THE EXECUTION OF BONNIE B. LEE

Written by
Allan J. Love

Additional Creative Ideas
Cassandra Croft

REPRESENTATION
Nick Taylor (Partner)
Healys Solicitors
Direct:+44(0)1273 669 128
Cell:+44(0)7880 741 793
Nicholas.Taylor@healys.com

Allan J. Love
Cell:+44(0)7539 534426
allanjlove@hotmail.co.uk
FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY 23 - ARKANSAS - TRAVELING - NIGHT

The double YELLOW LINES on the tarmac speedily vanish under the HEADLIGHT of a HARLEY-DAVIDSON that speeds along the little used highway. Flashes of COLORED LIGHT appear from the darkness, close in, then disappear. NOISES reverberate through the wind like echoey sirens, the wavelengths increase then decrease as they create the Doppler effect.

The wind blows the branches of the trees as the FULL MOON, visible in the night sky, ILLUMINATES the road. The night is disrupted only by the occasional oncoming TRUCK or EIGHTEEN WHEELER, their lights like giant eyes searching the darkness. The Harley weaves and accelerates as it speeds down the tree lined PIGS TRAIL HIGHWAY.

The POSSE, twenty five or so leather clad HELL'S ANGELS, travel in FORMATION, resembling a fighter squadron on a mission to hell and back. Only the rare burst of speed from a LONE OUTLAW creates dominance to challenge the tribe.

The CRAZY PIG SALOON, a large single storied structure of timber and iron, comes into view. The building is shabby, the windows blacked out and the doors a mess of metal and old wood painted a dull red. BIKERS hang, while young SEXY BIKER GIRLS strut around trying to be noticed.

The lone outlaw leads the pack as they ride their bikes off the road and up to the front of the bar. The pack is greeted by other bikers.

INT. CRAZY PIG SALOON - EUREKA SPRINGS - ARKANSAS - NIGHT

The busy down and dirty BIKER bar is dimly lit, a bunch of tattooed, long haired Hells Angels mill around the pool tables, drinking beer. Two scantily dressed GIRLS play pool and flirt provocatively with the bikers.

On a platform, a band of musicians set up equipment. The tables are packed as the crowd wait for the band to play. A long haired BAND MEMBER tests the MIC.

BAND MEMBER
One two, one two.

Behind the long busy bar, a GIANT TV SCREEN plays the evening news. A mug shot of BONNIE B. LEE fills the screen. A BIKER sitting at the bar sees the picture and shouts.
BIKER
Hey guys, cool it, it’s Bonnie.

The band member hears the biker’s call and shouts on mic.

BAND MEMBER
Hey! Hold it down.

Everyone quietens down and turns to watch the news. The biker shouts to HARRY, the owner and bartender, (late 40’s) a big man, beard and leathers.

BIKER
Harry, turn the sound up will ya?

SUPER: “2000, CRAZY PIG SALOON, EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS”

The girls continue to play pool, making a commotion. A biker points his finger menacingly at one of the girls.

BIKER 2
Shut it.

The girls quieten down.

Everyone listens to the news report.

CLOSE IN ON TV SCREEN

TV PRESENTER
News just in has confirmed that the latest appeal in the Bonnie B. Lee case has been denied, therefore the sentence, death by lethal injection, has been scheduled for three a.m. tomorrow morning...

General rumblings of disbelief are heard as the news broadcast continues.

TV PRESENTER (CONT’D)
...the Lee murders, the most heinous crimes in the State’s history, were only superseded by the kidnap and murder of State Trooper, Melvin Boothroy. Boothroy, a father of three, was a pillar of the community and a regular churchgoer.

(MORE)
The Lee murders had been heavily publicized because of Bonnie’s age at the time of the crimes, the appeal based on her history of abuse was denied, the review board found that there were no grounds for a further stay of execution...

Harry raises his glass and shouts.

HARRY
To Bonnie.

The crowd hold up their glasses.

HARRY (CONT’D)
We’re gonna miss you, babe.

The girls at the pool tables start to laugh and tease each other.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Hey, shut the fuck up.

Continues the toast.

HARRY (CONT’D)
She sure knew how to live, I hope she knows how to die. Salud.

CROWD
Salud!

Everyone drinks, the atmosphere reverts back to normal.

MONTAGE OF SCENES:

EXT. ARKANSAS DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION - NIGHT

--A nine year old girl wearing a RED COAT stands holding the hand of a LONE WOMAN wearing a GRAY COAT. The little girl holds a placard. IT READS: ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. SPARE BONNIE B. LEE

INT. ARKANSAS DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION - CORRIDOR - LATER

--The lonely dark corridors of DEATH ROW, a small MOUSE scurries from under a door, looks around, scurries across the floor and disappears under a cell doorway.
INT. DEATH ROW - SAME TIME

--Passing various cells, PRISONERS sit reading, others on their bunks, some look out. An eerie calm is apparent.

EXT. BONNIE’S CELL - LATER

--Through the bars, BONNIE B. LEE (24), a long haired, petite, pretty SOUTHERN GIRL wearing a dull orange overall, sits at a writing desk.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. BONNIE’S CELL - NIGHT

Only the dim light of a DESK LAMP illuminates the darkened room. On the desk, a BIBLE sits next to Bonnie’s unfinished DIARY. Bonnie flicks through the scribbled pages, she stops at an old picture of a MARINE which is glued to the page. Bonnie runs her fingers over the picture.

FLASH: A MARINE stands in FULL DRESS UNIFORM and salutes.

BACK TO SCENE: Bonnie closes the diary, then picks up the bible. She slowly moves around the cell, then sits on the bunk. Silently she looks through the bible, kneels and closes her eyes.

BONNIE
Well, Lord, I ain’t been much good at this cryin’ or prayin’ thing, but I am truly sorry for all them bad things I done, and like I said, they was crazy times. I don’t blame no one else cos I done my share of drugs and alcohol, but the abuse and all that satanic stuff? I never asked for that. I lost my way, Lord, and that’s a fact.

Kisses the bible, gets up, crosses to the desk and begins to write in the diary.

BONNIE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
So now I have an hour to write the final chapter of my wasted life. An hour of tormented hell... Eight years I’ve spent here in this cell, eight long years of solitude and reflection, it’s enough to send a blind man crazy.

(MORE)
BONNIE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Ain’t had no one to talk to apart from my diaries and a bunch of ghouls and ghosts. I read somewhere, “Youth is wasted on the young”. Well, whoever wrote that sure must have had me in mind. Me and that Tommy Tomb. Tommy created most of my wasted youth. Tommy played Adam to my Eve, a monster, devoid of any heart, living like a bat out’a hell. It’s crazy that you don’t get to choose who you fall in love with, and I sure didn’t have any choice. I had it bad for that Tommy.

MEMORY FLASH: Bonnie and TOMMY TOMB (20’s) a good looking, long haired, tattooed biker, sing as they ride down the highway. Bonnie, (15), wears short denim cut offs, cowboy boots and a short T shirt.

BACK TO SCENE: Bonnie looks up from the diary, sits for a moment and continues to write.

BONNIE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Yeah, he was somethin’, that Tommy. A pimp and a drug dealer who really knew how to charm the girls. That boy totally screwed up my life... Anyway, I’m jumping ahead of myself. Let me tell you about the early days, the beautiful days of innocence, when make-believe and wild flowers were magical...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEADOW - EUREKA SPRINGS - ARKANSAS - MORNING

SUPER: “SIXTEEN YEARS EARLIER”

Bonnie (8), a beautiful little girl with long flowing hair, wearing a RED DRESS, skips along a dirt track which winds its way through a picturesque sun drenched meadow. She throws ALI-B, a SHABBY DOLL wearing a matching red dress, up in the air and catches her.

She bends down to pick some WILD FLOWERS, a CAB is seen in the distance. It winds its way down the road, throwing up a dust trail behind it. The cab pulls up next to Bonnie. The window half opens, a woman’s slurred voice is heard. It’s Bonnie’s MOTHER, FRANCINE LEE.
FRANCINE (O.S.)
Hi, baby, is Daddy up yet?

BONNIE
I don’t think so, Momma. Did you have a nice night?

She hands the flowers through the window.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
I picked these for you, Momma.

FRANCINE (O.S.)
Yeah, nice. Look, I need to get a shower and a nap, get yourself back home before dark, ya hear? You got things to do.

BONNIE
Yes, Momma.

FRANCINE (O.S.)
Don’t be late now.
(to driver)
Drive on.

The window closes as the cab pulls away.

EXT. REMOTE LAKE - ARKANSAS - SAME DAY

Bonnie sits on a thick rickety branch of a tree that stretches out over the lake, her toes just touch the water. She hums as she plays with her doll. The SUNSET gives a blood red tinge to the waters. Bonnie looks out over the lake.

MEMORY FLASH: EXTREME CLOSE UP: BONNIE’S FACE.

BONNIE
(SCREAMS)
NO. Please, don’t.

BACK TO SCENE: Bonnie flinches and grips the doll tightly to her chest.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
(to doll)
Ali-B, you’re the only friend I have.

From the distance, a female voice is heard.

FRANCINE (O.S.)
Bonnie!
A tear falls from Bonnie’s eye as she watches the sun set. She looks at Ali-B.

**BONNIE**

We’re gonna have to go home now.

She climbs down from the branch and runs off.

**EXT. FRANCINE’S TRAILER - EUREKA SPRINGS - ARKANSAS - DUSK**

Francine Lee (31), a shapely but extremely TARTY woman, high heels, big hair, tight, short, low cut black dress which emphasizes her oversized chest, walks unsteadily through the yard, holding a basket of laundry. She has a cigarette dangling from the side of her mouth. She continually coughs as she proceeds to hang up the clothes.

TRAVIS LEE (31), Francine’s HUSBAND and Bonnie’s STEP FATHER, balding long hair, overweight, scruffy and wearing boxers and a dirty vest, comes out of the house yawning and scratching himself. He sits on the porch in a rocker and lights a cigarette. Shouts to Francine.

**TRAVIS**

You’re late! Get your fat ass to work.

Bonnie runs from the trees to the house, she carries her doll and plays on the porch next to Travis. He looks at her.

**TRAVIS (CONT’D)**

Where the hell have you been? Make yourself useful and fetch me a beer.

Bonnie looks to her mother for confirmation.

**BONNIE**

Momma?

**FRANCINE**

It’s okay, honey, do what he says.

Bonnie sits the doll down and runs back into the trailer.

**INT. TRAILER - LOUNGE - SAME TIME**

The trailer is small, a DIRTY PIGSTY, clothes and take out boxes fill the room, beer cans litter the floor. Bonnie runs into the kitchen.
INT. TRAILER - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

The dishes are piled high on the sideboard. A TRASH BAG sits by the fridge, waiting to be taken out. Bonnie opens the fridge, takes out a beer, closes the door, turns, then trips over the trash bag. The bag splits open, wild flowers fall to the floor.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: WILD FLOWERS

She picks herself up and runs from the kitchen.

EXT. TRAILER - SAME TIME

Bonnie hands the beer to Travis. Francine finishes hanging the laundry and totters back towards the house.

    BONNIE
    Momma...

    FRANCINE
    Not now, get Momma’s purse, will ya.

Bonnie gets up and runs into the house. Francine turns to Travis.

    FRANCINE (CONT’D)
    You leave the girl alone, you hear me? I don’t want any messing.

Travis ignores Francine, Bonnie exits the house carrying her mother’s purse.

    FRANCINE (CONT’D)
    Be a good girl and don’t annoy your Daddy.

    BONNIE
    Yes, Momma.

Francine takes the purse from Bonnie, takes out a COMPACT and looks at herself.

    FRANCINE
    Look at the state of me, I do declare, I look a fright.

She starts to fix her hair.
FRANCINE (CONT’D)
Okay, I’m off. Bonnie, I want all the chores done by the time I get home, do you hear?

BONNIE
Yes, Momma.

FRANCINE
And you, you fat slob, get yourself dressed and go find a job.

Travis ignores Francine.

INT. CRAZY PIG SALOON - BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT
The smoke filled bar is busy. Music is pumping from a THREE PIECE ROCK BAND. Francine, in the short figure hugging dress, crosses to a stool, sits and orders a drink.

MONTAGE: “FRANCINE’S JOURNEY TO HELL”

BONNIE (V.O.)
Momma used to be so beautiful...
She ceased to exist soon after Daddy died. He’d gotten himself blown up by a mine in Vietnam during the evacuation. Daddy was a real life hero, a private in the Marine Corps...

--Francine looks into the MIRROR of her COMPACT, her reflection DISSOLVES into...

EXT. FIELD - DAY

--It’s a beautiful summers day, a young Francine walks through a field of wild flowers, hand in hand with a young uniformed MARINE. They stop and embrace.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Momma never got the chance to say goodbye or bury him, cos they said there was nothin’ left to bury.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

--The young Francine sits on a bed, next to her are a pile of LETTERS. She cries as she reads them.
BONNIE (V.O.)
Blown to smithereens, they say. She cried for close on a year reading his letters. She sure loved that man.

INT. LAKE - DAY
--Francine sits looking out over the lake, she is heavily PREGNANT.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Soon after Daddy returned to duty, Momma found out she was pregnant with me... She told me I was conceived in love. A miracle child... She went around buyin’ things and planning her wedding.

The mirror image REVERTS BACK to Francine’s face. She closes the compact and puts it into her bag.

INT. CRAZY PIG - CONTINUOUS
--Francine is joined at the bar by two unattractive MIDDLE AGED MEN. The men ply Francine with drinks. Francine laughs, the men become over amorous.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Then the realization, Daddy was gone... It was then that she started drinking and hanging out at bars.

INT. CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS
--She closes and locks the door. She racks up two lines of COKE on the closed toilet seat, snorts them, then exits the cubicle.
INT. LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Francine looks in the mirror, wipes her nose and exits.

    BONNIE (V.O.)
    The drugs soon followed, then the dependency, then the prostitution.
    Nothing mattered no more. She just didn’t care.

INT. CRAZY PIG - CONTINUOUS

--Francine returns to the bar and sits. The men order more shots.

    BONNIE (V.O.)
    It wasn’t long before she met Travis.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLUB - LITTLE ROCK - NIGHT

--Francine and Travis stand in the plush looking bar on a raised, railed platform overlooking the dance floor. Lights are flashing, the music loud. They drink champagne. Francine bends down, takes off one of her shoes, offers it to Travis, he fills it with champagne, they laugh as they drink from the shoe.

    BONNIE (V.O.)
    She met him in some kind of fancy bar in the city, he was splashin’ money around like there was no tomorrow. She thought he was rich, some kind’a big shot, so she married him. Anyway, the story goes that Travis stole the money from some guy on a train.

INT. TRAIN - TRAVELING - DAY

--Travis sits behind an MAN who resembles a GANGSTER. The man appears to have a HEART ATTACK and is surrounded by people trying to assist him. Travis leans over the seat, takes a HOLDALL that sits next to the man, gets up and hurries back along the carriage. He opens a window, looks out and sees a familiar BRIDGE. He throws the holdall out of the window near the bridge and continues to walk through the crowded train.
BONNIE (V.O.)
He took the holdall, threw it out
of the window by the Bono Bridge
and later retrieved it. It didn’t
take long for the money to be spent
though and he and Momma had one
hell of a time. The rest is
history...

BACK TO SCENE: INT. - CRAZY PIG - CONTINUOUS

--Francine appears very drunk.

BONNIE (V.O.)
By this time, Momma had lost
interest in me. I was just a
burden, in the way. I think I just
reminded her of everything she’d
lost.

--Francine, unsteady on her feet, leaves the bar with the two
men

BONNIE (V.O.)
She broke my heart.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. CRAZY PIG - EUREKA SPRINGS - NIGHT

Tommy Tomb pulls up to the front of the bar, parks, and
climbs off the bike. Francine and the men exit the bar.
Francine, very drunk, bumps into Tommy and falls. Tommy picks
her up.

TOMMY
You okay, lady?

Francine puckers her lips and throws a kiss to Tommy. The men
pull Francine away and into a truck. The truck drives off as
FOUR BIKERS move over and talk to Tommy.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE’S CELL - NIGHT

Bonnie continues to write in her diary.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Momma was a wild one, she loved to
party, never knew when to stop.

