



Scripts.com

The Most Hated Woman in America

By Tommy O'Haver

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You're watching
Channel 38, Austin.
Building a better Texas.
Now, from your 24-hour news service,
this is Good Morning Austin.
People in the Southwest are looking
for relief from a deadly heat wave.
A few areas, like Fort Worth, Texas,
and parts of Oklahoma, saw rain Monday
for the first time in a long time.
But for most,
the month-long drought continues.
NBC's Cummins reports.
You've reached the Murray O'Hairs.
Leave a message.
Hey, it's Luke.

It's, uh, 10:

Everyone's here.
Hey, y'all.
Gonna be a scorcher today.
Phew!
- Where are we?
- I don't know.
Grandma?
It's all right, Red.
We're gonna get out of this.
- Garth?
- Yes, Mother.
Did you get a good look at anybody?
Recognize anyone?
No, Mother.
Shh.
I think someone's coming.
Check their restraints.
You wanna tell us
what the hell we're doin' here?
Shut up.
You're tellin' me to shut up?
I don't think you know whose weeds
you're pissing in, buddy.
- I said shut up.
- I heard you.

I chose to ignore you.
Who are you working for, huh?
Did Jerry Falwell put you up to this, huh?
The Baptists, that it?
- Mother, please.
- I think we're good.
All right, let's go.
Cocksuckers,
you're not gonna get away with this!
Don't you know who I am?
God damn it.
So, Mr. Collier,
you say the cars are gone now.
Shouldn't they just be in them?
The door was open,
breakfast on the table,
- and they'd never leave without the dogs.
- Mmm-hmm.
And you say that this lady lives here
with her son and his daughter?
Yes. Uh, no.
The granddaughter's from her other son.
It's an interesting living arrangement.
Wait a minute.
Madalyn Murray O'Hair.
That's who we're talking about here?
Are you sure that this isn't just another
one of her publicity stunts?
Aren't you even gonna take
any fingerprints, sir?
Mr. Collier, this is Texas.
Not against the law to go missing here.
Garth, I loosened it.
I loosened it.
Come here. Give me your hands.
Give me your hands.
- What are you...
- Give me your hands.
Just get it untied. That's...
- I... I can't.
- You can do it.
- Oh, my God. It's really...
- That's it. That's it.
What kind of knot is that?

Come on.
You can do it.
Well, get closer to me, then.
Oh, all right.
- Jesus!
- Come on.
Oh. Almost.
I almost got...
- Come on.
- No, I... No, it's not...
- It's useless. It's not gonna happen.
- Jesus, Mary and Joseph!
I knew I should have sent you
to fucking Boy Scouts.
I don't know what you think
you're gonna do anyway.
They both have guns.
If we could get these hoods off,
we might have a better idea
of what we're dealing with.
- Come on. Try again.
- No.
- Come on, Garthy...
- No, stop it.
Don't you disobey your mother!
Or what, you're gonna
take me over your knee?
- Yes, I just might...
- Stop it, both of you!
God damn it, I have to pee.
Hey, people!
If you don't let me out of here,
I'm gonna piss all over your floor!
Lady, you're gonna
need to calm down.
Calm down?
You want me to calm down, shit for brains?
In case you hadn't noticed,
we've got bags over our heads,
we're all tied up and I gotta pee!
You do what we say and everyone
gets out of here safe and sound.
Oh, now that sounds
like the big man in charge.

