallory SHOOTS a hole in it. Wayne SCREAMS bloody murder. The deputies jump back.

MALLORY  
...I said SHUT UP!

McClusky shuts up. There's a silent standoff.

Tears are streaming down Duncan's face as the Caravan retreats back up the stairs to the next flight.

Owen runs up again out of nowhere, mysterious.

OWEN  
I made a path!

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON SHOWER - DAY

OWEN leads into a SHOWER--dead people everywhere, water gushing from the broken showers. MICKEY wonders, with a look at Owen, who did this.

DUNCAN is out and out hysterical, urine stains on the front of his uniform

WAYNE furious at MALLORY, staunching the blood from his hand with a piece of his shirt.

WAYNE  
Goddamit what the hell's wrong with you! I was  
beggin for you guys.

Mickey's pacing, ignoring his wound.

MICKEY  
Think...think...think.

Wayne's cellular phone RINGS once more. Exasperated he grabs it with his bloody hand.

WAYNE  
YEAH...

Mallory leans up against the wall, holding her side with her hand. Blood trickles out between her fingers. We now see she's been shot.

Over Duncan's impassioned clamor they hear McClusky YELLING up the stairwell.

MCCLUSKY  
Sixty seconds and I'm coming up!

INT. LOWER STAIRWELL - DAY

WURLITZER

Dwight, forchrissake! The fuckin' zoo's explodin' and you're didlin' with these two pukes, we got more imp...

MCCLUSKY (grabs and shakes Wurlitzer)

These TWO. These are the ones. They are gonna die today! You hear me, Wurlly -- I'm gonna wipe this scum off the face of the earth if it's the last fucking thing I do.

INT. PRISON SHOWER - DAY

MICKEY ties off a tourniquet on his arm, next to MALLORY, totally exhausted. Both of them shot, in pain. He puts his arm around her.

WAYNE is yelling over the dying cellular battery:

WAYNE

Blow it off bitch! You hear me...I ain't never comin' home. I'm free of you. I'm alive! For the first fucking time I'm ALIVE. So guess what -- You Piss Right Off!

He cuts off and presses "recall" on another number.

OWEN sidles up to Wayne.

OWEN

You're the greatest, Mr. Gale...you've done a lot for people.

WAYNE

That's okay mate, thanks a lot.

"Mai Ly" comes on the line.

WAYNE

I finally done it. I left my wife!

MICKEY (to Mallory)

You done good Mall! Whatever happens, know I love you...know I loved you more'n I ever loved myself...

MALLORY (tender)

I know...(then) We're not getting outta here, Mick! So, I say the hell with going back to our cells. Let's do a Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Run down these stairs shootin',

go out in a hail of bullets, an' take as many  
of these motherfuckers with us as we can.

Lovey, dovey now, they touch and feel each other. Mickey cries,  
then laughs.

MICKEY

That's poetry...but we'll do that when all else  
fails.

He has a plan, his exhaustion lifting. He stands, confronts the  
hysterical DUNCAN HOMOLKA.

MICKEY

You married?

DUNCAN

Oh I don't wanna die!

MICKEY

Are you married? Do you have kids?

Duncan nods pathetically.

MICKEY

Good.

Mickey squats in front of Wayne who finishes his call.

WAYNE (on phone)

Mai Ly, we're gonna fuck all night scuba  
fuckin' doo!!

Mickey takes a roll of gaffers' tape from his shirt, sticks  
strips of them to the wall.

MICKEY (to all)

...the only way we're gonna get all the way to  
the front door is if they don't want to kill  
you two more than they want to kill me.

(to Wayne)

On your knees, journalist --

(Wayne complies)

Now, say I tell those guys down there if they  
shoot or make a move, I'm killing Wayne Gale.  
And they shoot or make a move anyway. Now say  
by some freak accident, you don't die, you  
live through it. What would you do?

While Wayne speaks, Mickey props his shotgun under Wayne's chin  
and wraps the gaffer tape around the barrel of the shotgun. Then  
he wraps it around Wayne's neck.

WAYNE (going with it)

What would I do? Me and my Network would sue the entire Sheriffs Department and Prison Administration for flagrantly disregarding my safety. I would go straight to my buddy, the Governor, I'd go to "Bill" himself, I'm a friend of Bill's, I'd go to Mike at 60 Minutes, I'd expose myself, I'd make sure everyone of these sons of bitches down there ends up on the unemployment line. In fact I'd sue every man down there personally.

Mickey tosses the tape roll to OWEN and Mallory and gestures to Duncan.

WAYNE (Cont'd)

...I would make it my life's ambition to bring Dwight McClusky and the entire prison system to its knees. I would do expose after expose on the brutality and the conditions and the inhumanity that exists here. Just take me with you!

