

KIL CON '94

Written by Ry Graves

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FADE IN

PRESS START flashes on a black screen

The SARNETO system trademark appears on the screen.

VOICE
(Singing) SAR-NET-O

Sixteen-bit letters appear on the screen: "At the peak of the cold war in 1990, when tensions were at their highest, both sides decided to strike first."

CUT TO:

A sixteen-bit blue silhouette of the American president faces off against the red silhouette of the Russian president.

CUT TO:

A slow, sixteen-bit finger presses a big red button. Sixteen-bit rockets fire into the sky. A sixteen-bit map of America is impacted with several tiny explosions as the screen flashes.

CUT TO:

After small, mushroom clouds fade from the map, the new map of America shows most of the North West obliterated. America is now split into four sectors. North East coast is SECTOR ONE, Mid East Coast is SECTOR TWO, South East coast is SECTOR THREE, Texas is SECTOR FOUR.

Sixteen-bit writing appears over the map: "As Nations struggle for power in the new world, a different war of superiority is about to be waged outside SECTOR Four in the DISCARDED ZONE of America's Nuclear wasteland..."

A video game version of Simon and Garfunkel's, America begins to play as the camera closes in on the sixteen-bit map of America.

EXT. SKY ABOVE AMERICA - DAY

As the shot closes in, the sixteen-bit map of America transforms into a real overhead shot of America through the clouds above. The song also transforms into the real version of Simon and Garfunkel's, America.

The shot continues to fall towards the North West edge of SECTOR FOUR, a hundred miles past the checkpoint into the DISCARDED ZONE.

EST./EXT. DOUBLETREE MALL - DAY

The camera finally falls, settles, and focuses on the abandoned and burned DoubleTree mall and it's attached crumbling parking structure.

A single white prison bus is parked far outside of the mall with a man leaning on its side close to the bus's folding curb side door.

EXT. PRISON BUS

An older police officer, SGT. Mills, in a white cowboy hat, reflective aviator sunglasses, and a thick handlebar mustache leans on the bus with a shotgun slung over his shoulder.

The officer is also wearing headphones and is listening to, America by Simon and Garfunkel.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON BUS

A younger police officer, DEPUTY GRIMES, lounges in the driver's seat of the bus, bored. Six inmates sit shackled on the bus on opposite sides of the aisle, at least a seat separating them from each other.

LT. HANK BRADLEY sits in the first seat of the bus, staring out the window. He is in his early thirties and has trimmed hair and a trimmed full beard.

Another inmate, CLANCY, sits two seats behind Hank and rocks with energy and excitement. Clancy is skinny and covered in tattoos.

CLANCY

Oh, here we go, here we go!
Fucking fight night! I'm gonna
takeout so many motherfuckers.
Shit! I'm gonna be a fucking god!
It's fucking warrior time.

DEPUTY GRIMES

Keep it down, Clancy.

The whole bus laughs. Clancy stares angrily at the bus's driver seat.

CLANCY

Never mind, fuck it. There are six of us and one of him. Let's just take this shit and drive it to Mexico. I'll kill a motherfucker or three on the way to get it out of my system.

DEPUTY GRIMES

Oh yeah? Just gonna drive a prison bus back through the checkpoint all Willy fucking Nilly? Good luck with that, Clancy.

CLANCY

Quit with that shit! I killed the last motherfucker that called me Clancy and I told you, my killing name's, Thunder Ball.

HANK

I'd stick with Clancy.

The bus laughs more. Clancy leans forward over his seat.

CLANCY

Thought you'd be more excited, G.I. Shmo. Or, does it only excite you when they love you and call you daddy and shit?

Hank continues to stare out the window silently. Clancy leans closer.

CLANCY (CONT'D)

Yeah, soldier boy, I heard all about you. Watch your back, I hit harder than your wife.

DEPUTY GRIMES

Hey, save it for in there, you savages.

Clancy stretches even further in his chains. Hank slightly flinches as he can feel Clancy's breath touching his neck.

CLANCY

I gotta know what made you snap, man? Was she cheating on you? Find out you liked cock?

Hank continues to stare out the window silently. Clancy smiles as he stretches as far as his chains will allow him.

CLANCY (CONT'D)

I bet-

Hank snaps his head backward into Clancy's nose. Blood gushes from Clancy's nose as he collapses back into his seat, dead. Deputy Grimes sits up in the driver's seat and looks back in surprise. Deputy Grimes sees Clancy hanging off of his seat, lifeless. Deputy Grimes and Hank make eye contact.

HANK

Oops.

DEPUTY GRIMES

Oops.

Deputy Grimes turns forward and again sits comfortably.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON BUS

Sgt. Mills continues to lean on the bus listening to music. He is unhappy with the track and pulls his Discman out of his pocket.

After selecting a new track, he looks up and sees three muscle cars driving fast through the desert. Sgt. Mills takes off his headphones and pounds on the window of the bus.

CUT TO:

INT. LERA'S MUSCLE CAR - DAY

A woman in her thirties, LERA JAMET, dressed in all black drives with a cold stare. Her car drives parallel to another of the three cars. The car next to her car slightly bumps her car.

LERA

Oh, you're going to pay for that one, little boy.

Lera presses a button on her steering wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. LERA'S MUSCLE CAR

A small cannon emerges from underneath the back-passenger door of Lera's car. The cannon fires a small mine onto the underside of the back-passenger door of the car next to Lera's.

Lera's car slightly slows down and lets the car next to her fully pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE BUS - SAME TIME

A moment later, deputy mills exits the bus with the five shackled inmates. Sgt. Mills is upset as he counts the inmates.

SGT. MILLS

Where the fuck's the other one?

DEPUTY GRIMES

If you leave a bunch of murderers on a bus all day, you're gonna lose at least one.

SGT. MILLS

God damn it! That's money out of my family's fucking mouth.

DEPUTY GRIMES

You mean your dog and your online girl friend?

The inmates LAUGH.

JOKING INMATE

Is there a difference?

Sgt. Mills points his shotgun at the inmate and fires. The inmate flies back into the bus and then lies dead on the ground.

SGT. MILLS

Whatever, one of you's a payday. Go time. Let's make that moola.

DEPUTY GRIMES

You sure?

SGT. MILLS

No, genius. I'm out here counting cars cause I'm fucking retarded.

(MORE)

SGT. MILLS (CONT'D)

Last three just rolled in. Just keep your fucking mouth shut and try not to look like you're gonna shit your pants every five seconds.

Sgt. Mills cocks his shotgun and smiles broadly.

SGT. MILLS (CONT'D)

Move it, meat!

Sgt. Mills leads the inmates followed by Deputy Grimes toward the DoubleTree mall.

INT. LERA'S MUSCLE CAR - SOON AFTER

Lera sits holding the wheel, emotionless. She quickly pulls a Desert Eagle pistol from her side and points it at her skull. She fights to not pull the trigger and eventually lowers the gun and puts it down.

Lera picks up a crumpled blue flyer that reads: KILLERS CONVENTION '94. Lera stares at the paper. She looks in the mirror and fixes her hair.

LERA

Fuck it, might be swell.

EXT. LERA'S MUSCLE CAR

Lera walks to the back of her car parked in an empty parking space a few rows away from the two cars she arrived with. The two drivers lean on their cars and stare at Lera while they laugh.

MAN ONE

Looks like you're last, girlie.
Not a good sign. Don't want to be last in there.

Lera continues to go through her trunk pulling out high powered rifles and handguns and loading them into various tactical belts on her body. Lera slams her trunk and begins walking toward the DoubleTree mall, heavily armed. The men continue to lean on their cars and laugh.

MAN TWO

Could have parked closer to us,
sweetie. We don't bite yet.

Lera smiles as she continues to walk. She takes the car key in her hand and presses the door lock button.

The camera shows the mine shot underneath the first man's car blinking. As her car makes the sound of locking, both cars behind her explode and the men are consumed in flames.

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL - SOON AFTER

Sgt. Mills continues to lead the line of inmates through the mall. The eighties style tiled flooring is filthy and cracked along their path. Nature has begun to grow through some of the cracks. Part of the second floor has collapsed and rubble covers part of the floor.

Broken and stained brick benches surround dirt beds filled with fake bushes in the shapes of elephants and giraffes that now feel more like fossilized corpses from the wake of a disaster. Various stores are completely empty, shut and locked with a pull-down cage. Some are still open.

STORE NAMES: FALUGGIE'S PIANO KEYS, AMERICA ELECTRONICA, CLASSIC COOKERY, MANSFIELD LEATHER, LADY TODAY FASHION, HOOK'S BOOKS, MILLION DOLLAR DOLLAR STORE, HANDYMAN HARDWARE, THE PARACHUTE PANTS DROP, ALL THE RAGE GIFTS AND ACCESSORIES. PINA'S CULOTTES. SALON TRI DEL. THE QUIET CHIEF CIGAR EMPORIUM, FIELD & TRACK TO THE FUTURE.

Sgt. Mills continues to move the line of inmates through the middle of the mall into the mall's center. The center of the mall is open and rises up into a large dome high above the mall's second floor. In the middle of the mall's center on the first floor is a large pool of stagnate water created from the fountain that no longer flows.

On the far side of the fountain is a large glass elevator shaft that is broken, and the elevator car hangs out of the shattered side of the elevator shaft on the second floor.

As the inmates walk through the center, Hank sees that written below the overhang of the second floor next to the elevator shaft reads, DEATH ROW.

Sgt. Mills leads the inmates partially through the second half of the mall and then makes a right and knocks on the double doors of the mall's back hallway. After a moment, a large security guard in a black suit opens the door. He stares at Sgt. Mills and the inmates silently.

Eventually, Sgt. Mills becomes too uncomfortable not to speak.

SGT. MILLS

Here for a, um. We're here for a drop off.

SECURITY GUARD

We were expecting six.

SGT. MILLS

Yeah, well, we got four.

The security guard puts his hand over his earpiece and stares at Sgt. Mills.

SECURITY GUARD

Follow me to your booth.

SGT. MILLS

Booth, what the fuck? Hey man, I'm just trying to do a simple drop off and get paid. They're here, pay me.

SECURITY GUARD

Do you want to get paid or do you want to fuck off?

Sgt. Mills groans and mutters to himself.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

The a, the first one.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Good, please follow me.

Sgt. Mills angrily points his shotgun at the inmates and ushers them through the double doors.

INT. MALL ENTRANCE - LATER

Lera enters the dark and broken DoubleTree mall alone and her boots clomp loudly through the silence. Lera continues to follow the same path Sgt. Mills and the inmates walked, entering into the middle of the mall.

After she stops for a moment to admire the light of the sun setting through the center of the mall, she continues walking. Lera passes the broken elevator shaft and stares down into the darkness revealing a deep pool of black water at the bottom of the shaft. Lera continues walking.

INT. MALL'S DOME

The shot rises high into the dome and focuses on a single section. After a moment holding on the section, the section of the dome slightly moves.

Looking closer reveals, THE CHAMELEON, A man camouflaged from head to toe in the colors of the dome. Even The Chameleon's rifles and handguns on his tactical belts are the color of the dome. He wears suction cups on his hands and feet and is spread out like a spider. He laughs to himself.

CHAMELEON

Hehe, no one has seen me! No one will stop, the Chameleon! God I gotta piss.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. ALL IN ONE DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

Lera reaches a disheveled department store at the end of the mall. She walks through the hallway to the double doors in the back.

Through the double doors is a long dark hallway covered in broken mannequins and turned over boxes. Although the hall is quiet and dark, there is noise and light pouring in from another set of doors at the end of the hall. Lera enters through the doors.

EXT. SIGN-IN HALL - SOON AFTER

Lera enters a small back room with multiple entrances. The entrance ahead of her is a solid, heavy steel door with a large security guard standing in front. Lera stands before him and holds her high powered riffle in both hands.

LERA

This the party?

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, you the last one?

LERA

Beats me, I don't work here.

The security guard doesn't move. After a beat, Lera takes the barrel of her riffle, puts it to the security guard's side and slowly moves him out of her way to the annoyance of the security guard. Lera enters through the steel door.

INT. SIGN IN HALL = MOMENTS LATER

Lera enters into another long hallway of tacky color tiling. The hall is filled from side to side, shoulder to shoulder with a long line of people holding various weapons dressed in various costumes.

Lera jumps to see the front of the line. She is annoyed by the wait. She smells the air and finally notices how putrid it is.

LERA

Fuck, I should a just killed myself.

The shot leaves Lera and slowly travels through the hall of the sign-in area over all of the costumed murderers waiting to enter.

As the shot scans the crowd, the words of the title are slowly revealed over the crowd as if they are also waiting in line.

TITLE

The last letters of the title leave the shot as the front of the line is finally reached. An older woman with fluorescent red hair sits annoyed and bored. She finishes writing a sentence on her seat before handing a pamphlet to the killer in front of her.

RED HAIREWOMAN

There you go, Hun. Good luck and have fun. Next!

The killer in front of the red-haired woman walks forward. Another older woman, MA, and three men behind her, THE BOYS, approach the table.

Ma puts both hands gently on the table and smiles deeply at the red-haired woman. The Boys stand emotionless.

MA

Afternoon, lovey.

The shot freezes on Ma and The Boys as writing is splattered over their picture. The writing reads, MA & THE BOYS.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ma sits on a couch opposite an older fat man in a finely tailored suit. They both laugh as they drink martinis. As the laugh, The Boys approach the older fat man from behind without him seeing or hearing him.

One of The Boys stands on each side of the older fat man as the last Boy stands behind him. Each of The Boys on the older fat mans sides pulls out a set of handcuffs and cuffs the older fat man to the chair.

After they have secured him, The Boys begin going through the mans pockets and taking his jewelry. The older fat man is stunned, scared and speechless.

The Boy behind the older fat man pulls out a blade and slits his throat. Ma watches and smiles from the couch as she sips her martini.

CUT TO:

INT. SIGN-IN HALL

Ma continues to smile at the Red-Haired Woman. The Red-Haired Woman hands Ma a pamphlet and Ma and The Boys continue forward.

RED HAIRED WOMAN

Next!

An Obese man wearing shorts and rainbow suspenders, no shirt, and a blood-stained pig mask, PIG LEMONADE, approaches the table. He carries two large cleavers. The shot freezes on Pig Lemonade as his name is splattered over his picture.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY RESTRAUNT - NIGHT

Patrons dressed in fine clothes dine at an upscale restaurant as string music plays.

Screams and crashes come from the double doors leading into the restaurant's kitchen. The Restaurant goes silent as the screams continue.

A moment later, Pig Lemonade kicks the double doors open and looks at the terrified, silent crowd in front of him. After a moment, Pig Lemonade sinks one of his cleavers into the head of a man sitting at a table next to him.