Is that the big man in charge?
Get this goddamn thing off of my head
and show me who you are.
You think you got
the balls to take me on?
Jesus Christ.
What?
What's going on?
Garth, what's going on?
- Oh, my God.
- Robin.
Oh, my God,
is that who I think it is?
Fuck.
Hello, Madalyn.
- This is Bill Murray.
- Bill, it's Roy. Roy Collier.
What do you want?
It's your mom... and Robin and Garth.
They've disappeared.
I just saw them in Dallas.
I'm not kidding.
The police said that in order for somebody
to officially be considered missing,
they need somebody in the family
to file a report.
Why would I do that?
Besides, they're probably off
on some crazy trip again.
- No, this is different, Bill.
- Roy...
you know they're not in my life anymore.
And, frankly,
I'd like to keep it that way.
Okay?
Bill...
Ferguson...
I need those 600 words
on the Alamo anniversary by 5:00.
Relax, man. It's the same story I wrote
last year and the year before that.
Well, can't help it
if nothing ever happens in San Antonio.
No, plenty happens in San Antonio.

I just don't get to write about it.

Where you going?

Shit.

- Jack Ferguson.

- This is the reporter?

On a good day.

You know Madalyn Murray O'Hair?

She's disappeared.

Madalyn Murray O'Hair?

The damn cops won't do anything.

Only thing I could think to do

was call a reporter.

- Who's this?

- Name's Roy. But I gotta go.

If you wanna know more,

come by 1682 Greystone Drive tonight.

- What...

- I'll be there.

Hello?

Madalyn?

Bless this food to our use...

and us to thy service.

- Amen.

- Amen.

Now, I don't suppose

you found a job today?

I had an interview.

But I didn't get a law degree

to be a damn receptionist.

You'd be lucky

to be someone's receptionist.

If I were you, I'd start praying.

How do you put up with him, Mother?

The question is, how do I tolerate you?

Living here for free.

- Bringing a bastard into my house.

- Pup!

Don't you ever call my son that.

Sweetie, why don't you just take

your dinner and go on to our room? Hmm?

I am sorry, Billy Boy.

I was just trying to make a point

about your momma, huh?

I've got a point I'd like to make.

What else is new?
No, this is important.
Got an announcement.
Getting another grandchild.
That's right. Your precious daughter's
got herself knocked up again.
- Oh, honey, no.
- Yeah.
And the guy's kicked me to the curb again,
saying it's not his,
when I know for a fact
it absolutely is his.
You're an embarrassment.
That's right.
That's right.
Walk away.
Just like they did.
I'm sorry, Mother.
- You wanna tell me what happened?
- I don't know. Condom broke?
You sure you wanna keep it?
I mean, I can take care of Pup,
and you know how he loves little Bill,
and hopefully he'll come around.
He's right.
I got a law degree and no job,
and a kid and no husband.
The only thing I do have is judgment.
I get plenty of that.
Maddy, you made a couple of mistakes,
that's all.
You know, I see these housewives
in their identical homes
with their identical lives, and...
They disgust me, but sometimes I...
I wish I could be like that,
wish I could live like that.
But I can't.
I don't know what to tell you.
Mom, just lie to me.
- Tell me everything's gonna be all right.
- Oh...
Well, I could be a secretary.
Telephone operator.

You could sell Avon like Ms. Wright.
We're just too damn smart for these hicks.
- We will fight!
- What's going on?
I'll bet they're going
to the White Tower restaurant.
Why?
Well, Billy Boy...
not all people are treated the same
in this world.
Because they're non...
- Noncon...
- Nonconformist?
- Yeah.
- Well, you could say that, I guess.
White Tower won't serve Negroes...
so they're protesting.
And if they protest, will that make
the White Tower serve them?
No, the owners of that place
are damn racists.
Makes me so mad.
I bet they call themselves
Christians, too.
Grandpa says you might find a job
if you were more Christian.
Ah, your grandpa's full of crap.
Grandpa says you're the one full of crap.
Excuse me?
Well, you're always going on
about what's wrong with people,
but you don't do anything about it.
You just complain.
Close to 100 demonstrators
stepped out to protest
the whites-only policy
of the White Tower restaurant
in downtown Baltimore.
The activists were met
with some resistance
from supporters of segregation.
I think that, uh, as much
as we regret it, integration is here,
and I would like to be able to do