(MORE)
I don't recall when the abuse started or whether it was Momma or Travis that started it, but Travis sure took it to another level...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANCINE’S TRAILER - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Travis, INTOXICATED, wearing scruffy jeans and a dirty, sweat stained vest, sits on the sofa. He is drinking a beer. He shouts.

TRAVIS
Bonnie! Get me another beer!

No sound. Travis gets up, crosses to Bonnie’s bedroom, opens the door and shouts.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Hey girl, get ya ass out’a bed and get me a beer.

INT. TRAILER - BONNIE’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie (10) gets out of bed in the darkened room. She wears only her VEST AND PANTIES. She runs to the kitchen.

INT. TRAILER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She goes to the refrigerator, takes out a beer and runs to the lounge.

INT. TRAILER - LOUNGE.

Bonnie walks hesitantly over to Travis who is now seated and hands him the beer. She turns to leave, HE GRABS HER WRIST.

TRAVIS
Where do you think you’re going?

BONNIE
Please don’t, Daddy.

He pulls her onto the sofa next to him and offers her the beer.

TRAVIS
Drink.
BONNIE
No thank you.

TRAVIS
I said DRINK!

Bonnie, visibly FRIGHTENED, takes a sip of the beer. Travis puts his arm around her, pulls her close and starts KISSING her NECK, running his HAND UP HER LEG.

BONNIE
Daddy, please don’t.

She drops the beer on Travis’s lap, the beer spills. Travis jumps up and shouts.

TRAVIS
You stupid fuck!

Travis grabs Bonnie by the arm and drags her towards the bedroom. Bonnie cries out.

BONNIE
Please, Daddy. Please.

Travis’s PANTS are slung over a chair, he grabs the BELT from the pants and drags Bonnie into the bedroom. We hear the sound of Bonnie being WHIPPED.

BONNIE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
(screams)
No! No! Oh, please, Daddy.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
Stop bitchin’ and get on the bed.
Take them panties off! NOW!

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE’S CELL - SAME TIME

A SILHOUETTE of Travis, barely visible, appears from the shadows.

TRAVIS
Hey, sweet thing.

Bonnie looks up from her diary.

BONNIE
Travis?

TRAVIS
You still bitchin’?
BONNIE
GET OUT’A MY HEAD!

TRAVIS
You know you liked it, baby.

BONNIE
Back off, you filth!

TRAVIS
(laughs)
Sweet dreams, sweet dreams.

Travis’s form fades and disappears. Bonnie continues to write.

BONNIE (V.O.)
A lot of bad things happened in that evil house, things that don’t wanna be repeated... I lived a nightmare in that house of horrors, and then when I got to thirteen things got even worse...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANCINE’S TRAILER - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Music plays. Francine smooches with a tall scruffy MAN, (A MARK) both are very drunk. Travis is passed out on the sofa. Bonnie, naked apart from an oversized white denim BOILER SUIT, enters from the kitchen, carrying a six pack of beer. She lays the beers on the table and stares at Francine. Francine sees Bonnie looking. To Bonnie.

FRANCINE
What is it with you? Go, sit down.

Bonnie sits at the end of the couch, still staring at Francine as she smooches.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
(to the mark)
You okay, baby?

She looks at Bonnie.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
What the hell is the matter with you? Quit staring!

BONNIE
Just watchin’ you work, Momma.
FRANCINE
Well don’t.
(to the mark)
Damn kids. They’re just a nuisance. How you feelin’, honey?

The mark doesn’t reply, he just slumps on Francine as they dance.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
Come on now, baby, you can’t sleep here, we still got things to do.

Lifts his head and kisses him on the cheek.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
Come on now, time’s money.
(to Bonnie)
Bonnie, go turn the music up, will ya.

BONNIE
It might wake up Daddy.

FRANCINE
Screw ‘im, do as you’re told.

BONNIE
Yes, Mommy.

Bonnie goes to the stereo and turns up the music. Francine whispers in the man’s ear.

FRANCINE
You want my little girl to join us?

MAN
What?

FRANCINE
My baby girl. She sure knows how to look after a man, you wanna take her for a spin?

The mark looks at Bonnie, Bonnie looks back, expressionless.

THE MARK
What’s it gonna cost?

FRANCINE
For you, baby? Just an extra thirty.
The mark smiles, he has few ROTTING yellowing TEETH, he reaches into his pocket, pulls out his wallet and hands Francine thirty dollars. Francine stuffs it into her bra.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
Come here, baby, my friend here wants to play.

Bonnie gets up and crosses to the couple.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE’S CELL - NIGHT

A blurred vision of a YOUNG GIRL wearing a red dress floats out from the shadows then dissolves. Bonnie, unaware of the apparition, continues to write.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Hey, my little princess, Momma knows you’re there. The psychiatrists try to tell me you ain’t real, that I lost you at birth, but they’re wrong. I feel you, baby, every day of my life I feel your presence, right here in my heart... I wonder what you’re doin’ right now? I’m gonna see God tonight, baby, he’s gonna be forgivin’ me and he’s gonna be smiling on you.

She moves her eyes upward, lays her hand on the bible and speaks in a soft voice.

BONNIE
Sweet Jesus, I’ve found my way, and all I’m askin’ is that you continue to look after that little girl of mine and while you’re at it, if you can see your way clear to forgivin’ me, it would be much appreciated.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANCINE’S TRAILER - BONNIE’S BEDROOM - DAY

Bonnie sits on the bed looking out of the window of the shabby, under accessorized room. Apart from the bed only a picture of an old MOUNTAIN MAN, a chest of drawers, a wardrobe and lace covered CRIB occupy the room. Francine enters, sipping a beer, and offers it to Bonnie.
FRANCINE
You want some?

BONNIE
No, I’m good.

Francine moves over and sits on the end of the bed.

FRANCINE
What ya doin’?

BONNIE
Just daydreaming, Momma.

FRANCINE
What about?

BONNIE
Grandpa, mostly.

FRANCINE
That crazy old goat. Nearly killed us all with that gut-rot still of his.

BONNIE
He loved us, Momma.

FRANCINE
Yeah, maybe. Did you ever hear about the gold they say he had?

BONNIE
He told me that was just a tale he used to get some free liquor.

FRANCINE
You know they made a whole lot’a money durin’ them prohibition days.

Bonnie looks out of the window, ignoring Francine.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
He told me he and his Daddy was brewin’ one or maybe two thousand gallons of that moonshine every week.

BONNIE
Maybe that why grandma was always three sheets to the wind?

Francine grabs Bonnie’s arm.
FRANCINE
Honey, did he ever tell you what happened to all of that money?

BONNIE
Yeah, he drank it.

Both laugh.

FRANCINE
No, seriously.

BONNIE
I don’t know, he told me he buried it somewhere.

Bonnie goes over and starts straightening the lace on the crib. Francine changes the subject.

FRANCINE
I have no idea why you don’t throw that old thing away.

BONNIE
It’s sentimental.

FRANCINE
It’s an eyesore.

BONNIE
Momma, Grandpa made it and gave it to me, and I love it.

CLOSE-UP: CRIB.

The crib is a rocker, a rectangular wooden structure, three feet by eighteen inches, sitting thirty inches from the ground. It has cream lace trimmings hanging on a BLACK METAL FRAME, cream blankets and a oval canopy. In the crib is Bonnie’s doll, Ali-B.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
It’s the only thing that’s mine, Momma. Anyway, Ali-B lives here.

FRANCINE
That crazy doll.

BONNIE
My baby, Momma.

Francine gets up and crosses to the door.
FRANCINE
Yeah, well. You got chores. And tonight we have some company so you’d better be smellin’ nice.

BONNIE
Momma, do I have to?

FRANCINE
How else we gonna afford to keep this trailer and keep that lazy good for nothin’ in beer? Find Grandpa’s gold and we can all get out’a this shithole.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. - BONNIE’S CELL - NIGHT
Bonnie continues to write.

BONNIE (V.O.)
They never found Grandpa’s gold, but a riddle written on his gravestone was thought to be a clue to its whereabouts. Apparently people were diggin’ around his shack for years trying to find it, his yard started to look like Swiss cheese there was so many holes in it, they dug his coffin up three times just to make sure he hadn’t taken it with him. Everyone had the crazies for gold.

FLASH: EXT. HEADSTONE IN GRAVEYARD - DAY
The inscription reads.

“In God I trust, in myths we’re told. To worship him, not rods of gold. The body worthless, poor or rich. A child may lie in silks or ditch. A fortune here, to you I give. Where sunlight falls, where angels live.

BACK TO SCENE: Bonnie writes as she smiles to herself.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Momma always said he was a crazy old fool, but I loved him, the only good thing in my life apart from you, baby...
She looks up from the diary, taps her fingernails on the desk, then continues to write.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Momma and Travis... They were havin’ themselves a fine old time with me as the additional bread winner. I started usin’, then didn’t think much about what happened after that. Hell, I nearly turned into my Momma... And Travis? Well I...

DISOLVE TO:

INT. FRANCINE'S TRAILER - FRIDGE - NIGHT

FRIDGE INTERIOR: The refrigerator door is open, the interior light illuminates the shelves which are packed with all kinds of food and drink. A LARGE HAND with DIRTY FINGERNAILS reaches in and grabs some salami, butter and pickle.

INT. TRAILER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Travis stands making sandwiches, the sandwiches are piled on top of each other, six high. He puts his dirty hand on the top of the pile, squashes it down and cuts them in half, he takes his hand off and the pile COLLAPSES, some falling on the dirty floor.

TRAVIS
What the...

He scoops up the fallen sandwiches, picks off some ERRONEOUS OBJECTS and throws them all on a tray along with some chips and nuts. He picks up the tray and walks into the lounge.

INT. TRAILER - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Travis walks to the table and lays the tray down. At the table sit three MEN. POLLEE (40’s) Italian/American, fat, looks like he needs a wash. DIMITRI (40’s) Greek origin, again fat, dirty clothes and CHARLIE, (30’s) wiry, deep set eyes.

TRAVIS
Okay, let’s play some cards.

Dimitri takes a sandwich and stuffs it into his mouth.
DIMITRI
You deal.

Travis shuffles the CARDS and starts to deal. Dimitri pulls a hair from his mouth.

DIMITRI (CONT’D)
What the fuck...

CHARLIE
Hey, you ain’t cut the cards, man.

TRAVIS
What, you don’t trust me?

CHARLIE
I don’t trust no one.

DIMITRI
(looking at the sandwich)
You got mice?

Travis throws the cards down.

TRAVIS
So cut the fuckin’ cards.

Charlie cuts and then pushes them back.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
You happy now?

CHARLIE
Yeah, I’m happy.

TRAVIS
Okay, let’s see some money here.

Everyone puts in their ANTI, Travis deals.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Okay, the game is Texas Hold Em, boys. No limit.

DIMITRI
What do you mean, no limit, where you think you’re at, Vegas?

TRAVIS
Okay, ten buck limit.

They all look at their hole cards, Travis takes a drink from a bottle of beer.
DIMITRI
Ain’t you gonna give us a beer?

TRAVIS
Sure, two bucks.

DIMITRI
Screw you, I’ll drink my own.

Dimitri reaches under the table and pulls up a beer.

TRAVIS
Pollee, you ain’t sayin’ much. You gotta hand?

POLLEE
I got a monster.

TRAVIS
Lucky you.
(throws in $1)
One dollar to you.

Pollee throws in his hand followed by Dimitri and Charlie. Travis turns over his cards.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
See, I had nothin’. You’re all a bunch’a losers.

CHARLIE
Hey, Travis. Where’s them pictures you was gonna show us?

TRAVIS
You wanna see some pictures? I’ll show you some pictures.

Travis gets up, goes to the sideboard, opens a drawer and takes out some PICTURES. He goes back and throws the pictures onto the table. The pictures are of Bonnie in various states of UNDRESS, some totally NAKED, some horribly PORNOGRAPHIC.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Feast your eyes, boys.

CHARLIE
Nice.

DIMITRI
You’re a sick man, Travis.

Charlie lecherously sorts through the pictures.
CHARLIE
These are great, great.

DIMITRI
I gotta go.

TRAVIS
Where you goin’? We just got started.

DIMITRI
You need help, buddy.

Dimitri leaves. Charlie and Pollee continue to look at the pictures.

CHARLIE
Is she, you know, like, available?

TRAVIS
You got the money, she’s available.

POLLEE
Anytime?

TRAVIS
Anytime you wanna pay, boys.

Charlie and Pollee look at each other, Pollee scoops his MONEY off the table and gives it to Travis.

POLLEE
What’s that gonna get me?

TRAVIS
Not too much. Maybe a BJ.

POLLEE
Hey, that works for me.

TRAVIS
You, Charlie?

Charlie takes out his wallet and hands Travis $40.

CHARLIE
I’ll take the gravy train, baby.

TRAVIS
(shouts)
Hey, Bonnie, get ya sweet ass in here.

Bonnie enters.
BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE'S CELL

Travis’s apparition is barely seen in the shadows.

TRAVIS
My buddies thought you was hot, baby girl.

BONNIE
I was thirteen years old.

TRAVIS
Old enough to bleed, baby, old enough to breed. You loved the attention. You knew what you was doin’.

BONNIE
You scared me, Travis, I lived in fear of you every day of my life. You stole my childhood. Did you never think, “this is my little girl?”

TRAVIS
Little girl? You weren’t so little, baby, you was stacked. You were a fine distraction.

BONNIE
Is that it?

TRAVIS
Yeah, baby. Sugar and spice, that’s what little girls were made for.

BONNIE
You pathetic low life.

Travis’s apparition dissolves.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CRAZY PIG - NIGHT

Francine enters in a deep red, low cut, far too short for her age, dress. She walks over to the bar and sits at a stool. Harry comes over.
HARRY
Francine?

FRANCINE
(yawns)
Hi, Harry, get my usual, will ya?

HARRY
You got it. Rough day?

FRANCINE
Ugh.

Harry moves off to make the drink. Francine looks around, she sees Tommy, takes out her compact, looks in the mirror, (Tommy can be seen in the compact mirror) and teases her backcombed hair. Harry returns with a cocktail.

HARRY
Here you go.

Francine picks up her drink, throws a five dollar bill on the bar.

FRANCINE
Thanks, Harry.

She moves over to Tommy’s table.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
Anyone sitting here?

Tommy looks up at her and gestures to sit. Francine sits. She takes out a cigarette.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
You gotta light?

Tommy picks up his flip top, opens it and lights Francine’s cigarette. He carries on drinking his beer.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
I see you here all the time. You wanna talk?

TOMMY
(disinterested)
Not really.

FRANCINE
Hey, come on, be nice?

Tommy turns to face Francine.
TOMMY
Look lady, I ain’t no mark, I don’t pay for it, okay?

FRANCINE
Take it easy, big boy, what makes you think I’m looking for a mark?

TOMMY
Cos I’ve seen you hassling guys here all the time.

FRANCINE
I ain’t been hassling, just talking.

TOMMY
And leaving with them?

FRANCINE
Hey, it’s a free country.

Tommy sits forward in his chair, leans over to Francine.

TOMMY
Do I look like a guy that’s gonna pay for it?

FRANCINE
Maybe you do, maybe you don’t.

TOMMY
(flipping her off)
Go away, lady.

FRANCINE
Come on, I’m just funning with ya. You wanna start again?

Tommy looks at her.

TOMMY
Okay you beat me down, what do ya wanna drink?

FRANCINE
Margarita, por favor.

TOMMY
Harry! Can we get some more drinks over here?

HARRY
No problem.
A young HOOKER, GRETTA, (18) comes to Tommy’s table.

GRETTA
Hi, baby.

TOMMY
(to Gretta)
Get the hell out’a here.

GRETTA
But, Tommy...

TOMMY
I said, move ya ass.

Gretta walks away. Tommy to Francine.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
So?

Francine looks at Gretta as she walks away.

FRANCINE
She one of your girls?

TOMMY
Mind ya business.

FRANCINE
Ooh, a little touchy ain’t we? Come on, you’re a good lookin’ guy. Maybe I’ll give you a free one.

TOMMY
You can’t afford me, baby. Anyway what’s your name?...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CRAZY PIG – LATER

The table has many glasses on it, Tommy and Francine are a little drunk. Tommy kisses Francine on the neck, his fingers are down her cleavage. He sits back, pulls a cigarette from a pack and lights it.

