

# **BLOOD DOLLS**

ORIGINAL STORY  
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FADE IN ON:

EXT., DAY, THE TRAVIS MANSION

TITLE SEQUENCE

It's a huge thing, old and ugly. We hear a SONG over the image, something about a BABY BORN IN A BOTTLE -- It's the life story of VIRGIL TRAVIS, who we'll soon meet. We MOVE IN on it as the Titles Roll...

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

We don't see the whole room. As the TITLES continue, we tour the room in close-up. To say it's a mess would be a kindness. It's littered with every conceivable kind of garbage, animal, vegetable, mineral... Fast food wrappers and half-eaten things lefty to mold or dry, discarded clothing... Also left to mold or dry. Spilled drinks, crushed out cigar butts. Computer monitors and other hardware is interspersed with the mess. Flies buzz as the song and CREDITS continue.

Finally, we MOVE UP to a desk, and, in the midst of left-over Chinese food boxes, we see a HEAD... Not a real one, but a stylized full-head mask with a slightly open mouth. As the CREDITS end, two hands reach in and pick it up out of view. The removal of the head reveals a NEWSPAPER, folded to a particular page. We can see the headline:

TRAVIS SOFTWARE BIG LOSER IN ANTI-TRUST RULING

A smaller headline beneath reads:

CORPORATE LOSSES MAY TOP BILLION DOLLAR MARK

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, A CORRIDOR IN THE MANSION

This leads to Virgil's lair. A pair of lawyers, CINDY AGAMI, an attractive Asian woman, and a younger man, HOWARD LOFTUS, are moving down the corridor. She is clearly the leader here.

LOFTUS

He's not going to be happy.

CINDY

Don't worry about that. Just stay cool.

LOFTUS

Right.

CINDY

I can handle Mr. Travis. There are just a few things you need to be aware of.

LOFTUS

What are they?

CINDY

Well, you know how Billionaire Geniuses tend to be eccentric.

LOFTUS

Not from personal experience, but I'll accept it as an operating principle.

CINDY

Well, Virgil Travis is...even more so. So, just so you won't be surprised...

LOFTUS

What?

CINDY

Don't worry about the mess. Mr. Travis doesn't believe in cleaning up.

LOFTUS

Right.

CINDY

And if there happens to be a dwarf or a clown in there, don't be alarmed.

LOFTUS

Dwarf or Clown. Okay.

CINDY

And you shouldn't b surprised if  
there are some girls playing music  
in a cage.

LOFTUS

Excuse me?

CINDY

They're his private rock band.  
They're pretty talented, actually.

LOFTUS

Why are they in a cage?

CINDY

Well, they're talented but  
dangerous. Much like Mr. Travis.  
It's more like a cell, really.

LOFTUS

Are you joking?

They've reached the end of the corridor. There's a closed  
door there with a door buzzer next to it.

CINDY

Hardly. Oh, and don't be surprised  
at the mask.

LOFTUS

The mask?

CINDY

Yes. Mr. Travis always wears a  
mask.

LOFTUS

Why?

CINDY

Well, if you feel inclined...  
(pressed the button)  
...you can ask him.

There's a little hiss and a crackle. Virgil's voice, a lazy  
Southern lilt, comes over the speaker.

VIRGIL

Is that you out there, Cindy, my  
darling?

CINDY

Yes, Mr. Travis.

VIRGIL  
And you have brought your  
invaluable assistant, Mr. Loftus?

CINDY  
As per instruction.

VIRGIL  
How delightful.

The hiss cuts off. There's a moment of silence. Loftus waits uneasily. Abruptly, there's an electronic click and the door opens.

A very large, very scary-looking gentleman in clown make-up, Mr. MASCARO, opens the door. He stares down at the two, then speaks in the most ordinary of voices.

MASCARO  
Ms. Agami, Mr. Loftus. Please come  
in...

CINDY  
Thank you.

He steps aside as they enter.

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

It's windowless, mostly dark, a cluttered, messy, undefined space. Mascaro gestures for them to move forward.

MASCARO  
It's nice to see you again, Ms.  
Agami...

CINDY  
Nice to see you again, Mr.  
Mascaro...

Loftus is staring wide-eyed at the surroundings. He also, no doubt, is aware of the sounds of wettish slapping and female moans and squeals issuing from somewhere. As he stares about the gloomy space, trying to focus in on it, he takes a step without looking and walks right into HYLAS, a three-foot tall fellow who's standing by a barred section of the wall.

LOFTUS  
Oh. Oh, oh, oh. I'm sorry.  
I...I...

Hylas glares at him. Loftus, without thinking, goes to pat him on the head...

HYLAS

Don't.

LOFTUS

Sorry...

HYLAS

I'm not a dog, you know.

LOFTUS

Sorry...

Cindy comes up next to him, looks into the cage.

CINDY

How you doing, girls?

Loftus' attention is now drawn from hylas to the barred room next to him...and the occupants thereof. FOUR GIRLS are there, BLOODY BABY, RAZOR BABY, ROTTEN BABY, and SHIRLEY. The first thing we notice about them is their revealing costumes...leather, studs, and snakeskin predominate. Tattoos, piercing, and the occasional bare breast complete the ensemble. The second thing we notice about them is that they're in the process of whipping one another with wet towels. Loftus seems more surprised at this than Cindy.

At Cindy's words, the fight loses its momentum. Bloody Baby looks at her.

BLOODY BABY

Oh, how you doin', Ms. Agami?

A wet towel hits her abruptly in the face -- Razor Baby getting in a final shot. Bloody Baby stares at her.

BLOODY BABY

Time fucking out, Razor Baby, okay?

RAZOR BABY

Oh, all right, Bloody Baby.

CINDY

How you doing, Bloody Baby. Razor Baby. Rotten Baby. Shirley.

Abruptly, the four girls all give a weird little curtsey and answer in a sing-sound voice, kind of like kids talking to a teacher.

ALL  
Good morning, Ms. Agami.

SHIRLEY  
(with a Southern accent)  
Mr. Travis' got a surprise for you.

CINDY  
Oh, Shirley, I don't think Mr.  
Travis can surprise me any more.

Rotten baby, maybe the creepiest of the four, leans forward and presses her face against the bars, grinning.

ROTTEN BABY  
Betcha' he can.

CINDY  
Um, please. Don't let me interrupt  
you crazy kids.

Abruptly, Bloody Baby lashes out and slaps Razor Baby with her towel... Getting her own back. In an instant, they're all back at it. Loftus comes up next to her.

LOFTUS  
When do they start biting the heads  
of chickens?

CINDY  
You think they don't?

A voice sounds from somewhere.

VIRGIL  
Cindy, angel. Come on over here  
and bring your charming young  
friend.

Mascaro comes up and gestures.

MASCARO  
This way please...

Cindy and Loftus look across the room. VIRGIL is standing at a wide table, facing away from them, staring down at something. Cindy gestures to Loftus and they cross to him.

Virgil turns to them, showing the masked face. He's also gloved. No skin shows.

CINDY

It's good to see you again, Mr. Travis.

VIRGIL

I detect a note of irony in your voice, Cindy, dear.  
(to Loftus)  
Howard, isn't it? Don't worry.  
I won't ask you to shake.

He gestures to a pair of boxes on the table.

VIRGIL

These are my new... one moment...

He turns to Hylas.

VIRGIL

Hylas, my boy. Some music.  
Selection number three, I think.

Hylas hits a button. There's a hum of electricity and the wet floor inside the caged room sparks with electricity. The girls jump, stop their towel fight and turn to hylas.

HYLAS

Three!

BLOODY BABY

Screw you, Hylas!

HYLAS

Three, three!

He hits the button a few more times as the girls rush to grab up their instruments.

HYLAS

Play! Play!

They start playing. The theme of the song, in essence is, YOU'RE ABOUT TO DIE BUT YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO KNOW IT.

Virgil turns back to the two lawyers, refers to the boxes on the table.

VIRGIL

As I was saying, these are my latest acquisitions. Some dolls... Take a look...

He takes one out of the box and hands it to Cindy. It's a fierce-faced African American doll, fitted out like a seventies pimp stereo-type, complete with big afro and leisure suit. He carries a CANE in one hand, a tiny switch blade in the other.

CINDY  
My, how... Racist.

Virgil turns his masked face to Loftus.

VIRGIL  
It's surprising how even rudeness can be pleasant coming from an attractive woman. I am, of course, a racist, but an equal opportunity one...

He takes out another doll. This one is an ugly, shave-headed, swastika-tattooed white doll. He carried a oversized baseball bat in one hand, and two belts cross his chest bandolero style. Tiny hand-grenades hang from the crossed belts.

CINDY  
It's charming.

LOFTUS  
It's strange. They look sort of familiar.

CINDY  
How much did they cost?

VIRGIL  
I do admit that the manufacturing process was rather prolonged and expensive, but the results, I think, are worth it. And that's what matters. Let's sit, shall we?

He gestures. They go to this desk. There are two big chairs facing the desk. The two lawyers sit in them. Virgil takes his seat behind the big, cluttered desk.

VIRGIL  
Very well. Etiquette requires some polite conversation before getting down to business. Said obligation has, I think, been discharged. I must now inform you that I am extremely displeased. I do not like reading about myself in the

papers... Especially when my name  
is coupled with the phrase "billion  
dollar loss."

He takes up the newspaper and tosses it to Cindy.

CINDY

If you want to blame somebody,  
blame the judge. Blame the Federal  
prosecutor. I make no excuses.

VIRGIL

I accept none. And as for the  
judge and the prosecutor, have no  
worry. As a good businessman, I  
always balance my books. Always.

LOFTUS

Now, look, Mr. Travis. I  
understand how upset you must be...

VIRGIL

Really? And how do you understand?  
Have you ever lost a billion  
dollars due to the ineptitude of a  
pair of over-priced shysters?  
Please don't answer. It's a  
rhetorical question.

CINDY

That's not at all fair.

VIRGIL

Indeed. Well, my dear, no one ever  
claimed that life was fair. And  
certainly, no one ever claimed that  
I was fair.

He shoves aside some old wrappers and presses a button on  
his desk.

Metal bands abruptly snap out of the chairs, locking the two  
lawyers into position.

LOFTUS

What the Hell...

CINDY

Mr. Travis, what do you think  
you're doing?

VIRGIL

My dear, I'm afraid your failure compels me to move on to... Shall we say... More direct means of resolving this matter.

CINDY

This is crazy. Let us out of these things.

VIRGIL

Three competitors are responsible for this situation.

CINDY

You don't know that.

VIRGIL

No, my dear. YOU don't know it. I do. George Warbeck, Mercy Shaw, and, most especially, Harrison Yulin...

As he speaks their names, the faces of the "guilty" parties flicker into view on the monitors behind him.

VIRGIL

Through their devious and underhanded ministrations they have engineered this financial catastrophe, this veritable holocaust of Corporate Destruction. I relied upon you to stop them. You have failed. You therefore compel me to seek other means. One of you is going to assist me in this.

LOFTUS

You're not asking us to do anything illegal...

VIRGIL

Well, I only need one of you actually. Now, which one of these chairs has that little extra built in... Well, I just can't quite remember... Let's find out.

He shoves aside some more papers and finds another button. He presses it.

Abruptly, there's a buzz and a click. Then, little metal arms swing out of Loftus's chair, each arm ending in a long,

nasty power drill. The foot-long drills spin. The arms move in. Loftus screams.

CINDY

No!

The drills proceed to bore their way through various parts of Loftus' anatomy as he struggles helpless in his bonds. Virgil picks up a cigar (which is strange, because there doesn't seem to be any opening in the mask large enough for it to fit through. He turns to Hylas.