as much as I can to prevent it coming.
But one white woman
and her son actually showed up
to march with the Negroes.
The owners of the White Tower restaurant
should be ashamed of themselves.
This is Baltimore, not Nazi Germany.
And what about you,
young man? Why are you here?
I'm here
because I don't like racists,
and because I'm a nonconformist
like my mom.
That's my boy.
What were you thinking?
I was trying to teach
your grandson a lesson.
"Judge not, lest ye be judged."
What about the neighbors?
What do you care
what nosy old Mrs. Mosley thinks?
You really are one selfish SOB.
Just 'cause you read
the goddamn Bible every night,
you think you're
so high and mighty and moral,
when there are people out there
who are actually,
really, truly suffering...
- You know, I've got some cold cuts...
- Mother, it's all...
You have no right
to lecture me about morality.
You can take your morals
and shove them up your ass.
May the Lord have mercy
on your soul, Madalyn.
Ooh, the Lord.
I'm quaking in my boots.
Where was the Lord
when I got knocked up, huh?
Where is the Lord now?
What, Mother?
I believe we need

a spiritual revolution in America.
We need a revolt against materialism,
a revolt against crime,
a revolt against the emphasis on sex,
a revolt against the sins...
It's like I keep telling you,
it's just case after case down there.
Such a shame.
And then I've got
this Negro girl with a baby,
who got thrown out of her home,
and there is no place to put her.
I mean, no place whatsoever.
- We have looked...
- Mom.
Just a sec, Bill.
No idea why I went into social work.
I thought I could help people.
But I can't.
There's too much red tape...
- Mom!
- Jesus, Mary and Joseph.
I said, "Just a sec."
Now you be good for Grandma, right, Garth?
You can find everything
that you've been searching for in Christ.
And I'd better not come home and find
my son watching that claptrap with you.
I don't want him getting any ideas.
I'm gonna get in trouble again.
Well, it's not my fault
you missed the bus.
Okay. All right, I'll talk to the teacher
if I have to, okay?
Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name...
- We are not making a habit of this.
- I know.
- You've gotta start getting up earlier.
- I know.
What the hell is that?
Oh, don't tell me
that's the Lord's Prayer.
- Yeah.

- What are you...
- You gotta be kidding me.
- They make us say it every day.
- They make you read the Bible, too?
- Uh-huh.

I told the teacher I don't believe in prayer and asked to be excused.

And what did she say?

She said we all

have to bow our heads and pray.

Oh...

and the power and the glory.

- Amen.

- What the hell's going on in here?

Excuse me?

If I wanted my son

to learn the Lord's Prayer,

I would've sent him

to goddamn Catholic school.

- Mrs. Murray...

- Ms. Murray.

Ms. Murray...

this is our morning devotion.

Well, I would like my son excused

from the morning devotion.

- You don't want him to...

- Mmm-mmm.

I've never heard of anything

like this in my life.

Well, Mrs.... uh, Lutz, is it?

My son, like myself, is an atheist.

- Isn't that right, Bill?

- Uh-huh.

I cannot excuse your son

from the morning devotion.

It is required by the board,

and it is the law.

The law?

Have you heard about the Constitution,

by any chance?

Kids, I hope

she's not teaching you history,

because, apparently,

she flunked that class.

In the Constitution, there is something called the First Amendment.

And that protects the freedom of speech and religion.

Are there any Jews in the class?

Do your parents know that you are being forced to recite - this archaic drivel?

- Ms. Murray!

- I'm just trying to make a point.

- Obviously.

The school board cannot force my son to pray, or anyone else for that matter.

So... sue them.

First of all, can I just say, it is wonderful to see you all again.

Garth.

Lose a few pounds?

You're looking good.

Robin... did you miss me?

- For fuck's sake, David, get to the point.

- Hey, I'm with you.

I wanna keep this reunion as brief as possible.

So here's the deal.

- Tomorrow...

- Wait, tomorrow?