Mickey stands with Wayne as he tapes his trigger hand to the stock of the shotgun.

MICKEY

Calm down Wayne. That's what I thought. And how many people watch "American Maniacs"?

WAYNE

On average forty million.

MICKEY

'Every week by forty million people'! Have you won any awards?

WAYNE

Are you kidding? The Golden Globe. The Edward R. Murrow Award...Working on a Pulitzer.

Owen and Mallory are taping Duncan similarly.

Mickey grabs the video camera and lifts it to his shoulder.

MICKEY

'Respected journalist' -- you wanted reality? You got it.

He pushes Wayne down the stairwell.

INT. PRISON STAIRWELL (GROUND FLOOR) - DAY

MCCLUSKY waits with his DEPUTIES.

Empty FRAME on STAIRWELL

VOICE OF WAYNE

My name is Wayne Gale! I am the star of  
'American Maniacs.'

WAYNE comes into view, camera in his hands -- filming himself. MICKEY'S right hand is taped to the trigger and stock of the shotgun that's wrapped firmly to Wayne's neck.

WAYNE (Cont'd)

...watched by 40 million people every week! I am a respected journalist, winner of the Edward R. Murrow Award among others!

McClusky freezes, not knowing what to do except throttle Mickey with his bare hands, which he would do if WURLITZER were not holding him back.

His Deputies pause, hesitating, as they realize if they take out either MICKEY or MALLORY, that Wayne or DUNCAN would die.

NOTE: The scene's intercut between VIDEO FOOTAGE and color 35 mm.

WAYNE (Cont'd)

You are on camera. We are Live (the camera barely turning). If anybody puts me in danger, my network will sue Dwight McClusky and the entire Sheriff's Department and the Governor himself. My estate will sue every officer personally who fires. The network's law firm is Sinclair, Marshall, and Milchan.

OWEN whips his gun left and right in clownlike loops like Harpo Marx, smiling. DUNCAN HOMOLKA simply cries and begs for his life to be spared.

DUNCAN HOMOLKA (indecipherable)

PPpleeezzeee dddoonn'tt killl meeee!

But Mickey knows what he's doing. This has an effect on the Deputies.

MALLORY (yelling)

Make a path!

The wall of Deputies starts moving backwards.

INT. FINAL CORRIDOR - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

It has become a dance. The CARAVAN on one side taped to the mast of their ship, moving as if under one tent -- MICKEY, DUNCAN, MALLORY, WAYNE, OWEN and their guns and eyes...

Across from them a PHALANX of GUNS and LAWMEN -- moving in

syncopated unison, a parallel track out the STAIRWELL into the FINAL CORRIDOR approaching the RECEPTION AREA to the prison. Freedom!

Wayne keeps yelling, Duncan blubbering; the Deputies keep their guns trained but they give ground -- parting like the Red Sea.

Mickey's eyes see ut.

So do Mallory's. They share a look.

OUTSIDE. Birds. Trees. No bars. CAMERA moving on it. Coming to MCCLUSKY who stands his ground at the door.

MCCLUSKY

How far do you think you're gonna get?

MICKEY

Right out the front door.

MCCLUSKY

That'll never happen.

MICKEY

It is happening.

The Caravan marches forth. Wayne and Duncan keep shouting their mantras. Nobody dare to move on them.

Wayne stops his speech to take a breath.

MALLORY

Don't stop!

Wayne starts up again.

The Deputies are completely frustrated. Mickey and McClusky are nose to nose.

MCCLUSKY (to Mickey)

I will personally hunt you down, blow the head off your fucking-whore-wife, and plant your sick ass in the ground all by myself.

MICKEY (cool)

Another day perhaps, but not today, Warden.

Mickey leaves FRAME.

McClusky looks like he's going to pop his cerebral cortex. He begins a heart attack.

Mickey and all exit the building.

The Warden, bucking with pain, looks up the Corridor where Mickey and Mallory have just come from. What he sees is his worst nightmare.

Coming right at him are a HUNDRED ANGRY PRISONERS, shotguns, sticks, numchuks, razors, broken chairs waving, climbing over the corpses of their fallen comrades, withstanding the hail of fire from the Guards -- reaching for Dwight McClusky who is lifted over their heads, having his heart attack, moved from hand to hand like at a rock concert, then all we see are the tops of his shoes as he is held upside down and torn to pieces.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A fogged moment of light strikes film and settles into an ECU of WAYNE -- gasping a little too dramatically from his wounds.

Mallory's pointing the camera at him; she's laughing at what he says.

The Scene that follows intercuts a normal format with cinema verite style shot through the video camera. Sometimes the lip sync is off.

WAYNE

This is Wayne Gale -- unfortunately no longer "live." I'm wounded and all my crew is dead.

MALLORY

Look up, look at me. That is so good.