VIRGIL

Volume up, please, Hylas...

Hylas turns and hits the button. Sparks jump from the floor. The girls play louder, drowning out the sounds of Loftus' screams.

We see blood spattering all over Cindy. She recoils in terror and disgust.

Finally, the drills cut all the way through. Loftus remains in the chair, transfixed and dead. Virgil hold up his hand for silence. Hylas picks up a bucket of water and flings it through the bars, splashing the girls. Apparently, this is the accepted signal to stop playing, because they do.

BLOODY BABY

Screw you, Hylas!

The girls go to the bars, staring at the hideous scene. Rotten Baby turn to Shirley.

ROTTEN BABY

I think she was surprised.

Virgil turns to the terrified Cindy and calmly lights his cigar. He is about to raise it to his lips when he seems to remember that there's no place in the masked face to put it. He sets down the cigar.

VIRGIL

Oh well. I don't suppose there's any need for secrets between us now, my dear...

He lifts his hands to his head and shoves up. The mask comes up and off. Underneath, we see Virgil's real head. It's tiny, only around the size of a human fist. Cindy's mouth goes wide.

In the cage, Shirley looks to Rotten Baby.

SHIRLEY  
Now she's really surprised.

VIRGIL  
(to Cindy)  
Close your mouth, dear. It's rude.

He puts the cigar (huge for the size of his head) between his lips and puffs.

VIRGIL  
Now, I think we should proceed with the matter of your... Assistance, my dear Cindy. Mr. Mascaro...

The great Clown-faced Mascaro comes looming out of the darkness.

VIRGIL  
If you please...

Mascaro advances on the bound Cindy. His clown-face is smiling, but the human mouth beneath is grimaced, baring teeth, hideous. He reaches for her...

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

Sometimes later, and in another part of the room. Cindy, now stripped down to her undies, has been laid out in a lidded metal cabinet of some kind and strapped down there. Virgil, still headless, is making adjustments on some computerized controls, messily wired into the gadget. Mascaro is standing nearby...

VIRGIL  
You're familiar, I take it, with the Iron maiden. Well, this is rather different, though it does have some qualities in common. But it's designed not to transfix victims so much as to... Compress them. I can only judge from the screaming of the previous occupants that it is a rather painful process.

CINDY

This is crazy. It's crazy. What in the world are you?

VIRGIL

Normally, I'd be happy to discuss it with you. My Mother, for example, is a truly remarkable woman. But I'm afraid I'm on a schedule, my dear Cindy...

He starts to close the lid, then hesitates. He opens it again.

VIRGIL

Oh, by the way, you mentioned the Federal prosecutor, Mr. Averill, and the judge, the Honorable Negro Arthur Morton... They'd be able to describe the process to you, if they could still speak... You could ask them.

He gestures to the two dolls. Cindy looks at them. Her eyes grow wide. Then, as she watches, the two dolls turn toward her, alive. She gasps in terror.

At the cage, where the girls are still watching. They're also eating cat food out of little cans with their fingers. Bloody Baby turns to the others.

BLOODY BABY

Now she's totally fucking surprised.

RAZOR BABY

Pass the tuna medley.

BLOODY BABY

Get your own.

ROTTEN BABY

I like the liver and cheese...

VIRGIL

Yes, yet another surprise for the delightful Ms. Cindy Agami. Merely killing them would hardly profit me. No. Now, suitably re-designed, they will assist me. And, suitably re-designed, so will you...

CINDY

No, wait. I can...

VIRGIL

My dear, there really is nothing more to say. Good bye.

He slams the lid down. We can hear Cindy's muffled cries and protests issuing from within the metal cask.

VIRGIL

Mr. Mascaro, begin the sequence.

Mascaro begins to type at a computer keyboard.

VIRGIL

Hylas, selection number seven, please.

Hylas turns to the Girls. He hits the button. The floor sparks. At once they toss their cat food cans aside and make for their instruments.

HYLAS

Number seven! Number seven!

BLOODY BABY

Screw you, Hylas!

They start to play, a song that has something to do with "getting small, getting nasty, getting ugly."

The machine hums to life. Things spark and flash. We hear Cindy, inside the cask, screaming.

The Two Dolls watch, gleeful, excited as the band plays on...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE YULIN MANSION LIVING ROOM

This is clearly a combination living room and home office. A little celebration is in the works. We meet the three, GEORGE WARBECK, fat, overbearing, in his fifties, MERCY SHAW slim, elegant, around forty, and HARRISON YULIN, who appears to be nothing so much as an utter buffoon. We see that he's wearing a hearing aid. Right now, his wife MOIRA a sweet, soft-spoken woman, has her arm tucked around her husband's.

A maid is poring champagne into the last of a set of champagne flutes. She distributes them. Warbeck raises his glass in a toast.

WARBECK

A toast... To the founder of the  
feast. Travis's billion dollar  
loss is our billion dollar gain.  
Mr. Harrison Yulin...

Mercy and Moira raise their glasses. Harrison looks to the  
others as they drink, then lets out a mulish guffaw.

HARRISON

A-haw, a-haw. God... dammm. I'll  
drink to that, all right. Drink to  
myself, a-haw, a-haw...

MERCY

(to Moira)

You must be very proud of your  
husband, Mrs. Yulin.

MOIRA

There aren't many men who could  
accomplish what my Harrison has.  
Of course I'm proud of him...

She gives him a polite little hug.

CUT TO:

EXT., NIGHT, A GRASSY KNOLL

Somewhere outside the Yulin mansion. Some sort of gadget is  
there, aimed at the distant window of the mansion. It  
buzzes, seems to re-aim. Clearly, whatever it is, it's in  
operation. We can hear Warbeck's voice, muffled.

WARBECK

(off screen, muffled)  
Well, it was the smoothest bit of  
corporate rogering I've ever  
witnessed. No doubt about that.  
I only wish I could see Virgil  
Travis's face right now...

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, VIRGIL'S LAIR

We see Virgil's tiny face, and it isn't pretty. He's  
listening to the conversation, watching a telescopic video  
image of the window of Yulin's mansion on a monitor. We can  
glimpse the figures moving around inside. Mascaro is

standing nearby. Virgil puffs on a cigar. The muffled voices continue.

MERCY  
(off screen)  
From what I hear, nobody ever has.

HARRISON  
(off screen)  
Must be shy. Or maybe ugly. A-haw.

MASCARO  
He sounds like an idiot.

VIRGIL  
Yes, I know. It's a masterful disguise. That man is the most brilliant businessman in the world, excepting myself. My only mistake was in under-estimating him.

HARRISON  
(off screen, to the Maid)  
Hey, little chicken. Pass me one of them hor dervies.

MERCY  
(off screen)  
Harrison, we need to talk about the merger...

HARRISON  
(off screen)  
The what?

MOIRA  
(off screen)  
No, no. Not tonight. You've all had a busy day and my husband needs his sleep. Tomorrow will be soon enough...

WARBECK  
(off screen)  
Moira, no one I know can kick guests out into the cold with more charm. You're right, of course. I think it's time we headed on home.

VIRGIL  
How unfortunate. Now they'll go to their bedroom. I've never been able to monitor what goes on in there.

MASCARO

Why not?

VIRGIL

I'm not quite sure. Counter-measures of some kind.

MASCARO

If he can keep you from listening upstairs, why not keep you from listening downstairs?

VIRGIL

I have asked myself this question, but no answer is forthcoming. I suspect that there is some subtlety involved.

On the monitor, we see the group move out of view. Virgil switches it off.

VIRGIL

It's a moot point in any case. Secrets are best kept in the grave, and Mr. Yulin may take his there, along with the other two.

Virgil rises and goes to the table. The two dolls we've seen before have not been joined by another. It's what's left of Cindy, but now she's a hideous eighteen-inch tall Ninja girl.

VIRGIL

And with the able assistance of my new creations... And yours as well, Mr. Mascaró, I shall have my cookie after all.

The little Cindy Doll turns to the Girls in the cage. They look at her and smile.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, HARRISON'S BEDROOM

We see a woman's hand activating a bank of switches on the wall. We PULL BACK to reveal Moira, but there's no sweetness of light about her now. She's all business.

MOIRA

How many times have I told you to  
turn on the jamming devices as soon  
as you come in here?

HARRISON

The what?

She crosses to him. He's getting undressed and has just unbuckled his belt and is starting to take down his pants. Moira abruptly reaches out and yanks the belt out of it's loops. She proceeds to lash him across the back, striking him to emphasize each word.

MOIRA

The! Jamming! Devices!

Harrison collapses to the floor at her feet, rolling up into a little ball. He speaks, punctuating his words with nervous guffaws.

HARRISON

Sorry, a-haw. Sorry, sorry.  
A-haw... Now honey, now honey...  
I mean... Mistress. A-haw.

She abruptly kicks off one of her shoes, holds out her black-stockinged foot to him. He starts kissing it. She hits him again.

MOIRA

Not try to pay attention...

She brings the belt down on his back.

HARRISON

Yes, y-yes... Oww, oww...

MOIRA

Be quiet, Harrison. Keep kissing and listen. Now, those idiots may think that we've checkmated Virgil travis. But i know better. He's still in the game.

HARRISON

But... But you said the ruling was appeal-proof.

Moira brings the belt down. Harrison squeals.

MOIRA

It was appeal proof because we'd bought the judge and the federal

prosecutor. If you ever bothered to read the paper you'd have noticed that they both disappeared within the last seventy-two hours.

HARRISON

Run off?

Another crack of the belt. Harrison yelps.

MOIRA

Hardly. Travis has clearly opted for the direct approach. He's had them murdered.

HARRISON

Murdered? A-haw. You're kidding me? Owww!

MOIRA

Do I sound as if I'm joking? Now I must re-evaluate him. Clearly, he's an audacious player.

HARRISON

Shoot, you really think that? I mean... A-haw, Owww! I mean, Mistress... I mean... Travis may be a bit eccentric but, shoot, a-haw. You really think he'd go and murder people?

MOIRA

Why not? We've had people murdered.

HARRISON

What? We have? Who?

MOIRA

Harrison, do you really want to know?

HARRISON

I... I... I, I mean... Owww! No, Mistress.

MOIRA

Quiet. Higher. Keep going until I tell you to stop.

He begins to kiss his way up her leg, his head disappearing under her dress. Occasionally, she brings the belt down.

MOIRA

Travis will no doubt now attempt to eliminate all of us. If we're careful... We might find this useful. Warbeck and Shaw were necessary but inevitably expendable. Not worth the risk for us to eliminate them. But if Virgil Travis wants to do it for us... All the better. Keep going. Higher.

She brings the belt down, but now, with Harrison up under her skirt this provides, presumably some measure of protection.

MOIRA

And just remember, little Harry, who has the brains in this outfit. Right. Stop there...

Her eyes narrow in pleasure. Then she brings the belt down one more time...

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, VIRGIL'S LAIR

Virgil is shoveling lo mein out of a little Chinese food container into his tiny, little mouth.

We hear a little grinding noise and tiny "ouch" noises. We find the source. Razor Baby is using an electric tattoo needle to apply a tattoo to Bloody Baby's behind.

RAZOR BABY

Oh, does that hurt, bloody Baby?

BLOODY BABY

Screw you, Razor Baby.

At the table, the three dolls are sitting. The Skinhead turns and looks at the Pimp doll next to him. He stares at him for a moment, then starts to lift this bat, clearly identifying the Pimp doll as a natural enemy. The Pimp turns and looks at him. He lifts his cane toward him. A nasty little blade pops out of the base of the sword. Discretion being the better part of valor, he lowers the bat. He turns his attention to the Cindy doll. His gaze fixes on her doll-sized cleavage. He reaches out a free hand for an inappropriate destination. The Cindy doll

promptly karate chops him, knocking him flat on the table. Mascaro has been watching the display.