- What about the dogs?

- Don't worry, sweetie.

Tomorrow...

you're gonna write us a little check, and then we will be happy to get you the hell out of this place.

A check?

I'm gonna make this easy on you, Madalyn.

What we want is just a drop in the bucket.

And what is that?

A million dollars.

For fuck's sake...

- It's not a fucking joke, lady.

- Uh, listen...

I don't know what this guy's told you, but my organization is a nonprofit organization.

- There's no money...
- In theory,
American Atheists is a nonprofit, but...
but we both know that there are
a few offshore accounts
that will not bear that out.
New Zealand, for example.
What is this shit?
Hello?
Hello?
Jesus.
Mr. Ferguson, Roy Collier.
I work for Madalyn.
Where did you get my name?
You covered our protests of the courthouse
nativity scene last Christmas.
Thought you could use
a real story for once.
And all three of them, they lived here?
They were inseparable.
Nobody thought that was kind of weird?
Trust me, there's a lot of weird shit
going on in this family.
- Mr. Ferguson...
- Call me Jack.
Jack.
I think something
really bad's happened here,
but nobody seems to believe me.
- Not even the people at American Atheists?
- No, she's done this before.
Disappeared for a few weeks,
popped up in Mexico.
They think this may be
another one of her fundraising ploys.
I'd be inclined to believe 'em.
No, she would have left me instructions.
And she never would've left
the dogs behind.
Okay, look, Roy.
This isn't really my area of expertise.
Then why did you come?
Well, I thought
there might be a story here.

Jackpot.

Passports.

Still doesn't prove

that they're not just out of town.

Okay, let's say you're right.

Let's say they were kidnapped.

- Or worse.

- What about Robin's father?

- Bill Jr.?

- Yeah.

He hasn't spoken to his family in years.

His ass won't even

file a missing person's report.

Well, then he should be

at the top of your list.

No. No.

Bill and his mom may have had some issues,
but he would never do anything like this.

Well, then, who would?

Are you kidding?

Do you know how many death threats
this woman would receive in a day?

No.

Sure.

No. Right.

Uh, no, I know.

Well, I...

Oh. Yeah. No, I... I do know Mr. Epstein
from the Austin branch, right?

Garth, come on.

Good morning.

Okay.

Uh-huh.

Yup. Right, we'll talk then.

Bye-bye. Mmm-hmm.

So...

I can only get \$600,000.

That's what's in our personal account.

What?

Where is the rest of it?

It's in dummy trusts.

It's in dummy what now?

They have to wire it here, the 600 grand,
from New Zealand next week.

Next week?
And I have to sign for it in person.
Hey...
Are you lying?
Gary, calm down.
I'm calm.
He's a big boy.
You didn't plan this very well,
did you, David?
I am in no mood for a jerk-off contest.
Do I need to remind you
who's holding the guns here?
Everybody just needs to settle in...
and try and get along.
Looks like we're gonna be
roommates for a few days.
You don't think
the police are gonna be looking for me?
No, Madalyn, I don't think
anyone's gonna be looking for you.
William Murray Jr.
Mr. Murray, Jack Ferguson,
San Antonio Daily Journal.
I don't give quotes on my mother,
Mr. Ferguson.
- I assume that's what you're after.
- Uh, sort of.
I'm looking into
your family's disappearance.
Roy Collier call you?
Let me give you some advice, Mr. Ferguson.
Don't waste your time.
You don't wanna look like a fool
when they suddenly show up.
Roy seems to think this is different.
Well, I guess it's possible
they finally left the country for good.
They've been putting money
from American Atheists
into offshore accounts for years.
Embezzlement?
My mother prefers to call it
"creative accounting."
Now, if you'll excuse me, Mr. Ferguson...