CUT TO:

SIGN-IN HALL

The Red-Haired Woman slowly hands a pamphlet to Pig Lemonade. Pig Lemonade gently puts one of his cleaver on the table. Pig Lemonade takes the pamphlet and studies it carefully.

Pig Lemonade sticks the paper in his mouth under his mask and eats the paper. Pig Lemonade gently picks his cleaver up off the table and walks forward.

RED HAired WOMAN

Next!

A montage of killers approaches the table as their names flash over their pictures.

KILLERS: OOGIE BOGGIE AND THE DISCO KID, FRIGID FREEDA, BROOKLYN BALL BUSTERS, DAD and the KIDS, THE KITTY SCRATCHES, FARMER AND THE HELL, MICKEY AND MINY MURDER, PHIL AND ED(DRESSED LIKE BILL AND TED), THE CROWS(ALL DRESSED LIKE THE CROW) EXTRA SPECIAL OPS, WOLF AND GRIND, POLLY AND THE WOGS, THE GOOD VILLAINS, FUNKY MONKEYS, TEENAGE MURDEROUS NUTBALL TOTS, BEN AND GIMPY, ALL THE MURDERS, STABBIO, SAL GORE, JANET.

The montage of pictures and names moves faster as they become unreadable. Eventually, Lera, now alone in the hallway approaches the table.

LERA

Hey, am I the first one here?

The shot freezes on Lera as the name, HALFBREED, splatters across the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN INTERROGATION ROOM - PAST

A younger version of Lera sits tied to a chair crying with a gun pointed to her head. Her father sits tied to a chair across from her also with a gun pointed at her head. A man in high military uniform stands between them.

LERA'S FATHER

Please, I'll tell you.

MILITARY MAN

Tell us what, American? We know everything. The only thing you're good for is a lesson on what happens to traitors.

The man holding a gun to Lera's father's head pulls the trigger. Lera screams out and cries. Her restraints are undone, and she runs to hug and cradle her dead father.

MILITARY MAN (CONT'D)

Now you know what happens to traitors. Transport her to Moscow for preparations.

CUT TO:

SIGN-IN HALL - PRESENT

The Red-Haired Woman hands Lera a pamphlet.

LERA

Thanks!

Lera walks forward. After a beat and a deep breath, she enters the main room of the Killer Convention.

INT. BOOTH ROW - MOMENTS LATER

Lera enters a massive room. Along the edge of the room is a long, heavy, dark curtain. In front of the curtain is a wide walkway of booths. The booths showcase different killers eager to sign other killers to make a full team of killers.

The booths end on both sides of a large stage in the back center of the room. Mirrored walls cover the back of the stage and stretch to the ceiling.

In front of the stage and in the center of the booths is a pit filled with hundreds of killers.

A large fluorescent sign hangs above the pit and reads:
THE STABBING PIT.

As Lera scans the room and the hundreds of people in the pit, she sees one killer stab another killer, killing him. As the stabbed killer falls to the floor, a gun shot from out of what seems like nowhere fires and a bullet enters the skull of the killer still standing.

A HORN BLASTS through the room followed by a robotic voice that fills the room.

ROBOTIC VOICE

Reminder, no killing before the
start of the competition. Thank
you!

Lera laughs and shakes her head. The camera leaves Lera, flies over The Stabbing Pit, over the stage, and fades through the wall of mirrors behind the stage, revealing a luxurious seating area much like box seats at a sports event.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - SAME TIME

Several senators and people of influence drink and socialize. The President stands alone in front of the two-way mirrored wall looking out on the crowd of killers. He is older, wearing an obvious toupee, overweight, covered in blemishes, and pale. He wears a finely tailored bright blue suit and bright red tie.

THE PRESIDENT

God, it must smell like shit in
there.

The President sips his drink and crunches ice with his mouth open.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

You know what? Fuck it, put a
thousand on the wiry guy with the
mohawk toward the middle.
Something about him.

A man in round glasses behind The President makes a note on a pad of paper. He then walks to a large electric safe between two couches and feeds several gold coins into the safe. The safe BEEPS, accepting the coins.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Fuck, I'm a genius. I'm a god damn genius. Best fucking president ever. Fuck Washington with Lincoln's dick. The history books are going to lick my asshole and thank me for it.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH ROW - SAME TIME

The camera fades back through the mirrors, back across The Stabbing Pit, along the row of booths. Lera walks along the row and passes a booth with a woman and a man, STOLZ and SAM, in long tan raincoats and sunglasses holding shotguns.

STOLZ is much shorter than Sam and Sam is heavy. They seem out of place and worried. The name on the booth reads, THE TERMINATORS. Lera continues to walk but the camera stays on the two men.

STOLZ

Sam, will you quit darting around. Does the terminator dart around? No, he just stares forward like a robot, like a killer. He's supposed to be here, he wants to be here. Act like that a little bit.

SAM

Two guys just died in front of us.

STOLZ

I saw it.

SAM

I've never seen one guy die in front of me, that was two. And they were both murdered.

STOLZ

Yeah, I saw some shit like that when I was reporting from Laos. You get used to it.

SAM

Used to it? How long are you planning on staying? What happened to in and out?

STOLZ

We're in. That was the hard part.
We'll be out before anything
really begins. So, keep it
together until then. You knew this
wasn't a candy convention. Worry
about getting shots.

Sam huffs, takes the collar of his raincoat and scans the crowd. Sam clicks a button on his sunglasses and what the camera sees appears inside his sunglasses.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Let me check my teeth. I don't
want them messed up when we go
live.

Sam points the collar of his coat at Stolz's face. Stolz bares her teeth as she clicks a button on her sunglasses. Stolz's face appears in Stolz's sunglasses. Stolz cleans her teeth as she watches herself.

Lera continues to walk by the booths scanning the killers, unimpressed. Suddenly, she hears a loud woman's voice yelling to her.

BOMB-BOMB

Hey, dog bitch!

Lera turns and stares down the row of booths. A large, older Russian woman, BOMB-BOMB, waves from her booth. As she waves the camera freezes on her and her name is splattered over her picture.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN CLIFFSIDE - PAST

Bomb-Bomb, dressed as an old peasant woman, walks with a goat along the dirt road of a cliff side. Several army supply trucks ENTER the road and drive next to Bomb-Bomb in the opposite direction that she is walking. Bomb-Bomb stops and watches them.

When all of the trucks are on the cliffs road, Bomb-Bomb pulls out a small black remote from her pocket. She presses the only button on the remote. After several small explosions, the entire cliff road crumbles and the army supply trucks fall, wreck, and explode.

Bomb-Bomb claps and laughs. She lets the goat go free do wander. She again stares at her work with enjoyment.

BOMB-BOMB
Ha-ha, I fuck you mamma!

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH ROW - PRESENT

Lera approaches Bomb-Bomb's booth, smiling.

LERA
That's a complement coming from
the dirtiest dog bitch I've ever
met.
How you been, Bomb-Bomb?

BOMB-BOMB
I am so fucking crazy mad, ok? I
did not realize these pussy fucks
only allowed little dinky firework
kiddy bullshit explosives. I guess
its good. I would have blown this
shit up no problem very soon. But
I'm less mad now that I know you
are here. Want to team up?

LERA
I don't know, stabbing pit is real
tempting. Like a Viking death.

BOMB-BOMB
No! Don't be fucking idiot. You
join my team, we kill all these
motherless fucks, laugh a whole
lot, and split the million.

LERA
Who's on the team?

BOMB-BOMB
Well, now it is you and me. But we
get more. Look around, serious
potential. Might fuck before I
take my money home.

LERA
Yeah, put me down as a probably.
Let me take a lap.

Bomb-Bomb takes two large duffle bags from under her booth and opens them up revealing hundreds and hundreds of tiny mines.

BOMB-BOMB

I'm telling you, Sexy, sexy time.

LERA

Why do you think I'm taking a lap?

BOMB-BOMB

Oh, ho! Cock hunt, I love it.
Bring me back some pussy also if
it is cheap.

Lera passes several more booths in her walk. THE MUTANTS, a man, a Cyclops with only one eye in the middle of his head. A really small, furry man, and an old woman with long grey hair who struggles immensely to make a pen hover in the air using her mind.

THE CYBORG-O-NONICALS, men and woman with robotic parts. FILTHY LARRYS, a group of men dressed in suits smoking and loading Magnum revolvers.

SUPREME MAURICE AND LORENZO, two extremely hairy and creepy looking men in overalls that sit in sopped up go-carts with two other people in go carts. (Possible looks for the two other go-cart riders: a bright red turban, a torn pink princess dress, A lizard mask, spiked collar and spiked wrist bands.)

THE SKIPPER AND LUCILLE, a man plays a piano in a captains hat while Lucille sings an upbeat song about murdering everyone.

LUCIELLE

(Singing) Murder! I'm gonna murder
your face!

Lera continues to walk until she comes to a booth that reads, CONVICTS. The booth is covered in barb wire as Hank and the other inmates sit between Sgt. Mills and Deputy Grimes.

Sgt. Mills and Deputy Grimes stand like bookends holding their shotguns. Lera looks over the officers and inmates and makes eye contact with Hank.

LERA (TO HANK)

What'd you do?

HANK

Bad stuff, ma'am.

LERA

Ma'am? I know I don't look that
shitty. What's your name, soldier?

HANK

Lt. Hank Bradley, miss.

LERA

Hank? How old are you? What are you, a fifties baseball player?

HANK

Yeah, well Dad liked watching Aaron and listening to Williams. Mom didn't care much. Pretty sure she wanted a girl, miss.

LERA

Lieutenant, huh? Fancy.

Lera looks at Sgt. Mills and reads his gold name plate.

LERA (TO SGT. MILLS) (CONT'D)

Sargent? Damn, must sucks that the criminal outranks you.

LERA (TO HANK) (CONT'D)

Or does it suck more for the Lieutenant?

HANK

Probably the latter, miss.

LERA

Quit with the miss shit. Lera Jamet, pick one of those.

HANK

Is that Russian?

LERA

Yeah, sort-a. Does it matter?

HANK

I don't care, just curious. Miss home, I mean what's left to miss?

LERA

What, the KG fucking B? Eh, sometimes. It's fucked up.

HANK

A lot of that going around these days, Lera.

LERA

Thought an American Lieutenant would spit in my face if he knew some shit like that. I'm assuming you're American. Haven't met a lot of Chinese soldiers named Hank.

HANK

I don't care. All that cloak and dagger shit ended five years ago. But I think you should know, I served with a Chinese guy named Hank and he was pretty cool.

Lera slightly smiles and lets out a single, small giggle. Loud horns begin to blare for several seconds, causing everyone to quiet.

A woman in a suit with a British accent, THE ANNOUNCER, walks onto the stage. The room dims as a spotlight turns on and focuses on her.

ANNOUNCER

Attention, may I have your attention, please.

Lera continues to smile at Hank as she turns around to hear the announcement. Hank looks closely at Lera's ass. The inmate next to him sees him admiring Lera and also leans in to admire.

INMATE

Nice, right? She's talking to you too. That means they want it.

Hank looks away since he's been noticed. After a beat he looks back and sees the inmate staring at Lera without blinking and with his mouth open.

HANK

Act like you've been there before, little boy.

While turned away from Hank, Lera smiles deeper after she hears, little boy. Lera shifts her ass and Hank catches it as he turns his head to scan the crowd. The announcer continues.

ANNOUNCER

Welcome to the 1994 Killers Convention. Sponsored by Surge Cola and SARNETO.

The crowd erupts in applause and screams. Lera rolls her eyes and laughs. She mimics a slow applause but doesn't touch her hands together.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

You have all been invited to this convention, the first of its kind, to meet and share secrets about your craft. Because if you are here, killing is your craft. And one must love their craft.

Again, the crowd erupts.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

But of course, we're not here for love, we're here for money.

The crowd erupts even louder.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

You know, this isn't just a convention... it's a fucking competition!

The crowd continues to celebrate.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

That's right, killers, today is your day to take home one, million, dollars, in cash for doing what you would have done anyway.

Stolz and Sam continue to watch from their booth as the announcer continues to hype the crowd and suitcases are brought up onto the stage.

Stolz is laughing. Sam is terrified as he looks around at all the killers and how eager they are to not only kill but die.

STOLZ

K-a-rist! This crazy broad really knows how to work a room. You getting all this?

Sam isn't paying attention as he is petrified.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Hey, terminator, you getting this? You know, doing your job?

Sam realizes he's giving away that he is not a killer and composes himself.

SAM

Right, sorry.

Sam points his collar toward the announcer and focuses the lens for a close up. Sam clicks a button on his sunglasses, and he can see what the camera sees.

As the shot focuses on the woman, Sam notices that she is blurred by bright light and movement behind her and behind the mirrors.

SAM (CONT'D)

Shit, not now.

Sam taps the camera on his collar a few times.

STOLZ

What?

SAM

I don't know, something with the lens or something. I'm getting light that isn't there.

Stolz looks around at the dim room and sees no possible light that could be affecting the camera other than the spotlight on the announcer.

STOLZ

You mean the spotlight? Come on man, you knew there would be some kind of spotlight or something when you suggested all this James Bond shit. Is this all just going to be shadow?

SAM

No, it's not the spotlight, it's, it's something else.

STOLZ

Well, fix it.

Sam continues to focus the shot further, behind the announcer and sees that the mirror behind the announcer is actually a two-way mirror with a large room full of people behind it. A blurry man approaches the glass and watches.

SAM

No... I can't. It's not me, it's the wall behind her.

STOLZ

The mirror? Let me see.

Stolz clicks the button on her sunglasses and can see the same blurry man that Sam is focusing on behind the two-way mirror.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Looks like were being watched. Can you get in any tighter to see if we know this peeping Tom?

Sam tightens the shot and focuses. The man is clear, THE GOVERNOR SMALLS, GOVERNOR OF SECTOR FIVE, drinks a scotch while he watches the announcer speak. Stolz is amazed.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

No, it can't be!

SAM

Who is it, someone from channel twenty-nine? They might actually cover this garbage, like it was a county fair.

STOLZ

No, that's the guy who runs all of sector five. That's Governor Smalls.

SAM

Really? You sure?

STOLZ

Sure, as I am this place smells like shit. I interviewed him while he was running back in ninety-two. I swear it's the same tie. And the cheap fuck wouldn't buy another, that's just a dead giveaway.

The President joins Governor Smalls and pats him on the back. Stolz and Sam freeze in shocked silence with their mouths hanging open.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

That's the fucking president.

SAM

That's the fucking president.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - SAME TIME

The President stands with Governor Smalls and swills his drink as he giddy stares out into the crowd.

PRESIDENT

This is fucking great, this is so fucking great! The pageantry! Oh my god, they have no fucking clue! They're cheering for it. What's in the actual suitcases?