TOMMY
So what’s this big surprise?

FRANCINE
A little icing on the cake, baby.
TOMMY
What the fuck does that mean?

FRANCINE
I got a young girl at home, she’d be happy to join us, we could have some fun.

TOMMY
What? Who’s the girl?

FRANCINE
My kid. She’s fourteen, stacked.

TOMMY
Not interested.

FRANCINE
Really?
(beat)
Okay, no problem. Why don’t we go back to your place?

Tommy looks at her and smiles.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
Come on, I know you got booze, maybe we could have a little drink and fool around.

TOMMY
I got more than booze, lady.

FRANCINE
Really? So let’s go.

They get up from the table, a young biker carrying two beers hits Tommy’s arm as he passes Tommy’s table. Tommy gets up, swings the guy around and decks him. The biker, covered in beer, lies on the floor.

TOMMY
(to biker)
What’s the story, boy?

YOUNG BIKER
Hey, man,
(holds his hands up in submission)
No problem. I’m sorry.

TOMMY
(to Francine)
Let’s get out’a here.
TOMMY (CONT’D)
(to Harry)
Harry, if anyone needs me, tell them I’m off limits.

Harry smiles and waves them away. Tommy and Francine leave their drinks, walk to the door and exit the bar.

EXT. CRAZY PIG - CONTINUOUS

Tommy gets on the bike, starts it, Francine hikes up her dress, throws her leg over. Tommy laughs.

TOMMY
You okay, lady?

FRANCINE
Good as I’m gonna be.

They ride off down the road.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

It’s late afternoon, a cab pulls up outside Tommy’s house. The door opens and Francine exits. She walks unsteadily from the house, Tommy, bare chested, stands in the doorway, arms against the frame, smiling. Francine climbs into the cab.

FRANCINE
(to herself)
Jesus. That was wild.

She shuts the door, the cab drives away.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE'S CELL - LATER

From the darkness of the cell a CHILD’S voice, TAMMY-LEE, DISTANT and ECHOEY.

TAMMY-LEE (O.S.)
Mommy?

Bonnie looks up from her diary, looks into the darkness.

BONNIE
Dear Lord, why did you not protect her?

Tammy-Lee, a pretty LITTLE GIRL wearing a red dress, emerges from the shadows, she is barely visible.
TAMMY-LEE
Mommy?

Bonnie looks to the shadowy apparition.

BONNIE
Tammy-Lee? Hi, baby girl.

TAMMY-LEE
Mommy, when are you coming home?

BONNIE
Mommy’s going on a long journey, baby.

TAMMY-LEE
What about me, can I come?

BONNIE
I’m sorry, baby, this is a journey momma has to take on her own. Momma’s gonna need you to be strong, baby.

TAMMY-LEE
Mommy, I miss you.
(her voice tailing off)
Miss you, miss you...

BONNIE
Baby, I’m writin’ all this for you... Baby girl, baby girl...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. FRANCINE’S TRAILER - DAY

MONTAGE: “TAMMY-LEE’S BIRTH”

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

--Bonnie (14) is picking up logs. She starts to walk towards the trailer. She is HEAVILY PREGNANT.

INT. TRAILER - BEDROOM - LATER

--Bonnie lies SCREAMING on the bed, she is in the final stages of LABOR. Francine, out of it, staggers in, she caries towels and a bowl of steaming water.
INT. BEDROOM - LATER

--Francine attempts to DELIVER Bonnie’s BABY. A WOMAN wearing a GRAY COAT enters the room carrying a red blanket, she removes her coat and takes over from Francine.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--CLOSE-UP: A baby, LIFELESS, covered in BLOOD.

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

--Francine and Travis make up a CRACK PIPE and drink. A SOUND of continued SMACKS, then a baby’s CRY.

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

--The woman in the gray coat, carrying a BUNDLE in the red blanket, exits the trailer, gets into a car and shuts the door. The car pulls off.

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

--Bonnie comes out from the bedroom, she has a white BED SHEET, covered in BLOOD, wrapped around her, she holds a DEAD BABY out towards Francine and Travis. They look at Bonnie, look at each other, shrug their shoulders and continue to smoke the crack pipe.

END OF MONTAGE

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE’S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie continues to write, Francine’s silhouette is barely seen in the shadows.

    FRANCINE
    Still got nothing good to say, baby?

Bonnie looks up.

    BONNIE
    You really looked after me, Momma.

    FRANCINE
    Hey, I did what I could.
BONNIE
You think all that was appropriate?

FRANCINE
I think we was all just getting by.

BONNIE
What? And I was the bait?

FRANCINE
Not the bait, baby, the icing, icing on the cake. And boy, how they loved their cake.

(laughs)

Anyway, stop bitching. You wanted the money, the life, what did you expect? You were uncontrollable.

BONNIE
I was a kid!

FRANCINE
Kid, my ass! You thought I was gonna look after your kid. I had a life too, baby girl.

BONNIE
I lost the baby and that’s it?

FRANCINE
Don’t go blaming me.

BONNIE
(screams)

YOU KILLED MY BABY!

FRANCINE
You roll the dice, you takes your chance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVE SIDE - DAY

Its a gray, overcast day, rain clouds are visible overhead as Bonnie stands ALONE over the TINY OPEN GRAVE. She speaks whilst looking down into the grave.

BONNIE
So this is your justice? The death of a helpless child? This is how you look after the weak and defenseless?

(MORE)
How I wish I could cry, no one ever taught me how to cry. My beautiful little girl, my Tammy-Lee. You let her die before she could even draw breath, before she ever saw the light of day.

You wanna blame me? You wanna punish me for my sins? Okay, I take it, but I gave life to that tiny being and you just took that life away. Shame on you. Shame on you.

I ain't never prayed before cos I never had no reason or even knew how. But I'm tellin' you, and you better be listening to me, you look after my little Tammy-Lee, cos if you don’t, well.

In the dark shadow of the trees, a GHOSTLY FIGURE in a gray coat is seen. Bonnie sees the apparition and looks down into the grave.

MEMORY FLASH: BONNIE’S POV. Bonnie, legs apart, knees up, looks down over the white blood stained sheet. A FACELESS LADY in gray offer the dead baby to Bonnie.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
SCREAMS.

BACK TO SCENE: Bonnie startled. Her foot SLIPS, she nearly falls into the grave. She looks up again, the figure has gone. She bends down, picks up some DIRT and sprinkles it gently onto the coffin. She looks up, the heavens open, Bonnie stands in the pouring rain.

INT. FRANCINE’S TRAILER – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Bonnie looks out of the window, she has only a large white shirt on. In the window’s reflection, two MIDDLE AGED MEN start to undress. Bonnie turns, unbuttons two buttons on her shirt and holds out her hand.

BONNIE
Not so fast, boys, Momma needs to pay the bills.

The men take money from their wallets and give the money to Bonnie. Bonnie crosses the room to the crib and puts the money in. She turns and starts to take off the shirt. She licks her fingers seductively.
BONNIE (CONT’D)
So? Who’d like to go first?

INT. FRANCINE’S TRAILER - BONNIE’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bonnie sits alone ROCKING backwards and forwards in the chair in the darkened room. From the window, an ELECTRIC STORM lights the sky. Flashes of LIGHTENING fill the room with white blazing light as Bonnie stares into the crib.

BONNIE
Hey, baby girl, Momma loves you. We’re gonna go out, I want you to smell the sweet smell of life.

Bonnie reaches into the crib and picks up a bundle wrapped in a red blanket, cradles it in her arms and carries it out of the house.

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie exits, the THUNDERSTORM now raging, heavy rain falls, thunder and lightening fill the sky. Bonnie looks up into the rain and laughs. She offers the red bundle upwards towards the heavens.

BONNIE
You see, Tammy-Lee? You see God’s fingers reaching out for you?

A loud thunder clap is heard.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
You hear his voice, baby girl? You hear him call you?... Give life sweet Jesus...

A bolt of lightening, hits the ground close to where Bonnie stands. Bonnie laughs hysterically.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
I see you, I hear you! Give life. Sweet Jesus, life!

Francine runs from the house, raincoat over her head, grabs Bonnie’s arm.

FRANCINE
What the hell are you doing?

Bonnie turns, her eyes crazy and blood red.
BONNIE (screams)
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

Francine cowers, terrified, turns and runs back into the house. Bonnie looks back to the heavens.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
The Lord is my Shepard, we will dwell in the house of the Lord.

A flash of lightening obliterates the vision.

INT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

Bonnie and Francine are about to leave the surgery. Francine hands Bonnie her jacket.

FRANCINE
Baby, go wait outside.

Bonnie leaves the room. The doctor, who wears a long white coat, gets up from his desk and crosses to Francine. Francine to Doctor.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
So there’s nothin’ wrong with her?

DOCTOR
Nothing physically, she looks like she could do with a good rest, but that’s all. Is there something you’re not telling me?

FRANCINE
Well, she’s been acting a little crazy recently and I’m worried she might be sick.

DOCTOR
Any problems eating?

FRANCINE
Her or me?

DOCTOR
Bonnie.

FRANCINE
No, she’s fine.
DOCTOR
I thought I could smell alcohol on her breath.

Francine hesitates for a moment.

FRANCINE
Maybe a little snake oil, doc, my lovin' husband, you know Travis, he worries about her, likes to give her a little shot if she's poorly.

DOCTOR
Oh, I see. Alright, come back in four weeks and if she's still not right, we'll do some further tests.

Francine opens the door and leaves.

EXT. EUREKA SPRINGS - HIPPY STORE - DAY

Bonnie, (15) developed for her age, exits the store. She wears a short CROPPED T SHIRT, NO BRA, her BREASTS just visible from the underside of the T shirt, she wears very short, cut off jeans, her underwear just visible as she walks. Tommy sits on his Harley. He sees Bonnie. Shouts.

TOMMY
Hey, girly! You wanna ride?

Bonnie looks around, looks back at Tommy and points to herself.

BONNIE
Are you talkin' to me?

TOMMY
Yeah, you! Come here.

She sexually saunters over to Tommy.

BONNIE
What d'ya want?

TOMMY
You like bikes?

BONNIE
Sure, what's your name?

TOMMY
Tommy, Tommy Tomb. You heard of me?
BONNIE
I heard of ya.

TOMMY
Well, you’re just about the sweetest thing I ever did see. How old are you?

Bonnie runs her tongue across her lips, looks at the bike.

BONNIE
Old enough, baby. Cool bike.

TOMMY
You like this bike?

BONNIE
Sure.

TOMMY
You wanna ride?

BONNIE
Depends what your definition of a ride is. A ride on the bike?

TOMMY
You got some sass, girlie. You wanna get out’a here?

BONNIE
Sure.

TOMMY
Jump on.

Bonnie gets on the bike, they ride off.

MONTAGE: “A ROMANCE TO HELL”

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - TRAVELING - DAY

--Bonnie rides sidesaddle on the pillion of Tommy’s bike as they speed along the deserted road. Both laugh and kid around.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

--Bonnie watches while Tommy, moving at slow speed, stands on the seat of his bike. As he passes, Bonnie excitedly jumps up and down, she claps and screams. Tommy parks up, grabs Bonnie and kisses her.
INT. CRAZY PIG - NIGHT

--Bonnie and Tommy drink shots, many shot glasses sit in front of them.

INT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

--Bonnie and Tommy snort coke, Bonnie seductively dances.

INT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

--On the bed, Bonnie sits on top of Tommy, they are both NAKED, Bonnie slowly moves forward and backward before bending down to kiss Tommy.

INT. CRAZY PIG - WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

--Tommy talks to a MAN, he points to Bonnie who is sitting at the bar. The man nods and gives Tommy some money. Tommy walks over to Bonnie, whispers in her ear, Bonnie stands, walks over to the man and leaves with him.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. CRAZY PIG - NIGHT

Tommy sits at the bar. Gretta, short skirt, sleeveless leather jacket, open shirt showing her bra, comes over and sits next to Tommy.

BONNIE (V.O.)
I never knew about the other girls, it wasn’t until the trial that I found out about Tommy pimping...

GRETTA
Hi, babe.

TOMMY
(shouts, to Harry)
Yo, Harry, get us a long one, will ya.

HARRY
Usual?

TOMMY
Yeah, and one for Gretta here.
HARRY
You got it.

TOMMY
Come here.

Tommy grabs Gretta behind the neck and pulls her towards him. Gretta looks terrified. Tommy rubs some lipstick from Gretta’s lips, smooths her hair and kisses her on the mouth. Gretta relaxes.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
So, what you got for me, baby?

GRETTA
Things are a little slow right now.

TOMMY
Then you’re gonna need to get yer ass workin’ a little harder, ain’t ya?

GRETTA
I’m trying, Tommy. What can I do if the marks ain’t out there?

TOMMY
If there’s men out there, there’s marks... So what are ya holdin’?

Greta looks in her purse, pulls out a stash of money.

GRETTA
Maybe two hundred.

TOMMY
Okay, let’s have it.

Gretta hands the money, tens and twenties, to Tommy. Tommy counts it.

GRETTA
You never tell me you love me no more, baby, you still love me, don’t you?

TOMMY
Hey, you know I love you. Come on, move yer ass and go to work.

GRETTA
Can I get my drink first?

Tommy laughs.
TOMMY
Sure. What am I, a slave-driver?

Tommy turns, his back to Gretta and the bar, and looks around. He sees some COLLEGE KIDS playing pool. Harry slides the beer to Tommy. Gretta picks up her drink and walks away.

GRETTA
Catch you later, babe.

TOMMY
Yeah, whatever.

Tommy looks at the college kids. Speaks to Harry.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Any action with those dudes?

HARRY
Maybe, they think it’s cool to be in here.

TOMMY
Put the drinks on a tab.

Tommy picks up his beer and moves over to the college kids.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
You guys lookin’ for some action?

The college kids look at each other, One kid sheepishly moves forward. He tries to be cool.

COLLEGE KID
Depends what you got, man.

TOMMY
I got what ever you need, homeboy.

COLLEGE KID
I ain’t a homeboy.

TOMMY
Hey, kid, you want somethin’ or don’t ya?

COLLEGE KID
Yeah, I want something.

TOMMY
Okay meet me in the john.

COLLEGE KID
When?
TOMMY
When? Now, what are you crazy?

Tommy turns and walks to the mens room and enters. The college kid collects money from his friends and walks to the mens room.

INT. MENS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy bangs on the cubicle door, the door opens, no one there. The college kid enters.

TOMMY
So what do you want?

COLLEGE KID
Some weed.

TOMMY
How much?

COLLEGE KID
A half ounce.

TOMMY
Don't waste my time, kid. How much money you got?

Holds out the money.

COLLEGE KID
I got this.

Tommy takes the money, counts it, takes out a bag of pills from inside his leather jacket, counts out fifteen and gives them to the kid.

TOMMY
There you go, now fuck off.

COLLEGE KID
Hey! Hold it, I don't know what they are, we don't want pills anyway. Give me back my money.

Tommy grabs the kid by the lapels of his jacket, throws him into the cubicle, then puts his head down the bowl and flushes. The water soaks the kid as he struggles for air.

TOMMY
Cool off, kid, and keep yer mouth shut.
Tommy walks to the door and exits. The college kid sits on the floor, wet and dazed.

Tommy walks back to the bar, picks up his beer, moves over to an empty table and sits. He takes out a pack of cigarettes, pulls one and lights it. He taps his fingers on the table to the beat of the background music.

INT. TRUCK - TRAVELING - DAY

SADIE TOMB, Tommy’s ex wife, (18) 5’2”, slim, pretty, dressed in jeans and a checkered shirt and BILLY BOW (20’s) slight, dark hair, sit in the rusty old truck as it travels down the highway. Billy is driving.

SADIE
... yeah I know, Billy, but this is bullshit, you’re working two jobs and we still can’t afford to live.

BILLY
Hey, we’ll manage.

SADIE
The bills are mounting and I don’t know what to do.

BILLY
Any chance Tommy can let you have some?

SADIE
Yeah, slim to no chance. He’s already six months behind in child support.

BILLY
So go back to court.

The truck passes the Crazy Pig. Sadie sees Tommy’s bike, she grabs Billy’s arm and shouts,

SADIE
Stop!