MASCARO

Cut it out, now. Behave yourselves.

(to Virgil)

Why them? I've always come through for you.

VIRGIL

Now, now. No jealousy. Don't think of them as competitors. Think of them as new weapons. Come to know them. Come to love them. They will kill for you... for us.

MASCARO

Who first? Yulin?

VIRGIL

No. A man of his intelligence will know what I intend. The element of surprise will not work for us there. One of the others. It doesn't really matter which is first.

Virgil turns to the clown-faced Mascaro.

VIRGIL

You'll need a disguise.

MASCARO

No problem.

Mascaro looks at the nasty little dolls. He doesn't smile.

CUT TO:

EXT., NIGHT, OUTSIDE WARBECK'S MANSION

It's perched on top of a hill. We can see its windows lit against the darkness.

There's a truck parked down below, with an Electric Utility logo on it.

We MOVE DOWN to the front seat. There is Mascaro... Without his clown make-up. It may take us a moment to see through this "disguise." He's staring up at the mansion above. He

looks to the seat next to him. Pimp and Cindy are there, sitting next to him. He looks back at the mansion.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, WARBECK'S GYMNASIUM

This is well-fitted out, with weight machines and other nasty-looking exercise gadgets. Warbeck, in a sweat suit, is doing wrist curls with sweaty concentration.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE SECURITY AREA

Warbeck is clearly a man who likes his security. It's a little guard station rigged out with flickering monitor screens. A SECURITY OFFICER is monitoring them. Another man, SQUIRES, sits at a desk nearby. His jacket off and we can see that he wears a gun in a shoulder harness. He's reading a detective novel.

The Security Officer catches a glimpse of something on one of the monitors.

SECURITY

Hey...

SQUIRES

What...

He manipulates the controls.

SECURITY

I thought I saw something...

SQUIRES

Where?

He manipulates the controls, scanning.

SECURITY

Site twenty-seven.

Squires checks. Nothing.

SQUIRES

That whole sector's planted with pressure sensors. Nothing heavier than a toy poodle could get in there without setting 'em off.

SECURITY

Yeah. Maybe it was just a toy poodle.

SQUIRES

You try to be funny and yet, I don't laugh. Why is that?

The Security Officer slumps a bit lower in his chair as Squires goes back to his desk and his book.

CUT TO:

EXT., NIGHT, THE OUTSIDE WALL

We see the Skinhead doll crouched down by an electrical pipe that runs up out of the ground and into the house. He tugs one of the grenades from his bandolier and sticks it between the pipe and the wall. He creeps back out of sight as the grenade hisses for an instant, then goes off like a pistol shot.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE GYMNASIUM

There's a sharp flicker and the lights go out, plunging the room into almost total darkness. We hear a clank as Warbeck drops one of his weights.

WARBECK

Damn.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE SECURITY AREA

All at once the screens flicker to blackness and the room goes dark.

SECURITY

Hey, the power's out.

A flashlight flickers on. It's Squires.

SQUIRES

You don't say.

SECURITY

That means the whole security  
grid's down. What are we supposed  
to do?

There's a ringing sound. Squires tugs out his portable  
phone.

SQUIRES  
Squires.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE GYMNASIUM (CUT BACK AND FORTH AS NEEDED)

Warbeck is on his portable phone.

WARBECK  
What the hell's going on, Squires?  
The power's down.

SQUIRES  
Yes, sir. We're checking it out  
right now to confirm...

WARBECK  
Confirm my spotty dick. Call the  
goddamn electric company and get  
their asses out here.

SQUIRES  
Yes, sir. Will do.

He clicks Warbeck off and starts to dial on his cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE TRUCK

Mascaro has a portable scanner on his lap and a head set on  
his head. He watches as the scanner catches the number,  
identifies it on a little screen as "Central Elec. Emerg."  
He hits a button and the word "Intercept" flashes on the  
screen. Then he presses another button. We hear a recorded  
woman's voice.

MESSAGE  
Thank you for calling the Central  
Electric Emergency Number. Your  
call is important to us. Please  
hold for the next available  
operator.

We hear Squires' voice over the line.

SQUIRES  
(off screen)  
Hold my dick you stupid tape-  
recorded bitch.

Mascaro smiles, waits a beat, then looks to the other two Dolls.

MASCARO  
Get ready to Rock and roll.

He presses a button.

MASCARO  
(with a Spanish accent)  
Central Electric. How may I help  
you?

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, MAIN ENTRANCE TO WARBECK'S MANSION

We HEAR the girls playing another song, something along the lines of "ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK" as the scene unfolds.

Through a window near the door we can see the light of the electric truck as it comes up and pulls to a stop.

Squires and the Security Guard are waiting by the door. They open the door, revealing Mascaro, just about to knock. He's got a big rolling case of some kind at his side.

MASCARO  
You put in a service call?

SQUIRES  
Let me see your I.D. Please.

Mascaro takes out an I.D. Card. Squires checks it with a flashlight. He turns to the Security Guard.

SQUIRES  
Search him.

A MOMENT LATER

Mascaro is spread out against a wall while the Security Guard pats him down.

SECURITY

Clear.

MASCARO

If you don't mind, show me the box.

He goes for his big case.

SQUIRES

Hold on. Open it.

Mascaro hesitates, then opens the box, tugs up the various shelves. Nothing but electrical gadgets.

SQUIRES

Okay. Come on. It's in the basement.

MASCARO

I may have to run a line from the truck.

SQUIRES

Whatever...

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE BASEMENT

Mascaro has unscrewed the power box and is dicking around inside. The Security Guard is watching him closely. A hanging light provides illumination.

We FOLLOW the electric cord from the light to a narrow basement window. It slips out through the open bottom. The windows are too covered with grime to see through, but we CAN see the silhouettes of the Dolls as they come into view on the other side.

The Window starts to open.

BY THE ELECTRIC BOX

The Security Guard turns at the sound of something skittering... Maybe three pairs of tiny little feet making for the stairs.

SECURITY

Did you hear something?

Mascaro looks at him without speaking, then goes back to "work." The Security Guard shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE GYMNASIUM

An annoyed Warbeck is lighting candles and sticking them in various places about the Gym, but their power of illumination are limited and all he's managed to accomplish is to create little pools of light in the midst of the dark. He grabs up his cell phone and dials it. Squires answers.

SQUIRES  
(off screen)  
Squires.

WARBECK  
What the hell's the story, Squires?  
I'm still in the fucking stone age  
down here.

SQUIRES  
The electrician is here, sir. I'm  
currently doing a room sweep to  
confirm our integrity.

WARBECK  
Confirm my hairy ass. We're all  
naked as jaybirds without that  
juice.

SQUIRES  
Would you like me to come down and  
be with you, sir?

WARBECK  
Don't be a smart ass. Do your job  
and get the power back on.

He hangs up the phone and tosses it aside.

A MOMENT LATER

He's doing some side lifts, lit by candle light. Then there's a sound like something skittering. He hesitates, the weights stuck straight out, then continues.

The skittering sounds again. He lowers the weights to his side, looks out across the dimly lit landscape. His eyes narrow.

The sound of tiny running feet come again. He looks back and forth but can see nothing.

Then the sound of tiny female laughter comes out of the darkness.

WARBECK

Who the Hell's there?

Again the laughter sounds. Then, at the far side of the room, by the door, one of the candles is abruptly snuffed out.

Warbeck isn't wasting any more words. He lifts up one of the weights and flings it across the room with all of his might. It hits something with a huge crash.

But clearly it doesn't seem to have had any effect. Another candle is snuffed out. Then another.

Warbeck turns to the little bench where he'd put the portable phone. It's gone.

WARBECK

Balls...

He looks on the floor. Nothing. He reaches his hand down into the space between the bench and the wall... maybe it fell down there.

Abruptly, Warbeck screams in agony and pulls his hand out, clutching it. He stumbles away, looking at it.

Something has cut it across the palm, a long, nasty cut. Infuriated, Warbeck grabs the bench and flings it aside.

He recoils in terror. The Pimp is there, making a nasty little chuckling sound. He holds up the tiny knife, now bloody from Warbeck's hand.

Warbeck yelps in terror, grabs up the bench and flings it down on top of the Pimp. He stumbles away, only to trip over a stack of weights and come plummeting to the floor.

The Skinhead leans out from behind a weight machine and smashes his baseball bat down across the back of Warbeck's ankle. Warbeck kicks frantically, scrambles up.

He jumps up onto a weight table, just as if he were trying to escape a mouse. Limping from his injured leg, clutching his wounded hand, he stares, panic-stricken back and forth.

The candles around him continue to be snuffed out, only now he realizes that it's being done by more than one Thing. Abruptly, he opts for the direct approach.

WARBECK  
Help! Help down here! Squires!  
Help! Get down here! Help!

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE

Squires is checking a window when he hears the shouting.

WARBECK  
(distantly, off screen)  
Help! Help me!

SQUIRES  
Aww, shit.

He moves out, fast.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE GYMNASIUM

Something abruptly shoves the weight table. Warbeck almost stumbles. He looks frantically back and forth in the gloom.

WARBECK  
Help! God damn it! Help!

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE BASEMENT

Mascaro is still screwing around with the electrical cabinet. The Security Guard, though, is listening.

SECURITY  
Did you hear something?

Mascaro looks at him again.

SECURITY  
No, I mean a different something...

Mascaro goes back to his "work." Then, at the limits of audibility, we hear Warbeck's shouting.

WARBECK  
(almost inaudible)  
Help... Help me! Help! Help!

SECURITY

Oh, brother. You stay here.

The Security Guard turns and heads for the stairs. But he doesn't get very far. In a practiced move, Mascaro loops the cord from the hanging light around the Security Guard's neck and twists it tight. He flings him to the floor and puts his knee in the middle of his back. He twists the cable hard as the Guard struggles beneath him.

MASCARO

Two kinds of people I know about,  
little man. The kind that piss  
their pants when you kill 'em, and  
the kind that don't. Which do you  
think you are, huh>

He twists the cable tighter. The Guard twitches beneath him in a final death spasm, and lies still. Mascaro stands and looks down at him.

MASCARO

Pisser.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE GYMNASIUM

Warbeck is still trying to keep his balance on the table, but it's getting harder and harder. Down below, we can see Pimp and Skinhead shoving at the table legs, trying to knock Warbeck off, giggling and laughing as they do.

As they shove the table hard, Warbeck almost goes crashing to the floor. He decides to take his chance.

He pauses an instant, then leaps to the floor and heads for the door.

We follow the POV of Pimp and Skinhead as they rush after him. Warbeck makes the mistake of looking over his shoulder, back at the pursuing figures.

He doesn't notice the wire that's been strung across the floor. He hits it and falls.

He puts his hands out, to push himself up off the floor. Suddenly, he screams, looks towards one of his hands.

Cindy is there. She's just thrust a thing like a silver knitting needle through his hand and into the floor. She giggles.

Warbeck screams again, looks to his other hand. Pimp has just pinned THAT hand to the floor with his sword cane.

WARBECK  
Squires! Help! Help! Hel...

He gasps as he looks up.

The three Dolls are standing in front of him. He struggles to pull himself free but his hands won't budge.

He tries to pull away as the Cindy doll leans in close to his face, only to find himself prodded by the Pimp's little knife. Cindy moves up to his cheek, extends a tiny tongue and licks the side of his face. She giggles.