GOVERNOR SMALLS

The first two have cash, mostly ones and fives. The rest is monopoly money and garbage.

PRESIDENT

Yes, oh yes! You are the fucking greatest. You're governor for life if I have anything to do with it, and I do... I do, Ok?

GOVERNOR SMALLS

If you told me you didn't, I wouldn't believe you.

PRESIDENT

Yes, my guy! Oh, I fucking love it. I couldn't have gotten all these worthless fucks here if I tried.
And now we get to make money and party? Shit I couldn't have dreamed this up. Am I dreaming?

The President pokes Governor Smalls multiple times like an annoying child.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Am I dreaming? huh? Am I dreaming?
Fuck, am I dead? Because this is fucking heaven.

Governor Smalls forces a laugh and pretends that he is enjoying himself.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Anything for you, sir.

PRESIDENT

Oh! Don't say shit like that. I'll have you cook up all kinds of whacky stuff. Hell, you got the damn nuclear creature factory right in your backyard. Imagine the shit living out here.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Yes, interesting things have occurred out here for many years.

PRESIDENT

Yeah, freaky shit. Just mutants and freaks. How do we round all them up? Fucking abominations.

Governor Smalls hides his offended feelings as he again smiles at The President.

GOVERNOR

Excuse me, sir, please. I have to make sure my abominations are almost ready.

Governor Smalls slightly bows to The President and walks away. The President stands alone. After a beat, he realizes what he said.

PRESIDENT

Oh, right. Your boys...

The pPresident almost looks sympathetic before instantly brushing the interaction off and talking to himself as he stares at the crowd.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Ah, what do you want from me? They're freaks. That's just what they are. I'm being honest.

The President stares aggressively at the announcer's ass.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Like when I say that's one hell of an ass, I ain't lying. That ass will get her permanent citizenship.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

I'll sign the papers myself on that ass like we're in the oval fucking office.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH ROW - SAME TIME

The shot leaves the box seats through the mirror and focuses on The Announcer as she opens two suitcases filled with cash. After the crowd cheers more she again approaches the microphone.

ANNOUNCER

Now for the rules, shall we?

CROWD

YES! YES! YES! YES!

ANNOUNCER

Brilliant, let's start with... the Stabbing Pit!

The electric sign over the stabbing pit lights up and flickers brightly.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Your welcome to stay in here, folks. We're going to have one fuck of a mosh pit! Only sharp pointy things allowed in here. Your welcome to team up, but what's the fun in that? This room is for Vikings!

Lera in the cheering crowd lowers her head in disappointment.

LERA

Damn you, Bomb-Bomb!

ANNOUNCER

Need a team? Don't feel right without a gun in your hand? Then get the fuck out there! The rest of the mall is yours. The last team of up to six killers left out there will receive one, million, dollars!

CROWD

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

ANNOUNCER

And the lone warrior left in here?
One-million-dollars!

CROWD

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

ANNOUNCER

So, pick your hunting partners,
sharpen your blades, and please,
have a free Surge Cola or two. We
will begin in thirty minutes!

The Announcer raises the crowd again before walking off stage. When she is gone. The lights of the room come back on. The camera finds Stolz and Sam, still silently frozen with their mouths hanging open.

STOLZ

That's the fucking president.

SAM

That's the fucking president.

STOLZ

How?

SAM

That's the fucking president.

Stolz rips her glasses off along with Sam's glasses. She pulls Sam by Sam's shirt.

STOLZ

Yeah, we need to stop saying that.
Shit's established. How the hell
is he in the discarded zone? Why
would he waste his time here?
Fuck, how is anybody in this room
alive?

Stolz scans the crowd and sees the inmate booth. She notices that the inmates are actually shackled and probably actual inmates.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Those are actual inmates.

As Stolz continues to stare at the convict booth, the camera leaves Stolz and Sam and returns to the convict booth. Lera turns holding her arms and stares at Hank for a beat before talking.

LERA

Wanna team up?

HANK

I don't care. Don't think I really got a say in it.

Hank lifts his handcuffs. Again, Lera stares at Hank for a moment before turning to Sgt. Mills.

LERA

So, what, how does this work? Do I just take him like a dog from the pound or?

Sgt. Mills looks annoyed and distracted. He eventually takes the handcuff keys from his belt and hands them to Lera. Lera looks at them and laughs. Lera takes a bobby pin from her hair.

SGT. MILLS

Shit, I don't even know. I got no fucking clue what's going on anymore. I guess.

Lera takes Hank by the chains of his handcuffs and lifts him up. Lera unlocks Hank's handcuffs with the bobby pin and smiles into Hank's eyes.

LERA

I'm gonna name you Sprinkles.
Let's go, Sprinkles.

Hank smiles and follows Lera. The camera returns to Stolz and Sam. Stolz is still staring at the inmate booth and working things out in her head.

STOLZ

How's this legal? Those are real prisoners. Those are real prison guards.

SAM

I don't know, work release?

STOLZ

They'll either be killing or dying, wouldn't call it work. This alone will get me a damn Pulitzer. Shit literally runs all the way to the top. Lets start.

SAM

We gotta be outside to do the live broadcast, but we can upload online at least inside. I mean, I wouldn't do it just standing here.

STOLZ

You're right. Fuck, alright, I'll try and figure out how to slip out of this abandoned Mall on the border of a nuclear wasteland that is also fully secured by the entire force of the United States government. You just stand here, I guess.

Stolz begins to walk away.

SAM

Umm... no?

STOLZ

Who has a better chance of sweet talking our way out? You want a crack at blowing some of these guards? Be my guest.

SAM

Stolz, I can't...

STOLZ

Sam, it's all rocks and hard places. We'll be done soon, I promise. Stay in the hard place, killer.

Sam nods and holds his shotgun tightly. Stolz leaves the killing pit and exits through the doors to the Sign-in Hall.

INT. SIGN-IN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Stolz enters the Sign-in Hall. The hall is empty other than a Large Guard standing at the end by the double doors everyone originally entered through.

Stolz huffs, puts her sunglasses back on, pulls a cigarette from a pack in her coat pocket, smiles, and walks toward the Large Guard. She approaches and flirtatiously holds her cigarette.

STOLZ

Can I smoke out there?

LARGE GUARD

You can smoke in here.

Stolz begins to walk forward and she is halted by the Large Guard.

STOLZ

I like to smoke outside. It's like a habit for my habit, right?

Stolz laughs and again tries to leave. She is again halted by the Large Guard.

LARGE GUARD

No one can leave the main room until the competition begins. If you somehow get passed me, you will be disqualified.

STOLZ

I'm guessing by disqualified, you mean (gun noise).

The Large Guard nods. Lera lights her cigarette and continues to attempt to flirt with the large guard.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Oh my, I needed a break. It's all so exciting in there, exhilarating. Hard to think about murder with all this dick around.

The Large Guard smiles deeply.

LARGE GUARD

Tell me about it.

Stolz instantly frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH ROW - SAME TIME

Sgt. Mills stands at the convict booth, darting his eyes around and looking annoyed. The robotic announcer come back over the loudspeaker.

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER

All teams using firearms and explosives exit the main room. You have ten minutes to prepare.

SGT. MILLS

Are you fucking kidding me? What the fuck?

Sgt. Mills sees a guard by the stage and leaves the booth to approach him. Sgt. Mills stands in front of the stage door guard and cocks his shotgun.

SGT. MILLS (CONT'D)

Hey, what the fuck? Nobody's come to talk to us, nobody's paid me, nobody's done shit. I did my shit and wasted my whole goddamn day. I got a family, ok? I want my money and I want it now.

STAGE DOOR GUARD

All firearm teams are to leave the main room. If you are in this room with your firearm in ten minutes, you will be disqualified.

SGT. MILLS

Dip shit, I'm fucking law enforcement. I ain't a fucking competitor.

STAGE DOOR GUARD

Of course you are.

The Stage Door Guard smiles as he opens the door behind him and exits. In surprised terror, Sgt. Mills reaches for the door and realizes its locked.

Sgt. Mills looks back at Deputy Grimes like he's seen a ghost. Deputy Grimes shrugs his shoulders as Sgt. Mills rushes back to him.

SGT. MILLS

We gotta get the fuck out of here right now.

DEPUTY GRIMES

Cool, let's get back to the bus.

SGT. MILLS

No! They fucked us! They fucked us real hard.

DEPUTY GRIMES

What?

SGT. MILLS

Let's go, move!

Deputy Grimes motions toward the inmates.

DEPUTY GRIMES

What about them?

SGT. MILLS

Fuck 'em, fuck everybody. You're with me, move!

Sgt. Mills leaves the booth quickly. Deputy Grimes huffs and raises his shotgun. Before he completely walks away, Deputy Grimes tosses his handcuff keys to the remaining inmates.

The camera leaves the convict booth and finds Sam standing at the Terminator booth. Sam begins to freak out as he sees groups begin to file out of the room.

SAM

Come on, Stolz. How many guards you blowing?

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER

A reminder, there will be no firearms or explosives allowed inside the Kill Pit in the next five minutes. All violators will be disqualified.

Sam throws his shotgun on the floor like it was on fire and slowly walks backwards toward the curtained wall.

CUT TO:

INT. SIGN-IN HALL - SAME TIME

Stolz looks back and sees hundreds of killers ENTERING the hall and walking toward her. Stolz realizes she is out of time.

STOLZ

Fuck.

LARGE GUARD

Looks like your teams first, you sneaky minx. Where are they?

STOLZ

Um...

Stolz turns around and begins to panic. Without any other ideas, Stolz begins waving at everyone coming toward her.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Oh please, god, please. Somebody,
anybody.

Lera, Bomb-Bomb, and Hank enter into the hall. Lera notices Stolz waving.

LERA

Who the fuck's the lady waving at
us like an idiot? She kind a looks
familiar.

Bomb-Bomb notices Stolz and licks her lips as she waves back.

BOMB-BOMB

Who cares? She's sexy.

Stolz notices Bomb-Bomb waving back and immediately waves her to come forward to the front of the line.

BOMB-BOMB (CONT'D)

Oh, ho! She wants it. Come on.

LERA

She doesn't look like much more
than a fuck toy but can't beat
being first out there. Fine.

Lera, Bomb-Bomb, and Hank approach Stolz at the front of the line. Stolz greets them and hugs them like old friends.

STOLZ

Hey, teammates!

Everyone in the group looks at Stolz oddly and with hesitation.

LERA

Hey... you.

Stolz stays very close to Lera and lowers her sunglasses. Her eyes are filled with tears.

STOLZ

Please, I need to get out of here
immediately.

LERA

Who the fuck are you?

STOLZ

Chanel seventeen? News at seven?

Stolz stares into Lera's eyes, hoping the information was enough without giving more of herself away. Lera looks at Stolz closely.

LERA

Holy shit! You're Stolz at seven!

STOLZ

Yep, please shut the fuck up.
Sorry, I just, I need to leave,
now without drawing attention to
who I am.

Lera looks over at Bomb-Bomb. Bomb-Bomb is smiling more than ever.

BOMB-BOMB

This is very ok.

LERA

I mean, we'll see what we can do.
I'm Lera, this is Bomb-Bomb, and
that's Sprinkles.

HANK

How do you do, ma'am?

STOLZ

Completely fucked.

LERA

Yeah, probably. Come on.

Lera, Bomb-Bomb, Stolz, and Hank take their place at the front of the line. A moment later, Sgt. Mills and Deputy Grimes enter in a panic.

Sgt. Mills works his way through the crowd towards the front. As he sees Hank's jumpsuit at the very front, Sgt. Mills moves even faster until he is within ear shot of Hank.

SGT. MILLS

Hank, Hank! Yo, Hank!

Hank looks back and sees Sgt. Mills and Deputy Grimes hustling toward him. Lera turns around and also sees them.

LERA

What's this shit?

Sgt. Mills finally stands in front of Hank, out of breath and pathetic looking.

SGT. MILLS

Oh, hank, thank god! You gotta get me the fuck out of here, man.

Hank stares at Sgt. Mills for a while and then begins legitimately laughing.

HANK

What?

LERA

We're like fucking magnets. What is it? Are we the losers, are we the loser table in this place? Anyone thinks they can just sit right down and eat lunch with us?

HANK

I was on death row. I'd call that losing pretty bad.

LERA

Whoa, shit! Now you tell me? After I've taken you into my home, Sprinkles?

HANK

Don't worry, they Count of Monte Cristo-d me. I'd go into details, but we're going to have to start killing a lot of people very soon.

LERA

Fair enough. But I want a story when we're reloading. A real humdinger.

SGT. MILLS

Excuse me!

HANK AND LERA

What?

SGT. MILLS

They're gonna fucking kills us. They set me up.

HANK

Ok.

Hank and Lera turn away from Sgt. Mills.

SGT. MILLS

No, fuck! Come on, man. They promised me a bunch of shit. I didn't sign up for this!

Lera and Hank look at each other and laugh.

SGT. MILLS (CONT'D)

No, I mean, fuck! You're right, you didn't sign up for this shit either. I get it. But the kid, fucking Grimes, he really didn't know what the fuck was happening until we reached the border. He's innocent as a baby Jesus, I swear. Please take him. Just him.

Lera and Hank roll their eyes and huff. Lera nudges Bomb-Bomb. When Lera has Bomb-Bomb's attention, she gestures back toward Deputy Grimes for Bomb-Bomb's approval. Bomb-Bomb looks Deputy Grimes over, shrugs her shoulders and wiggles her hand, but approves.

LERA

Let's go, Grimes.

Grimes looks around in confusion, but eventually leaves Sgt. Mills and joins Bomb-Bomb and Stolz. Sgt. Mills stands for a moment and then huffs in anger.

SGT. MILLS

Oh, come on! You gotta take me with you!

Stolz calms herself slightly knowing that she at least has some protection. The feeling that she is forgetting something comes over her and won't leave her alone. Suddenly a look of terror comes over her as she remembers Sam.

STOLZ

Sam!

Stolz begins to almost hyperventilate as she looks back through the long line of killers knowing Sam is waiting for her. She grabs Lera's wrist. Lera is annoyed by this.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Sam, I need to go back for Sam! I can't leave them here.

LERA

I don't know a fucking Sam. All I know is that we're walking through those doors when they open, with or without you.

Stolz is horrified as she thinks for a moment and then begins forcing her way back through the line of killers.

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER

The doors will be opening in one minute. The Competition will begin in ten minutes.

Stolz fights her way back as hard as she can through the thick wave of hungry killers chanting and laughing in her face. Even after all of her struggling, she barely makes it ten feet through the line.

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Ten, nine, eight...

Stolz realizes she'll never make it through the line in time and her heart brakes as she realizes she must abandon Sam. Stolz turns back around and moves back toward Lera.