BILLY
What the...

The truck screeches to a stop.
EXT. CRAZY PIG - SAME TIME

They pull up outside of the bar, Sadie gets out of the truck and walks towards the bar. Billy runs from the truck, grabs her arm and drags her back.

SADIE
What? WHAT!

BILLY
What the hell are you doing?

She points to Tommy’s bike.

SADIE
Look, I knew he’d be here.

Billy holds Sadie.

SADIE (CONT’D)
Let go of me!

BILLY
Stay here, I’ll go talk to him.

SADIE
No chance, he’ll kick your ass.

BILLY
He don’t scare me.

SADIE
Well you need to be scared, the man is dangerous. Anyhow, it’s my problem and I’ll take care of it.

She tries to get away, Billy holds her arms by her side.

BILLY
Come on, baby, breathe, come on! If you go in there screaming and shouting, he’s gonna feel trapped and he’s gonna react.

SADIE
Okay, okay! You’re right. I’m calm, I’m calm. Can I go now?

BILLY
Are you sure?

SADIE
Yeah.
BILLY
Okay, I love you.

SADIE
I love you too.

Billy kisses Sadie on the cheek, she turns, walks toward the bar and enters.

INT. CRAZY PIG BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sadie enters the bar, looks around, sees Tommy and moves to his table.

SADIE
Hi, Tommy.

Tommy looks up, sees Sadie and looks away.

TOMMY
What do ya want?

SADIE
Just passin’, saw your bike and thought we might have a drink, maybe talk a little.

Tommy shouts to Harry.

TOMMY
Harry. Get a beer for Sadie, will ya?

HARRY
Comin’ up.

TOMMY
Okay, sit down.

SADIE
Thanks.

She sits, looks around, picks up Tommy’s pack of cigarettes, pulls one.

SADIE (CONT’D)
Can I?

TOMMY
Looks like you already did.

He lights her cigarette.
TOMMY (CONT’D)
So, you wanna tell me why you really came in here?

SADIE
Okay, but don’t get mad. I ain’t had no money from the courts for a long time now, Tommy. Things are tough.

TOMMY
What about that idiot you’re shakin’ up with, ain’t he contributing?

SADIE
He does what he can. But Bobby-Joe’s growin’ so fast he needs new clothes all the time.

TOMMY
So what do you want me to do about it?

SADIE
Can you let me have some money?

TOMMY
Sure, I’ll post you some.

SADIE
Well I was kinda hoping you could let me have some today.

TOMMY
Do I look like I’m flush with money?

Harry delivers the beer. Sadie takes a sip and puts the glass down on the table.

SADIE
(tentatively)
You gotta new paint job on the Harley.

TOMMY
(angrily)
Hey, fuck you, the bike’s my business.

SADIE
It ain’t when your kid’s hungry.
TOMMY
Okay, you’re out’a here.

He takes the beer and slowly pours it over her boots.

SADIE
You’re a fuckin’ animal.

TOMMY
Fuck off.

Tommy gets up, makes to strike her, she cowers away and turns to leave.

SADIE
I’m goin’ back to the courts, Tommy, you see if I don’t. They’re gonna put you away.

TOMMY
Someone get her out’a here!

Sadie exits the bar.

EXT. CRAZY PIG BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sadie exits, she runs over to the truck and gets in. The truck pulls off.

EXT. ARKANSAS - EUREKA SPRINGS - GROCERY STORE - DAY

It’s a SPRING DAY, there are few people about. A WOMAN, (30’S) in a gray coat stops outside a GROCERY STORE, she pushes a BUGGY where a YOUNG BABY sleeps. The woman parks the buggy and looks in on the baby before going into the store.

Bonnie turns the corner onto Main Street and walks past the grocery store, she sees the buggy, walks back and looks inside. A baby wrapped in a red blanket is seen. The baby wakes and smiles up at Bonnie. Bonnie looks around and looks into the window of the store where the mother is talking to the sales assistant. Bonnie plays with the baby.

She reaches into the buggy, picks up the baby, cradles it in her arms, looks around again, walks off down the sidewalk and disappears around a corner.

INT. JUVENILE COURT - DAY

Bonnie stands behind the defense table with her LAWYER. The JUDGE is summing up.
...considering the age of the defendant and the evidence before me, I can only assume that Miss Lee had a momentary lapse of sanity attributed possibly to the death of her own baby.

But as much as the plaintiff understands and sympathizes with the defendant, to kidnap and incarcerate the baby for five days is totally unacceptable. I have weighed up the court’s options and as this is the defendant’s first offense, I have decided to be lenient. Miss Lee, I sentence you to time served and suggest that you continue with the counseling. That will be all.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE’S CELL – NIGHT

Bonnie sits back, closes her eyes, then continues to write.

BONNIE (V.O.)
The court case was scary. I lost the will to live for a while. Momma said it was post natal depression and told me to get over it. I had no idea what she was talkin’ about but figured she was being her usual caring self. She had a wonderful disposition, that woman, all heart. Anyway, time heals and I eventually got through it, but the loss was never far from my thoughts. Tommy, as usual, was there to pick up the pieces. He had a way of making you forget. He’d just ply me with drink and drugs and hey presto... Life was all good again. You gotta love that Tommy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. (FLASHBACK) TOMMY’S HOUSE – BOONDOCKS – NIGHT

The house is small and untidy, many lines of COKE lie on a glass topped coffee table in front of a sofa. A plastic bag of pills sits next to the lines of coke. Bonnie and Tommy drink beer and do lines as loud ROCK MUSIC plays on the stereo.
Tommy sits on the sofa, watching Bonnie as she moves her hips to the music. She wears only her UNDERWEAR. Tommy leans forward.

**TOMMY**
Dance for me, baby.

Bonnie dances sexually, she goes into a lap dance routine, crosses to Tommy, kneels down and runs her hands along the front of Tommy’s jeans. She LICKS her finger, takes a line of coke and rubs it into her gums, then starts to UNZIP his jeans.

**TOMMY (CONT’D)**
Oh, baby.

**BONNIE**
You love me, baby?

**TOMMY**
Sure, I love ya.

We close in on Tommy’s face, his eyes slowly close. There is a knock on the door.

**TOMMY (CONT’D)**
Shit!.. (shouts)
Who’s there?

**TRAVIS (O.S.)**
Open this fuckin’ door.

Bonnie jumps up and throws Tommy’s jacket around her shoulders. Tommy angrily gets up, zips up his pants, crosses and answers the door. Travis, DRUNK, stands looking at Tommy. He tries to push his way in.

**TRAVIS (CONT’D)**
Where’s Bonnie?

Tommy grabs hold of Travis and throws him out of the house onto the sidewalk.

**EXT. TOMMY’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS**
Travis gets up from the dirt.

**TRAVIS**
Where’s my little girl?

**TOMMY**
Get the fuck out’a here.
TRAVIS
Where is she?

Bonnie cowers behind the door. Travis tries to push past Tommy.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
You tell Bonnie her mother wants her.
(shouts)
Bonnie, you get ya ass home, now!
You got things to do. You got marks waiting.

Tommy pushes him down again.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
You fuck, you fuck! Who the fuck do you think you are? This ain’t over, punk!

TOMMY
Take a hike, loser.

TRAVIS
You know she’s underage?

TOMMY
Bonnie, get my gun.

Travis makes a gesture to Tommy and staggers off down the road.

A leather clad BIKER, AX, (30’s) rides up on a bike, parks up and crosses to the door.

AX
Hey.
(looking to Travis)
Problem?

TOMMY
No problem, come on in.

INT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ax spots Bonnie, her underwear showing through the half opened jacket.

AX
Wow. Nice chick, man.
TOMMY
You ain’t seen nothin’ yet. Grab a beer.
(to Bonnie)
Hey baby, you wanna dance for Ax?

Ax hands Tommy two twenty dollar bills, Tommy stuffs them into his pocket. Bonnie sexually takes off the jacket and starts to dance.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
You want a line?

AX
Nah, I’m good.

TOMMY
Ain’t she something?

Bonnie continues to dance, Ax starts to dance with her, he stares at her breasts.

BONNIE
You like what you see, huh?

AX
This is so fuckin’ hot, man.

BONNIE
(to Tommy)
You think he’s ready?

Bonnie smiles at Tommy and runs her tongue across her teeth.

TOMMY
Fires of hell, baby, fires of hell.
(to Ax)
Get ready to meet the Devil’s own work, boy. She’s gonna blow your mind.
(to Bonnie)
Honey, go put the mask on.

Bonnie leaves the room and goes into the bedroom.

AX
(worried)
What’s goin’ down?

TOMMY
Don’t worry, man, it’s cool.

Tommy kneels down and does a line of coke. He looks up at Ax.
TOMMY (CONT’D)
You tell your boys there’s Valhalla waiting here, you hear?

AX
Valhalla?

TOMMY
Valhalla, boy, more kicks that you ever knew existed. Satanic verse, naked girls, wild fuckin’ parties, man.
(pointing to the door)
Right there, out in the woods. You want crazy? We’re gonna show you crazy.

Bonnie re-enters wearing a DEVIL MASK, her tongue protruding from the mouth piece. She takes off her bra and moves towards Ax.

AX
Jesus!

Ax hurriedly starts to undress.

END OF FLASHBACK

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE’S CELL - NIGHT
Tommy is just visible in the dim light.

BONNIE
So that was all down to me?

TOMMY
Pretty much.

BONNIE
You made a ton of money, I never saw none.

TOMMY
You had the life, baby. What did you want?

BONNIE
I wanted to be loved, cared for. I wanted to be protected.
TOMMY
There you go again, bitchin. That screwup, Travis, said you were always bitchin’. Hey, we had good times, didn’t we?

BONNIE
Is that what they were, good times?

EXT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - WOODS - (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

In a clearing, a bunch of BIKERS and THREE NAKED GIRLS hold CANDLES and form a circle around a BURNING INVERTED CROSS that sits high on a black oil drum. Bonnie sits cross legged at the base of the cross, holding a SILVER CHALICE filled with red wine. She wears a BLACK SATIN RITUAL ROBE with blood red flashes, which completely covers her body. Tommy stands to the rear of the circle. He reads from a black book.

TOMMY
In Nomine Dei Nostri Satanas, Luciferi Excelsi.

In the Name of Satan, Ruler of the Earth, True God, Almighty and Ineffable, Who hast created man to reflect in Thine own image and likeness, I invite the Forces of Darkness to bestow their infernal power upon me. Open the Gates of Hell to come forth to greet me as your brother, sister and friend.

Bonnie stands and opens the robe. She is NAKED. She drinks before dropping the chalice, and using the robe as a winged cape, raises her outstretched arms.

BONNIE
Deliver me, O Mighty Satan, from all past error and delusion, fill me with truth, wisdom and understanding, keep me strong in my faith and service, that I may abide always in Thee with Praise, Honor and Glory be given Thee forever and ever.

TOMMY
Devil worshipers, take this woman to your bosom and instil upon her your satanic duty.
The bikers and girls kneel on the ground and crawl slowly towards Bonnie. Bonnie lies down, they start to touch her naked body. Tommy smiles and watches.

INT. FRANCINE'S TRAILER - DAY

Francine paces the room, Travis sits watching the TV.

FRANCINE
...we’re losing money hand over fist, what’s she doin’ with that jerk anyway? We got marks lookin’ for a good time. Shit!

TRAVIS
So go get her.

FRANCINE
I ain’t goin’ on my own, you better come with me.

TRAVIS
Screw that.

FRANCINE
Get yourself dressed, you fat slob. Come on!

INT. PETE’S DINER - MAIN STREET - DAY

The diner has a row of seats at the breakfast bar, and booths overlook the street. Bonnie and Tommy sit in a window BOOTH eating burgers. Sunlight shines through the window.

Travis and Francine enter. Travis moves over to Bonnie’s table, Francine stays by the door. Travis to Bonnie.

TRAVIS
If you ain’t comin’ back, you get your things and you move out of my house, you hear? You ain’t welcome no more. You and your...

BONNIE
(interjecting)
Your house? That’s my Momma’s house, you lazy fuck. Look at you, you’re a fuckin’ loser! You never did a day’s work in your life! Your house? Take a hike.
TRAVIS
Fuck you!

Tommy gets up to confront Travis.

TOMMY
You wanna fuck someone, you asshole? You come and fuck with me!

Francine moves over, grabs Travis by the arm and starts pulling him away.

FRANCINE
Travis, come on, let’s get out'a here.

As they leave, Francine looks back and sympathetically shouts to Bonnie.

FRANCINE (CONT’D)
Baby, I’ll call you, okay?

BONNIE
You’re gonna call me? A fuckin’, hooker? What you gonna say, Momma, you gonna tell me you love me, huh? You gonna tell me everything’s gonna be okay?

(mimics Francine)
Momma’s gonna look after her little girl. You be nice to the old men, baby.

(back to normal)
I don’t think so! You’re worse than him, Momma, you sold me down the river. I hate both of you.

Francine stands for a moment looking at Bonnie, a MEXICAN STANDOFF. Francine shrugs her shoulders, gestures ‘WHATEVER’. Travis and Francine exit the diner. Bonnie shouts after them.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
FUCK YOU!

Bonnie, fuming after the confrontation, sits, picks up her burger and continues to eat.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
Jesus, I’d like to kill those bastards.

Tommy, coolly, not looking up.
TOMMY
Any time you say, baby. No problem.

BONNIE
You mean that?

TOMMY
Just say the word.

EXT. FRANCINE'S TRAILER - LAKE - DAY

Bonnie and Tommy pull up in Tommy’s old PICKUP. They park up and walk to the door. Bonnie takes a key and opens the door. They enter the house.

INT. TRAILER - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie crosses the lounge and into her bedroom. Tommy lingers by the front door.

INT. TRAILER - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie takes a small suitcase and starts to pack. She hurriedly empties a chest of drawers into the crib and throws clothes into the suitcase.

INT. TRAILER - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Travis, in boxers and a vest, exits his bedroom and walks to the kitchen. He doesn’t see Tommy, but hears a sound from Bonnie’s bedroom. He walks over and enters.

INT. TRAILER - BONNIE’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Travis sees Bonnie packing.

TRAVIS
What the fuck?

BONNIE
Stay away from me.

TRAVIS
What the fuck are you doin’?

BONNIE
I’m out’a here.
Travis walks over to the bed, grabs hold of the suitcase and empties it all over the bed.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
Travis!

Bonnie starts to pack again, Travis repeats the action. Tommy enters the room, grabs Travis by the throat, puts him up against the wall and slaps him hard around the face.

TOMMY
Come on, baby, move it.

Tommy lets go of Travis, Travis falls to the floor. Bonnie finishes packing and picks up Ali-B. Tommy tries to pick up the crib.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
What the hell you got in here, bricks?

He struggles out with the crib. They both exit the room.

INT. TRAILER - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

They walk through the lounge and open the front door. Travis shouts from the open doorway of Bonnie’s room.

TRAVIS
I’m gonna get you, boy. I’m gonna take you out, you see if I don’t!

TOMMY
Get a life, old man, you ain’t got the guts!

Bonnie and Tommy exit the room.

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie and Tommy take the crib, manhandle it into the back of the truck and drive off.

INT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - LOUNGE - LATER

Bonnie and Tommy do line after line of coke and drink VODKA from a bottle. Tommy takes a bag of pills from the table and hands some to Bonnie. She swallows them with a swig of vodka.
INT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Tommy takes shotgun SHELLS from a box that sits on a work bench in the cluttered garage. He opens a long wooden box, takes out a double barrel SHOTGUN and loads it. He snaps the shotgun shut and proceeds to put the remaining shells in his pocket.

EXT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - LATER

Bonnie and Tommy stagger unsteadily from the house, Tommy carries a long rolled up blanket. He jumps onto the bike, hands the blanket to Bonnie and kick starts the bike. Bonnie gets on and they ride off.

INT. FRANCINE’S TRAILER - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy enters the DARKENED ROOM where Travis and Francine are ASLEEP. Tommy carries a large GAS CAN and the shotgun.

INT. TRAILER - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Bonnie goes through the drawers in the kitchen, she takes out various KNIVES then replaces them. She then finds a huge CARVING KNIFE and holds it up. The blade SPARKLES in the light. She stares at it and smiles.