They both turn as the Skinhead doll leans in. Cindy and the Pimp abruptly crowd in, holding Warbeck's head still. The Skinhead doll reaches to his bandolier and plucks down a tiny grenade. It starts to hiss.

He leans forward... And thrusts the grenade up one of Warbeck's nostrils. The Dolls draw back. Warbeck, his hands pinned, does his best to puff the little hissing grenade out of his nostril.

No good. As the Dolls watch from a safe distance, the tiny grenade goes off... And Warbeck's face comes off... In a great bloody bang. We see the dolls splattered with blood and bits of Warbeck.

EXT., NIGHT, A CORRIDOR

Squires comes racing down the corridor, holding a flashlight, his weapon drawn. He slams through the door into the gym.

INT., NIGHT, THE GYMNASIUM

Squires comes flying in

SQUIRES  
Mr. Warbeck, Mr...

His flashlight comes to rest on Warbeck, splayed out on the floor, face (or what's left of it) down. A nasty pool of blood is leading out of his head, spreading out across the floor. His hands are still splayed, but the things that pinned them to the floor are no longer in evidence. Nor are the Dolls.

SQUIRES  
Jesus H. Christ!

Squires fans the flashlight, and his gun, this way and that, searching.

SQUIRES  
Come on out, now! I know you're in here.

There's a sound of tiny scampering feet. Squires moves the light. Nothing. The sound comes again, again he turns the light. Maybe he glimpses something flicker behind a bench, but we can't be sure.

SQUIRES  
I see you there. Come on out.  
Come out or I'll shoot.

Squires isn't one for counting. He raises his weapon and fires. The bullets hit the bench, one, two, three. There's a tiny crying sound, as if somebody's been hit. It groans, in a weird high-pitched voice, then abruptly dissolves into giggling.

SQUIRES  
What the fuck.

Squires takes a step forward, his light, and his attention focused on the bench and whatever unseen thing is behind it. He leans over to the side, trying to get a better look.

He catches sight of something moving out of the corner of his eye. He swings his flashlight in that direction. The beam comes to rest on Cindy, bloodied. But he doesn't have time for a long look. The Doll is holding one of the deadly knitting needle weapons.

SQUIRES  
What!

In an instant, Cindy flings the needle. It flashes through the air.

Squires screams, clutches his face. The needle has found its mark -- in Squires' eye. He drops the gun, stumbles backward and hits the floor, waiting in agony. His fingers find the needle but somehow can't muster the will to pluck it out.

Abruptly, Skinhead looms into view, hefting his over-sized Louisville slugger. He brings it down directly on top of the knitting needle, plunging it down into Squires' skull. A

great gout of blood and fluid spurts out. He spasms and lies still. Skinhead chuckles.

Cindy lets out her giggle. Pimp's head comes up above the edge of the bench. He laughs. The MUSIC on the sound track continues to play.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

We see the Caged Girls as they come to the end of their riff. They're hit by a bucket of water thrown by Hylas. The floor hisses and crackles.

BLOODY BABY  
You'll get yours, Hylas.

HYLAS  
Yeah, big talk, big talk.

Nearby, Virgil is cleaning the blood off of his Dolls. Mascaro is re-applying his clown make-up.

MASCARO  
It's good to get out of that disguise.

VIRGIL  
No doubt. What do you think of my little darlings now?

MASCARO  
Got to admit, they walk the walk.

VIRGIL  
Have you arranged for a scapegoat?

MASCARO  
Already taken care of, Mr. Travis.

VIRGIL  
Excellent. Efficient as always, Mr. Mascaro.

MASCARO  
A Homosexual drifter passing through the area. Evidence will be found...

VIRGIL

Please, please. I trust you with the details.

MASCARO

Who next? The Woman?

VIRGIL

Undecided. They will suspect me and take additional precautions. This will require additional cogitation. I am resolved in this matter, Mr. Mascaro, but not rash.

Virgil has come to Cindy and moves to clean the blood off of her tiny sculpted breasts with a handkerchief. She pulls away.

VIRGIL

Now, now, my dear. Mustn't be coy. Not with me.

CUT TO:

EXT., DAY, THE GRASSY KNOLL.

We see the spy equipment, focused on the Yulin mansion. We can hear Mercy Shaw's voice, muffled.

MERCY

(muffled, off screen)

I'm not interested in talking about a merger...

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, THE YULIN MANSION LIVING ROOM

Mercy Shaw is there, alone with Harrison. She's clearly upset.

MERCY

...not After what happened to Warbeck.

HARRISON

Well, you know what they say. Life goes on. A-haw.

MERCY

That's exactly the point. I intend for MY life to go on.

HARRISON  
Don't think I follow you...

We MOVE In on harrison's hearing aid, then:

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, THE BEDROOM

Moira is there, dressed in a black night robe. She's listening in on the conversation.

MERCY  
(off screen)  
Honest to God, Harrison. Sometimes I don't know what to make of you. Certainly you don't believe in that fairy tale about a gay drifter. Warbeck was as heterosexual as Hemingway.

HARRISON  
(off screen)  
As who?

MOIRA  
(over a little mike)  
Ask her what she's planning to do.

MERCY  
(off screen)  
Hemingway, I said.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, THE LIVING ROOM

Harrison has heard Moira's instructions.

HARRISON  
Well, what is it you plan on doing, Mercy?

MERCY  
I'm leaving town. Tonight. And I'm not telling a living soul where I'm going.

HARRISON  
A-haw. Kinda hard to do business that way.

MERCY

To hell with my business. I've always been in it for the money, not the ego. I already have more than I can spend in a life time. It isn't worth risking my life for even more.

HARRISON

Huh?

MERCY

Warbeck's out. So am I.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, THE BEDROOM (CUT BACK AND FORTH AS NEEDED)

Moira speaks urgently.

MOIRA

Tell her it's not so easy to back out.

HARRISON

Well, a-haw, it may not be so easy to back out.

MERCY

Are you threatening me, Harrison?

HARRISON

Uhh...

MOIRA

No. I'm not the one to be afraid of.

HARRISON

No, no. I'm not the one to be afraid of. No, sir. Not me.

MERCY

(pause)

All right. You want to buy me out, you go ahead. You can call my lawyer. I'll be in touch with him.

MOIRA

Price.

HARRISON

Price.

MERCY

I don't know. I don't know!  
Christ, didn't you read what they  
did to Warbeck and his guards? I  
can't even think about it. Just...  
Make me an offer. Through my  
lawyer. Good bye, Harrison.

MOIRA

Best of luck.

HARRISON

Best of luck, honey. A-haw.

Mercy stares at Harrison, who still doesn't really seem to  
get what's going on. She shakes her head and goes.

MOIRA

Get upstairs, you miserable  
ignorant wretch.

HARRISON

Uhh. Okay. Coming up. A-haw,  
a-haw.

MOIRA

Quiet, you idiot.

CUT TO:

EXT., DAY, THE GRASSY KNOLL.

The spy gadget is focused on the window. We can see  
Harrison as he rises and moves out of view.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

Hylas has some sort of cattle prod thing on a long stick.  
He's in the midst of giving shocks to the Caged Girls. They  
snarl and run back and forth. There doesn't seem to be any  
particular reason for this.

BLOODY BABY

Yeah, come on! Come on!

SHIRLEY

Hah, hah!

She's warding off the cattle prod thing with her electric guitar.

Virgil is staring at the image on his monitor. Mascaro, in clown make-up, is standing behind him.

MASCARO  
You still want to kill her?

VIRGIL  
Hmm? Of course. This is as much a matter of pride as profit.

MASCARO  
It won't be easy...

VIRGIL  
One moment please, Mr. Mascaro.  
I just want to listen to that last little bit again...

He presses some buttons on his keyboard. The last part of the scene between Harrison and Mercy. We HEAR the voices.

MERCY  
...best Of luck, Harrison.

HARRISON  
Best of luck, honey. A-haw.  
(sound of door closing,  
then a pause)  
Uhh. Okay. Coming up. A-haw,  
a-haw.

Virgil is thinking. He puts his little chin in his big hand.

VIRGIL  
That final remark. Odd thing for him to say. What's coming up...

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, YULIN'S BEDROOM

Harrison enters. Moira is unwrapping a package. She tugs out a vide-cassette.

MOIRA  
Sit down.

Harrison goes to a chair.

MOIRA

Not there. On the floor.

He sits awkwardly down on the floor.

HARRISON

We gonna watch a little movie, a-haw?

MOIRA

Shut up, Harrison. If you keep talking I'll have to punish you, and I just don't have the time right now.

She slips the tape into a deck and picks up the remote control.

MOIRA

This is a download from an audio-video bug in Warbeck's house.

HARRISON

How'd we get bug in Warbeck's house?

MOIRA

There's no "we," Harrison. There is only me and a sloppy man-shaped appendage -- you. I got a bug in Warbeck's house by planting it when we went there for Christmas. It takes one image ever five seconds... Downloads automatically at intervals. None of this means anything to you, of course.

She hits the button and the image comes up on the TV. It shows a darkened corridor. She fast forwards.

MOIRA

The killing took place sometime after midnight... there...

She stops the fast forward. Now the image flip by at five second intervals. After a moment, we can see Squires, in silhouette, racing down the corridor, gun drawn.

MOIRA

The gymnasium is at the end of this hall. That's where he's going.

Squires disappears from view.

MOIRA

So now he and Warbeck are being  
killed...so... Let's jump ahead a  
few moments...

She fast forwards. She catches a glimpse of some  
silhouetted shapes as they flicker by.

HARRISON

I saw something...

MOIRA

Do tell.

She winds back... The figures flicker by again. She let's  
the tape run.

At first, nothing is visible. With the lights off, the  
floor of the corridor is lost in shadow. Then, at five  
second intervals, we see the Dolls as they move into view,  
silhouetted against the dim light at the far end of the  
corridors. In a series of still images, they move down the  
corridor, one tiny form after the other, and disappear  
around the corner.

MOIRA

What the Hell...

HARRISON

They looked like dolls.

MOIRA

What the Hell...

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

The Girls in the Cage are engaged in some sort of odd  
gymnastic gyrations. Virgil's sitting at his table with a  
barber's sheet tied around his tiny neck. Mascaro is  
shaving his tiny face with a straight razor that looks  
terrifyingly large compared to the tiny face that is being  
shaved. Virgil is still thinking.

VIRGIL

"Coming up." "Coming up." What  
could he have meant?

MASCARO

Mr. Travis. About the woman.

VIRGIL

Hmm?

MASCARO

The Woman. Mercy Shaw. She's  
leaving tonight.

VIRGIL

Oh, yes. Kill her. I leave the  
matter in your hands... And  
theirs...

He gestures to the Dolls. The Pimp and the Skinhead are  
locked in some sort of Doll to the Death Combat, their tiny  
hands locked around one another's throats. Cindy sits  
apart, disinterested.

MASCARO

Hey, guys...

He whistles. They stop fighting and look up.

MASCARO

Quit screwing around. We got work  
to do.

They snarl and snicker. Mascaro turns to Hylas

MASCARO

Play 'em, Hylas.

Hylas grins and hits the button. The Girls run for their  
instruments. Hylas starts shouting.

HYLAS

Number four! Number four!

BLOODY BABY

Screw you, Hylas!

CUT TO:

EXT., NIGHT, A LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING

We HEAR the Caged Girls singing, something about "going on a  
little trip and not coming back."

Outside the main entrance, a WOMAN SECURITY PERSON is  
speaking into a walkie talkie. Answers come out.

WOMAN SECURITY

Garage level. Are we secure?

VOICE  
Garage Secure. Car is checked.  
Decoy cars are standing by.