CROWD

Seven, six, five...

Stolz takes her place back by Lera's side, depressed. Lera sees her and sympathizes with her.

CROWD (CONT'D)

Four, three, two, one!

The Large Guard opens the double doors and steps away.

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL HALLS - MOMENTS LATER

From an overhead shot, Lera, Bomb-Bomb, Hank, Stolz, Deputy Grimes, and Sgt. Mills enter the main hall of the DoubleTree Mall. After they enter, whatever lights are still working inside the mall come on and elevator music begins to play throughout.

As they hustle through the hall, Lera scans the first and second floor for the best position. As Bomb-Bomb runs, she pulls mines from her belt and tosses them onto doorways of stores, under benches, and inside of planters and fixtures.

Twenty seconds after they have entered the hall, another team of killers ENTER. This continues like the line for a water slide until the final team, Supreme Maurice and Lorenzo, race their go-carts through the mall.

CUT TO:

INT. STABBING PIT -SAME TIME

Loud, hard music plays as killers carrying knives, axes, swords, and shards of glass enter the Stabbing Pit. The lights flash as they all stand facing each other, waiting for the competition to begin.

Sam stands behind the curtain watching the crowd while staying completely hidden. He cries as he points the collar of his jacket toward the crowd and records.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL CENER - SAME TIME

Stolz, while still wearing her sunglasses, finds a blinking red light appear inside her view. Stolz knows that Sam is recording, and she clicks her glasses to receive the image.

Stolz is horrified to see the image of the killers in the Stabbing Pit preparing to murder each other. Knowing she abandoned Sam, Stolz takes her glasses off unable to watch Sam's fate.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - SAME TIME

The President sits on a couch next to Governor Smalls and other guests, excited and impatient. People continue to talk to different servants carrying notepads and feeding money into the electric safe.

THE PRESIDENT

Start already, Jesus! I'm getting bored over here. Finish your bets, ok. No more after that. Unless I want to, we'll make an exception.

The President cackles as everyone forces a smile.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Let's at least get the T.V.'S
going. I can't watch these dumb
fucks just look at each other
anymore.

Several dozen monitors appear on the wall in front of The President leaving a small section of glass keeping the Stabbing Pit viewable from the room. All of the monitors are attached to hidden cameras around the mall watching the teams of killers taking their positions and preparing for the gun fight.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Oh! This is so much better. I
don't know where to look!

The crowd laughs and continues conversing. A door opens and the room goes silent as RICKY, Governor Small's son, enters the room. Ricky is a tall skinny albino with long white hair and glowing red eyes. Ricky wears a light blue kimono tightly tied at the middle.

Ricky looks at everyone in the room silently before slowly walking toward the far end of the room and staring out at the Stabbing pit through the glass. After a moment of awkward silence and stares between the guests, Governor smalls stands, fixes his suit, and approaches Ricky.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

What the hell are you doing in
here?

RICKY

If you're going to make me execute
them, at least let me judge them.

Ricky continues to stare at the crowd. Governor Small looks Ricky over with disgust.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

You had to wear a dress? Couldn't
have put on some actual clothes
for this? That's the fucking
president!

RICKY

It was mothers. The fact that you
don't approve makes me wish I
could wear two of them.

Governor Smalls huffs in anger and shakes his head. Ricky continues to stare. Eventually Governor Smalls collects himself.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

How's your brother? Is he ready?

RICKY

He's resting with Batley and watching his tapes.

GOVERNOR

Wake him up.

Ricky slowly turns his head and stares at Governor Smalls for an awkward amount of time. Finally, Ricky closes his eyes and focuses as his eyelids flicker.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKY'S ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

ROCKY sits slumped in the large shaft of a raisable platform underneath the stage. Rocky is at least ten feet tall and extremely wide, rippling with muscles. Rocky is so large that the camera can only capture his insanely muscled torso and giant hands with wrists covered in strands of barbed wire like bracelets.

An enormous club, Batley, with four double axe heads protruding out of its top, making the weapon look like a morning star, leans against Rocky like a teddy bear.

The bright light from a small television in front of Rocky is the only light in the room and it shines on his massive body as the theme song from the children's show, Eureka's Castle plays.

The shot splits and shows Rocky's image next to the image of Ricky concentrating. The shot freezes and the names, Ricky & Rocky, appear over their picture.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - PAST

A childhood Ricky stands with a younger Governor Smalls and a woman, RICKY'S MOTHER, as a doctor speaks with them. Ricky's Mother cries as Governor Smalls is teary eyed and angry.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

What the hell are you telling me?
My boy, my boy can't walk?

DOCTOR

He can barely move. He's growing
at such an extraordinary rate,
it's like his body can't keep up
with itself. He'll most likely be
a quadriplegic for life. I'm
sorry.

Ricky's Mother wales in sorrow and clings to Governor Smalls. Ricky looks up and watches his mother. Governor Smalls stares down at Ricky with resentment.

Ricky, quiet and emotionless, begins to walk down the hallway towards Rocky's hospital room. Ricky's Mother notices Ricky moments before he enters the room.

RICKY'S MOTHER

Ricky, wait!

Ricky's Mother, Governor Smalls, and the Doctor quickly chase after Ricky.

INT. ROCKY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ricky enters the hospital room and sees Rocky, almost unable to fit inside of his hospital bed due to his size. Ricky's face turns into a frown and he slightly grows angry.

Ricky closes his eyes and his eyelids flicker. After a beat, Rocky begins to move his feet and arms. Ricky's Mother, Governor Smalls, and the Doctor ENTER the room as Rocky stands from his hospital bed.

Ricky stands next to Rocky who towers over him and looks at his parents. Ricky's Mother, Governor Smalls, and the Doctor are all surprised, amazed, and terrified.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - PRESENT

Ricky continues to flick his eyes until they suddenly still and focus on Governor Smalls.

RICKY

He's ready.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Good, good.

Governor Smalls snaps toward a waiter and the waiter brings him a drink. He takes a large sip and points his finger at Ricky.

GOVERNOR SMALLS (CONT'D)

None of your bullshit today, all right? You hear me? That's the fucking president, ok? Which means you pull any dumb nonsense which in any way endangers him, you're fucked. They'll shove the entire

U.S. Military up your ass. Your brother's too and there ain't nothing I can do to stop it.

RICKY

Mother would be so proud.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Oh, you think you're cute? Well listen...

Without looking at Governor Smalls, Ricky makes Governor Smalls pour his drink all over his own suit. Embarrassed and afraid, Governor Smalls backs away from Ricky. Ricky smiles deeply as he continues to stare out into the Stabbing Pit.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL CENTER - SAME TIME

Lera, Hank, Bomb-Bomb, Stolz, Deputy Grimes, and Sgt. Mills are now positioned on the second floor of the center of the mall below the dome ducked behind concrete benches, large brick pots, and the metal wall and railing surrounding the center of the mall's second floor.

Several teams of killers are also on the second floor. Several more teams have also positioned themselves on the first floor.

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER

The competition will begin at the sound of the tone.

A quick, loud, high pitched BEEP sounds throughout the mall. Gunfire ensues and small explosions on the second floor begin.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - SAME TIME

As the fighting begins on the monitors and in the Stabbing pit in front, The President acts like a small child at their own birthday party.

THE PRESIDENT

Fuck! Here we Go! Everybody shut the fuck up right now or I'll have you deported. And somebody blow me for Christ sake... Never mind, I'm too excited. Leave me the fuck alone.

The President hugs a couch pillow as he is amazed by the action and darts from monitor to monitor.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL CENTER - SAME TIME

Lera Kills many with her riffle on the right end of the group positioned behind a large brick pot. Next to her is Stolz, firing her shotgun and screaming like crazy. Bomb-Bomb is next to her with two handguns, firing and laughing.

There is a blank space between her and Sgt. Mills also firing, and Deputy Grimes on the far left, calculatedly firing his revolver.

Sgt. Mills ducks down to reload. As he sits and loads his guns, he finds Hank sitting turned away from the firefight with his arms resting on his knees. Hank almost looks bored.

SGT. MILLS

What the fuck are you doing? You gonna help or what.

HANK

Oh, I don't have a gun.

Sgt. Mills finishes loading one of his handguns and for a moment, he thinks about offering the gun to Hank.

SGT. MILLS

Yeah, good luck with that.

Sgt. Mills stands. Hank continues to sit. Hank looks sad and bored as he stares off into the past. The shot freezes on Hank and the name, G.I. SHMOE splatters over his picture.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. LAOS COMPOUND - PAST

Hank stands in full uniform in a small village in Laos. He is surrounded by fellow soldiers, staring at him with hostility as fires burn behind them and people scream. THE GENERAL, Hank's superior stands directly in front of him.

THE GENERAL

You seriously going to disobey
this order soldier? Wouldn't
advice it.

HANK

Oh, I ain't just disobeying, I'm
blowing the roof off of all this
fucked up shit. Barrels of beans.
They're gonna have to rename this
place fucking bean city when I get
home.

THE GENERAL

Hope it was worth it, you dumb
bastard. Take him home boys.

Hank is quickly overtaken by several of his fellow soldiers and a black sack is placed over his head.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Hank awakes in his bed at home, groggy and confused. He raises his hand to wipe his face and his hand is covered in blood, smearing his face in red.

Hank notices the blood. When he looks further down, he notices that his wife and two children are butchered in bed with him. Hank screams and cries and holds his dead family as a SWAT team bursts through the door and slowly

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL CENTER - PRESENT

Hank continues to sit staring forward as bullets fly around him. Lera ducks to reload and sees Hank just sitting there. Lera takes out her Desert Eagle pistol and tosses it on the floor toward Hank.

The gun slides directly in front of Hank and he stares down at it. Hank looks over at Lera and she is staring at him with sincere concern.

The camera leaves Hank and hovers directly above him where the completely camouflaged Chameleon still lies flat against the Dome of the mall.

THE CHAMELEON

Hehe, that's right! Kill each other, do all the work. Then I'll sneak up on the remaining team and kill them one b-

A stray bullet from the gun fight hits the Chameleon directly in the head and blood splatters on the dome.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - SAME TIME

The monitor that The President is watching is suddenly splattered with blood and is unwatchable. The President grows angry.

THE PRESIDENT

What the fuck just happened? Why can't I watch this one anymore?

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Sir, the cameras aren't bullet proof and there are bullets flying all over the damn place. We're going to lose a few before it's over.

THE PRESIDENT

Fix it! That was like the best one. All these other ones are shit now. Fix it.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Sir, you can't possibly expect me to send a repair crew out there.

THE PRESIDENT

Yeah, send 'em out. Fix it!

GOVERNOR SMALLS

No, sir, we can't. They're just tech guys. They'll be slaughtered out there immediately.

THE PRESIDENT

So?

Governor Smalls is shocked by The President's reaction but finds a different way to explain it in order to make The President sound less like a monster.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Sir, if they fix it and get murdered, and then the damn thing busts again, there's no one left to fix it.

THE PRESIDENT

Oh, right. Then just stop it.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

I'm sorry, sir, stop the entire competition?

THE PRESIDENT

Yeah, just while they fix it.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

You can't... Sir, you can't just halt chaos. I guess we can have a thirty-minute intermission for regrouping coming up. We'll send them out then.

THE PRESIDENT

Fuck, hurry up, this sucks!

Another stray bullet takes out a camera feed from inside the main hall of the DoubleTree Mall and another monitor goes dark.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Another one! This is fucking bullshit. Just send them out now.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Just a little longer. Check in on the Stabbing Pit, how's your moehawked warrior doing?

THE PRESIDENT

Who, Moseph Hawkington? That's what I named him. I don't know, let me check.

The President rises from the couch and looks into the Stabbing pit. Governor Smalls looks both relieved and annoyed.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL CENTER - SAME TIME

Hank continues to sit and stare at the gun in front of him as bullets fly around him. The Chameleon's lifeless body, still clinging to the dome, finally unsticks from the dome and begins to fall.

The Chameleon's body is attached to a budgie chord that is still attached to the dome. The Chameleon's lifeless body finally snaps and stops falling right in front of Hank.

All of the Chameleon's weapons fall on the ground in front of Hank as the body continues to bounce in the air. Hank looks at all the guns and huffs.

HANK

Fuck it.

As Hank picks up the Chameleon's weapons, he rises. Hank turns and as soon as the Chameleon's body bounces in front of him again, Hank jumps on the corpse and rides it over the second-floor railing.

Hank fires as he twirls on The Chameleon's body, using it as a shield. Hank kills many killers doing this as Lera and the rest of the team watch in almost disbelief. Hank rises with the Chameleon's body back above the second-floor railing and jumps off.

Hank raises his guns and the clips dislodge and fall. Many more killers are now dead, and many other teams have fallen back for protection.

HANK (CONT'D)

Think we scared 'em off for a minute.

Lera and the rest of the team stare at Hank silently.

LERA

Holy shit that was awesome!

The team agrees.

STOLZ

Wait, are we like winning? Fuck
yeah! This is better than sex.

BOMB-BOMB

Not when Bomb-Bomb fucks!

Bomb-Bomb cackles as she takes out a few mines and
secures the perimeter.

DEPUTY GRIMES (TO HANK)

Damn, where'd you learn shit like
that?

HANK

I didn't, I just don't give a
fuck.

The Chameleon's dead corpse again bounces in front of
Hank. Hank takes several clips and bullet bags off of the
Chameleon's corpse and then lets the body bounce again.
Hank reloads. A loud, long horn sounds.

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER

Thirty-minute intermission for all
remaining contestants. There will
be no killing during the
intermission. All violators will
be disqualified. The intermission
begins now.

Lera looks down the line of stores on the second floor
and sees a small tavern, SMOKEY JOE'S. Lera points her
rifle toward it.

LERA

Drink, anybody?

The Team quickly agrees, and they all move toward Smokey
Joe's.

EXT. SMOKEY JOE'S TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone enters Smokey Joe's with Lera and Sgt. Mills
entering last. Before they enter, Lera turns to Sgt.
Mills and halts him.

LERA

Give me your guns.

SGT. MILLS

Excuse me?

LERA

Give me your guns.

SGT. MILLS

No.

LERA,

Ok, Grimes, get out here.

Deputy Grimes walks outside of the bar.

LERA (TO SGT. MILLS)

Give Grimes your guns.

SGT. MILLS

He's got a gun.

LERA

Listen, you're not going to shoot me, I'm not going to shoot you. The robot said, don't. But if you don't hand Grimes your guns, I'm going to beat you until you can't spell your name.

SGT. MILLS

Bitch, you think you can...

Lera swiftly takes the back of her gun and slams it into Sgt. Mills's face, breaking his nose.

SGT. MILLS (CONT'D)

Fucking cock fuck!

LERA

Give Grimes your guns.

Sgt. Mills hands Deputy Grimes his weapons.