INT. FRANCINE’S TRAILER - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bonnie enters and moves to Travis’s side of the bed. She takes the knife in both hands, looks at Tommy, smiles, raises her arms and with a SCREAM, brings the knife down into Travis’s CHEST. A LOUD THUD is heard as Travis’s EYES OPEN. He looks at the knife, then at Bonnie. There is TERROR in his eyes.

TRAVIS
(gasps)

Bonnie raises the knife and STABS again, FIVE, TEN TIMES, Travis tries to get up. Bonnie then thrusts the knife DEEP INTO THE SIDE of his NECK. Travis, with a fixed stare, falls backwards on the bed, DEAD.

As the attack starts, Francine, half asleep, wakes to see Tommy. She smiles. Tommy grabs her around the neck and forces her to watch the brutal slaying while he LICKS her neck. She SCREAMS, Travis falls back on the bed. Tommy releases Francine, she SCREAMS again.
TOMMY
(tongue out and shaking
his head)
Ahhh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, scream
you fucker, scream!

FRANCINE
(screams to Bonnie)
BABY?

Tommy hits her in the face with the BUTT OF THE SHOTGUN, she SCREAMS again and starts to lash out at Tommy.

Francine struggles, Tommy falls back and UNLOADS BOTH BARRELS, the shot removes the upper part of her face. She falls back on the bed, moaning.

Tommy takes the can of GASOLINE and douses the bed and bodies. He takes out a flip lid lighter and throws it on the bed. The bodies and bed IGNITE in a huge blaze. Francine SCREAMS, Bonnie and Tommy stare and laugh.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

JIM BATES, (50) tall, fat and balding, and CHUCK PETERS, (38) African/American, stocky, look through the two way glass partition, where Bonnie is being interviewed by two officers.

BATES
...she’s the same as him, we’re getting nowhere. She got a rap sheet?

PETERS
She got probation for snatching a baby.

BATES
That’s it?

PETERS
That’s it.

BATES
So, what about the murders?

PETERS
It was them all right, we just gotta prove it.

Through the glass partition, Bonnie sits relaxed, she looks to the CAMERA high on the wall and waves.
BATES
She’s as guilty as hell.

PETERS
Yeah, but we still gotta prove it.

BATES
The forensics say she’d been in the house.

PETERS
Come on, she’s the daughter, of course she’d been in the house but we can’t prove she was there on the night of the murder.

BATES
What about this Tomb character, any joy?

PETERS
Huh, the guy’s got a sheet as long as yer arm. Pimping, dealing, loan shark, assault, resisting arrest, assault with a deadly weapon, he’s a regular choir boy, but we’ll need positive proof if we’re gonna nail them.

BATES
So what? We let em go?

PETERS
We got no choice, we put surveillance on them and hope they mess up.

Bates presses a BUZZER, he speaks into a mic.

BATES
That’ll do, Chuck, we got enough.

The interview is terminated, the officers stand and leave. Bonnie sits alone staring at the camera. She waves and clicks her fingers, singing.

BONNIE
(SINGS)
I WANNA KNOW IF YOU’LL BE MY BABY... WANNA KNOW IF YOU’RE DONE HERE LATELY...
EXT. WOODLAND - NEAR TOMMY’S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is shining, Bonnie, wearing a white shirt and blue jeans, walks through the woods that border Tommy’s house. She carries a small BACKPACK. Shafts of sunlight filter through the trees as she walks.

After some time, she stops and looks around. It’s deserted. She picks a spot at the base of an old FALLEN OAK TREE, kneels down, takes off the backpack and lays it at the foot of the tree. She reaches inside, takes out a LARGE KNIFE and, with the knife, starts to dig a hole in the soft littered ground.

As she digs, there is a WHIMPERING SOUND of a PUPPY DOG in distress. Bonnie looks up, immediately stops digging and hurriedly replaces the knife in the bag. She closes the bag, pushes it under the TRUNK of the tree and looks around. She grabs a bunch of branches and leaves, and covers the bag.

Bonnie gets up, checks that the bag is hidden and walks through the thick clump of trees towards the whimpering sound. Through a clearing, FOUR YOUNG BOYS (13/14) throw rocks at a LABRADOR puppy whose HIND LEG has been caught in a BEAVER TRAP. Bonnie runs into the clearing, picks up a large branch and wields it towards the boys. She shouts.

BONNIE
Leave the dog alone!

BOY 1
What’s it got to do with you?

BOY 2
Mind your own business.

BOY 3
Take a hike!

BOY 4
Fuck off!

Bonnie starts to lash out, just missing the boys’ heads.

BONNIE
(to boy 4)
What did you say, you shit?

The boys, laughing, run off into the woods. Bonnie finds a thick branch and moves over to the puppy. She slowly levers the trap open, releasing the puppy’s leg, and CUTS her hand in the process. She picks up the puppy, he licks her face and yelps. Bonnie strokes him, sees the puppy’s injury, pulls out her SHIRT and rips part of the shirt for BANDAGES, wraps her hand first then the puppy’s leg, and lies down and cuddles the puppy.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
Where have you come from, then?
Looks at his neck, but there’s no collar.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
You’re so soft, so beautiful.
(the puppy licks her face)
So much love, God, the innocence.
I’d take you home but Tommy would
probably have you put down.
(kissing the puppy’s face)
Yes he would, yes he would, we’re
not sure that we like that Tommy no
more, ay?

Bonnie sits up and lays the puppy on the ground. The puppy
starts to HUMP Bonnie’s LEG, then immediately LIMPS off.
Bonnie laughs.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
You’re just like all of ‘em. You
get off, then without so much as a
kiss goodbye.

She laughs, gets up and walks back into the woods.

EXT. WOODLAND - FALLEN TREE - SOME TIME LATER

Bonnie goes to remove the backpack from under the leaves but
discovers it has vanished. She gets up, looks around and
drops down to the base of the tree. She frantically searches
for the missing bag. She screams.

BONNIE
FUUUUUCK!

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Bates walks into the office holding a backpack. In the office
are Peters and another Detective, JOE MENDEZ (30’s) good
looking, Hispanic. Bates speaks to Peters.

BATES
Hey, Chuck, take a look in the bag.

PETERS
What you got?

Peters takes the backpack, looks inside, puts on surgical
gloves and takes out a large carving knife.

PETERS (CONT’D)
Jesus, you think?
BATES
It’s possible.

MENDEZ
Where did it come from?

BATES
Bunch’a kids brought it in, said they found it in the woods near the Tomb residence, seems it was buried under a tree.

PETERS
You’re kidding me?

BATES
Hey, Joe, take it to the forensics guys, see what they make of it. Oh, and Joe?

MENDEZ
Yeah?

BATES
Get the Lee and Tomb prints over there too, see if they can make a match.

MENDEZ
You got it.

Peters looks into the side pocket of the bag, reaches in and pulls out a BLOOD STAINED SHIRT.

PETERS
Hey, Jim, you seriously ain’t gonna believe this.

BATES
(seeing the shirt)
Bingo!

INT. CRAZY PIG - NIGHT

Bonnie and Tommy sit at a table covered in empty beer and shot glasses. Harry arrives with six more shots and puts them on the table.

HARRY
You celebratin’?

TOMMY
Early Halloween.
HARRY
Any more of those and you’ll be flyin’.

Tommy hits another shot.

TOMMY
On my way, bro. Four more.

Harry smiles, shakes his head and walks away.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
You hangin’, baby?

BONNIE
Wow, we’re gonna need something to ease the pain.

Tommy laughs, takes out a cigarette and lights it.

TOMMY
Gotta roll with the punches, baby. The dudes ain’t got nothin’. A row at the diner, no witnesses, nothin’. Ain’t no way they can pin this shit on us.

BONNIE
Baby, I’m done, can we cool it at the house for a while? Don’t wanna rock the boat.

TOMMY
Hey, no problem.

Sadie and Billy enter the bar and stop to talk to a couple. Bonnie sees them.

BONNIE
What the fuck is she doin’ here?

TOMMY
Who?

Tommy looks over.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Free country, baby, gotta let live.

BONNIE
I wanna take her out.

TOMMY
Go ahead.
Bonnie gets up, pushes the chair over, and crosses to Sadie. Sadie sees her coming. To Billy.

SADIE
And the hits just keep comin’.

BILLY
Shit.

Tommy smiles as he watches Bonnie approach Sadie. Sadie, sarcastically to Bonnie.

SADIE
Hey, Bonnie, you lost?

BONNIE
You need to turn around and walk out.

Sadie looks around.

SADIE
Nah, don’t think so.

BONNIE
You think you’re a real smart ass, don’t ya? You go...

SADIE
(interrupting)
Look, Bonnie, you got the turkey, you keep him, I ain’t got no interest apart from payin’ me something to feed the baby.

BONNIE
Really? I’ll tell him. Now get your sweet, cows ass fanny out’a here, and take homeboy here with you.

SADIE
I don’t think she likes you, Billy.

BILLY
You think?

BONNIE
Fuck off.

Sadie ignores Bonnie, takes Billy’s arm and makes to go to the bar.

SADIE
Come on, Billy, let’s get a drink.
Bonnie grabs Sadie’s arm and swings her round.

BONNIE
Out!

SADIE
Fuck you.

Bonnie grabs Sadie by the hair and tries to drag her towards the door, Sadie swings her PURSE and hits Bonnie on the CHEEK. A biker shouts.

BIKER
CAT FIGHT.

Bonnie falls to the floor, her face BLEEDING. Sadie tries to kick her but Bonnie grabs Sadie’s foot and throws her off balance. Sadie falls. Bonnie jumps on top and starts beating on her. Harry runs over and pulls Bonnie off. Bonnie wipes the blood from her cheek, looks at the blood, her EYES BULGE, she SCREAMS.

BONNIE
Fuck you, bitch. Be mean to me and you’ll end up looking into the pit of hell.

(screams)
Ahhhh!

The bar is plunged into DARKNESS. A LIGHT BULB over Sadie’s head EXPLODES and showers Sadie with GLASS. She SCREAMS. The lights FLASH twice, then come back on. Bonnie glares at Sadie. Sadie looks shocked as blood runs from TINY CUTS in her face.

HARRY
Come on, ladies, let’s be friends.
Hey, Tommy, sort your woman out.

TOMMY
No problem, we’re out’a here.

EXT. ARKANSAS - PIG TRAIL (HIGHWAY 23) - NIGHT

SUPER: “PIG TRAIL HIGHWAY 1998”

A RED FORD MUSTANG COBRA SPEEDS over the BROW OF A HILL. The car passes, a POLICE SIREN is heard. A POLICE CRUISER, LIGHTS flashing and SIREN howling, appears, it chases down the Mustang. The Mustang pulls over onto the side of the road, the cruiser pulls up behind it.
EXT. ROAD SIDING - CONTINUOUS

A STATE TROOPER, MELVIN BOOTHROY (38) tall, beefy, uncompromising, gets out of the car and walks slowly towards the Mustang, his right hand on his SIDEARM. He knocks on the WINDOW of the car. The window opens. In the car are TWO preppy COLLEGE KIDS.

MELVIN
Let me see your licence and registration.

The DRIVER (19) leans over to the glove compartment, takes out the DOCUMENTS and hands them to the officer.

MELVIN (CONT’D)
You know that you were doing 80 in a 55 zone?

DRIVER
Hey, look, I’m really sorry, officer, I guess I just wasn’t looking at the clock. Hey, any chance we can forget this?

MELVIN
Now boy, you break the law, you get yourself a ticket.

Melvin takes the license and starts copying information into his note pad.

MELVIN (CONT’D)
Where you boys going?

PASSENGER
Hey, officer, sorry, we’ll take it easy, there was just this guy who...

DRIVER
Cool it, will ya!

MELVIN
You say something, boy?

DRIVER
Nah, he’s just running his mouth.

PASSENGER
Look, the house off of the dirt road, there’s some weird shit going on.
DRIVER
I told you to shut up!

Melvin looks at both young men.

MELVIN
I need you both to get out of the car, keep your hands in clear view, you hear?

The two young men exit the car.

MELVIN (CONT’D)
Put your hands on the roof and don’t move. I don’t wanna tell you boys twice.

The two young men do as requested.

DRIVER
We ain’t done nothing wrong, officer. I’m sorry about the speeding but as he said, this guy was talking about killing people and...

Melvin pats down the passenger, unimpressed by their excuses.

MELVIN
Yeah, yeah, killing people?

Melvin starts to pat down the driver and discovers a TRANSPARENT BAG OF PILLS in his pocket. He holds up the bag.

MELVIN (CONT’D)
You wanna tell me what these are?

PASSENGER
Shit.

Melvin cuffs both young men and points to the police cruiser.

MELVIN
We gonna take a ride, boys, I need you to get in the back of the cruiser.

Melvin escorts the young men back to the cruiser and puts them in the BACK SEAT. He shuts the door, opens the driver’s door and gets in.
INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

PASSENGER
Please, sir, my father is gonna to
go bananas if he finds out about
this, can’t you help us out here?

He fumbles in his back pocket.

PASSENGER (CONT’D)
I got money, see, it’s yours if you
can...

DRIVER
Shut the fuck up, will ya, we’re in
enough trouble already.

Melvin, ignoring the young man’s pleas, unhooks the TWO WAY
HAND SET.

MELVIN
(into handset)
Yeah. Officer Boothroy on Pig
Trail. I need assistance.

WOMAN OPERATOR
(on speaker)
Yes, Officer?

MELVIN
(onto handset)
I need a crew here to bring in a
red Ford Mustang Cobra, licence
plate,
(looks and hesitates)
Momma’s Boy?
(looks back at the men)
Shit, what kind of a plate is that?

WOMAN OPERATOR
(on speaker)
Momma’s Boy?

MELVIN
(onto handset)
You got it, honey, the vehicle is
stationary on Pig Trail about a
quarter of a mile north of the
Breakmine bridge.

WOMAN OPERATOR (O.S.)
(on speaker)
You got it.
Melvin turns to the driver.

MELVIN
Okay, boy, you wanna tell me what’s goin down?

DRIVER
Look, I don’t know. The guy that sold us the drugs, he was acting crazy, talking about killing people.

MELVIN
Okay?

PASSENGER
He was ranting, something about shooting someone. I don’t know, the guy scared the shit out’a me.

MELVIN
Along the dirt road, you say?

PASSENGER
Yes sir.

Melvin gets back on the radio transmitter.

MELVIN
(into handset)
Yeah, Boothroy again. Do we have any information regarding some guy in the vicinity of...

EXT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - SOME TIME LATER

Dim lights shine from the windows as LOUD MUSIC is heard emulating from the house. To the right of the house lies a DENSELY WOODED area, to the left, an old TRAILER. Tommy’s bike sits next to his pickup. The police cruiser slowly pulls up, the car’s HEADLIGHTS shine on the front door.

INT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - LOUNGE - SAME TIME

Bonnie and Tommy are totally WASTED, dancing wildly. The house is a mess, vodka bottles and beer cans litter the room, lines of coke cover the coffee table.

Bonnie stops dancing and drops to the sofa, she sits forward and snorts two lines of coke. She wipes her nose, sniffs, and beckons to Tommy.
BONNIE
Here, baby doll.

Tommy drops to his knees next to the sofa and snorts a couple of lines. They start to fondle each other. There is a KNOCK on the door. Tommy looks up and shouts.

TOMMY
Who’s there?
(to Bonnie)
You expecting someone?

BONNIE
Maybe someone wants to deal.

Tommy gets up, takes a HANDGUN from a cloth bag under the table, tucks it in the back of his jeans, lays a NEWSPAPER over the coffee table and crosses to the door. He opens the door and sees Melvin silhouetted in a BLAZE OF LIGHT from the headlights of the cruiser.

TOMMY
(shielding his eyes)
Yeah?

MELVIN
Tommy Tomb?

TOMMY
Yeah, who’s askin’?

MELVIN
I hear you’ve been dealing drugs, boy. You wanna tell me about it?

TOMMY
I ain’t your boy! Get the fuck out’a here!

Tommy tries to shut the door. Melvin pushes it open. Melvin grabs Tommy by the arm and holds him.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Fuck you! You got a search warrant?

MELVIN
I believe you have a large stash of drugs in here.

TOMMY
(shouts)
Bonnie!
Boy, I’m arresting you for possession.