WOMAN SECURITY  
Entrance B.

VOICE  
Entrance B secure.

WOMAN SECURITY  
Lobby.

VOICE  
Lobby secure.

WOMAN SECURITY  
Elevator.

VOICE  
Elevator secure. Locked off on  
one.

WOMAN SECURITY  
Departure route.

VOICE  
Departure route four by four.  
Support vehicles standing by.

WOMAN SECURITY  
Roger that. All stations, stand  
by. Live wire. Repeat. Live  
Wire. Alpha is imminent.

She turns to a big SECURITY MAN standing nearby. She reaches out her hand and he passes her a short-barrelled Mach-type automatic weapon. She checks it expertly, confirms that it's ready to kill.

WOMAN SECURITY  
Right. I'll go up to the Penthouse  
and get her.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE ELEVATOR

Another SECURITY GUY is already in the elevator, automatic weapon at the ready. We see the Woman Security Officer slip a key into the lock in the elevator control. She switches it to "fire control" -- the position that locks off external

control and put the elevator under the sole control of the operator. She presses the Penthouse button.

The elevator door closes. The elevator starts up.

SECURITY GUY

You think all of this may be a bit  
of an over-reaction?

WOMAN SECURITY

No.

A MOMENT LATER

The elevator door slides open. There's no corridor here. It opens directly onto the penthouse. Mercy is standing right outside it, dressed for travel, looking grim. She steps in without a word. The Security Woman turns the key. The elevator door closes. The Security Woman hits the "garage level" button.

WOMAN SECURITY

You have nothing to worry about.  
The building is secure. We're  
going straight to the garage.  
We'll be in one of five identical  
vehicles, each taking a different  
route to the airport.

MERCY

I might just stop worrying when I  
cross the Equator.

WOMAN SECURITY

I promise you that nothing human  
can tough you.

MERCY

Oh?

WOMAN SECURITY

I stake my life on it.

Abruptly, the elevator stops and the lights go out. Dim red emergency lights flicker to life.

WOMAN SECURITY

Shit!

(on her walkie talkie)  
Condition red! Condition red!

Abruptly, there a BANG and the trap door in the top of the elevator blasts open. The Security Guy is right under it.

## WOMAN SECURITY

Get back!

Something drops down out of the opening. It's Skinhead. He lands on the Security Guy's shoulder and starts clubbing him with his baseball bat. The Security Guy screams. His gun fires, cutting across the Security Woman's legs. She tumbles to the floor, screaming.

Mercy retreats to the corner of the elevators. She starts pressing buttons frantically, trying to get the elevator to stop, but it keeps on descending. She fumbles with the key but doesn't know how to get it back under control.

Down on the floor of the elevator, the Security Woman is reaching for her fallen weapon. But the Security Guy collapses on top of it. She looks toward his head, now smashed in by Skinhead. She reaches for the gun still in his hand.

Cindy jumps into view, stabbing at her hand with one of her knitting needle weapons. She screams... Then screams LOUDER. She stares down at her skirt. There's something underneath it, up between her legs. She reaches out to pull it up when something sharp thrust UP through the skirt and splits it. It's the blade of Pimp's sword cane and he promptly pops up through the hole, brandishing his blood knife and sword cane. He raises the cane as the Security Woman watches in horror, and plunges it into her belly.

We see Mercy, retreating into the corner. She yelps, looks down. Cindy has thrust one of her knitting needles into her calf. She kicks her away, pulling her foot up.

As she does, Skinhead tosses one of his grenades. It bounces along the floor, hissing as it does. Mercy's foot comes down right on top of it.

It blows. She screams, her foot blasted, and falls. She hits the floor, landing on top of the dead Security Guy. Abruptly, a loop of thick cable is flipped over her head. Cindy pulls it tight. Mercy grabs at it, trying to pull it free, but the wire digs into the flesh of her neck, making it impossible to pull free. She gasps, strangling, thrashing.

She looks down at her feet. Skinhead and Pimp are there, grinning, laughing. She tries to speak but, of course, nothing comes out.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE LOBBY

Other SECURITY PEOPLE are struggling to get the elevator open. Others stand ready with weapons. The indicator bings as it reaches the lobby level.

SECURITY MAN  
Get ready, get ready!

They step back, weapons at the ready.

The Door opens.

The inside of the elevator looks like a slaughterhouse. The three figures are there, sitting in a row against the back of the elevator. They've been arranged in a ghastly pose. The body of the Security Guy sits in between the two women, his smashed head leaning to one side. He has an arm draped over the shoulders of both Mercy and the Security Woman, who have been propped up against him, now topless, in a hideous bit of necrophilic playfulness.

CUT TO:

EXT., NIGHT, AN ALLEY SOMEWHERE

Mascaro, dressed as a bum, is sitting in the alley, reading REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PASSED. He hears a little clinking sound. He puts his book away and turns toward a manhole. He takes out a crowbar, pops it open and shoves it over. The heads of the three puppets, blood spattered, peek out of the manhole.

MASCARO  
How'd it go?

Pimp lifts up his sword cane. A bloody bra is skewered on it. He spins it around. Mascaro plucks it off and inspects it.

MASCARO  
This ain't right. You're having  
all the fun.

They giggle.

CUT TO:

EXT., NIGHT, YULIN'S MANSIOIN

Establishing shot.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE BEDROOM

Moira, dressed all in leather, is at work at a keyboard. Harrison is suspended naked upside down from gravity boots. He's facing away from her so that his rather pale naked behind is the only naughty bit that we can see.

MOIRA

There. We should have Warbeck's shares by the beginning of the week. And I already have leverage on mercy Shaw's next of kin. Some pictures involving an under-aged girl being used in a way that God never intended.

HARRISON

Next of kin? Ain't that a bit premature? A-haw...Owww!

Moira has slapped Harrison with the back of her hand.

MOIRA

Idiot. She'll be dead by tonight.

HARRISON

How do you...

She slaps him again.

MOIRA

Mistress.

HARRISON

I mean, a-haw, Mistress. How do you...

She slaps him again.

MOIRA

That's for being stupid. I know it because I know that your office downstairs is bugged somehow. I assume from some remote listening post. That means that Virgil Travis knows of her intention to run. He'll eliminate her before she has the chance. Oh, mercy Shaw is a very cautious lady. She'll use every precaution to protect

herself from a human attacker. But Travis will send out his killer dolls to do the job. And they'll succeed. All to the best really. He thinks he's minding his own business, but he's actually doing a rather efficient job of cleaning up for us. Now the only loose end is... Him.

HARRISON

Fine and dandy. Fine and dandy. A-haw. But how do you keep him from doing the same thing to us...Owww. I mean, Mistress...a-haw...

MOIRA

Us? Don't you mean... You? In Virgil Travis's war, I'm just a civilian.

She pauses, a new thought strikes her.

MOIRA

That's an interesting thought.  
(back on track)  
At any rate, if he tries to send his dolls here, he'll have an unpleasant surprise.

HARRISON

Like what?

MOIRA

I've taken steps. That means, unless he has access to a cruise missile, we are untouchable. Unfortunately, we can't get him in that Fortress he live in...

HARRISON

Stalemate?

She slaps him again.

MOIRA

That is a word I taught you never to use. When force fails, one must rely upon finesse. And in this area, there is no doubt that I have the edge.

She glances back at him from her computer screen, her gaze fixing on his naked behind. She looks at it with disdain.

MOIRA

Is there anything in this world  
more pathetic than the naked male  
posterior? I think not.

Shaking her head, she goes back to her keyboard.

CUT TO:

EXT., NIGHT THE YULIN MANSION

We MOVE down to the FENCE that surrounds the Mansion.

CUT TO:

EXT., NIGHT, INSIDE THE FENCE.

Skinhead and Cindy are crouched down in the undergrowth. They crane to see Pimp, who's a few yards ahead.

Pimp parts the grass, staring cautiously this way and that. We see him take a step. His tiny foot touches the ground.

Abruptly, there's a great WHOOSH and flame come shooting up out of the ground. And alarm sounds. Pimp SCREAMS. The other two react with alarm.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, YULIN'S BEDROOM

We see Moira asleep in bed. She stirs at the sound of the distant alarm. Her eyes open, unalarmed.

Abruptly, there's a clink of chains and harrison's head pops up. He's been sleeping on the floor next to the bed. He's wearing a dog collar, linked to the bed post by a chain.

HARRISON

Hey, hey, hey... What's that? Is  
that an alarm? What... What...

MOIRA

My, sooner than I thought. Dear  
Virgil is impatient.

He sits up taller and stares out the window.

HARRISON

Hey, hey... What's that? Is that a fire over there?

MOIRA

Just a little mouse trap, that's all.

HARRISON

It's them doll things, isn't it?

MOIRA

Yes. Don't fret, Harry. I've got everything worked out. Tomorrow, I'm going to pay a visit to Mr. Virgil Travis, and everything is going to be fine.

HARRISON

You? A-haw. Travis don't see nobody. Why would he see you?

Moira turns her gaze coldly onto Harrison. She raises her hand. He recoils, but she brings it down and strokes his bald head.

MOIRA

Why, because I'm the gentle, innocent wife of his most brilliant competitor...

She brings her hand casually around to the front of his face, then abruptly jabs her little finger up one of his nostrils. She pulls up hard. Clearly, this is rather painful. Harrison squeaks.

MOIRA

Now go to sleep, little dog. Mommy needs her beauty rest.

She releases his nose. He slumps back down to the floor, with a clink of chain.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

Virgil is tending to the burnt Pimp. He's a sorry sight. Half of his wide afro has been singed off, leaving his Doo lopsided. The side of his face has been scorched and his cool, 70's style leisure suit is be-smudged with soot. Virgil is applying some sort of anti-septic (or some liquid,

at any rate) to the scorched side of Pimp's face with a cotton ball.

Behind him, on the table, Skinhead and Cindy watch. From the cage, the four Girls watch.

ROTTEN BABY

He doesn't look too good.

SHIRLEY

Toasted.

(liking the sound)

Toasted, toasted, toasted,  
toasted...

The other Girls seem to like it too. They join in. In an instant, all four of them are saying, "toasted, toasted, toasted" over and over.

VIRGIL

Please, girls, please. A little  
compassion for our diminutive  
friend.

Pimp squeaks in pain and pulls back slightly.

VIRGIL

Now, now. Be brave

The other two Dolls snicker behind him. Pimp turns toward them, proffering his little switchblade.

Mascaro stands nearby, looking unhappy.

MASCARO

After Darkie here ran into that  
fire trap, we did a creep-through  
on the whole perimeter. There's no  
way in, unless you want to do a  
full-scale mercenary thing.

VIRGIL

You think Yulin wouldn't have  
prepared against that contingency  
as well? At what height above  
ground were the flame throwers?

MASCARO

Eight inches, give or take. Aimed  
straight across, not up.

VIRGIL

You have read my mind, Mr. Mascaro. This defense was clearly installed with our friends here in mind. How unfortunate. Still, I should have known that Yulin would learn the truth. Once again I have underestimated him. Now, I'm afraid nothing short of a cruise missile will suffice to...

There's a beep. Virgil gestures and Mascaro goes to his desk and picks up his telephone headset. Since this has clearly been designed for a head the size of Virgil's it's a bit awkward for Mascaro to speak and listen on it at the same time.

MASCARO

Yeah, go ahead... What? What's that? Where is she? ... Did you search her?

Mascaro hits some keys on a keyboard. A surveillance camera image of Virgil's SITTING ROOM, flashes on the screen. Moira is there, conservatively dressed, looking prim and proper and rather delicate -- no sign of the Dominatrix now. Mascaro turns to Virgil.