Uh, one question.
The dogs...
Roy said that they took them everywhere.
Sure, she treats those things
better than her own family.
Well, that's why he's so worried.
They left them behind.
Goodbye, Mr. Ferguson.
Communist guerrillas,
hiding out in the brush.
Skirmishes such as this
have been plaguing the country...
Madalyn, I just don't get this.
I still can't understand why those
children can't say one little prayer.
They can pray all they want to.
- School can't force 'em to.
- Okay, Maddy.
But can't somebody else fight this?
Why does it always have to be you?
Why not me?
This is important.
I'm just so worried about Pup.
His health isn't what it used to be.
Well, he better start a-goddamn prayin',
'cause we're gonna take this all the way
to the Supreme Court if we have to.
Your mother's a whore!
Get the hell off of me!
Oh, Billy.
Go to hell, commies!
No one wants you.
- You go to hell!
- Go, go, go!
Madalyn!
Come on.
Why didn't you tell me?
The kids at school?
- Mmm.
- I can handle it.
- Oh, you think so?
- Yeah, they ambushed me.
Still got a few good elbows
in there, though.

What about the teachers?
They're ignoring me.
They won't call on me anymore.
I don't know, Billy Boy.
Maybe we oughta drop this.
I don't wanna have to worry about you.
Your name is on this lawsuit.
This fight, it's gotta be your choice.
Mom...
we're in this together.
Nonconformists, remember?
Nonconformists.
Sweetie, we pull this off,
we're gonna be goddamn revolutionaries.
David Brinkley's Journal,
usually presented at this time,
will not be seen tonight,
so that we may bring you
the following special program.
Washington, DC, June 17th, 1963.
An 8-1 decision of the US Supreme Court
declared prayer in school
unconstitutional.
The judgment, the results
of a case against
the Baltimore public school system,
stirred protests across the nation.
Today's decision is offensive
to everyone...
who wishes to keep
this a religious nation.
As demonstrators
ascended on the capital,
President Kennedy did his best
to defuse the controversy.
I think that, uh, it is important for us
that we, uh...
support Supreme Court decisions
even when we may not agree with them.
In addition, we have in this case
a very easy remedy.
And that is to pray, ourselves.
The plaintiffs in the case,
self-described atheists Madalyn Murray

and her teenage son Bill,
were unapologetic.
I don't understand
why people are so upset.
This is about religious freedom.
You can still keep the faith, people.
Just keep it to yourselves.
Ooh, this is a good one.
"The next thing you know,
Madalyn Murray will force the country
to eliminate 'one nation under God'
from the Pledge of Allegiance."
It's actually not a bad idea.
We should be clipping coupons,
not articles.
Oh, pfft.
I cannot believe
that the Family Aid Society fired you.
Well, I was a disgrace
to the city of Baltimore. Remember?
Besides, I couldn't get
crap done there, anyway.
Here comes the hate mail.
Mother, it's not all bad.
Thanks, sweetie.
Mmm.
What...
"Here's shit in your eye."
Well, they got wit.
I'll give 'em that, at least.
- Here, let me get it.
- No.
It's a good photo.
I'm gonna keep it.
Ah, see.
Now there's someone who appreciates me.
Hmm?
The Lord will provide.
That'll buy us some groceries.
Ooh, good fella.
Get me another one.
Madalyn Murray, the woman
who expelled prayer from schools,
is stirring things up again.

She held a rally
at the University of Baltimore
to promote her new organization,
American Atheists.
I'm not trying
to convert anyone here.
And at no time have I said
that people should be stripped
of their right to believe in God.
But as an atheist,
I believe a good deed should be done
instead of a prayer said,
a hospital built instead of a church.
We want disease conquered,
poverty vanished and war eliminated.
- Another check.
- Ooh.

Mad Madalyn is at it again,
this time filing suit
with the Baltimore public school system
to remove the words "under God"
from the Pledge of Allegiance.
Well, we sure as hell
aren't gonna win this one.
But it's a fight worth having.
Shit!