LERA (CONT'D)

Good. Grimes, give him your revolver.

Grimes awkwardly and slowly hands his revolver to Deputy Grimes.

LERA (CONT'D)

Good. Grimes, please pour me a whiskey.

Grimes shrugs with acceptance and enters the bar. Sgt. Mills continues to hold his nose.

LERA (CONT'D)

Nobody invited you, nobody likes you. Have fun out there.

Lera enters the bar leaving Sgt. Mills still holding his nose, now terrified.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. BOX SEATS - LATER

The downed monitors in front of The President suddenly activate, pleasing The President. He is soon displeased by the wake of the carnage and the corpse of the Chameleon still slightly bouncing.

THE PRESIDENT

Are you kidding me? Fuck, we missed all that? Look at it, there's just a dude fucking bouncing around, what happened there? Fuck, I can't believe we missed that. Fuck!

GOVERNOR SMALLS

I apologize for my lack of forethought, sir. You're right. I'm embarrassed.

THE PRESIDENT

You should be, that's a dumb fucking mistake.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Again, my apologies, sir.

The President stands and looks out into the Stabbing Pit.

THE PRESIDENT

And Moseph fucking Hawkington is a huge disappointment. Bled out like a loser. Like a fucking dirtbag loser!

GOVERNOR SMALLS

I also thought he had potential, sir. Looked like a real psycho. I lost a hundred on him myself.

THE PRSIDENT

That's a bullshit pussy bet. I lost like five hundred or something.
Fuck it, we're calling this whole part a draw. It was fucking stupid.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Sir, I believe Senator Willards man is still going strong out there. It might be seen as, um, unsportsmanlike. You know, unfair.

THE PRESIDENT

Oh, it's about to get real unfair. Send out your boys.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Yes, of course, sir, right away.

Governor smalls, pathetic and wobbling, walks over to Ricky.

GOVERNOR SMALLS (CONT'D)

Ricky, let's go.

Ricky continues to stare out into the Stabbing Pit.

GOVERNOR SMALLS (CONT'D)

Ricky, it's time. Get your brother.

Ricky continues to stare. Governor Smalls continues to wait for an awkward beat.

GOVERNOR SMALLS (CONT'D)

Please.

After another long moment of staring out the window, Ricky finally turns and looks at his father. Ricky slowly leaves the window and exits the room.

Governor smalls sighs and walks back toward the couch. As he takes a second step, Governor Smalls falls on his face. The President points and laughs at Governor Smalls. The rest of the guests also laugh.

Governor Smalls stands in embarrassment and looks at his shoes. The laces of Governor Smalls's shoes are tied together with an amazing number of knots.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THE STABBING PIT - SAME TIME

Sam continues to film from behind the curtain as killers continue to brutally murder each other. After a moment, loud SIRENS begin as different colored spotlights dance around the room and smoke pours out of the floor. Music also plays. MUSIC SUGGESTION: Kiss You All Over.

All of the killers in the Stabbing Pit immediately stop murdering and look to each other in confusion. As the song plays, the colored spotlights focus on the stage. An elevator is activated, and Rocky's massive form begins to rise out of the floor.

Rocky wears a black sack over his head, barbed wire wrist bands, torn, black jean shorts, and worn, ripped boots. Batley is swung over Rocky's shoulder.

SAM

What the fuuuuck...

The crowd of Killers in the Stabbing pit, although frightened and amazed by Rocky, scream battle cries and instantly band together against him. Rocky swings his massive club and several killers fly broken and bloody into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. SMOKEY JOE'S TAVERN - SAME TIME

The Team sits around the bar drinking and tending to their weapons. Stolz sits on the far end starring at her sunglasses which are still blinking red.

Stolz finally huffs, drinks a shot, puts the sunglasses on, and clicks the button on the rim.

Instantly an image from inside the Stabbing pit is activated. The camera moves, which indicates that Sam is still alive.

STOLZ

Oh, thank god. Keep hiding. Please be ok.

Stolz watches the image of Rocky tearing through the crowd like an unstoppable monster.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

What the fuuuuck... INT. STABBING PIT - SAME TIME

Sam continues to watch Rocky murder Killers until only a few dozen remain. Pig Lemonade stands before Rocky with his cleavers out.

Rocky brings Batley up and straight down, tearing Pig Lemonade completely in half. Sam is so terrified he no longer feels safe in his hiding spot, slips out of the curtain and exits through the double doors into the Sign-In Hall.

CUT TO:

INT. SIGN-IN HALL - SAME TIME

Sam enters the empty sign-in hall and stumbles forward. Tears fill his eyes and he struggles forward until he finally collapses on the wall and cries deeply. After more screams, there is finally quiet other than the music still playing in the stabbing pit.

After another moment, the double doors leading from the stabbing pit fly off of their hinges. Sam covers and weeps as Rocky ducks to enter the room. Rocky stands over Sam as Sam pathetically begs for his life.

Rocky listens. Sam lowers his hands thinking he might live. Rocky quickly raises his club and splatters Sam into the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SMOKEY JOES TAVERN - SAME TIME

Tears stream down Stolz's face under her sunglasses as she watches Sam's death and then the image goes black. Stolz removes her sunglasses as her mouth shakes. Stolz screams out and throws her shot glass at the bar.

STOLZ

Fuck!

The Team stops what they're doing and stares at Stolz.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Mother fuckers... motherless
bastard fuckers!

Stolz leaves her stool and walks toward the entrance of the bar. Stolz slowly sticks her right eye out into the hall and looks down.

DOUBLETREE MALL SECOND FLOOR HALL

Stolz witnesses several tech repair people lowering down from ladders with small, broken cameras.

STOLZ

I knew it.

Stolz ducks her head back into the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. SMOKEY JOES TAVERN - LATER

Stolz paces and in front of the team. The entire team now watches her silently and drinks.

STOLZ

I hate to break it to everybody,
but we're all screwed in the
caboose.

Everyone is silent for a moment and then the team cheers their glasses.

LERA

What, did you just get here?

STOLZ

No, I get it. Shit was pretty
extremely impossible a few minutes
ago, but everything just became
absolutely impossible.

LERA

Why, what'd they add to this dumb
thing? Does one of us have to
carry around an egg on a spoon or
some shit?

STOLZ

There is no competition. There
never was a competition. There's
no money. This is a fucking
slaughterhouse.

BOMB-BOMB

But, Surge Cola? SARNETO? Why
would Surge Cola and SARNETO lie
to us?

STOLZ

Because they didn't. It's all kid stuff. Why the fuck would they want anything to do with this? The people running this just bought a hundred cases of soda and a SARNETO banner and fed you a bunch of bullshit.

HANK

Who?

Stolz huffs and collects herself. When she is collected, she takes Bomb-Bomb's drink and finishes it.

STOLZ

I got a tip about this insane underground killer contest and my partner Sam and I came to check it out. Figured if nothing else it would be some kind of unbelievable oddity or something. Hell, I truly thought it'd just be a bunch of cowards and a giant paintball gun fight or something, but this...

Stolz looks around at The Team, shakes her head, and continues.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Holy Shit! Like, are you people out of your minds?

LERA

Too be fair, more than half of us on this team didn't apparently want to be here at all. But yeah, Bomb- Bomb and I are crazy as fuck.

BOMB-BOMB

Yes, the craziest, sexiest time!

STOLZ

Right. Everyone here is crazy, and none of this can be at all legal. (TO HANK) Like, does your lawyer know anything about you being here? Does anybody know you're here?

HANK

Lawyer?

Lera laughs and clinks Hank's glass with her own.

STOLZ

Exactly. They're just executing prisoners and the department of justice seems to be fine with it.

Stolz walks over to the bar and picks up the glasses. She clicks the side, turns the glasses on, and clicks another button to rewind the film.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

I'd say they don't know but...

The image of The President and Governor Smalls appears in the glasses. The Team all squint at the small image.

LERA, HANK, BOMB-BOMB, DEPUTY GRIMES

That's the fucking president.

STOLZ

Yep. And a fucking governor, at a convention for murderers. And they are laughing and smiling. They're pointing like they're picking horses. Why wouldn't they kill everyone in the room right then? Why does a crazy gun fight need a thirty-minute break, which no one mentioned before, where there was guaranteed no shooting?

There's a long beat.

LERA

What, are you actually asking us? I don't fucking know, news lady. That's why I watch you.

STOLZ

You're damn right you do. It's because there's so much stray fire out there that it's knocking out the cameras they got hidden all over this fucking death trap, and they needed to repair them. Because they need to watch us. Because they're betting on us.

The Team stares at Stolz in surprise except for Hank.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

There will be a winner here, but they'll never pull a trigger.

BOMB-BOMB

(TO LERA) Ha! Looks like I saved your ass from that bullshit Stabbing Pit. You owe me.

Lera picks up a shot glass and a bottle of vodka.

LERA

(TO BOMB-BOMB) Buy you a drink?

BOMB-BOMB

Da

Lera pours the drink and hands it to Bomb-Bomb.

STOLZ

Those poor bastards in the Stabbing Pit got it the worst.

Stolz thinks about Sam as she fast forwards the footage. The image of Rocky rising out of the stage plays inside the glasses. The Team is collectively stunned by Rocky.

DEPUTY GRIMES

The fuck? What the fuck is that!

LERA

Whoa! Look at that fucking thing. I could have fought that? (TO BOMB-BOMB) Now you owe me.

Bomb-Bomb continues to watch Rocky and passes the drink back to Lera. Everyone watches as Rocky tears through multiple people with Batley.

LERA, HANK, BOMB-BOMB, DEPUTY GRIMES

Wow.

STOLZ

Yeah, that's Governor Small's baby boy, Rocky. I found out a little about he and his brother Ricky when I was digging up dirt on Governor Smalls when he was running in ninety-two. Those boys are real freaky, like comic book creatures.

LERA
Can't wait to meet 'em.

STOLZ
Yeah, you can.

Stolz closes up the glasses.

STOLZ (CONT'D)
They're coming, everyone in here
with a gun is coming, those little
hidden guns in the fucking walls
are definitely coming. Secret
service...

HANK
And?

STOLZ
And you will all die. No ones
walking out of this mall. We, we
will all die in here and those
fucking fat, rich old men are
going to go back home and get
fatter and fucking richer and
worst of all, fucking older.

BOMB-BOMB
So, let's get fucking destroy
hammer! Next round is on me.

The Team except for Stolz raise their glasses and cheer
as they turn around in their stools toward the bar.

STOLZ
Don't you see? We can't let this
happen. This isn't right. This
isn't fucking America!

Hank turns around.

HANK
Of course it is.

Hank turns back around.

STOLZ
Well that's not what I want
America to be. I can still make
sure its not.

Lera turns around and faces Stolz.

LERA

Oh, Jesus! Shut the fuck up and tell us your plan already. If it's better than sitting here, which I don't find likely, I'll consider it.

STOLZ

And you speak for everyone now?

LERA

Bitch, I own sprinkles here, Grimes is still trying to not shit himself, and Bomb-Bomb does not give a fuck. I promise you that. And you need help. You've been talking to me. You've been asking me. So Yeah, I'm team fucking super captain leader commander. Cool? So, what do you got?

STOLZ

We need to get out of here.

LERA

It's been real nice talking to you, crazy.

Lera raises her glass to Stolz and then turns back around.

STOLZ

No, you didn't let me finish. We need to get out of here and I can get us out of here.

Lera looks at Hank and Grimes.

LERA

Keep going, Mission Impossible.

STOLZ

I need a computer to upload the video to the internet and email my editor.

LERA

What's this magic talk?

DEPUTY GRIMES

Nah, I'm following. I get it.

STOLZ

Great! If the people at my station see the video and know I'm basically being held hostage here and don't have long to live, every goddamn station on television we'll be at the border of Sector Five in an hour. Helicopters and everything. At least if we die then, someone will want to know why.

The Team silently thinks about the plan.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

We'll be alive.

No one reacts.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

I'll make you famous, if that helps.

Everyone looks at each other.

LERA

Oh, that helps.

BOMB-BOMB

Famous people fuck everybody.

The Team turns around in their Stools and face Stolz.

LERA

So, how do we unload on this interstate and free mail the infantry?

STOLZ

Whatever, there's no time. I need a computer and I doubt this old drunk's shit box has one. I saw an office supply store two stores down on this side. I figure they have at least one.

LERA

All right, let's go nerd shopping.

Everyone finishes their drinks.

STOLZ

No, we have to find another way in without using the hall.

(MORE)

STOLZ (CONT'D)

We can't be seen. They can't know where we are yet.

BOMB-BOMB

Fine, fine, quit begging. I make door.

STOLZ

Once I upload the video, they'll know something is going on and things will get real ugly, real quick. I know they will. After I know the email is sent, we're going to need a distraction to get out of the mall. Like a big one. Like a big...

Stolz thinks deeply to herself.

BOMB-BOMB

Like big bomb? Oh, sweetie, I love you!

CUT TO:

INT. THE FRUGAL PROFESSIONAL - LATER

The inner wall of the Frugal Professional explodes and Bomb- Bomb followed by the rest of the team enters. Bomb- Bomb Immediately gathers any kind of chemicals she can find.

Stolz and Deputy Grimes look for a back office with a computer. Lera places an explosive inside the hole as she walks through it. Hank and Lera begin securing the perimeter and placing mines near the entrance of the store.

HANK

Think they heard that?

LERA

Think they care?

HANK

Apparently they will.

LERA

Good. I hope they all come.

HANK

Yeah, what's with the whole Bronson death wish thing?

LERA

Aw, Sprinkles! Are you trying to read my Beanie Baby tag and find out my backstory?

HANK

Yeah, why not? I'm a history buff.

LERA

Why Lt. Bradley, I do believe your flirting with me.

HANK

I'm not, trust me. But, if I was going to flirt with someone, it'd be you.

LERA

I don't know. You got that ready for T.V. piece of ass over there. I think you could do better in here.

HANK

I meant anywhere.

Lera smiles and continues laying mines.

LERA

My poppa was an American deep spy. They found out, executed him right in front of me and then brainwashed me and forced me to be loyal or end up the same way.

HANK

I'm sorry.

LERA

Yeah, well, shit happens. I spent the rest of my life un-fucking my brain and trying to take down the whole Soviet Union, but you damn Americans took that from me. What do I have now? Everything is gone so I'm just walking around this shit bird world until something stops me.

HANK

Again, I'm sorry. I want you to know that I've heard sadder sob stories, but I'm sorry.

LERA

What about you, Sprinkles?

HANK

What about me?

LERA

You're not going to try to outdo
my tale of woe?

HANK

I told you, I ain't flirting yet.

LERA

You owe me, death row.

HANK

Guess you'll have to stick around
a while, then.