MASCARO

Guess who's in the sitting room?

VIRGIL

(not looking up)  
You know I detest guessing games.

MASCARO

Mrs. Yulin.

Virgil turns.

VIRGIL

What?

MASCARO

Yulin's wife. See?

Virgil crosses to the monitor.

VIRGIL

What in the world? What is the meaning of this?

He presses a button and speaks.

VIRGIL  
Mrs. Yulin.

We see Moira on the monitor. She turns at the sound of the voice. She speaks with a nervous edge to her voice.

MOIRA  
Mr. Travis?

VIRGIL  
Speaking.

MOIRA  
I'd like to speak with you.

VIRGIL  
Proceed.

MOIRA  
I... I mean to say, I'd like to meet with you.

VIRGIL  
Why?

MOIRA  
(hesitates)  
Please.

Virgil hesitates, then speaks again.

VIRGIL  
I shall be down momentarily.

He clicks off and goes to fetch his head.

MASCARO  
Should I have her searched?

VIRGIL  
Hardly. Study body language, Mr. Mascaro. That's not a woman bent on a suicide mission...

Holding his head in his hands, Virgil turns to Mascaro.

VIRGIL  
However, there is something much more important that you can do.

MASCARO  
What's that?

VIRGIL  
Locate the vehicle that brought her  
here.

Mascaro grins.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, THE SITTING ROOM

Moira is standing, holding her hat with tight fingers -- a perfect imitation of a nervous wife. A door opens. She turns sharply.

Virgil enters. He's dressed elegantly, in a smoking jacket, the collar of which is tucked up around the neck of his artificial head. He moves forward. Moira looks at him, revealing no reaction.

VIRGIL  
Mrs. Yulin.

MOIRA  
Mr. Travis.

VIRGIL  
I don't usually meet people face to  
face... if you'll pardon the irony.

MOIRA  
I appreciate your taking the time  
to see me.

VIRGIL  
May I fetch you a drink?

MOIRA  
Yes, please. Brandy...

He goes to a portable bar and pours the drink.

VIRGIL  
No questions about the mask?

MOIRA  
Of course not. Such a question  
would be discourteous.

Virgil brings her the drink.

MOIRA

In any case, I'm more interested in the man underneath the mask.

VIRGIL

Indeed. Mrs. Yulin, life to me is largely a matter of calculation. But you are a term that I have not previously considered. I know and admire your husband. I can hardly believe that your presence here is not part of some larger plan.

MOIRA

You admire my husband? Most people think that he's a... a buffoon.

VIRGIL

Oh, but you and I know better. I have seen his ineffable mark on a hundred business ventures, a dozen assassinations... Does that shock you?

MOIRA

I don't normally involve myself in my husband's work, but I know what sort of man he is. He is clear and resolute. A man of power and vision. That's why I married him. That's why I... Love him.

Virgil studies her for a moment.

VIRGIL

Your husband didn't send you here at all. You came on your own.

MOIRA

Yes.

VIRGIL

To beg for mercy?

MOIRA

To ask for an armistice.

Virgil hesitates.

MOIRA

I understand that this isn't about money or power, or even vengeance. It's a battle for dominance. But

in that battle both might fall.  
You know this.

VIRGIL

I see now that your husband has a most valuable asset that I hadn't at all considered.

Moira takes a step toward him.

MOIRA

He knows about the dolls.

VIRGIL

Yes. I am aware of that.

MOIRA

Mr. Travis, I know that i can't out-reason you. I can't win a war of words... or any other kind of war with you. But great minds must also have great hearts. Tell me, then... How can I reach your heart? How can i stop this?

VIRGIL

I'm afraid you are mistaken... About the size of my heart. I am not at all what you think.

He starts to turn away. She puts a hand on his arm, then pulls away.

MOIRA

Then what are you?

Virgil turns back sharply, as if angry. He stands for a moment, in silence, then speaks.

VIRGIL

I am... nothing.

MOIRA

What?

VIRGIL

I said, "I am nothing." I am an emptiness, and like all emptiness, I struggle perpetually to be filled. I draw in wealth, power, sensations, but however much I draw in... Still i am empty. Still, I am nothing.

Moira stares at him, seemingly moved. She reaches a hand out toward his masked face. He grabs it.

VIRGIL

Take care, Mrs. Yulin, lest you be sucked in as well.

He releases her hand and she draws it away.

VIRGIL

Have you ever heard of a man named Honore DeLesseps?

MOIRA

A French philosopher, wasn't he?

VIRGIL

Yes. He once said, "If you crave power, then love nothing, not even your own life. Because to love a thing is to give it your power."

MOIRA

He also said that love was desire satisfied, and hatred desire Unsatisfied. I'm sorry, it sounds better in French. What do you desire, Mr. Travis, and do you love or hate it?

VIRGIL

What I desire, Mrs. Yulin...

(long pause)

...is My own concern. Now, listen to me carefully. I promise nothing regarding your husband. That is between s. But you will not be harmed, so long as you do not become a weapon against me.

MOIRA

Why, Mr. Travis? Why this concern for me?

VIRGIL

Mrs. Yulin... There are so few truly excellent things in this world... We must try to preserve them, when we can. And this, I tell you. This, I promise you. If you do not act against me, you will not be harmed. Now go.

He turns at once and heads out through the door from which he entered. Moira watches him go, then turns, unsurely, and heads out.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

Mascaro is watching on a monitor. On the screen, we see a LIMO as it rolls off down a highway. Virgil enters, moving slowly, distracted. Mascaro glances up at him.

MASCARO  
They're on board.

Virgil doesn't answer.

MASCARO  
Mr. Travis, they're...

VIRGIL  
I heard you the first time, Mr.  
Mascaro.

Virgil lifts the artificial head off of his own. He holds it in his hands, staring at it with his tiny head, disgusted.

MASCARO  
I'll head after them in a few  
minutes, pick 'em up after the  
kill.

VIRGIL  
No. Leave now.

MASCARO  
But...

VIRGIL  
Leave now.

Mascaro hesitates an instant, then goes. Virgil continues to stand, staring at his false head. Abruptly, he flings it to the floor and turns to Hylas.

VIRGIL  
Play them, Hylas. Number ten!

Hylas turns to the Cages Girls, who are in the midst of some odd, four-way sexual act. He hits the button. The floor sparks. They rush to their instruments.

HYLAS  
Ten! Play ten! Play ten!

BLOODY BABY  
Screw you, Hylas!

They start playing, something about "love and razors."

VIRGIL  
Louder!

HYLAS  
Louder, louder!

He hits the button. The floor sparks. They play louder.

VIRGIL  
All the way up!

Hylas twists a knob and hits the switch again. The floor sparks more violently. The Caged Girls play even louder.

CUT TO:

EXT., NIGHT, YULIN'S MANSION

We HEAR the music underneath the following scene.

We see the limousine pulling into the drive heading for the mansion

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE GARAGE

Our view here is very limited, down low as the Limo pulls into view. We're seeing UNDERNEATH it. It pulls to a stop. We see the chassis move slightly as the Driver gets out, then we see his feet as he moves to the rear door and opens it. Moira's feet come into view.

As she MOVES away, we MOVE along the underside of the car, to a place where the three DOLLS can be seen, gripping the underside of the Chassis. Pimp lets go and drops to the floor. We hear them chuckle and giggle.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, YULIN'S BEDROOM

He's suspended in some sort of odd bondage framework, stripped down to a pair of leather shorts, his head locked in some sort of thingamajig that keeps him from turning his head. Moira is methodically looping a wire—think cable around his body, around one leg, then the torso, back down between his legs, up around his arms, tugging it tight as she does.

HARRISON

He was wearing a mask, huh? A-haw.  
I knew there was a screw loose there.

MOIRA

He's the most brilliant man I've ever met. Most people I have figured in five seconds. But Virgil Travis... I'm still trying to work him out. Perhaps he IS deformed in some way...

HARRISON

I still don't get why you went over there anyhow. How's it help us?

MOIRA

There you go using that word again. Us.

Moira has apparently finished threading the wire around Harrison. She slips it into some sort of crank apparatus and begins turning the crank, tightening the wire. Harrison hisses.

HARRISON

Oh, yeah, Mistress. Make it tighter...

MOIRA

Be quiet. Harrison, in every relationship, there's a moment of truth. Darling, using you as a living ventriloquist's dummy has had it's advantages. But i suppose this was inevitable.

HARRISON

What? What's that honey...oww, i mean Mistress?

MOIRA

Don't fret. You've already signed all the necessary documents. The

transition of power should be a smooth one.

HARRISON

What? What's that? A-haw, come on now. What you talking about, honey-bunny?

Moira backs away from him. Harrison, his head locked in the bondage rig, can't turn his head to see her departure. She opens the door.

MOIRA

Oh, by the way, Harrison, I've always despised that laugh of yours...

She steps out and closes the door. And instant later, she opens it again, leaving it open.

HARRISON

What's that, honey, i mean Mistress? Moira? Moira, pussy, you still there? Huh?

Harrison, locked in the devise, can't see behind him. But abruptly, he hears the sound of movement behind him. If he were mor observant, he'd notice that it's the sound of sic pairs of little feet rather than one pair of big ones.

HARRISON

Oh, there you are. Thought you'd run out me there, a-haw. I still remember when you went away and left me in this thing over memorial Day Weekend, a-haw.

Abruptly, he hears the sound of the crank turning again. The wire tightens.

HARRISON

Yeah, honey. Yeah, Mistress. That's the way. I'm a bad boy. That's me. Bad boy...

Of course, unseen by him, it's not Moira, but Skinhead and Pimp tightening the crank.

Now we can see the wires are biting in hard. This is clearly on the verge of causing real injury.

HARRISON

Oww, oww. Okay, okay. I'm good now. I'm good. Mistress, Mistress! I'm good now!

They continue to tighten.

HARRISON

Moira, I mean... Mistress. Abort. Abort. This is injuring me. Come on now.

Cindy giggles.

HARRISON

Moira, this ain't funny. I said ABORT. Code word, you know? It means, stop twisting the wire... Honey bunny... A-haw. Gee, come on now. Honey... A-haw... Owww, owww... Moira, i...

His eyes look down. He sees Cindy, standing on the floor at this feet, looking up at him, giggling.

HARRISON

Holy shit, where did you come from? Moira! Moira!

The other two Dolls start twisting the crank more vigorously. They're laughing too. The wires squeeze tighter.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE YULIN OFFICE

Moira is now sitting at the desk, her legs up, watching a monitor. It shows the action unfolding in the bedroom, as the Dolls proceed with their lethal work.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE YULIN BEDROOM

The Cindy doll is sadistically pricking Harrison in the ankles with her knitting needle, giggling as she does. But Harrison has more pressing problems. The wire has pulled so tight that it's already sunk into his skin, ballooning it out. With all the criss-crosses, his body is starting to resemble a pink, hairy quilt.

He starts to scream as the wires bit deeper and deeper into his skin, approaching a lethal resolution.

Abruptly, all at once, the wires pop through the skin. It's as if he's been slashed all over at once. Blood splatters over Moira. Harrison continues to twist in the bondage thing for a while. Abruptly, he begins to gasp, a death rattle. Finally, he's hanging limp, dead.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE YULIN OFFICE

Moira stares at the hanging dead form of her late husband. She smiles.

MOIRA

I hope it was as good for you as it was for me... Angel.

Then, the matter dismissed, she leans forward and types away at her keyboard. A schematic of the corridor outside of the bedroom flashes onto the screen. The words, "Area 14 - Motion Scan" flashes into view.