"Page Si..." Page six?
The police haven't even opened
an investigation yet.
And there are plenty of people
who'd just as soon never see
that woman in Texas again.
Well, can I at least have a follow-up?
Right now, I need a story
on the transit board's bus route overhaul.
Thanks, buddy.
This is all they had.
I think you look pretty hot.
Hey, Gary, ever occur to you
that your sole purpose in life might be
to serve as an argument for birth control?
You know what? Just...
Just ignore her.
There you are.

A little overcooked,
just like you like them.
You remembered.
I figured the least we could do
if we're all stuck here together
is be civil.
I wouldn't spit in your ass
if your guts were on fire.
- That civil enough for you?
- Oh, come on.
I'm having a good time.
Who else is having a good time?
- Uh, yeah, sure. I guess.
- Garth.
I mean, he got us video games.
He's right. I brought your medicine,
I got you a change of clothes.
I... I'd say for kidnapppers,
we are damn near hospitable.
This is much better than prison, trust me.
Gary was in prison.
How come I didn't see that coming?
You know, you just can't seem
to shut the fuck up.
I bet you saw more cock in the slammer
than a urinal at the Astrodome.
- Hey, hey, hey!
- Oh, go ahead and shoot me.
I'm an awfully big body to hide.
- Gary, put the gun away.
- Open up, Grandma!
- Keep talking.
- Gary...
- No, be funny, fucking Grandma. Do it!
- Please!
Gary, please.
Not so tough now, huh?
You're gonna owe me.
- Oh, fuck you.
- Come on. Come on.
Dave, we need to talk.
- Mother.
- What?
- Mother.

- What?

Do you ever stop to think
that if they kill one of us,
they have to kill us all?

This is bullshit, Garth.

And I'm not letting them get away with it.

I know, but if we get the police involved,
you know that the IRS is gonna follow.

And what they want, it's nothing.

So let's just play their game for now,
and we'll figure out a way
to nail them later.

Yeah.

Yeah, he's right, Grandma.

Yeah, he's right.

This one time.

Stop gloating.

That's not good.

It's fine.

They think they're in New Zealand.

You said two days, tops.

And that woman,

she's wound so goddamn tight.

How the fuck we supposed to keep 'em here?

Madalyn's a cripple.

She's not going anywhere.

Robin would never leave her.

And Garth?

Yeah, Garth can't piss
without his mom holding his dick.

Four days.

We get the money.

We get out of town.

Here.

Get rid of the cars.

Just to be safe.

David...

When this thing comes through,
you're not really serious
about letting them go, right?

He wants you to drop the story?

Well, he doesn't think
there's much more to tell.

Everybody seems to believe

they took off for New Zealand.
I told you, they'd never leave
- without the dogs.
- "Without the dogs"?
Yeah, you may have mentioned that before.
You know...
I don't get it, Roy.
What?
Well, her own son doesn't seem to care
that they're missing.
Everybody else at American Atheists
are pretending like nothing's happened.
What makes you different?
You have any idea what it's like
to grow up black and gay in Texas?
Um, no.
Neither did Madalyn.
But it didn't matter.
When my parents kicked me out...
she was there to take me in.
All right, look.
I have a PI, owes me a favor, uh...
Not promising anything,
but I'll see if he can't dig something up.
Thanks.
Jesus, David.
Just as vain as ever, huh?
You sure you're not a homo?
You are the last person
who should be lecturing me about vanity.
I'll lecture you about whatever
I goddamn well please.
I don't know how you expect
to pull this off, David.
I am willing to bet
that after we get our money...
you won't be calling the police.
You wouldn't want to expose
those hidden accounts of yours.
In the meantime, why don't you
take these next few days here
as your own dark night of the soul?
Time for a little self-reflection.
If anyone's in need of self-reflection,