WAYNE

Mickey Knox's plan worked. We walked out the front door, into a news van, and made our getaway. When we were followed by patrol cars, Mallory Knox killed Deputy Sheriff Duncan Homolka and tossed his body out the back.

The wind is blowing through the pine trees above. Insects buzz. A vee of wild geese fly overhead honking, heading north for the summer.

WAYNE

Mickey told authorities over my police band that I would surely be next if they didn't give up the pursuit. Why helicopters weren't employed, I don't know. My only thought is that it all happened too fast for arrangements to be made. We've just pulled off to the side of the road to do this interview. Tensions run high --

Mickey screams O.S.

MICKEY (O.S.)  
We ain't got all fuckin' day!

WAYNE  
Without any further ado, Mickey and Mallory...

Wayne takes the CAMERA from MALLORY, while MICKEY, his wounds like Mallory's taped, paces in and out of FRAME; in the BG, gradually leaving frame, is OWEN.

WAYNE (O.S.)  
Mallory, what did you think of Mickey's plan?  
Did you think it would work?

MALLORY  
Well, it wasn't 'till we got to that ground floor that I totally realized they weren't gonna shoot 'less we shot first. When we got out of the stairwell, I remember thinkin: 'Oh my God. This just might work.' But Mickey knew it would work all along. There wasn't any doubt in his mind.

WAYNE (O.S.)  
What did you think then?

MALLORY  
I wondered how long it would be before we'd get to be alone together. And I wondered if I could wait that long.

WAYNE (O.S.)  
Did you have anything to do with the riot?

MALLORY  
We had nothing to do with that riot. That riot was just -- whatchamacallit --

Mickey can be heard faintly in the BG.

MICKEY  
Fate.

MALLORY  
What he said. We just didn't know jack shit about any riot. How are we supposed to organize a riot when we've been in fuckin' isolation for the past year, Wayne? Just bleep out the fucks and jack shits. Fuck, fuck, shit shit.

(laughs) I mean it's not like we care...If they wanna say we masterminded the whole thing, let 'em. It won't exactly keep us up at night,



Wayne. But the truth is...it was fate.

WAYNE

...and Fate it was!...and this is "American Maniacs."

Mickey's snapping his fingers in the B.G.

MICKEY

C'mon, c'mon, let's hurry this up.

WAYNE (O.S.)

So, what's next?

MALLORY (holding Mickey's hand)

Well, now me and Mickey are gonna take it easy. Just enjoy each other's company...

MICKEY

Gotta go...

WAYNE (O.S.)

Wait! But how do you intend to disappear? You're probably the most famous couple in America.

MALLORY

Well, back in slave times they had a thing called the underground railroad. And we got a whole fan club out there just waitin' to be conductors (to the camera) So, you kids out there, keep the faith. Cause Mickey and Mallory will be comin' to your town real soon.

WAYNE

So...

MICKEY

Okay, end of interview.

Mickey approaches Wayne. CAMERA goes a little haywire as Wayne lowers it.

WAYNE

Okay, just let me swing around and film myself asking the questions. And then I'll do my little wrap up and we're off.

Mickey takes the CAMERA from Wayne, and while he speaks, he balances it on a fence post.

MICKEY

Oh, we're gonna do a little wrap up, all right Wayne. But it won't be you starin' in the camera, lookin' dumb, and actin' stupid. Instead, you're

gonna be starin' down the barrels of our shotguns  
and we're gonna be pullin' the triggers.

Wayne forces a chuckle. Mickey steps away from the CAMERA and into a THREESHOT. Actually a FOUR SHOT with Owen there at first, but again he slides out. The NEWS VAN is parked in the EG.

WAYNE

That's a joke right?

Mickey pumps the slide on his shotgun. Mallory grabs her shot gun from off the ground.

WAYNE

Just wait one fucking minute.

MICKEY

I said I'd give you an interview. Now unless  
I'm mistaken, we just did an interview  
(to Mallory)

We did an interview, didn't we?

MALLORY

Looked like an interview to me.

WAYNE (sincere)

Wait! I don't know, but I kinda felt during  
this ...this whole escape that a kind of bond --  
(Wayne is shaking)

...developed between the three of us. We're  
kinda in this together, don't ya think?

MICKEY

No. Not really. You're scum Wayne. You did it  
for ratings. You poured gasoline on the fire.  
You didn't give a shit about us or about  
anything Wayne except yourself. That's why  
nobody really gives a shit about you Wayne.  
That's why they didn't deploy helicopters!

WAYNE

Mickey! What about the Indian?

MICKEY

What about him?

WAYNE

Didn't you say you were finished with killin'?  
"Love beats the demon?"

MICKEY (sharing a look with Mallory)

I am. And it will...