Three little dots, indicating the Dolls, move out of the bedroom into the corridor.

MOIRA

Now, my three little killers, which way do we go? That's it. That's it. Back the way you came. Back to the rear stairs. That's it.

We see the little dots move down the corridor, around a turning, toward a schematic representation of the stairs. The dots start down the stairs.

Moira watches, her finger poised on a button. In the schematic, a section of the stairs is outlined, flashing red. As the three dots reach the red area, Moira punches the key.

Abruptly, the dots vanish from view.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE TRAP

We see the three Dolls tumble down a dark shaft. They hit the bottom. The lid of a cage snaps down, trapping them.

The SONG ENDS.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, VIRGIL'S LAIR

Hylas is asleep in his chair. The Caged Girls are asleep in their cage.

Virgil's lying in his bed, his tiny head almost vanished in his big pillow. His eyes are open. It's been a sleepless night.

Abruptly, the phone rings. He reaches out and slips the little headset over his tiny head. He hits the button.

VIRGIL

Travis.

It's Moira on the other end of the phone. She sounds panicked, terrified. We only HEAR her during the course of this scene, never see her.

MOIRA

Mr. Travis. Mr. Travis...

VIRGIL

What? Hello?

MOIRA

This is Moira Yulin...

VIRGIL

(alarmed)

Mrs. Yulin...

MOIRA

Harrison is dead. They killed him.

VIRGIL

Mrs. Yulin...

MOIRA

...and Now they're after me!

VIRGIL

What's that? What's that you say?

MOIRA

You told me i wouldn't be harmed.  
You lied to me! You used me,  
didn't you?

VIRGIL

No. No, I didn't lie. They were  
not sent to harm you, only your  
husband.

MOIRA

Liar, you liar, you monster!  
They're outside the door! They're  
breaking in!

Virgil jumps up.

MOIRA

Oh, God, why are you doing this?

Over the line he can hear the sound of the Dolls, growling  
and squealing.

VIRGIL

Moira, run! Run from them!

MOIRA

Oh, god, oh god... Help me!

There's a sound of things crashing.

VIRGIL

(yelling)

Leave her alone! I order you!  
Leave her alone! I created you!  
Leave her alone...

He continues to hear the sound of the Dolls making nasty  
sounds.

Then, suddenly, inexplicably, there comes another sound --  
the sound of a woman's laughter. Not a Doll's, a woman's.  
Moira's laughter.

Virgil's eyes narrow. He cant' make sense of this.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, YULIN'S OFFICE

It is indeed Moira laughing. The Dolls are there, but  
licked in a cage, their arms taped to their sides with duct  
tape. She's holding the phone receiver toward the cage, and

is poking them with a long stick, producing the growls and squeals heard on the phone.

She reaches out and presses some buttons on her console.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, VIRGIL'S LAIR

Abruptly, a voice comes back over the phone -- Virgil's voice. It's a recording of what was said just moments ago. As it plays, Virgil realizes the truth.

RECORDING

VIRGIL: No. No, I didn't lie.  
They were not sent to harm you,  
only your husband.

RECORDING

MOIRA: Liar, you liar, you  
monster! They're outside the door!  
They're breaking in!

RECORDING

MOIRA: Oh, God, why are you doing  
this?

RECORDING

VIRGIL: Moira, run! Run from  
them!

RECORDING

MOIRA: Oh, God, oh God... Help me!

RECORDING

VIRGIL: Leave her alone! I order  
you! Leave her alone! I created  
you! Leave her alone...

The recording cuts off. Again, we hear the sound of laughter.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, YULIN'S OFFICE/VIRGIL'S LAIR (CUT BACK AND FORTH AS NEEDED)

Moira sits back down at her desk.

MOIRA

Yes, Virgil. Hello.

VIRGIL

(empty)

Mrs. Yulin.

MOIRA

For now. With poor Harrison dead i think I'm going to resume my maiden name. Deray. As in Gilles de Re. Perhaps you've heard of him?

VIRGIL

Yes, I've read the record of his trail...

MOIRA

Well, my dear masked man, unless you want to be reading the record of your OWN trial, I think that a rapprochement will be essential.

VIRGIL

Really?

MOIRA

Tsk, tsk, tsk. A good player knows when the game is over, Virgil... If I may be so bold. I have a video-taped record of the killing of my poor husband. I have your tape recorded confession, and I have your... Very interesting little dolls. Oh, by the way, I also have a tape of those same dolls at the house of the dear departed Mr. Warbeck.

VIRGIL

(crushed)

It was you. All along, it was you. And even when I met you, I never suspected it. I thought that you were...

MOIRA

You thought what I wanted you to think, that i was a nervous, desperate little wife.

VIRGIL

Yes. I was a fool.

MOIRA

You were a romantic, which, I  
suppose, amounts to the same thing.

Moira reaches out a naked foot to the cage. She tips it up  
and back playfully while the Dolls struggle inside.

VIRGIL

Yes.

MOIRA

Now, Virgil...

VIRGIL

I must ask your pardon, Mrs... Or  
Ms. De Ray, if you please. I can't  
speak right now. I will be in touch  
soon. I cannot speak any more  
now...

MOIRA

Virgil...

But the phone disconnects.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, VIRGIL'S LAIR

He tugs the headphone from his head and tosses it to the  
desk. Slowly, he rises, the walking wounded. He goes to  
the cage, stares in at the sleeping Girls.

As if sensing the presence, Bloody Baby wakes. She stares  
up at Virgil, sleepily. Virgil speaks, but only  
tangentially to her.

VIRGIL

The pit yawns before me. I, of all  
living creatures can permit myself  
no illusion of a soul. It is from  
emptiness that I came, and that  
emptiness awaits me at the end.  
And what dwells between except a  
mad, pointless puppet show...  
Filled with sound and fury,  
signifying nothing.

BLOODY BABY

I hear you.

He lifts one of his large hands to his tiny neck.

VIRGIL  
How easy it would be.

BLOODY BABY  
Sure would be. One little  
squish...

VIRGIL  
I actually had... Tender thoughts  
toward her. I dared permit myself  
to imagine what it might be like  
to... But it was a sham.  
A pretense. She used me  
(long pause)  
SHE used ME. SHE outwitted ME.

Now he's getting angry. He clenches his fists.

VIRGIL  
No. No! We'll leave death in the  
waiting room a while longer, I  
think. A man who loves nothing may  
do anything. So let us see what  
can be done with this... Woman.

He unclenches his fists. The nails have cut little slivers  
in his palms. He turns to Hylas, kicks the chair out from  
under him, giving him a rather rude awakening.

VIRGIL  
Lay them, Hylas! Number one!

Hylas turns and douses the Caged Girls with a bucket of  
water. They scramble for their instruments as Virgil turns  
away and strides across the room.

HYLAS  
Number one!  
(to Bloody Baby)  
And screw you!

He hits the button. The floor sparks. They begin to play.  
Virgil stands in the midst of his messy empire, legs wide,  
thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT., DAY, YULIN'S MANSION

Establishing shot.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, YULIN'S OFFICE

Moira is there, and so are the dolls, still taped, still in the cage. She strolls over to them.

MOIRA

I don't suppose you... Eat... Do you?

They squirm and struggle.

MOIRA

Well, it doesn't matter. Whether I return you alive or dead. You three are, how shall I put it... Pawns in this game. Odd little pawns, admittedly, but pawns nonetheless.

She goes to her desk and sits.

MOIRA

I suspect your Master has had a sleepless night. He's been thinking. Plotting revenge against me. I told him the game is over. Of course, we both know that that's not the case. Not yet. He'll call soon. He'll suggest a meeting and I will agree. He will expect demands, but I'm going to surprise him, once again. I'm going to surprise him and I'm going to win. He's a man, and that means that, no matter how brilliant, he's also a fool. Before I'm done with him, I'll have him eating off of my floor.

(looks to the Dolls)

And then, maybe, I'll find some work of my own for you three.

Moira smiles. The Dolls continue to twist and struggle. Abruptly, the phone rings. Moira answers it.

MOIRA

Hello, Virgil. -- A meeting? -- of course. -- No, no, a public place isn't necessary. I'll come over, if that would be acceptable to you. -- Virgil? -- yes. That will be fine. I look forward to seeing you.

She hangs up, turns to the Dolls, smiles again.

CUT TO

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

Mascaro is back again, in his clown make-up, not looking at all happy. He's standing behind Virgil. Virgil he tugs off the headset.

VIRGIL

She didn't want to meet in a public place.

MASCARO

So the ambush is off?

VIRGIL

Yes, I mean... No. She's coming over.

MASCARO

That's convenient.

VIRGIL

Yes. But why is SHE making it convenient for ME to put her in my power? Is this more subtlety or mere brashness?

MASCARO

Does it matter?

VIRGIL

I don't know. And that's what has me worried.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, A CORRIDOR IN THE MANSION

Mascaro is leading Moira down the corridor toward the lair. She's carrying the cage, covered with a cloth, and a large carry bag over one shoulder. She is, as before, dressed demurely and stylishly. Mascaro doesn't speak. Neither does she. They reach the end of the corridor and Mascaro pushes the button. The door opens.

Mascaro stands aside and allows her to enter.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

She steps inside, hesitating only an instant at the sight. Mascaro comes up behind her. She moves into the lair as Mascaro closes the door behind her.

She casts an indifferent glance toward hylas and the Caged girls. Abruptly, the four girls do their little curtsy, the same way they did for Cindy.

ALL

Good evening, Ms. Deray!

She doesn't respond to them. She looks toward the desk. Virgil is standing there, wearing his head, but facing away from her. She approaches him. She waits for him to speak.

VIRGIL

Explain.

MOIRA

Why I'm placing myself in your power?

VIRGIL

Yes.

He turns to face her.

MOIRA

There are so few truly excellent things in this world that we must try to preserve them... When we can.

VIRGIL

And should i b e moved to preserve you? Or are you suggesting that you wish to preserve ME? A plea for mercy or a veiled threat?

Moira puts the cage down on the table. She tugs aside the cloth, revealing the Dolls inside.

MOIRA

Your dolls....

She opens her bag and starts taking things out.

MOIRA

The tape of the killing, the cassette tape of your confession.

The tape showing the dolls at  
Warbeck's. And this...

She takes out a sheaf of documents.

VIRGIL

And what are these?

MOIRA

I am signing over to you, for the  
sum of one dollar, the total assets  
of my late husband's companies. In  
addition, I have signed a  
confession admitting that I killed  
Harrison myself and undertook to  
frame you by means and methods  
consistent with the tapes. There  
are no copies of the tapes, by the  
way, but you could hardly be sure  
of that. This obviates the need to  
be sure.

Virgil scans the documents quickly.

VIRGIL

Why are you doing this? Do you  
think that you are going to prevent  
your death in this way/

MOIRA

No. Virgil, if a man of wealth and  
means desires the death of another  
with sufficient... Fervor, then  
that person must die. My death is  
your if you want it. But I can give  
you something more, something that  
you cannot take. Only I can give  
it.

VIRGIL

And what is that?

MOIRA

My life. Me. I knew, when we met  
the first time that you wanted me.

VIRGIL

What I wanted then, You cannot  
give. What you showed me then was  
a creature of grace and gentleness.  
But that was mere artifice. You

see, even we who live in the mud  
can long for the sky.

MOIRA

And what do you see when you look  
in the sky, Virgil? Nothing.  
Emptiness. Life is down here in  
the mud, with all the lying, and  
killing, and fucking. If i were a  
man, you would have to kill me,  
because nothing could ever make you  
trust me. But I'm a woman. A  
young woman. The wounds of nations  
are healed in the bedchambers of  
kings. You will be able to trust  
me implicitly... When I am the  
mother of your children. Because  
then, our interests will be one.