Melvin takes a step into the room.

Anything you say may be...

Bonnie, having moved into a position behind the door, strikes Melvin around the head with a BASEBALL BAT. Melvin takes the blow, shakes his head and turns, he looks at Bonnie.

Well, fuck you, lady!

Melvin sideswipes Bonnie, she falls backwards over the coffee table exposing the lines of coke.

You’re both under arrest.

Tommy draws his gun and sticks it right under Melvin’s nose.

You mother fucker!

(pointing with the gun)
Get the fuck over there.

Now hold on there, boy. You don’t wanna make this situation any worse than it is.

Move!.. On the chair!

Melvin slowly moves to a fold up METAL CHAIR next to the sofa, and sits. He stares menacingly at Tommy.

What the fuck are you looking at?

(shouts to Bonnie)
Get some tape!

Bonnie goes to the sideboard and grabs some DUCT TAPE. She forces Melvin’s hands around the back of the chair and wraps tape around his wrists. She does the same thing with his legs, wrapping them around the front legs of the chair.

Stick some over his mouth.
MELVIN
You don’t wanna be doin’ that, girlie.

Bonnie tears off some tape and roughly sticks it over Melvin’s mouth. They both dance around Melvin, taunting him. Bonnie plants a big kiss on his cheek, then proceeds to lap dance for him. She laughs, then to Tommy.

BONNIE
He ain’t so tough now, baby.

Bonnie starts to dance sexually in front of Melvin.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
(to Melvin)
You like me, big boy? You find me sexy? I got big titties, bet you’d like to fuck me, ay?

TOMMY
Big fuckin’ cop! HUH!

Melvin stares, Tommy strikes him again with the gun.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
What you looking at?

Distant police SIRENS are heard. Tommy rushes to the window.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
He must have called for backup.
(to Melvin)
You called for backup, you fuck!

Melvin just stares. Tommy hits him across the face with the barrel of the gun.

Melvin mumbles something through the gag.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Fuck you!

Tommy draws a HUNTING KNIFE from his BOOT and waves it close to the trooper’s face.

BONNIE
Cut him, Tommy. Go on. Cut him. He made me bleed, let’s see what he’s got.
Tommy takes the knife, goes around to the back of the chair, grabs Melvin's hair, jerking his head back, then draws the BLADE across Melvin's THROAT, cutting a LONG DEEP WOUND. Blood gushes.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
(SCREAMS)
Fuck, Tommy. Why did you do that?

TOMMY
It’s okay, baby, we got this, you know the drill.

Bonnie and Tommy cross to the crib that sits in the centre of the room and take SHOTGUNS from under the red blanket. Each gun has a makeshift WIRE MECHANISM attached to its trigger. They load the guns and start nestling them on makeshift TWIN STANDS that sit behind each window. Tommy gathers the combined wires and trails them to a FIRING MECHANISM behind the front door. Bonnie loads more guns as Tommy DOUSES the whole lounge with GASOLINE. He then takes hold of the wires and kneels by the door.

EXT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A DOZEN police cruisers pull up and surround the area around the house, OFFICERS get out and crouch behind the open doors of the cruisers. A POLICE CAPTAIN gets out of one of the cruisers. He shouts to officers.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Get round the back of the house, no one gets out of here, you hear?

Police officers surround the house. The Captain shouts to another officer.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT’D)
I want all the roads in the vicinity sealed off, no one gets in or out.

Takes a LOUD HAILER from the cruiser and directs it towards the house.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT’D)
(through loud hailer)
Tommy Tomb, we know you’re in there, come out with your hands up!
TOMMY (O.S.)
(shouts)
You and who’s army, cop? Hey! Fuck you!

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS
Tommy opens the door slightly and FIRES a shotgun, hitting one of the cruisers and knocking the headlights out.

TOMMY
Okay, baby, let’s go!

Bonnie starts firing from HOLES in the timbers whilst Tommy pulls each wire, one at a time. The wires create RAPID FIRE from within the house.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

POLICE CAPTAIN
Jesus, they got a fucking army in there!
(to officer)
Call for more back up, and Freddy, get the fire department and medics here.

The officer scurries off.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT’D)
(shouts)
Fire!

The entire police force open fire, the house is peppered with bullets. Thin shafts of LIGHT emulate from the BULLET HOLES of the timber framed house. The shoot-out continues.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS
Tommy takes out the flip top lighter, lights a newspaper and sets fire to the house. The police gunfire continues.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS
The house starts smoking then is ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Hold your fire!
INT. HOUSE - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie and Tommy, cowering from the RAGING FIRE, move to the center of the room. Bonnie SHIELDS herself from the searing heat as Tommy throws back a LARGE RUG on the floor, revealing a TRAP DOOR. Tommy opens the trap door and Bonnie climbs down the opening.

BONNIE
The crib!

TOMMY
Forget it.

BONNIE
Tommy?

TOMMY
Forget it!

Tommy climbs down the opening and shuts the trap door behind him. A STRING attached to the rug, drags the rug back over the trap door, concealing it. A BURNING EMBER falls into the crib.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

The fire is out of control, police try to enter but are forced back by the searing heat. A police officer lies, wounded, next to one of the cars.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Get a medic here, now!

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - LATER

Tommy CRAWLS through the TIGHT SPACE of the TUNNEL, followed by Bonnie. Tommy holds a TORCH that shines the way.

TOMMY
Not much further, you okay, baby?

BONNIE
No problem.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fire engines, cruisers and medical vehicles are in abundance. FIRE FIGHTERS try to extinguish the flames, MEDICS tend to the injured OFFICER. The Captain watches the house burn.
POLICE CAPTAIN
No one could survive that.

INT. WOODS - SMALL HUT - LATER

The small WOODEN HUT has no windows, only a door that is BOLTED from the inside. The floor of the hut has a TRAP DOOR. The door opens and Tommy emerges, followed by Bonnie. Both are COVERED IN MUD. Tommy takes a KEY from a hook on the wall and opens the door lock.

EXT. WOODS - WOODEN HUT - CONTINUOUS

The door slowly opens, Tommy looks out.

TOMMY
Okay, baby, all clear.

Bonnie and Tommy exit the wooden shelter, Tommy shuts the door. They are at the edge of a heavily wooded area. The shelter is some way from the house. In the distance, the GLOW and the FLAMES of Tommy’s house are visible.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
We made it, baby.

BONNIE
Let’s get the hell out’a here.

They crouch down and run into the woods.

EXT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - LATER

Fire fighters still fight the blaze, officers mill around the burning building.

INT. HOUSE - NEXT DAY - DAY

Three FORENSIC officers in white boiler suits sift through the charred remains of the burnt out building. The roof has gone and smoke still hangs thick in the air as Bates, Peters and Mendez look round for clues. An unrecognizable CHARRED BODY, still attached to the scorched chair sits at the side of the room.

BATES
Where the hell are all the bodies?
MENDEZ
Beats me, we got one corpse, possibly Boothroy. That’s it.

BATES
So who was doing all the shooting?

Peters walks over to Bates, holding a shotgun. The wire is still attached to the trigger.

PETERS
What do you make of this, Jim?

Bates inspects the mechanism.

BATES
Jesus, we’re dealing with a fuckin’ Einstein.

PETERS
So whatta we looking at here?

BATES
God knows, maybe two or three shooters?

Mendez looks at the charred body.

MENDEZ
That poor bastard’s still tied to the chair.

PETERS
What kind of animals do this?

MENDEZ
You know this is the Tomb place, don’t ya.

BATES
Tommy Tomb?

PETERS
Yeah.

BATES
Peters, go put a call out, have this guy picked up.

Peters walks out of the house. The doctor enters and goes over to the body. Mendez sees him.

MENDEZ
Jim, the doc’s here.
BATES
Oh, and Joe, check if the Lee girl is around, if you find her bring her in.

MENDEZ
You got it.

Forensic officer TEX BADLEE, wearing a white overall, walks around the building.

BADLEE
(to FIREMAN)
Can someone get some water over here?

FIREMAN
You got it.

The fireman drags a firehose over to Badlee.

BADLEE
Throw some water over this.

The fireman opens the hose and water rushes out.

BADLEE (CONT'D)
Gently, gently.

The water runs over the still SMOULDERING crib, filling it. Badlee looks inside. The floor of the crib gives way under the weight of the water, and the crib, Badlee and the charred rug fall through the floor of the house.

BADLEE (CONT'D)
Will someone get me out of here?

The fireman and Bates pull Badlee from the hole and try to lift the crib out.

BATES
(to Mendez)
Joe, give us a hand.

Bates and Mendez lift the crib out and set it aside, they then pull the soaking wet rug from the hole to reveal the tunnel.

BATES (CONT'D)
What the...

Looks down the shaft.
MENDEZ
We got rats in a drainpipe.

BATES
Joe, get a team here and see where this goes. I want these bastards caught, and fast.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER comes over and hands a charred BADGE to Bates.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Looks like Boothroy, sir.

BATES
Poor bastard. Officer, I want all the contents that ain’t destroyed taken to the lockup, I don’t want no one touching anything until we have a chance to examine them.

EXT. WOODLAND - MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

It’s cold. Tommy roasts a SKINNED RABBIT over a small twig and brush FIRE. There is a makeshift SHELTER of branches and leaves visible. Both Bonnie and Tommy appear DISHEVELED, Bonnie, her hair matted, Tommy, unshaven and dirty. Bonnie shivers as she warms her hands by the fire.

Tommy pulls the rabbit from the fire, hurriedly cuts it in two with his hunting knife, gives half to Bonnie and drops the knife as he frantically juggles the still hot rabbit. They eat.

BONNIE
This is bullshit, Tommy. I can’t take it, we gotta get out’a here.

TOMMY
And go where?

BONNIE
I don’t know. Mexico, maybe.

TOMMY
Mexico, huh?
(beat)
You think they took the bike?

BONNIE
I don’t know and I ain’t goin’ back to find out.
TOMMY
Maybe we could steal one.

BONNIE
I don’t give a shit what we do, I need some proper food and I seriously need a fix.

Bones lie everywhere as they finish the rabbit. Tommy kicks dirt over the fire, inadvertently covering the knife.

TOMMY
Okay, lets go.

They disappear into the woods. The sound of a CHOPPER is heard overhead, its LIGHTS survey the woods.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MUCH LATER - NIGHT

Bonnie and Tommy emerge from the woods into the PITCH-BLACK, tree lined road. The moon is absent from the night sky as millions of STARS pulsate brightly, casting an eerie hue over the distant horizon. To the right of the road lies a shimmering LAKE that reflects the night stars, to the left a densely wooded FOREST, dark and uninviting. The sound of chirping CRICKETS is all that can be heard.

FLASH: A ten pointer DEER suddenly appears, his EYES BLAZE in the darkness. Bonnie SCREAMS.

BONNIE
What the fuck...

The deer scurries off into the blackness.

END OF FLASH - BACK TO SCENE:

Tommy is distracted as in the distance, TWIN LIGHTS are seen.

TOMMY
What the hell is that?

A distant sound of a MOTOR is audible.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Baby, I think we got ourselves a ride.

BONNIE
Or a bloody spaceship.

The lights come closer and closer and appear to BOUNCE as they travel over the small mounds of the bumpy road.
BONNIE (CONT'D)
Maybe we shouldn’t do this, baby.

Tommy takes the gun from the back of his jeans, checks the
breach and puts it back.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
No more killin’, Tommy, we’re done
with that.

TOMMY
Shut the fuck up. I’m gonna flag it
down.

BONNIE
What if it’s the cops?

TOMMY
They ain’t gonna be travelin’ down
a road like this. Get over to the
side.

BONNIE
Tommy, forget it, please.

TOMMY
I told ya to shut it.

Bonnie moves to the side of the track and crouches. Tommy
stands in the CENTER of the road waving his ARMS frantically
to signal the car to stop. The car comes to a SCREECHING halt
at Tommy’s feet. Tommy SHIELDS his eyes from the blinding
light as he reaches for the gun. He shouts.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Hey, you wanna turn them lights
off?

There is a deadly hush. Tommy tries to see past the lights.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Hey, any chance you’re going my
way, buddy? My truck broke down
just over the ridge and I...

There is a LOUD CLICK as four doors swing open
simultaneously, crouched behind the doors are four UNIFORMED
POLICE OFFICERS, guns drawn and pointed at Tommy. One of the
officers SHOUTS.

OFFICER
Freeze. Put your hands in the air
and don’t move.
Tommy shouts to Bonnie.

    TOMMY
    Run baby, run.

Bonnie gets up, turns, and runs into the woods. Two officers give chase and run her down immediately.

    BONNIE
    (screams)
    Tommy.

Tommy makes a dash for it and heads for the lake. He ZIGZAGS as he runs.

    OFFICER
    Freeze or we’ll fire.

Tommy runs into the lake and starts swimming.

    OFFICER (CONT’D)
    Okay, fire.

The officers shoot at the barely visible figure.

EXT. LAKE - IN WATER - CONTINUOUS

Tommy swims, bullets entering the water are seen all around him, he is hit in the arm, then in the leg. He shouts.

    TOMMY
    Okay, okay, I’m done.

EXT. LAKE - LAKE SIDE - CONTINUOUS

An officer takes off his, shirt, belt and boots, and dives into the water.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tommy, bleeding profusely from his wounds, is dragged from the lake. Tommy laughs then shouts to Bonnie.

    TOMMY
    Guess this ain’t our day, baby.

A further three cruisers pull up, lights blazing and sirens howling. Tommy, supported by two officers, is taken to one of the cars.
Forced to get in, he grabs the door, pulls himself up, and shouts to Bonnie, who is being escorted to another car.

**TOMMY (CONT’D)**
I love you, baby.

**BONNIE**
I love you too, honey.

**TOMMY**
Don’t let them fuck with you, baby, they’re gonna try to get you to tell em all kinds of stuff, don’t say nothin’ I...

Bonnie and Tommy are bundled into the back of the cars.

**INT. ARKANSAS SUPREME COURT - DAY**

Tommy stands with his DEFENSE TEAM, awaiting the court’s ruling.

**JUDGE**
Tommy Tomb, you have been found guilty of all three counts of murder in the first degree. Do you have anything to say?

**TOMMY**
Hey, it’s been a hell of a life, wouldn’t have changed a thing, should never have got caught, though... You know what? It’s been an education.

**JUDGE**
It is the judgement of this court that you shall be taken to a place of incarceration and at a time specified, be executed by way of lethal injection.

**BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE’S CELL - NIGHT**

Tommy’s vision speaks.

**TOMMY**
You left me out to dry, baby. Told ‘em it was all my fault. You killed me and they’re gonna kill you. Time’s running out, baby girl.
BONNIE
Rot in hell, user!

TOMMY
(laughs)
I’m here, waitin’ for you.

INT. ARKANSAS SUPREME COURT - (FLASHBACK) - DAY

SUPER: “1993, ARKANSAS SUPREME COURT”

BONNIE, (16) wrists and ankles SHACKLED, is led into the packed courtroom, she is dressed provocatively in a black shirt, virtually open, showing her developed CLEAVAGE, a short black leather mini skirt, black leggings and boots.

In the public gallery there are numerous Bonnie Lee SUPPORTERS and a bunch of Hells Angels. Bonnie acknowledges the supporters, punches the air and takes her seat. The Hells Angels show their support.

The defense and prosecution teams of ATTORNEYS sit at their desks. The CLERK OF THE COURT sits to the left of the Judge’s stand.

The JUDGE (60), Irish, rotund, gray wavy hair, thick IRISH ACCENT, enters from a door to the rear of the courtroom.

CLERK
All rise. His Honour, Judge Patrick O’Flarity presiding. The court is now in session.

All stand except Bonnie. The Judge looks disapprovingly at her as he takes his seat, he motions to the Clerk.

CLERK (CONT’D)
(to the court)
Please be seated.

All sit. The clerk rises.

CLERK (CONT’D)
The people of the State of Arkansas versus Bonnie B. Lee, case number, BF02-84 on the Judicial Calendar. Will all parties declaring an interest in these proceedings please confirm their appearances for the record.
Prosecution attorney KEN ROSEWOOD (45), distinguished, tall, dressed in a smart, expensive dark gray suit, white shirt and red tie. To his left are two further attorneys similarly turned out. Rosewood stands.