Hank leaves Lera at the entrance of the store and helps Bomb-Bomb carry her many bomb making ingredients. Lera smiles and places a few more minds in strategic places.

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER

Five minutes until the competition
resumes. Five-minute warning.

Lera walks into the back office where the rest of the team is gathered.

INT. BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lera enters the back office as Hank and Bomb-Bomb line up bottles of chemicals in front of a Sony CFD 100L boombox. Deputy Grimes sits at the computer and Stolz leans over his shoulder.

LERA

Everyone hear that? Robot said you
have five minutes. Since she
didn't say disqualified and
everything didn't go black, I'm
guessing they don't know we're in
here.

BOMB-BOMB

I make champagne fucking wedding
cake in four minutes.

DEPUTY GRIMES

We found an AOL free trial CD, but my screen name was lost when my subscription ran out a few days ago. Figured I'd just wait for another CD in the mail. Didn't think it was life or death.

LERA

So?

DEPUTY GRIMES

So, it's going to take at least ten minutes to create a new screen name and connect unless we already have an active one. Does, does anybody have a working AOL screen name?

STOLZ

Don't look at me. I don't have time for this shit. Sam was the tech guy.

HANK

Oh, no, I've been in prison.

BOMB-BOMB

(POINTS TO COMPUTER) I use these robots for detonators.

LERA

Fuck.

HANK

You, you have one of these?

LERA

Yeah, I'm an international spy. You seriously thought I didn't know what the fucking internet was?

DEPUTY GRIMES

What's your screen name?

LERA

Pinky princess seventy-two.

Hank laughs uncontrollably. Deputy Grimes clicks on the keyboard.

DEPUTY GRIMES

And your password?

LERA

I'm not saying!

HANK

Oh my god, it's even better?

DEPUTY GRIMES

I can't connect without the password.

LERA

Fine, Fine! It's Daddy's girl. One word.

Deputy Grimes clicks a few more keyboard buttons and the classic AOL connecting sound is heard. Lera looks at Hank with anger. Hank still laughs uncontrollably. You've Got Mail! Can be heard.

DEPUTY GRIMES

Wow, that's a lot of cartoon naked people.

Hank falls to the floor laughing. Lera exits the back office in embarrassment. Hank rises and controls himself. Stolz looks at Hank.

STOLZ

All right, we're officially on which means they're gonna figure out something's up in about a minute. You're up, slugger.

Hank nods and exits the back office. Deputy Grimes and Stolz change seats. Stolz begins typing. Bomb-Bomb begins dismantling the boombox.

BOMB-BOMB

Hope you two like watching porn!

Both Stolz and Deputy Grimes look at each other with awkward intrigue.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - SAME TIME

The President and Governor Smalls sit on a couch waiting for the competition to begin again. A person from TECH SUPPORT approaches nervously.

TECH SUPPORT

Um, Governor Smalls, Mr., Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT

Address me first next time.
Fucking rude.

TECH SUPPORT

My apologies, sir. I also apologize for my behavior, but we may have a problem that needs your direct attention.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Out with it.

TECH SUPPORT

Well, sir... sirs, it appears that someone not associated with our security team has accessed a phone line inside of the mall.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

So, someone's making a phone call? That's what you're bothering us with?

TECH SUPPORT

Of course, sir, it could be an innocent call from a dying contestant to a loved one. It could also be a massive upload of information about what is going on here.

THE PRESIDENT

Smalls, you telling me that we got fucking rats in here? You let a bunch of fucking rats into my beautiful competition?

GOVERNOR SMALLS

No, sir, of course not. It's probably a misunderstanding.

THE PRESIDENT

Well, then let's find the fuck out, Sherlock.

The President stands and walks toward the display of monitors.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Oh, you fucks are so lucky I like catching rats. Get all this shit off of here. Get me video of the convention.

TECH SUPPORT

Yes, sir. Right away, sir.

The monitors disappear. The mirror wall becomes a giant monitor. The convention from earlier plays.

THE PRESIDENT

All right, who doesn't want to be here?

The President scans the crowd over a few times. He finally settles on Stolz and Sam and points.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Those two fucks. Sugar tits and the coward there, stay on them.

The camera focuses on Stolz and Sam. The footages fast forwards. The President watches them during the announcers speech.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Look at them. Everybody else is going fucking crazy. They're just standing there staring. Like they know something. Like they can see us. And they're wearing sunglasses in there. It's dark as fucking shit, why are they still wearing sunglasses? It ain't because they're robot killers from the fucking future. It's because they're fucking rats. Keep going.

The footage fast forwards more as the camera still focuses on Stolz and Sam. Stolz leaves. As the competition begins, Sam disappears behind the curtain.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

See there. One stayed and one left.

The one that stayed didn't want to be here. Look at the rest of these psychos and he's fucking hiding? He's stuck, he's fucked.

The footage continues and Rocky rises out of the stage and begins murdering killers.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Holy shit this was amazing to watch! Best part of the whole thing. Your fucked-up kids saved your ass and all your stupid mistakes, Smalls.

The footage continues. Rocky kills the remaining killers in the Stabbing Pit. The camera watches Sam leave his hiding place and EXIT the room. Rocky soon follows after and Rocky is followed by Ricky.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

I've seen enough. Whoever that rat coward fuck was, he's fucking dead now. Go find his corpse. Search it.

TECH SUPPORT

Right away, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. SIGN-IN HALL - SAME TIME

A Large Security Guard enters the Sign-in Hall. The Large Security Guard approaches the smashed, bloody corpse of Sam and beds over it. The Large Security Guard opens Sam's overcoat, revealing broken camera equipment.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - SAME TIME

The Tech Support listens to their earpiece and then clears their throat.

TECH SUPPORT

We can confirm that the man's corpse was concealing camera equipment.

THE PRESIDENT

Hot shit! Bingo. We should have bet on that, why didn't we bet on that?

(MORE)

I would have broken even from Moseph fucking Hawkington. Still pissed about that. Someone find his corpse and desecrate it.

(MORE)

(MORE) (CONT'D)

The shit rat coward fuck too. You take it from here, Smalls. Quit fucking up and get the action back up here.

A moment later, monitors fill the wall in front of The President. Governor Smalls walks with the Tech Support.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Find out exactly where that phone call is coming from.

TECH SUPPORT

Right away, sir.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THE FRUGAL PROFESSIONAL ENTRANCE - MINUTES AFTER

Hank sees Lera standing by the entrance looking out. Hank approaches and stands next to her. After a beat, he giggles.

LERA

It's not funny.

HANK

Of course it is. It's like if you found out Maleficent collected barbies.

LERA

Sleeping Beauty, really? Didn't take you for a Disney princess fan.

HANK

I wasn't. Annie was.

LERA

Your wife?

HANK

No, my daughter. Judy liked Lady and the Tramp.

LERA

Ah, the wife's name was Judy. Makes sense. You're quite the tramp, Sprinkles.

Hank stares out the window and nods. Lera glances at him.

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER

Attention all competitors. There is a bonus of one million dollars to anyone that kills the team located on second floor inside the Frugal Professional. The competition will resume in forty seconds.

LERA

Well, there it is.

HANK

Yep, let's get this surprise party started.

Both Lera and Hank leave the window.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FRUGAL PROFESSIONAL - MOMENTS LATER

Killers begin pouring into the Frugal Professional. The store is empty as more killers pour in and search the shelves. Supreme Maurice and Lorenzo and what's left of their team wait in their go carts outside of the store with several other killers.

An overhead scan of the Frugal Professional reveals Lera and Hank behind the store's checkout counter with guns drawn. Lera also holds a detonator.

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER

Ten, nine, eight, seven.

The killers move closer to the checkout counter.

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Six, five, four...

LERA

Ah, fuck you, robot.

Lera clicks the detonator. The entire front half of the Frugal Professional ignites and explodes killing all most everyone. Glass and fire pour out of the store, killing several killers and causing the rest to retreat.

As the smoke inside the Frugal Professional begins to clear, Lera and Hank rise from behind the checkout counter and begin precisely shooting killers.

Lera and Hank take turns firing and ducking behind the counter to reload. As Lera reloads behind the counter, she sees more killers pouring in from the hole in the wall that Bomb-Bomb made.

Lera shoots at the explosive she placed inside the hole when she entered and an explosion instantly kills several killers. After a few more rounds of gunfire, all invading killers are dead, and the rest have retreated.

HANK

Get the rest of the Scooby gang,
we gotta keep moving. I'll cover.

Lera leaves Hank and moves to the door to the back office. Lera KNOCKS.

LERA

Come on! Time to banana split.

There is no response from the other side of the door. Lera GROWLS and enters the back office.

INT. BACK OFFICE - SAME TIME

Lera is upset when she enters the Back Office but is then surprised followed by amused. Hank hears the laughter and joins her in the doorway.

Stolz, Bomb-Bomb, and Deputy Grimes are sweaty and disheveled as they dress and fix themselves. Bomb-Bomb and Lera make eye contact.

BOMB-BOMB

I told you, sexy time!

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - SAME TIME

The President watches the monitors. He sees the explosion and dead bodies, but nothing else.

THE PRESIDENT

What the fuck? Did we get 'em or
not? Why can't we see in there?

GOVERNOR SMALLS

We focused the cameras in the main
halls of the first and second
floor.

(MORE)

GOVERNOR SMALLS (CONT'D)

It would have been insanely expensive to film every store and corner of this place.

THE PRESIDENT

Another genius move, fuck up. You just keep fucking this whole thing up. How are we supposed to bet? Half our horses could be dead on the floor in there and we have no way of knowing. You fucked it all up.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

My apologies, sir. This entire concept was an experiment at best. Some things are just unpredictable.

THE PRESIDENT

Well, I can predict that you'll fuck it all up again. Raise the bonus, make it a billion fucking dollars, it doesn't matter anyway. If anybody's still alive in there, they sure as shit can't have a lot of bullets left. Let the last of the scum ware them out and then send your boys in. Kill the rats first. We'll figure out betting later.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Yes, sir. Right away.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SMOKEY JOE'S TAVERN - SOON AFTER

The Team stands with their weapons loaded and ready. Lera, wearing the boombox bomb strapped to her back, pulls a chair between them until she reaches the front window of Smokey Joe's Tavern.

Lera places the chair a few feet in front of the window and then stands in front of the team.

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER

Attention all contestants. Another one-million-dollar bonus has been added to anyone that kills the team located inside the Frugal Professional.

(MORE)

ROBOTIC ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

This bonus will be extended to any member of the team inside the Frugal Professional along with guaranteed protection.

LERA

Yeah, yeah, Small Wonder, keep piling up the monopoly money and promises.

HANK

You sure about this? I can go first.

LERA

You're such a gentleman, Sprinkles. But no, I'm team super commander, I'll go first. And don't act like you're the only one here with skills.

HANK

Yes Ma'am.

LERA

All right, loser lunch table, here we go. Let's get them before we got nothing left to defend ourselves.

Sprinkles and I will deal with the bad men with guns. Everyone else look for them damn cameras.

Lera takes a step forward and readies her guns. The silhouettes of killers appear to be moving slowly past the front window of Smokey Joe's Tavern. Lera bows her head.

For a moment, the child version of Lera in Lera's exact outfit raises her head and begins to run. Adult Lera kicks the chair she placed in front of the window. As the chair smashes through the glass, Lera continues to run and jumps on to the chair.

EXT. SMOKEY JOES TAVERN

Lera emerges through the window, riding the chair as the glass from the window covers and cuts the group of killers stationed there and the legs of the chair itself stabs through a killer and takes him flying to the ground.

Lera flips off the chair and fires at killers coming from and toward the Frugal professional.

Lera lands in a crouch and continues to fire. Hank dives from the bar toward Lera, firing on both sides. Hank lands and he and Lera immediately go back to back and cover each other.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - SAME TIME

The President sees Lera and Hank emerge on the monitor.

THE PRESIDENT

That's them! Take them out! Take them out right now.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL SECOND FLOOR - SAME TIME

Small cannons protrude from the ceiling above Lera and Hank. Before they can begin firing, a handful of landmines come through the broken window of Smokey Joe's Tavern and attach to the ceiling above Lera and Hank.

The mines explode, sending pieces of the ceiling and pieces of gun and electronics flying. The rest of The Team enters into the main hall and begin firing at the ceiling in different directions, destroying cameras as they move.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS - SAME TIME

All of the monitors following Hank and Lera go dark. The President stares at Governor Smalls with hatred. Governor Smalls rises and fix his suit.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

I'll send my boys out immediately.

The President grabs Governor Smalls by the arm and points in his face.

THE PRESIDENT

One more fuck up and they're orphans, you hear me?

(MORE)

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

(TO PARTY) Who wants to bet his
kids will
orphans?

Governor Smalls is silent as he exits. A moment later, another monitor goes dark until Rocky's form continues forward and can be seen entering the Main Hall of the DoubleTree Mall. Soon after, Ricky follows.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL SECOND FLOOR - SAME TIME

Lera leaves Hank's back and begins to walk away toward the center of the mall.

LERA

Get 'em out of here.

Hank follows Lera.

HANK

I'm with you. I'm a good fucking
dog.

LERA

Whatever. Bomb-Bomb, get 'em out,
now!

BOMB-BOMB

Be safe, my friend.

Bomb-Bomb takes Stolz and Grimes and begins to lead them toward the exit of the mall.

LERA

Just because you're with me,
doesn't mean you're dying with me.
Get the fuck out, Sprinkles.

HANK

I'll try, Pinky princess.

LERA

Good, boy. You take the top, I'll
take the bottom. Your ride looked
fun.

Hank smiles and runs ahead of Lera, clearing a path. Hank continues around the left side of the center of the mall, clearing the path of killers. Lera reloads and runs full sprint at the corpse of the Chameleon still bouncing around.

Lera jumps onto the Chameleon's corpse and begins to ride it over the second-floor railing. As Lera fires at killers on the first floor unreachable by hank, the bungee cord holding Lera and the Chameleon snaps, sending Lera into an uncontrollable fall.

LERA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

DOUBLETREE MALL FIRST FLOOR

Lera falls to the floor, into the mucky waters of the broken fountain and slides into a large planter. Hank sees Lera and screams out as he tries his best to cover her and shoot killers advancing toward him with his limited ammunition.

DOUBLETREE MALL SECOND FLOOR

Bomb-Bomb hears Lera scream out and sees that the bungee cord has broken. Bomb-Bomb hugs and deeply kisses both Stolz and Deputy Grimes.

BOMB-BOMB

Go, my beautiful lovers. They will be worrying about Lera now, not the sexy people running for the exit.

Bomb is most important. Get out. For Lera, Sprinkles, for me.

Bomb-Bomb runs off toward the center of the mall. Stolz and Deputy Grimes head toward the entrance of the mall.