(pause)

It's just that you're the last one, Wayne. You

gonna feed on your own misery.

WAYNE (new tone)

So big fuckin' deal, that's show business. Who cares, so I'm a parasite....it's a "cruel world" out there. You were wronged. So what else is new? The day you killed, your ass belonged to us. You did what you had to do. So did I. We're married.

(Mallory laughing)

Think about it. The point is we can do a Salmon Rushdie thing next, books, talk shows, all remote, we move around, duckin' and bobbin', then we come up for air once in a while. Donahue, Oprah, Playboy...the mystery avengers, do you know how big you could be?

MALLORY

Does he have an "off" button? Can we take out his batteries?

MICKEY

We got a better idea. How bout we kill you?

WAYNE (incensed)

Jesus Christ! What are you nitwits? You can't kill me! Without television you're nothing, nothing...two kids, I made you Mickey, you owe me. Without me you're on the bus to fuckin' diznee land.

MICKEY

(John Wayne voice to Mallory)

Let's make a little music Colorada.

WAYNE

Wait! Wait! Don't Mickey and Mallory always leave somebody alive to tell the tale??

MICKEY

We are.

(points in camera)

Your camera.

WAYNE

NO!!!! You can't shoot me. I AM WAYNE GALE.  
My lawyers...

Mickey and Mallory PUMP rounds into Wayne, whose body dances like a puppet before collapsing to the ground.

Mickey and Mallory kiss each other passionately.

Mickey slips a new WEDDING BAND on her finger -- and one for

himself. Mallory is really happy.

They climb into the News Van. They drive away.

Wayne's body lies peacefully in FRAME as the CAMERA rolls out of film.

FADE IN:

INT. "AMERICAN MANIACS" NEWSVAN - DAY

MICKEY drives. MALLORY rides shotgun. The CAMERA moves and reveals OWEN in back. Mallory strums Mickey's guitar.

OWEN

I liked Wayne.

MICKEY

He's resting, Owen.

OWEN (cryptic)

You know he'll never die...This is exciting!  
How'd I do back there?

MICKEY

Not bad for a first timer

MALLORY

You got a real mean streak in ya, Owen.  
That'll get you where you wanna go.

OWEN

I never knew I had it in me. Comin' as I do  
from the fire and all... (a look) What about  
you folks? You think you'll be able to lie low?

MICKEY

We're gonna give it a try, we love each other,  
that's fo' sure.

OWEN

Love -- you can't beat that.

MALLORY

I had a dream last night. We stood on the back  
porch for a long time...(looking at Mickey)  
listening to the rain and thunder...the sky lit  
up...we was feelin' the warm air from Mexico...

MICKEY

Poetry...

OWEN (grinning)

Mexico? Never been...

MICKEY

And you ain't goin' either, Owen. We promised you a ride out, that's it. We're droppin' you next town.

OWEN

But you promised you'd take me with you!

MICKEY

I lied...

OWEN (very disappointed)

Too bad...I'll tell you what I'd really like, though.

MICKEY

What's that?

OWEN

I'd really like a taste of old Mallory over there. I never got with the wild kind before.

Mickey turns his head to see if Owen's joking.

MICKEY

You can't talk like that, Owen. Mean streak or not, I don't wanna hear that kinda talk.

OWEN

I'm serious though. I'd love to take her for a test drive. What do you say, Mallory? Are you interested?

Mallory turns around with her gun loosely pointed at Owen.

MALLORY (mocking singsong)

Oh god -- can you feel my breasts? Can you spread my ass? How's your pussy looking? Is this for real? I swear I'd love to contain myself but people like you...

Owen pulls his own gun up.

OWEN

Now, there's no reason to talk angry, Mallory. You'll make me think you don't desire me.

MICKEY

All right! That's enough bullshit! I don't like the fact you induced my wife to talk this way...Put the guns down and can it.

Mallory puts her gun down. Owen doesn't.

OWEN

Do you do everything he tells you?

MALLORY

Oh yeah, like a dog on a leash.

(to Mickey)

Oh my god this is like Murphy's Law.

Everywhere we go, there's some weirdo.

OWEN

Is that what's standing between you and me?

Mickey telling you what to do?

MALLORY

You better pull over and dump this prick before

I really get mad, Mickey

Mickey pulls to a severe stop, turns.

MICKEY

All right Owen...

He is staring down the barrel of Owen's gun. Owen has a crazy grin on his face.

SPECIAL EFFECT: Owen now has the face of the DEMON!

Mickey understands. He laughs.

Owen pulls the trigger, a BLAST fills the screen.

Mallory turns in STOP MOTION, looking at Owen with vengeance in her eyes. She SCREAMS at what she sees. ANOTHER BLAST fills the screen.

CUT TO BLACK:

MUSIC UP -- Patti Smith.

THE END