ROSEWOOD
Good morning, Your Honor. The State of Arkansas is represented by Attorney Ken Rosewood, lead counsel and special prosecutor in this case. Appearing with me to my right is Assistant Attorney General Tom Beestock, and from the Department of Justice, Norman Rolls.

Both men rise and nod to the Judge.

Bonnie’s Attorney, ANTHONY FOSTER (25), buck teeth, unattractive, thin, wearing glasses and an old lose fitting suit, sits next to THOMAS SHAFT (30’s) short, balding, overweight, similarly attired.

Foster plays with his papers, looks up and stands. He has a mild stutter.

FOSTER
Ah-ah-ah-yeah. Good morning, Yah-yah, Your Honor. Bonnie B. Lee’s appointed public defenders. Ah. am-am-am, immediately to my left, Thomas Shaft, and then there’s a-am-am, myself, Anthony Foster. Your Honor. Ah- ah the defense would like to ask the court whether...

The Judge interrupts Foster, looks sternly at Bonnie.

JUDGE
One moment, Councilor. Miss Lee. Your decision not to rise as the court came to order, would you be having some kind of a problem with my jurisdiction?

BONNIE
I have no idea what you’re talkin’ about, Your Worship.

JUDGE
I believe the correct vernacular in the State of Arkansas is Judge or Sir, Miss Lee. Not Your Worship. You will address me as directed, is that clear?
Bonnie shrugs her shoulders.

JUDGE (CONT’D)
Councilor, is your client aware that she’s on trial for her life?

ATTORNEY FOSTER
Ah-ah-ah-w-we apologize, Your Honor.

BONNIE
Look, Your Honor, Sir, Judge, whatever you wanna call yourself. Can’t we just get on with this? I got a stuttering fool for an attorney, the other guy, I have no idea why he’s even sitting there and I’m hungry and bored, so let’s move it along.

JUDGE
(bangs his gavel)
That’s enough, Miss Lee! I will not have this court disrespected. And, whilst we’re there, I strongly advise you to redress your revealing garment or we’ll find appropriate clothing to cover you.

Bonnie looks down at her provocative top, looks at the Judge.

BONNIE
You mean this, honey?

She smiles, runs her tongue across her lips and slowly starts to button up her shirt. The Judge glares at Bonnie.

JUDGE
Councilor!

Foster rises.

FOSTER
Ahm-um-ah-s-s-s-yuh.

Foster can’t get his words out. The Judge, frustrated.

JUDGE
Ugh. Proceed.

CLERK
Will the defendant please rise.

Foster and Bonnie stand.
CLERK (CONT’D)
Miss Bonnie B. Lee, you are charged with three counts of first-degree murder. On the first count, the murder of Travis Lee, how do you plead?

BONNIE
Retribution.

JUDGE
What the hell is this? Retribution?

BONNIE
Retribution means he got what he deserved, Judge.

JUDGE
I know what retribution means, Miss Lee.

BONNIE
Then why ask?

JUDGE
The court is not here to hear your opinions or editorializations, Miss Lee, it is here to decide whether you are guilty or not guilty of the charges set out by the state’s indictment. Is that clear? Now Councilor, the defendant will kindly plead.

FOSTER
We plead not guilty, Your Honour.

JUDGE
Now, was that difficult?

CLERK
On the second count, the murder of Francine Lee, how do you plead?

BONNIE
No interest.

JUDGE
Ugh.

FOSTER
Not guilty on both counts, Your Honor.
Bonnie leans over and whispers to Foster.

BONNIE
Why are we playing these fuckin’ games? These people don’t give a crap, they just want me dead.

FOSTER
Will you a, s-s-s-stop this. How am I supposed to defend you if I have to deal with this, a-a-a-this, this bullshit?

Bonnie looks at Foster. Looks at the Judge.

BONNIE
Do I have to have this dude to defend me? We could all be dead by the time he gets a sentence out.

JUDGE
This is not the time to be considering changing representation, Miss Lee. Any such decisions must be made at a later stage, not during the preliminary stages of the trial.

BONNIE
Well k-k-k-kick my ass.
(mockingly to court)
The Lord is my shepherd, Judge, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord.

JUDGE
What was that you say?

BONNIE
Come on. Is this all part of the shakedown, Judge? You convict me because of my insubordination, my mockin’ behavior in your precious courtroom? Then everyone’s happy. You all go home to your nice suburban homes with your nice suburban families while I rot in hell. Well, Your Honor, I don’t give a shit.
JUDGE
You’ll moderate your language, young lady, and you’ll desist from using that kind of language in my courtroom. This is not a fairground.

BONNIE
The hell it’s not!

JUDGE
And while you’re at it, I will not have my reputation besmirched by these inane accusations! Do I make myself clear?

BONNIE
I have no idea what the hell you’re talkin’ about.

JUDGE
Mr. Foster, I strongly advise you to have a word with your client.

FOSTER
(whispers to Bonnie)
Y-y-you’ve gotta stop a-a-a doing this, the Judge is not the enemy here.

BONNIE
Jesus.

JUDGE
Continue with the charges.

CLERK
Bonnie B. Lee, on count three, you are further charged with the kidnap and first-degree murder of Melvin Boothroy, to this indictment, how do you plead?

BONNIE
I plead insanity, Judge. Crazy as a rubber full of frogs. Still am, always will be.

She puts her index fingers in the sides of her mouth.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
See? La, la, la, la, la.
Crazy as a cow shitting bricks.
JUDGE
Councilor!

Foster holds his hands up.

FOSTER
Judge I...

JUDGE
Read the charge again.

CLERK
To the kidnap and murder of State
Trooper Melvin Boothroy, how do
you...

FOSTER
We plead not guilt....

BONNIE
(interrupting)
Who gives a rat’s ass how I plead?
This is bullshit.

FOSTER
Judge, the defendant pleads not
guilty to all charges.

BONNIE
Well praise be the Lord! Can we all
go home now?

The bikers in the gallery react loudly, Bonnie turns and
smiles at her supporters. The Judge bangs his GAVAL, her
lawyer tries to calm her, but Bonnie is playing to the crowd.

FOSTER
For Christ’s sake, cool it. Order, order!

BONNIE
(to Foster)
Fuck you.
(looking at the Judge)
And fuck you too!

JUDGE
That’s it, have her ejected!

BONNIE
Ejected? Ejected, Judge?

She leans forward.
BONNIE (CONT'D)
I could have you ejecting in 3
seconds flat, you fat, ugly fuck.
They all destroyed my life, but you
don’t wanna hear about that, do ya?
I died everyday for their greed,
drugs and lust, where’s my justice,
Judge?
(screams)
Where’s my fuckin’ justice?

Pulls open her shirt, the buttons fly off, one hitting the
Judge.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
You wanna piece of this? You might
as well. Everyone else has been
there! This is what I’m guilty of,
Your Honor, being a fuckin’ play
thing for people like you, you
fuckin’ asshole!

She licks three fingers and puts them in her mouth.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Yeah, you recognise this, Your
Honor?

JUDGE
Take the prisoner out. The court is
in recess.
(to defense lawyer)
Councilor. My chambers. NOW.

The prosecution team sit silently watching the proceedings.
They smile as Bonnie is being led out. Bonnie screams at the
Judge.

BONNIE
Fuck you!

Then to the prosecution lawyers.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
Fuck you too! You know nothin’
about my life! I’d kill all of you
if I had the chance.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE’S CELL - LATER

Tammy-Lee emerges from the darkness.
TAMMY-LEE
Why were you so angry, Momma, was it because of me?

BONNIE
No, not you. I never knew who your Daddy was and I was too busy doin’ all kinds of drugs and stuff, I had no one to guide me.

Tammy-Lee dissolves. Bonnie taps the pen on her teeth, looks down and begins to write.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Baby, the trial was just procedure, I never had a chance, didn’t understand half the things they were talkin’ about. Even the Judge hated me, seems the whole world blamed me for what I’d done. There was just one person who showed any interest...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARKANSAS CORRECTIONAL CENTRE - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Bonnie sits in a BOOTH behind a GLASS PARTITION. Sadie enters, walks to the booth and sits, they look through the glass and each pick up a PHONE.

SADIE
Hi.

Bonnie sits silently.

SADIE (CONT’D)
Can we talk?

BONNIE
How did you get in here? I don’t have a visitors list.

SADIE
I got your lawyer...

BONNIE
Who? Fumbling Foster?

SADIE
Huh?
BONNIE
Arkansas’s answer to Elmer Fudd, the stuttering gerbil?

Sadie starts to laugh. Bonnie slowly joins in.

SADIE
I have n-n-n-n-o idea who y-y-y-you’re talkin’ about.

They both laugh again.

BONNIE
You seen him?

SADIE
He was on the late news, who the hell appoints these guys? Anyway, I got him to put in a request to the warden.

BONNIE
Hey, I’m sorry I was such a... Well, you know. Hey, I’m just glad you’re here.

SADIE
Me too.

A moment of reflective silence.

BONNIE
So what do ya need?

SADIE
I’d just like us to be friends, Bonnie. Tommy was a bad guy, I know the hell you went through with him. He had me doing all kinds of weird stuff when we were married, that’s why I left him.

Bonnie sits back saying nothing, she appears emotional. She puts her hand up to the glass, Sadie mirrors her.

SADIE (CONT’D)
I have a son, his son, the only good thing that came out’a the marriage, and I feel I have a kind of connection with you, some kind of bonding, maybe cos we both went through similar things.
(MORE)
SADIE (CONT’D)
And I just wanted you to know, if there’s anything I can do to help ease your pain, I...

Bonnie breaks down.

BONNIE
You know what? No one never done nothin’ for me my whole life that didn’t want somethin’ sexual in return. No one.

Bonnie pulls herself together.

SADIE
All I can say is that I’m here if you need me.

BONNIE
You wanna do somethin’ for me? Grandpa’s crib, it’s like the only thing that means somethin’ to me my whole life. Would you take it?

SADIE
Bonnie, I, um...

BONNIE
It’s important, Sadie, kind of symbolic. Ya see the crib always held new life for me, and if it goes, then my life had no purpose, my whole existence becomes meaningless. Would you please take it, please? My lawyer asked me what I wanted to do with it and now I know. You have to have it.

SADIE
Okay, sure, where is it?

BONNIE
The police have it in some holding room, I heard it’s a little fire damaged, but you, Billy and Bobby-Joe can maybe fix it up real good. It’s gonna bring you luck, Sadie, you see if it don’t, maybe use it when you have another little ‘un. I’ll get my new lawyer to apply to have it released to you.
SADIE
Bonnie, is there something I’m missing here?

BONNIE
It’s about luck, Sadie, luck and Karma, the willingness of giving and receiving.

Guard calls time.

GUARD (O.S.)
That’s it, wrap it up.

SADIE
I’ll see it’s looked after, and, thank you.

Sadie stands and exits. Bonnie sits for a moment, stands and leaves.

INT. ARKANSAS SUPREME COURT - NEXT DAY

The trial is in progress, the jurors sworn in and opening statements and pleas completed. The Judge, to Rosewood.

JUDGE
Mr. Rosewood, would you like to commence with your opening statement?

ROSEWOOD
Thank you, Your Honor.

Rosewood stands and crosses to the jurors. He nods to the Judge as he proceeds with his opening address.

ROSEWOOD (CONT’D)
Your Honor...

To the jurors.

ROSEWOOD (CONT’D)
May it please the Court, and you, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury...
Firstly, good morning. We are here today to adjudicate three of the most heinous crimes ever committed in the state’s history. The indictment consists of three counts of murder in the first-degree. I repeat... Three counts of murder.

(MORE)
ROSEWOOD (CONT’D)
Three innocent people were murdered
in cold blood because the defendant
didn’t like the way she was being
treated or spoken to...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUPREME SUPERIOR COURT - LATER

Rosewood completes his opening address.

ROSEWOOD
...and is awaiting sentence. So
these are the facts, and they are
irrefutable. Bonnie B. Lee was a
consenting party to all three
murders and murder is murder. Pure
and simple. Therefore if, and I
express, IF, there is no doubt in
your mind, then you must find the
defendant guilty of all charges.
Thank you.

He turns and walks to his desk.

JUDGE
Mr. Foster.

FOSTER
Thu-um-eh-er, thank you, Judge.

He makes the same journey over to the jurors.

FOSTER (CONT’D)
Ah-ah-ah mm-mm-ah, ladies and guh-
guh-guh-guh-gentlemen of the jury. Am-
am-am- i-i-we-we...

Foster looks around the court. Looks to the Judge.

FOSTER (CONT’D)
Um-ah, I believe we have n-n-n-no
opening statement, ya-yaya-ya, Your
Honor.

He smiles at the jurors, turns and crosses to his desk.
Bonnie looks at him in disbelief, looks at the Judge. Looks
bemused. She rises. Makes a hand gesture implying, “What the
hell was that?” To Judge.

BONNIE
Hello?... You have a better idea?
JUDGE
Miss Lee, would you like a recess to reconsider your position?

BONNIE
Ah, you’d think!

JUDGE
Very well. The court is in recess. Councilors, my chambers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUPREME SUPERIOR COURT – THREE DAYS LATER

Bonnie has a new DEFENDER, ALAN PERCY, good looking, smart and on the money. The proceedings have been under way and the trial is in full flow.

PERCY
I call Detective Jim Bates

Bates enters the court and takes the stand.

JUDGE
You understand that you’re still under oath, Detective?

BATES
Yes, sir.

PERCY
Detective, exhibit 4B.

He holds up the rucksack.

PERCY (CONT’D)
This is the rucksack that you say was the defendant’s?

BATES
That’s correct.

Percy goes under the desk, takes out an identical bag.

PERCY
Did you know that there were maybe one hundred of these bags sold in this state over the last year?

BATES
Yeah, I’m aware of that.
PERCY
So the chances of the rucksack being the defendant’s is at best, slight?

BATES
We don’t think so.

PERCY
(mockingly)
And why is that, officer? Did she have her name engraved on the bag?

BATES
No, but it had a blood stained shirt that has been proved by forensics to be hers, in the side pocket.

PERCY
Oh please don’t worry about the shirt, detective, we’ll get to that shortly. Firstly, I’d like to...

INT. SUPREME SUPERIOR COURT - LATER

Bonnie is on the stand.

ROSEWOOD
... and you still insist that you were not at fault?

Bonnie turns to the Judge.

BONNIE
I never wanted to hurt that officer, Your Honor, he forced his way in to the house then knocked me clean across the room. He nearly broke my jaw. I had no idea what was goin’ down. I thought it was a shakedown, you know, cos Tommy was dealin’ drugs. I just thought it was him and Tommy having some kind’a dispute. I only tied him up cos Tommy told me to.

ROSEWOOD
You mean when you taped him to that chair and set fire to him, yo...
BONNIE
Fuck you, you know that wasn’t the way it was.

ROSEWOOD
Well, Miss Lee, in Mr. Tomb’s sworn statement and also in his trial, he said that you were...

INT. SUPREME SUPERIOR COURT - NEXT DAY

JUDGE
Mr. Percy, would you like to give your closing statement?

PERCY
Thank you, Your Honor.

He walks over to the jurors.

PERCY (CONT’D)
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. Well, it’s been an interesting journey, you have heard that...

INT. SUPREME COURT - DAYS LATER - DAY

The jury delivers their verdict.

FOREMAN
... and on the third count, murder in the first-degree, we find the defendant guilty as charged.

CLERK
And that is the verdict of you all?

FOREMAN
It is.

CLERK
Will the defendant please rise.

JUDGE
The jury has found you guilty on all three counts of first degree murder, because of the seriousness of the charges I have...

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. SUPREME COURT - LATER

JUDGE
...death by lethal injection. The court is now in recess.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. BONNIE'S CELL - LATER

Bonnie continues writing.

BONNIE (V.O.)
We were both found guilty on all counts, and sentenced to death. I was numb and it never hit me for maybe six months. Tommy had no contact with me after the trial, said I was the cause of all his misfortunes. Heard that his appeals got turned down, and after five years they carried out the sentence. They say he went out squawking like a duck on an orange farm, guess he just...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARKANSAS CORRECTIONAL CENTRE - EXECUTION CHAMBER - DAY

THE WARDEN, CHAPLAIN, PRISON GUARDS AND VARIOUS WITNESSES are in attendance as Tommy is strapped to the GURNEY, SYRINGES are attached to both arms. Tommy is a now a scared man, gone are the bully boy tactics. He PLEADS for his life.