DOUBLETREE MALL FIRST FLOOR

Lera lies on the ground. Lera slowly rises. Gun fire surrounds Lera and she ducks behind the planter and returns fire at the advancing killers.

DOUBLETREE MALL SECOND FLOOR

Hank sees that Lera is back on her feet and that Bomb-Bomb is running toward the center. Hank continues to clear out killers on the second floor of the mall past the broken elevator.

DOUBLETREE MALL FIRST FLOOR

As Lera continues to fire, she runs out of ammunition. As a few killers advance on her, they are shot dead by Bomb-Bomb from above.

Lera and Bomb-Bomb share a smile before Lera continues advancing on the killers in front of her and killing them with martial arts as Bomb-Bomb helps with bullets from above.

A moment later, a large, cement planter flies through the air taking out several killers as it barrels toward Lera. Lera notices and jumps out of the way, but not in time to completely miss the flying planter and bodies.

Lera does several flips and rolls as she's thrown back into the murky water in front of the elevator.

As Lera lies on the floor and again slowly begins to rise, Rocky's massive form enters into the light of the Mall's center.

Lera is horrified by Rocky's size. Rocky advance towards her as he playfully swings Batley.

DOUBLETREE MALL SECOND FLOOR

Bomb-Bomb fires at Rocky, but the bullets don't even touch the giant, they seem to hit and fall right before they've reached him.

Hank kills the last of the advancing killers on the second floor. He peeks over the railing and sees Rocky from behind and Lera crawling backwards.

Hank aims his gun at Rocky. A second later, the corner of Hank's eye catches Ricky slowly walking down the hall. Hank sees that Ricky is doing weird things with his eyes and makes the connection that he is controlling Rocky. Hank quickly moves unseen toward Ricky.

DOUBLETREE MALL FIRST FLOOR

Rocky stands over Lera silently staring down at her. After a moment, he slowly raises Batley. Lera covers her face and begins to cry.

DOUBLETREE MALL SECOND FLOOR

Once Hank is behind Ricky, he empties his clip down into him. Ricky, sensing something wrong, turns as a bullet grazes his skull.

Ricky kneels, but manages to stop the other bullets flying at him as he holds his head. At the same time Ricky falls from his wound, Rocky also drops Batley and kneels to one knee.

Ricky notices Hank on the second floor shooting him and with the motion of his hand, sends every large cement planter in his vicinity flying at Hank.

Hank runs toward the elevator and Lera as he dodges flying blocks of cement, pieces of breaking walls and shattered glass from store windows.

Bomb-Bomb, noticing Rocky is hurt, at least vulnerable, swings her duffle bag full of mines until it hangs in front of her like a baby in a jumper.

Bomb-Bomb runs along the mall's center until she is above Rocky. Bomb-Bomb jumps onto the second-floor railing.

BOMB-BOMB

Hey, big boy! I fuck you mama.

Bomb-Bomb jumps off the railing into Rocky. Rocky reaches up and grabs her by the throat before she reaches him. Bomb-Bomb hangs and chokes for a moment before she detonates her duffle bag of mines.

DOUBLETREE MALL FIRST FLOOR

LERA

Bomb-Bomb!

The explosion is very large, sending Lera flying backwards, sending Rocky hurling through an entire store, and cutting off the electricity to the entire mall.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Stolz and Deputy Grimes reach the first floor in view of the mall's entrance. As they hear the explosion and see the mall go dark, they instantly hide inside of ERNIE'S ARCADE.

As they hide inside the entrance, they see Sgt. Mills cowering near them.

SGT MILLS

Grimes? You still alive?

DEPUTY GRIMES

Shit, Mills, you're still fucking alive?

SGT. MILLS

I've just been hiding and praying.
I don't want to die, Grimes.

DEPUTY GRIMES

We're not trying to, either. The rest of them made a distraction so we could escape. I think it's safe...

Sgt. Mills quickly leaves his place, pushes Stolz and Deputy Grimes out of the way and runs toward the entrance.

As Sgt. Mills runs through the Mall's entrance, several manned Gatling guns sit directly outside the entrance to the mall.

When they see Sgt. Mills running toward them, all the Gatling guns fire, shattering the glass and ripping through Sgt. Mills.

DEPUTY GRIMES (CONT'D)

I said, I think.

A moment later, Hank pulls an unconscious Lera with the boombox still on her back with one arm and Batley with the other. Hank sees Deputy Grimes and Stolz.

HANK

What the fuck? Get the hell out of here!

STOLZ

Not that way!

Stolz points toward the entrance and Hank sees Sgt. Mills bullet ridden body. Hank pulls Lera and Batley into Ernie's Arcade. Once everyone is inside, Deputy Grimes Pulls down the stores protect gate and locks the door.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BOX SEATS - SOON AFTER

The room is completely dark. The President clicks a flashlight underneath his face revealing an angry glare.

THE PRESIDENT

Where the fuck is Smalls?

TECH SUPPORT

I'm not sure, sir. He left before the blackout. Emergency power will be working shortly.

THE PRESIDENT

Will we have cameras?

TECH SUPPORT

No, but we'll have lights.

THE PRESIDENT

I want everybody out there looking for these fucks. If there is anybody left, I want them beheaded and brought back to me so I can fuck their skulls in the ass. You hear me? Comb the whole god damn mall.

TECH SUPPORT

Right away, sir.

THE PRESIDENT

And find Smalls. I want him back here immediately. I'm going to kill him myself.

TECH SUPPORT

Yes, sir.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ERNIE'S ARCADE, BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

Hank tends to Lera with a first aid kit as Stolz and Deputy Grimes stand over him.

HANK

Go check all the closets and rooms in here. Look for some kind of vent big enough to fit through.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

It'll take a while to crawl out,
but I doubt there will be a
fucking Gatling gun waiting for
you on the other side.

Deputy Grimes and Stolz EXIT. Lera begins to come to.

LERA

Sprinkles?

HANK

Hey, Pinky princess, how you
feeling?

LERA

I ain't dead.

HANK

It was close.

LERA

Bomb-Bomb?

Hank shakes his head. Lera looks away as her mouth
quivers.

HANK

She fucked that big dude up, took
out the electricity in the whole
mall.

Lera sadly giggles.

LERA

What a way to go.

HANK

Don't get any ideas about leaving
yet. Grimes and Stolz are still
stuck in here. The entrance is
heavily guarded.

LERA

All right lets get to it.

Hank gently pushes Lera back down.

HANK

Five more minutes, crazy. At least
long enough for the bandages to
set and for the pills I gave you
to kick in. You're no good to me
just wobbling around and shit.

LERA

Fine, tell me a story while I wait. I'm not just gonna lie here for nothing.

HANK

What do you want to hear? Little Red Riding Hood? Puss in Boots?

LERA

Quit dodging and spill it, death row. What happened?

Hank takes a minute and thinks.

HANK

Do you know that when Mao was in power, he thought that sparrows were going to deplete the nations rice, so he ordered every family in China to kill one sparrow a week?

LERA

Makes sense, so?

HANK

So? Sparrows don't eat rice. I was ordered to kill a lot of innocent people in Laos just to move them for a military project instead of just moving them. I said no, threatened to tell the world and woke up at home in my bed surrounded by the massacred corpses of my wife and kids. The trial was quick. And now I'm here.

LERA

Why keep going?

HANK

Because I'm in hell. And if you find yourself in hell, keep going. You might just make it out.

Both Hank and Lera smile.

LERA

How are we on supplies?

HANK

Well, we still got the boombox bomb, real surprised that made it.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

A couple of mines. Stolz and Grimes have a few guns and you and I have three sidearms between us.

LERA

How about bullets for those guns?

HANK

We are extremely lacking in the bullet department.

LERA

How many of them do you think are still out there?

HANK

When I was dragging your ass, I wasn't being followed. I think we might have gotten all of them.

LERA

There'll be more. Security, secret service, special ops, who knows? But they'll send them all the same.

HANK

Well, the powers out so it should take them a while to find us. Wanna booby trap this place like we're the kid from Home Alone?

LERA

Now I know you're flirting with me, Sprinkles, because that's the sexiest thing anyone's ever asked me.

CUT TO:

INT. ERNIE'S ARCADE - LATER

A short montage plays of Lera, Hank, Deputy Grimes, and Stolz making small explosives, booby trapping the various gaming machines, and the large glass prize counter with glass shelves and mirrors behind it that run up and along the entire ceiling.

Along the side wall of the arcade. The remaining team play with some of the novelty toys inside the prize counter, but all take and wear sets of pool goggles and thick ski masks with tanks and skulls printed on them.

They all look at each other with amusement as the emergency power turns on and some of the lights and machines inside Ernie's Arcade light up with power.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL FIRST FLOOR - LATER

Dozens of lights attached to assault rifles pour over the hallway. Groups in full tactical gear move silently as one from store to store.

Eventually, they reach Ernie's arcade. As they look the closed gate and shut doors, they can see Batley dangling from a long chord above the floor in the middle of the room.

One of the group members signals the rest that this is the store. All the other groups swarm around the store. Two members left the gate as a third breaks glass on the door.

Another member approaches and fires several rounds of tear gas into Ernie's Arcade. When the room is sufficiently filled with smoke, the guards with Gatling guns from the entrance of the mall set up their guns outside of Ernie's arcade.

The Gatling guns fire and fill the arcade with a storm of bullets. The group members break the doors of Ernie's Arcade.

CUT TO:

INT. CEILING CRAWLSPACE - SAME TIME

Lera, Hank, Stolz, and Deputy grimes all lie inside the four feet between the second floor of the mall and the ceiling wearing goggles and ski masks.

Hank peers through a small hole in the ceiling above Ernie's Arcade.

Hank watches the smoke fill the room and bullets impacting all over the space below him. Once the Gatling gun fire stops, Hank stands above the chord contains Batley.

Hank swings the chord around faster and faster.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERNIE'S ARCADE

The heavily armored and armed guards enter the smoke-filled room slowly, scanning the area for bodies. As they continue through the smoke-filled room, guards begin flying bloody and broken backwards towards the entrance of Ernie's Arcade.

As the smoke begins to clear, it is revealed that Batley is quickly swinging around the room like a low ceiling fan, taking out guards as they enter.

GUARD

I got this.

The guard aims at the chord attached to Batley and fires. With the speed of Batley's spinning and when the chord was snapped, Batley hurls toward the entrance of Ernie's Arcade, smashing the storefront and killing several guards before landing on the floor. More guards fill the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CEILING CRAWLSPACE

Hank watches them from the hole. When enough guards have entered and are deep enough inside the arcade, Hank smiles at Lera.

HANK

Now?

LERA

Sure, why not?

Hank takes out a lighter and ignites a small chord of gunpowder next to him. The chord lights and flares quickly before leaving Hank's side and traveling below the Crawl Space.

CUT TO:

INT. ERNIE'S ARCADE

As Guards swarm inside the still hazy Ernie's Arcade, A single guard sees a small quick flash of fire travel down the back-left corner from the ceiling.

GUARD

There! Ten O'clock!

Guards fire at the back corner and then hold. A moment later, all of the arcade machines, on both sides of the room, one by one and quickly, begin exploding into the air and smashing down on the guards still blinded by the smoke and without sufficient room to dodge the machines.

After the machines have all fallen, several new barriers, including one blocking the entrance of Ernie's arcade. A few Guards climb over the new barrier and cover the area as all of the Guards with Gatling guns enter.

CUT TO:

INT. CEILING CRAWLSPACE

Hank watches as a new group swarms inside the even narrower arcade floor covered in bodies and turned over arcade machines. Hank looks at Lera.

LERA

Now?

HANK

Yeah, give them Bomb-Bomb's regards.

Lera pulls a small detonator from inside her shirt and presses the only button on it.

CUT TO:

INT. ERNIE'S ARCADE

The Guards and Guards with Gatling guns move parallel to the prize counter, what's left of the counter, and the back wall explode along with a section of ceiling mirrors.

The explosions, shards of metal and millions of bits of broken glass rip through the Guards and Guards with Gatling guns like they were made of paper. More Guards begin to climb over the barrier.

As they enter, both Hank and Lera drop down from the crater in the ceiling without goggles or ski masks and shoot all of the entering guards through the eyes. Hank drops both of his guns and picks up two high powered riffles.

Lera quickly reloads her side arm. As Lera is reloading her gun, she sees three Guards with rocket launchers peek over the barrier of arcade machines and rest the rocket launchers on the barrier, ready to fire.

Lera finishes reloading her gun, aims carefully at the rocket launcher in the middle, and fires a single bullet into the rocket launcher's barrel.

The middle rocket launcher explodes and explodes both other rocket launchers causing a massive explosion that engulfs the Guards still outside the store and sends the barrier of arcade machines flying toward Hank and Lera.

Hank and Lera maneuver around the flying machines as Lera cackles. Lera and Hank connect, and Hank throws her two assault guns as he picks up and reloads two more.

As soon as Hank is done reloading, and explosion comes from the back corner of the store. Hank jumps over several machines toward the explosion.

Lera begins to follow, but another explosion happens right behind her, taking out the wall between Ernie's Arcade and the accompanying store. Guards begin pouring in from both holes in Ernie's arcade.

Lera deals with the advancing guards on her side as Hank deals with the advancing guards on his side. Both Lera and Hank kill many guards as they dodge bullets and pick guns off corpses as they move.

Eventually, Lera and Hank are back to back in front of a Photo Booth that has managed to stay mostly undamaged and still has working electricity from the emergency power, firing and killing advancing guards.

Soon, they turn and are face to face, smiling at each other as they continue to fire their weapons and gill guards.

All of the guards are dead as Hank and Lera continue to fire their guns and smile at each other. They finally kiss each other deeply as their guns run out of ammunition and are dropped to embrace each other.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Hank and Lera have sex inside the Photo Booth with Lera's legs wrapped around Hank's torso as the Photo Booth rocks, sparks, and snaps pictures.

When the slip of pictures is printed out, the rocking of the Photo Booth knocks the slip of pictures out and onto the floor.

The camera scans the strip of photos on the ground. Most of the photos are blurry, but in one photo the silhouettes of Hank and Lera smile at each other.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BOX SEATS - SOON AFTER

The President sits angrily in the emergency lights as everyone around him is silent and cautious. The President snaps and a member of Tech Support comes to him.

TECH SUPPORT

Yes, sir?

THE PRESIDENT

Have you heard from the squads?
Are the rats dead yet? I said it
would take two minutes. It's been
ten and I'm out another five
thousand. What the fuck is going
on?

TECH SUPPORT

Sir, they haven't reported back.

THE PRESIDENT

None of them?

TECH SUPPORT

No, sir. We must assume that they
are dead.

The President holds his head for a long time and then begins punching the air and cursing. A moment later, The President sees that Both Rocky and Ricky have entered the Stabbing Pit in front of him.