VIRGIL

So you are proposing a dynasty?

MOIRA

Yes.

VIRGIL

And what about this...

He touches his mask.

MOIRA

It is irrelevant. Remember,  
Virgil, I gave my body to an idiot  
for ten years in order to further  
my ambitions. I doubt that you  
could be worse.

VIRGIL

No worse than an idiot. Well,  
there's a mighty foundation upon  
which to build a marriage.

MOIRA

Virgil, you are the most brilliant  
man I have even known. And I am  
the most brilliant woman I have  
ever known. We are both too  
intelligent to believe in a life  
beyond this one. What immortality  
we can hope for must be....  
Procreative.

Moirra goes to him, takes him by the arms.

MOIRA

There is no other woman in the world for you, except me. Your pride compels you to kill me. Master me instead. Take me. Use me. If I die, what can you hope for different from what you have had? But together, think of what we can do. The power, the glory. We can be Lords of the Earth.

Virgil takes a deep breath, not speaking, not responding. Moira goes to the papers and sorts through them.

MOIRA

I had this prepared. It's a marriage license. I took the liberty of forging your signature. Don't worry though. It's indistinguishable from your own.

She holds it out to him. He looks down at it.

VIRGIL

Indeed it is. Another skill.

MOIRA

I have talents you haven't even dreamed of. Virgil, we're both... How shall I put this... Very busy people. If you're going to kill me, let's get on with it. I've taken my best shot. I don't have anything else to say. If not then... give me the dollar and find a Justice of the Peace.

Virgil hesitates, staring at her.

VIRGIL

I'm afraid I... Don't carry cash. Mr. Mascaro?

Mascaro takes out his wallet flips through it.

MASCARO

Sorry, Mr. Travis. I only got fifties.

Abruptly, Hylas pops up, proffering a dollar to Virgil.

VIRGIL

Ah, hylas. Thank you.

He hands the dollar to Moira.

MOIRA

You're now the proud owner of my fortune. And me.

VIRGIL

And you needn't worry about a justice of the Peace, my dear... Moira. Mr. Mascaro is an ordained Minister.

MOIRA

You're joking.

MASCARO

Church of the Divine Spirit. I'm in McCarthy's Registry of religions.

VIRGIL

Officially, Mr. Mascaro is my... Religious advisor. Most convenient... At tax time.

MOIRA

I see. Well then... I see no reason to wait.

VIRGIL

No. No reason to wait.

Moira is aware of Virgil's coldness. She hesitates an instant, but ultimately decides to say nothing.

CUT TO:

INT., DAY, VIRGIL'S LAIR

An aisle, of sorts, has been cleared of the mess. Hylas is standing by the cage. The Caged Girls are standing in a row, watching the proceedings, dressed in extra-ordinarily weird "bride's maid" outfits. The Dolls, now out of their cage and untaped, are standing on a table, watching as well.

Virgil and Moira are standing before Mascaro, who's finishing up the ceremony.

MASCARO

And do you, Virgil travis, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?

VIRGIL

I do.

MASCARO

And do you, Moira Yulin, err...  
Deray, take this man to be your  
lawfully wedded husband?

MOIRA

I do.

MASCARO

Then by the power vested in me  
through the Divine Spirit that  
totally permeates the whole  
Universe... Wheresoever you may be  
you can't get away from it... I  
declare you to be Husband and Wife.  
(long pause)  
You may kiss the bride.

Moira turns to Virgil. Again there's a moment of silence.

VIRGIL

Yes. I think so. After all, as  
you said, such matters are  
irrelevant to the founding of a  
dynasty. So, my dear, let us  
kiss... And more than kiss. Let us  
proceed with your procreative  
ambitions....

Moira starts to move closer to him. Then Virgil reaches up  
and tugs his head off, revealing the tiny, ghastly real head  
beneath.

Clearly, of all the things Moira expected, this was not one  
of them. She gasps in terror. Her eyes go wide.

Rotten Baby turns to the others.

ROTTEN BABY

She's surprised, too.

Moira moves back. Virgil advance on her. She retreats.

VIRGIL

What's the matter, my dear? Don't  
tell me that you're afraid to play  
in... This particular patch of mud.  
Come, there is, after all, no woman  
in the world for me... Except you.  
Embrace me then, my angel. My

love. Press your sweet gentle lips  
against mine...

Moira, growing more and more terrified as Virgil advances,  
abruptly screams.

Cindy is standing at her feet. She's just plunged her  
knitting needle into the back of her heel. Moira falls over  
backward.

As she struggles to get up, something grabs her dress near  
the bottom and tugs. It tears loose. She looks down, sees  
Pimp, tugging her dress away, grinning, laughing.

She tries to grab the dress, pull it back. Hylas moves in  
abruptly, and slips a loop of cable around her wrists. He  
pulls it tight.

An instant later, Moira finds herself being dragged by the  
wrists through the welter of garbage that fills Virgil's  
lair.

He watches dispassionately, lighting a cigar as she screams.

Now her wrists are bound to the leg of his heavy desk.  
Cindy and Pimp are holding her by the ankles, holding her  
legs wide.

Virgil approaches her.

VIRGIL

I'm sorry if the face beneath the  
mask was not what you expected.  
But then, the face beneath your  
mask was rather a disappointment to  
me, as well. Much more of a  
disappointment than even you  
anticipated, dear Moira. You see,  
you managed to convince me of  
something that I've long suspected.  
My life... gives me no pleasure.

He goes to his desk.

VIRGIL

And when a thing pleases me no  
more... I rid myself of it.

Razor Baby looks at Bloody Baby.

RAZOR BABY

What did he say/

BLOODY BABY

Shhh.

Virgil opens a drawer, reaches inside and presses a button. Abruptly, multi-colored smoke begins to drift down from the vents. We hear distant mechanical sounds.

VIRGIL

My domain is now being sealed, and  
flooded with toxic gas.

Shirley looks to the other girls.

SHIRLEY

Well, that's not good.

Mascaro steps forward. So does Hylas.

MASCARO

I'm with you, Boss. Hell, here we  
come.

HYLAS

Me, too, Boss.

Bloody Baby steps forward.

BLOODY BABY

Hey, what about us?

Two normal-sized heads and one tiny one turn and look at the Caged Girls... Then look away, dismissing them. The girls exchange glances. The poison gas keeps coming.

SHIRLEY

This is definitely not good...

They make for the bars, shouting and swearing. Virgil ignores them, steps forward and stares down at the terrified Moira.

VIRGIL

But, my dear Moira, don't assume  
that our deaths will be equally  
benign. The effects of the gas are  
slow... Slow enough for you to be  
able to fully experience... Your  
demise.

Moira looks down in horror at Skinhead, standing between her legs. He laughs hideously.

CUT TO:

INT., VARIOUS SHOTS

We see the poison gas coming through various vents, we see DOORS starting to close, automatically. SERVANTS rush around in panic.

CUT TO:

INT., VIRGIL'S LAIR

The girls are still struggling to get out of their cage. The air is growing thicker with the poison gas.

Virgil and Mascaro are staring down at Moira. Hylas stands a few yards away, up on top of a stool, trying to get a better look.

Moira is still staring at Skinhead, down between her legs, as he raises the bat, grinning.

VIRGIL

And just to satisfy your curiosity,  
I am neither Man, nor born of  
Woman., My mother, dear woman, grew  
me in a bottle, a technique that  
she devised... though clearly  
failed to perfect. So you see, the  
prospect of a dynasty of beings...  
Such as myself, holds no charm. No  
doubt a factor you failed to  
include... In your equations.

MOIRA

Virgil... Please, I... I...

Her mouth continues to open but nothing comes out.

VIRGIL

So, I've managed to make a woman  
speechless. Well, then perhaps the  
whole thing was worthwhile after  
all.

Virgil nods his tiny head. Skinhead takes his Louisville slugger and positions it between her legs. As he moves to THRUST forward, we MOVE IN on Moira's terror-filled eyes grow wide.

She screams.

The Girls in the Cage continue to struggle, but there's no way out. They are starting to cough, the gas having its effect.

RAZOR BABY

Man, what a bummer...

Abruptly, there's a little clink. Their cell door pops open. They trade glances, then quickly step out. They look down. The Ninja Doll is standing by a hidden switch in the wall. She has let them out. She gestures for them to come.

RAZOR BABY

Hey, Ninja baby, we owe you one...

ROTTEN BABY

Maybe we ought to leave now.

SHIRLEY

That sounds right.

BLOODY BABY

Yeah. Just hold on a sec...

Hylas, meanwhile, is still staring, in ghoulish fascination, at whatever nasty thing is happening to the screaming Moira. Abruptly, a woman's hand comes in and taps him on the shoulder.

BLOODY BABY

Oh, Hylas.

HYLAS

Hmmm?

He turns around, just as bloody Baby, wielding her guitar like a baseball bat, swings it with all of her might, knocking the little guy off the stool and all the way across the room.

BLOODY BABY

Screw you! Come on, girls...

Rotten Baby picks up the Ninja Doll and the four of them head out the door, instruments in hand. They hit the button. The door opens and they exit.

Mascaro turns to Virgil.

MASCARO

Boss... the girls...

Virgil looks up, without much interest.

VIRGIL  
Never mind. They won't escape.  
(coughs)  
No one ever does.

CUT TO:

We see the girls rushing down the corridor, over the body of a servant already collapsed. They have their mouths covered, for all the good it's doing.

RAZOR BABY  
Look!

They look. Ahead of them, a door is closing automatically. Bloody Baby rushes forward and props herself in the doorway to keep it from closing. She slides down to the floor to let the others limb over.

BLOODY BABY  
Come on, come!

Razor Baby steps casually over her. Rotten Baby follows, turning around to look down at her, as if at a specimen. Finally, Shirley does a little girlish leap over her.

Bloody Baby hands over her guitar and quickly rolls out of the door. It slams shut behind them.

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, THE MAIN ENTRANCE

They reach the bottom of the stairs. They're struggling now. Coughing. They reach the door. It's sealed. Look at the windows... Blocked.

BLOODY BABY  
It's like he said. The whole place  
is sealed.

SHIRLEY  
This is really sad.

Abruptly, they hear a little laughter. They look. The Ninja Doll is holding a tiny grenade... One of Skinhead's in her tiny hand.

BLOODY BABY  
A grenade!

CUT TO:

INT., NIGHT, BY A VAN

All the girls are hanging out, except for Razor Baby, who's legs are sticking out through the open front door. She's underneath the dash, trying to hot wire the car.

BLOODY BABY

I thought you said you knew how to hot wire a car.

RAZOR BABY

You want to take over, feel free.

Abruptly, the car starts. Razor Baby sits up, grinning, ready to roll. The others pile into the van.

BLOODY BABY

Hah! Freedom. In our hands... A dangerous thing.

There's a little plaintive sound. Bloody Baby, about to step into the car, turns and looks.

Skinhead and Pimp are there. They too have survived. They gesture to be taken away.

BLOODY BABY

Hey, look who's here.

RAZOR BABY

Cool. It's the little guys.

ROTTEN BABY

They want to be with us.

BLOODY BABY

Is that a fact?

(to the Dolls)

What do you say, guys? Want a lift?

They nod. Bloody Baby comes out and picks them both up.

INT., THE VAN

A moment later, everybody's piled in. Razor baby, behind the wheel, looks to the other.

RAZOR BABY

Everybody ready?

BLOODY BABY

Let's rock and roll...

As they roar away, a final song comes on, something about  
FREEDOM and FIRE.

FADE OUT