TOMMY
Hey, man, you don’t need to do this. Come on, it was all her fault, she made me do it. Hey, Chaplain, you gotta help me, man.

WARDEN
The sentence, death by lethal injection, will now be administered.

The syringes start to depress.

TOMMY
(crying)
It was that fuckin’ bitch, man, the cop, Francine, the dude, you hear me!.. I ain’t responsible...

(MORE)
TOMMY (CONT'D)
Come on, man, you have to believe me. No, no, don’t...

BACK TO: INT. PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Attorney Percy sits with Bonnie.

PERCY
...it’s not gone well, Bonnie, they’ve turned down the appeal.

BONNIE
So?

PERCY
Well, unless we can find some new evidence, I don’t know what else we can do.

BONNIE
Jesus.

PERCY
I haven’t given up yet, let’s see if I can...

INT. THE WILSON RANCH - DINING ROOM - EVENING

The PRISON WARDEN, JACK, (60’s) sits at the dining table in the elegantly furnished room. A large crystal chandelier, its lights dimmed, hangs over the table. Wall lights give an intimate feel to the room. SHEILA WILSON, (45) an elegant woman, her husband RON (50’s) and pretty daughter ABIGAIL, (8) sit at the table. A Golden Labrador lies at the feet of Abigail. They have completed their meal.

WARDEN JACK
Sheila, I have to go. I’ve had a wonderful evening, thank you.

SHEILA
We’re so glad you could join us.

ABIGAIL
See you again soon, Uncle Jack.

Sheila and the Warden rise. The Warden takes Sheila’s arm. They exit.
INT. WILSON RANCH - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sheila walks to the front door, followed by the Warden. To the left of the hallway is a HALL TABLE. Sheila takes a LETTER from a DRAWER, and hands it to the Warden. The Warden looks at the letter, looks at Sheila.

WARDEN
So?

SHEILA
It’s for Bonnie Lee.

WARDEN
Sheila, you know I can’t. All prisoner correspondence has to go through official channels. Why do you have an obsession with this case?

SHEILA
It’s very important to me and my family.

WARDEN
May I ask why?

SHEILA
I’m afraid I can’t tell you that right now, you just have to trust me. Jack, I need you to give her the letter just before she makes her way to the execution chamber, please!

WARDEN
Okay, but next time, ask me to do the dishes or mow the yard.

Sheila leans over and kissed the Warden on the cheek.

SHEILA
You’re a wonderful friend, Jack. Thank you.

EXT. BONNIE’S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie looks out, the WARDEN and party approach. They reach the cell, the Warden enters with the PRISON CHAPLAIN, a kind, ageing, IRISH MAN. Two PRISON GUARDS wait outside.
INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

WARDEN
Bonnie, would you like some time with the Chaplain?

BONNIE
Yes, thank you.

The Warden turns and exits the cell. The Chaplain takes Bonnie’s arm.

CHAPLAIN
Come, my child, let me help ease your burden.

Bonnie picks up the bible, sits on the bed with the Chaplain.

CHAPLAIN (CONT’D)
Would you like to confess?

BONNIE
I would, father.

CHAPLAIN
(crosses himself)
In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Bonnie holds the bible close to her chest.

BONNIE
Forgive me, father, for I have sinned. I have murdered, prostituted myself, worshipped dark forces, done so many bad things, I...

She breaks down.

CHAPLAIN
Hold steady now, child, God understands.

BONNIE
But, Father...

CHAPLAIN
God welcomes all who repent.

BONNIE
Father, I don’t understand, I didn’t mean to, I mean, I didn’t want to...
CHAPLAIN
My child, in the sight of God and
the courts of this country, you are
guilty of all of your crimes. You
cannot excuse yourself from the
blame. All you can do is ask God
for forgiveness and repent your
sins.

BONNIE
But Father, I...

The Warden enters the cell.

WARDEN
Bonnie, I’m sorry, it’s time.

Bonnie gets up, crosses to the desk and picks up the diary. She hands the diary to the Warden.

BONNIE
Warden, could you add this to the
rest of the diaries and make sure
my daughter gets them?

WARDEN
(looks puzzled)
Your daughter?

BONNIE
Please, if you would.

WARDEN
(beat)
Of course.

The Warden slips the letter into Bonnie’s hand, Bonnie looks
at him.

BONNIE
I’m sorry?

WARDEN
It’s something you need to read
before the end.

Bonnie lays down the bible, she exits the cell and stands
quietly with the officers. She starts to read the letter. The
Warden and Chaplain hold back.

CHAPLAIN
I wasn’t aware she had a daughter?
WARDEN
She hasn’t. I thought the diaries were for the production company.

CHAPLAIN
God help the child.

The Warden and Chaplain join Bonnie and start to walk along the corridor. Bonnie continues to read the letter.

INT. DEATH ROW - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

CHAPLAIN
Lord, take this repentant child and lead her into your arms and on to your kingdom, she will...

The Chaplain continues to pray as Bonnie is led past other death row inmates.

MEMORY FLASH:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP, Travis, knife through his neck, covered in blood.

END OF MEMORY FLASH

There is general commotion from the other prisoners as they watch Bonnie pass.

MEMORY FLASH:

Melvin’s throat being slit, blood squirting from the wound.

END OF MEMORY FLASH

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. - EXECUTION CHAMBER - LATER

The Warden, Chaplain and guards enter the chamber with Bonnie. She is helped onto the GURNEY by the guards.

MEMORY FLASH:

Francine, covered in blood, part of her head blown away.

END OF MEMORY FLASH

The guards strap Bonnie’s wrists and ankles and two IVs are INSERTED, one in each arm. One of the guards goes to take the letter from Bonnie’s hand.
WARDEN
(to guard)
Officer, let her keep it.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - WITNESS ROOM - SAME TIME

The STATE GOVERNOR, the PRESS and VARIOUS OFFICIALS file into the room through the TWO DOORS on either side of the chamber.

They move to their seats and sit silently. Sheila Wilson enters last and takes a seat at the back of the room. The CURTAIN that covers the windows of the execution chamber slowly RISES to reveal the gurney. Through the GLASS PARTITION, Bonnie is visible. SPEAKERS transmit the proceedings to the witnesses.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

WARDEN
Bonnie B. Lee, you have been found guilty by a jury of your peers for the murders of Melvin Boothroy, Travis Lee and Francine Lee. The sentence, death by lethal injection, will now be administered. Do you have anything to say before the sentence is carried out?

BONNIE
Only that I hope my death will highlight abuse, if only one child is saved from the trauma and destruction of their lives then I die knowing my life had some meaning. I am truly sorry for what I have done and I have made my peace. I’m ready.

The Warden nods to the EXECUTIONER, the plungers on the syringes containing the sodium thiopental SLOWLY DEPRESS.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
(quietly, to herself)
My baby, I’ll be with you shortly.

Bonnie appears to be at peace.

DISSOLVE TO:
Bonnie, her voice and words ALIEN to her normal self.

**BONNIE**
Lord, allow me to join you in your heavenly kingdom and make me steadfast in thy cause, and grant that I may be reconciled among those who have not violated thy covenant nor followed the gods of their own idle fancy.

Three GHOSTLY APPARITIONS appear, Francine, her face partly blown away, Travis, knife protruding from his neck, and the gray figure of Tommy, syringes in arms. They laugh hysterically as Tommy moves forward and speaks to Bonnie.

**TOMMY**
Still got too much to say, baby.

**BONNIE**
Begone, demons, allow me my place in God’s arms.

**FRANCINE**
Jesus. She actually believes she’s goin’ to see God.

**TRAVIS**
Come to Daddy, baby.

Tommy starts to sing.

**TOMMY**
(SINGS)
AIN’T SHE SWEET, SEE HER WALKING DOWN THE STREET.

He is joined by Francine and Travis.

**ALL**
(SING)
AND I ASK YOU VERY CONFIDENTIALLY, AIN’T SHE SWEET.

The music continues as all three go into a tap routine, then a soft shoe shuffle. The music stops abruptly.

**TRAVIS**
If music be the food of love.

**FRANCINE**
She’s on her way to meet her maker.
TOMMY  
(laughs)  
Satan, baby, Satan!

FRANCINE  
Baby, Momma’s waiting, don’t forget  
to bring the toys.

BONNIE  
Fuck you, fuck you, FUCK ALL OF  
YOU!

Bonnie starts to drift into UNCONSCIOUSNESS her head suddenly  
SNAPS UP, she looks at Tommy, smiles, her EYES BURNING.

BONNIE (CONT’D)  
(in demonic voice)  
HI BABY... RELEASE ME!

She struggles with her restraints. Tommy smiles.

BONNIE (CONT’D)  
Enable me to obtain a seat of truth  
in thy presence. Bestow upon me...

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Come to us, baby, come to Daddy.

FRANCINE  
It’s easy, baby, just let it go.

TOMMY  
We’re gonna do it all again, baby.  
You, me and your ever lovin’, Hells  
Angels.

BONNIE  
(to Tommy)  
Ya think, you fuck. Fuck you!

A DEEP INVERTED CROSS SHAPED GOUGE appears on Bonnie’s  
forehead, BLOOD drips from the wound, her eyes, BLOOD RED,  
are filled with HATE AND MADNESS. Her head JERKS upright.

She GRUNTS, her head turning rapidly from side to side. She  
lets out a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM!

BONNIE (CONT’D)  
You want to witness the execution  
of Bonnie B. Lee? Well, behold!

The room starts to SHAKE, PLASTER starts to fall from the  
ceiling and walls. Tommy, Francine and Travis look on  
smiling. Bonnie SCREAMS.
BONNIE (CONT'D)
You want dark forces? Okay! Release
these chains of bondage and allow
me to do thy work! My wrath?
Immense! My vengeance, total!

BONNIE (CONT'D)
(in Latin) Strike fear into the very
Illa miserabili hominum depths of these pathetic
intima incusso. mortals!

SUBTITLES
Bonnie starts to laugh uncontrollably. The RESTRAINTS on her
body SNAP, she then LEVITATES two feet off the gurney.

The IVs fly from Bonnie’s arms and career alarmingly through
the air before piercing Travis’s EYE and Francine’s FACE.

BONNIE
An eye for an eye. Weep, mother
fucker, WEEP!

TOMMY
You’re getting the hang of this,
baby.

BONNIE
Oh... You like to play with fire?

BOLTS OF ELECTRONS fly from Bonnie’s FINGERTIPS and strike
Tommy, setting him on FIRE. Tommy SCREAMS as he is engulfed
by flames.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
(laughing)
They say that vengeance is mine? So
be it!

A LIGHT BULB explodes.

BONNIE (CONT’D)
Do you hear me? Do you hear,
Master? Enslave these transgressors
and lead them into the fires of
your satanic majesty! Bonnie B. Lee
has the strength to defy you, I
shall never succumb to your will!

Melvin appears in his DRESS UNIFORM, salutes, smiles, he
dissolves and is then replaced by Tammy-Lee, she holds the
hand of a YOUNG MARINE. Bonnie “SCREAMS”. She sinks slowly
back onto the gurney, her eyes close, her hands twitch as her
head finally rests. The visions dissolve. The cross etched
into her forehead slowly disappears.
END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

FADE TO BLACK:

THERE IS TOTAL SILENCE.

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)
The final moments of Bonnie B. Lee’s life were a revelation, a release of her demons, her renunciation of evil. A woman freed from the trauma of a wasted life. Bonnie B. Lee is now at peace.

SLOWLY FADE IN:

CLOSE UP: BONNIE’S FACE.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)
God rest her soul.

INT. EXECUTION WITNESS ROOM - SAME TIME

A man and a woman stand at the glass partition looking at Bonnie’s body, the curtain descends. The remaining witnesses file out of the doors.

WOMAN’S VOICE
That was horrendous. I never want to experience anything like this again. God rest her soul.

MAN’S VOICE
I can’t see that this is justice.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - SAME TIME

The Warden and guards exit the room. The Chaplain spots the letter that had fallen from Bonnie’s hand. He picks it up.

INT. EXECUTION WITNESS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Through the open doorway of the now deserted witness room, Sheila Wilson walks away, she holds the hand of young girl wearing a RED DRESS. They disappear into the darkness.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - SAME TIME

CLOSE UP: Bonnie’s face.
Bonnie, almost smiling, is now at peace.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE:

SUPER: "THE FINAL WORD"

INT. CHAPLAIN’S HOME - DAY

--It's early dawn, the sun rises over the lake to the rear of
the Chaplain's home. The sunrise is serene and beautiful,
deep reds intermingled with white fluffy clouds. The still
waters of the lake MIRROR the rising of the sun. The Chaplain
stands by two open FRENCH DOORS reading Bonnie's letter.

CHAPLAIN
Dear Miss Lee, I have asked that
the Warden give you this letter
just prior to your execution, so
that you may face your final
moments with knowledge of the truth
of the night of February 10, 1991,
the night you gave birth to your
stillborn baby.

The Chaplain's voice cross fades to into Sheila Wilson's
voice.

SHEILA WILSON (V.O.)
What you are unaware of, is that
there was a second birth. A
beautiful, healthy baby girl, her
name now, Abigail.

INT. FRANCINE'S TRAILER - BONNIE’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

--Bonnie is giving birth, the baby arrives. Sheila takes the
baby, tries to revive it but can’t, the baby is stillborn.
Francine, totally out of it and waving a glass of Bourbon
around erratically, screams at Sheila.

SHEILA WILSON (V.O.)
My husband and I were unable to
adopt a baby as my husband had
suffered some mental problems and I
had been diagnosed infertile.
INT. BONNIE’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Bonnie is seen screaming as a second birth starts. Francine sits on a chair, drunk and seemingly uninterested as Sheila aids the birth.

SHEILA
Your mother found out about our predicament and suggested that we adopt your baby as she said you were too young to assume the responsibility of raising a child.

INT. BONNIE’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--The second baby is cleaned then wrapped in a RED BLANKET. Sheila hands money to Francine, Francine stuffs it into her bra, gets up, takes a piece of paper and pen from the bedside table and gets Bonnie to sign the paper. Bonnie, exhausted, blindly signs.

SHEILA
The adoption papers were signed and finances agreed, but I insisted that I come to witness and help with the delivery. But your baby was stillborn. I was about to leave, and then, as if by a miracle, a second baby arrived.

EXT. FRANCINE’S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

--Sheila exits the trailer carrying the baby wrapped in the blanket, she walks over to a waiting car, climbs in, closes the door, the car drives off.

SHEILA
Your mother took the money and I left with the baby. Abigail, the second baby... is our daughter.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. SADIE’S HOUSE - DAY

--Sadie and Billy struggle to get the crib up the stairs to the front of the house. Sadie SLIPS, the crib TUMBLES past Billy and SMASHES against the ground. The sun reflects off the SCUFFED black metal frame of the crib.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: GOLD SPARKLES IN THE SUNLIGHT.
EXT. WOODS - DAY

--Abigail Wilson skips through the woods. She wears a red dress and throws a stick for her Golden Labrador.

SHEILA
Abigail lives on a beautiful ranch surrounded by fields and horses. The house is right on the river, and Abigail loves to sit for hours looking over the waters.

EXT. THE WILSON RANCH - DAY

--Billy and a pregnant Sadie are getting married. Amongst the guests are Sheila, Abigail and Ron plus a number of Hells Angels. Sadie arrives in a ROSE COVERED OPEN TOP WAGON to the sound of the three piece rock band. Billy climbs up and into the wagon as the crib is set to the front. Harry reaches into the crib, takes out a BIBLE, and begins the ceremony.

SHEILA
Abigail is a very happy, special child. She goes to a good school, is an A plus student and has lots of very loyal friends. Abigail is very precious to us and we love her very much.

EXT. THE WILSON RANCH - RIVERS EDGE - DAY

--Abigail plays by the river, she continually throws a STICK into the water. Her Labrador jumps in to retrieve it and is seen to have a LIMP, possibly from an old wound.

SHEILA (V.O.)
Bonnie, Abigail will always be a part of you. She is blessed. Yours, Sheila Wilson.

END OF MONTAGE.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END