Ricky is holding his side and his torso is burnt and bleeding. The President stands and approaches the window.

THE PRESIDENT

What the fuck do those two think
they're doing? Why aren't they out
there? This isn't fucking break
time.

Governor Smalls enters and approaches The President.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Where the fuck have you been, fuck up?

THE GOVERNOR

With my boys, sir. Rocky's hurt.

THE PRESIDENT

He ain't dead. Send hm out.

THE GOVERNOR

He refuses to fight without his club. It's like his teddy bear.

THE PRESIDENT

What kind of fucked up psycho retard shit is that? Find, send suntan out.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

He refused to go without Rocky. Sir, these are my boys, these are my killers. I'm gonna need them after this. I suggest we send out for additional support.

The President grabs Governor Smalls by the throat and pulls a gun from inside of his jacket and points it at Governor Smalls.

THE PRESIDENT

Every one of your shitty ideas take too long and find a new way of fucking me. What, you think I'm just gonna call the military up for this? Nobody besides the people in this room know about this shit. That's how it stays. I got that fucking guy over there guarding the door and I got those two guys over there standing in the corner like a couple of dumb fucking statues. I got this gun and I got those two fucking freaks in that room. Those freaks are going to kill whoever else is in this fucking mall or I'm going to kill all three of you here and now.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Ok, ok, yes sir. I think I have a solution.

THE PRESIDENT

I highly fucking doubt that.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

No, sir, I won't let you down again. I think I can salvage all of this. You like that bible, right?

THE PRESIDENT

Of course, I like the fucking bible. What kind of dumb question is that?

GOVERNOR SMALLS

David and Goliath, are you familiar with the story?

The President finally loosens his grip and lowers his gun. Although he is still angry, he seems interested.

THE PRESIDENT

Yeah, so?

GOVERNOR SMALLS

So, want to bet on it?

The President smiles and looks out onto the Stabbing Pit and Rocky.

CUT TO:

INT. ERNIE'S ARCADE, BACK ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Lera, Hank, Stolz, and Deputy Grimes prepare to leave through a small burnt out hole in the ceiling of the office where light from the sunrise is pouring in. Deputy Grimes exits first followed by Stolz. Lera and Hank stand together.

HANL

After you.

LERA

No, you. I want to watch that ass as it leaves.

HANK

I'm not

LERA

What the fuck is this shit?

HANK

Someones gotta stay.

LERA

Fuck that, run it and gun it.
Let's go, crazy talk.

HANK

They'll be expecting a body or something, there are just dead fucking guards in there. If they don't find a body, they'll just keep searching for one and this will never end.

LERA

Then I'll stay too. Let's fuck the rest of them up together.

HANK

Lera, you came here looking for a reason to live. Getting those people to safety is a pretty good reason. If it wasn't going to be death row, it would have been the Stabbing Pit for me. But you saved me. See how good you are at that?

LERA

I saved you because I wanted to fuck you.

HANK

And you fuck real good. I'm grateful for you. Please, let me return the favor.

LERA

Do me a favor and shut the fuck up? After that get your sweet ass out the window.

Hank pulls out a gun and points it at Lera. Hank's lip quivers as a tear rolls down his cheek.

HANK

Please? For me? I can't let you die in here. I can't just let another person I love die on my watch.

LERA

That's cute, but we both know you're not...

Hank fires his gun at Lera. The bullet graces right by Lera's ear. Lera is shocked and holds her ear.

HANK

Please, go.

Lera kisses Hank deeply and hugs him. Lera slaps Hank across the face. Lera begins to crawl out of the hole and points back at Hank with anger.

LERA

By far the most adorable thing about you is that you think you can tell me you love me and fire a gun at me and think for a second that this shit is in any way over, Sprinkles.

Lera disappears. Hank smiles and exits the office.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. ERNIE'S ARCADE - LATER

Hank sits at the entrance to Ernie's Arcade on top of an arcade machine holding his gun. The boombox bomb sits next to him.

A flashlight scans the hall and lands on Hank's face. Hank raises his gun. The flashlight drops and the scared voice of a member of Tech Support rings out through the mall.

TECH SUPPORT

Please don't kill me! I'm unarmed,
I swear. I'm just the messenger!

Hank slightly lowers his gun and waves the member of Tech Support over. The member of Tech Support stands in front of Hank with a small camera with a microphone attached in one hand and a small speaker in the other.

TECH SUPPORT (CONT'D)

Hey, how you doing? Thank you for not killing me. I'll just need a moment to get everything set up.

Hank watches as the member of Tech Support activates the camera and points it at Hank.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS

The President, Governor Smalls, and the rest of the guests crowd around a small television. The image of Hank appears. The President scowls and grabs for a small microphone in front of the television.

Governor Smalls grabs the microphone first and silently begs The President to let him handle the situation. The President crosses his arms and sits back, upset. Governor Smalls clears his throat and clicks a button on the microphone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERNIE'S ARCADE

Hank hears static over the speaker and then the voice of Governor Smalls.

GOVERNOR SMALLS VOICE

You the last one?

Hank looks around and nods.

GOVERNOR SMALLS VOICE (CONT'D)

Sure no one else is hiding?

Hank cocks his gun.

HANK

You're welcome to come look.

GOVERNOR SMALLS VOICE

No, no, I trust you. Well, congratulations, son. Looks like you're the winner.

HANK

Is this The President I'm talking to?

There is a long silence.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS

Governor Smalls looks at The President. The President is eager for the microphone.

GOVERNOR SMALLS

Why, no, no it's not. Would you like to speak with him?

The image of Hank on the television slowly shakes his head.

HANK

Nope.

The President becomes more enraged and demands the microphone. Governor Smalls silently pleads for The President to let him continue.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERNIE'S ARCADE

Hank checks his gun and waits.

GOVERNOR SMALLS VOICE

That is a shame, son. He wants to talk to you, wants to meet you. You've really impressed him today. He wants to send you out of here a rich man.

HANK

I'm sure he does. Sounds like him.

GOVERNOR S

Yes, he is a very honorable and decent man, I promise you. Come back to the Stabbing Pit, collect your money, and shake his hand.

HANK

Gee, that sure does sound swell.

GOVERNOR SMALLS VOICE

Doesn't it. Now, as a personal favor and a show of good faith, please bring that big club with you, if you wouldn't mind. I know a strong guy like you can lift it.

HANK

What, Governor Smalls, is your boy to scared to come get his death rattle himself?

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS

Governor Smalls sits wide mouth and shocked. The President chokes the image of Hank on the television screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERNIE'S ARCADE

Hank smiles wide at the camera and hoists his gun over his shoulder.

HANK

This gun is pretty heavy too. You can't really expect me to come unarmed, do you?

GOVERNOR SMALLS VOICE

Now son, the competition is over. There is no more need for weapons. Yes, you putting down your weapon and bringing back my son is a show of trust. You're safe now. That's a guarantee from old uncle Sam.

HANK

Few guarantees in this life. Here I come.

Hank kicks the camera the member of Tech Support is holding.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS

The image on the screen goes dark. The President kicks the television and curses wildly.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUBLETREE MALL - MORNING

Lera marches quickly past the prison bus and towards the parking lot of the DoubleTree Mall, scorned. Deputy Grimes and Stolz struggle to keep up with her pace.

STOLZ

Right, there's an extra camera in the car. We can do the live stream from the prison bus.

Stolz continues marching uninterested.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Lera reaches her car and opens the trunk. Stolz and Deputy Grimes reach the car that Stolz and Sam arrived in. Stolz checks the doors and finds that they are locked. She checks her clothes and realizes she doesn't have car key.

STOLZ

Shit! Sam has the keys. Hey, Lera, can you break in?

Without looking up from the trunk, Lera lifts up a pistol and fires at Stolz's car. All of the windows of the car shatter.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Lera pulls two gigantic, almost cartoonish guns out of her trunk. She loads them, lifts them and marches back in the direction of the mall past Stolz and Deputy Grimes.

STOLZ (CONT'D)

Wait, the bus is that way.

LERA

Get on the bus and leave.

STOLZ

Without you? Lera, that wasn't the...

Lera turns and fires her guns in their direction.

LERA

Fuck off!

Lera continues marching back toward the mall.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL FIRST FLOOR - SAME TIME

Hank walks slowly through the carnage of the competition, holding the boombox bomb in one hand and dragging Batley with the other. Hank looks up at the charred and broken ceiling next to the elevator that still reads DEATH ROW. Hank lowers his head and continues to walk.

CUT TO:

INT. STABBING PIT

Hank enters the Stabbing Pit. Ricky and Rocky are on the other side of the Stabbing Pit near the stage waiting for him. Hank, Ricky and Rocky stand in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS

The President is excited as soon as he sees Hank. The party almost starts up again with The Presidents excitement and Governor Smalls smiles and laughs.

THE PRESIDENT

Here we go! This shit is so
fucking biblical. Final bets,
final Bets!

Still smiling, The President puts his hand on Governor Smalls's shoulder and squeezes.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

To the death, one way or another.
Governor Smalls is suddenly
worried again.

CUT TO:

INT. STABBING PIT

Hank, Ricky and Rocky continue to stare at each other. Ricky begins to communicate with Hank telepathically.

RICKY

So, you're the crack shot?

Ricky points to the scratch on his face.

HANK

Yeah, well...

Ricky covers his mouth with his index finger signaling for Hank to not speak.

RICKY

We can communicate just fine with our thoughts, darling.

HANK

That's me.

RICKY

Lt. Hank Bradley forced to be here and the only one left alive. Or, so you say.

HANK

Sure do know a lot about me.

RICKY

Well, reading minds does tell you a lot. You know they want us to kill you, correct?

HANK

Yeah, I figured.

RICKY

But you don't want to die here, do you, Sprinkles?

Hank lowers his head when he hears the name Sprinkles. When Hank lifts his head, his eyes are wet.

HANK

No.

RICKY

But your plan was to bring a bomb in here that you don't even know works in order to kill everyone and yourself in order to save Lera?

Hank looks at the boombox, shakes it and laughs.

HANK

Pretty much.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS

The President, Governor Smalls, and the entire crowd is gathered around the window wall overlooking the Stabbing Pit. They watch silently as Hank, Ricky and Rocky stand silently.

THE PRESIDENT

What the fuck? Somebody kill somebody!

CUT TO:

INT. STABBING PIT

Ricky smiles at Hank.

RICKY

I've heard worse plans. I have a better one.

HANK

So, no fight? No boom booms?

RICKY

You are a worthy opponent, Lt. Hank Bradley, perhaps another day. Congratulations on winning the contest.

Hank looks puzzled. A moment later, Batley leaves Hank's hand and flies across the room into Rocky's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS

The President sees that Rocky now has Batley and assumes the fight here we go.

THE PRESIDENT

Finally! Right?

CUT TO:

INT. STABBING PIT

The boombox leaves hank's hand and flies across the stabbing pit until it is in Ricky's hand.

Ricky lives his hand up toward Hank and Hank is suddenly and quickly forced backwards by an unseen wave through the back doors of the room.

Ricky throws the boombox against the viewing glass of the box seats. As the boombox spins, it explodes.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX SEATS

The entire crowd has terrified looks as the bomb explodes, and the glass shatters followed by fire engulfing the room. In the explosion, the electronic safe is blasted out of the ceiling of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALL IN ONE DEPARTMENT STORE

Lera marches toward the entrance of All in One Department Store still furiously carrying her guns. She looks forward and her anger transforms into confusion.

Hank's still hurling body knocks into Lera and Lera drops her guns. Hanks continues to hurl forward, now carrying Lera with him through the air.

Explosions consume the entrance and the Mall's hall a second after Lera and Hank are out of frame. Lera and Hank continue rocketing just ahead of the explosion until they both hit directly into the broken elevator shaft in the center of the mall and fall into its deep murky waters as fire consumes the center of the mall a moment late.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABOVE THE DOUBLETREE MALL

The electronic safe containing the money from the Box Seat Bets, spins and flies high above the mall as the explosion destroys more than half the mall. After the safe reaches a point in the air, it begins to fall back toward the mall.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON BUS - SAME TIME

Stolz and Deputy Grimes Speed on an empty road far away from the DoubleTree Mall. In the rearview mirror, they both see the large explosion.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLETREE MALL, ELEVATOR SHAFT

As the explosion clears and the mall is half gone, the electric safe lands ten yards in front of the elevator shaft. When the safe lands, it breaks open revealing gold and cash. After a few moments, Hank and Lera can be seen crawling out of the broken shaft behind the safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUBLETREE MALL

Ricky, now with a parasol and sunglasses, turns and looks back in the direction of the DoubleTree Mall. Ricky smiles and lowers his glasses.

Ricky continues to walk, and it is revealed that he is walking with Rocky and Rocky is holding Batley. In the distance, army helicopters, tanks and F.B.I vehicles approach.

When a speeding F.B.I. vehicle draws close enough, Rocky swings Batley and hurls the car out of frame like a baseball. Ricky reaches up with his hand. Two of the advancing helicopters are smashed together and ripped down to the ground.

CUT TO BLACK.

A sixteen-bit picture of Hank and Lera driving in a car smiling and covered in money appears on the screen. Writing appears under the picture: Congratulations! YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY SURVIVED KILL CON. After a moment, the image distorts into fire.

CUT TO BLACK.

EST./EXT. BURNING U.S. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

A military base clearly burns in the middle of a dark jungle.

LAOS

INT. U.S. MILITARY BASE - SAME TIME

The shot moves through a broken and fiery base covered with dead soldiers. The carnage and bodies continue until the camera reaches an office at the back of the base.

The shot enters the office to more death and destruction. With only the bright light from a television playing near a desk, an Older Laotian Man holds down the head of a soldier against the desk.

The Older Laotian Man pulls out an unfolded list with his other hand. The list is very long, and all of the names are crossed out except for two at the bottom, Lt. Hank Bradley and General Barlow Stryker.

The Older Laotian Man holds the list under the face of the soldier. The Older Laotian Man points to Hank's name.

OLDER LAOTIAN MAN

Where?

The soldier whines and coughs up blood. The Older Laotian Man looks up and sees the television.

The News Ticker reads: Breaking News: U.S. President is Dead. Stolz is giving an interview from the border of Sector five spliced with footage from the competition.

The Older Laotian Man listens.

STOLZ

...And I would have never been able to report this Earth-shattering news without my friends, Bomb-Bomb, Lera Jamet, and Lt. Hank Bradley.

The Older Laotian Man scowls at the screen.

OLDER LAOTIAN MAN

Never mind.

The Older Laotian Man smashes the soldier's head. The impact is so severe, the soldier smashes through the desk and through the floor.

The Older Laotian Man folds his list and walks into the shot.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.