David, that'd be you.
I bet Bill Jr. would beg to differ.
Our guest tonight
is Madalyn Murray O'Hair,
the American Atheist
who removed the Bible from public schools.
She's at the university
for a speaking engagement.
O'Hair, that's new for you, isn't it?
Oh, yeah, I guess we all knew
it'd take a real man to tame this shrew.
And that's what I found in Richard O'Hair,
a man. A real man.
I have got a granddaughter now, Robin.
She's about everything I could hope for.
Uh, we've opened our lines to callers.
Right now we have Charles from Sacramento.
Go ahead, Charles.
- Yeah, I wanna ask Mrs. Murray...
- Uh, Murray O'Hair.
How can you look at yourself
in the mirror every day?
Only a godless bitch like you
would go to court to stop prayer.
Thanks to you, this country's
on its way to hell in a handbasket.
Somebody should cut your tongue out,
tie you up
and throw your lifeless corpse off the...
Thank you, Charles.
Don't these people
have anything more to worry about?
I mean, people are dying every day in
this unholy war we're waging in Vietnam.
And, apparently, this guy's more concerned
with masturbating to my corpse.
Next up, we have Barbara from Mill Valley.
Ms. O'Hair,
if you don't believe in God,
how do you explain where we came from?
Lady, have I gotta explain
the damn birds and the bees for ya?
It's called sex.
And you can bet

the Virgin Mary was all for it.
Virgin birth, my ass.
Jesus loves you, Madalyn.
Aw, and so does Santa Claus.
Can you believe it?
Jesus shot at me.
- Goddamn Jesus Christ.
- Uh, Mother.
Oh. Oh, all right. Well, I'm sorry
I used that language again, Susan.
I'll try to clean it up a little bit.
Mother, uh...
Mother...
- Susan and I have been talking.
- Bill, no.
Well, I haven't even said
what I'm gonna ask yet.
You wanna abandon me.
Please.
Bill, look at me.
Some freak put me in the hospital.
You're fine.
They're treating me for nerve damage.
I'm sorry. You're right.
I... I understand.
Probably very frightening for you,
and we shouldn't have dragged Robin
and Susan through all this.
When we get down to LA, I'm gonna
get you a really nice hotel suite.
- They can stay there...
- No, Mother... Mother!
I have a wife and a child now.
I'm not sure this is the life
that I want for them.
- Right, that's your decision.
- All right.
Mmm-hmm. I just don't know if I can
keep up what I'm doing without you.
Oh.
- Well, you got Richard now.
- All he's good for is fucking.
Mom.
Remember that protest at White Tower?

You couldn't have been more than ten.
And that day you said to me,
"If something makes you really mad,
you've gotta go out there
and do something about it."
All my life...
I just wanted one person somewhere,
sometime, to understand me.
And that person turned out to be you.
Hmm?
We're in this together.
Hmm?
From Hollywood,
The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson.
This is Ed McMahon along with
Doc Severinsen and the NBC Orchestra
inviting you to join Johnny
and his guests...
Roger Miller, Steve Martin
and atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair.
Yeah. No, I told you it's enough.
Thank you.
Where the hell have you been?
I'm about to go on.
Susan filed for divorce.
Hallelujah.
I knew it was gonna happen.
I told you so, didn't I? Huh?
- Mother.
- Oh, come on.
You were over that fusspot
a long time ago.
At least she didn't cheat on you
like Richard did with me.
What about Robin?
No, don't you worry about Red.
We'll get custody of her.
Oh, Billy Boy,
Momma's gonna take care of everything.
All you have to worry about
is taking care of me.
And the cause.
Oh.
Why are people so emotional?

Um... why do they put the battleground
in the public schools
and become so emotionally involved
when people say,
"You mean they're not gonna
permit our children,
uh, to start their daily schedule
with a nondenominational prayer?"
Their argument, of course, is,
"How can it affect anybody?
It can't hurt. Um..."
Well, there is no such thing
as a nondenominational prayer.
Uh, if we have, suddenly,
the Muslims take over,
and everyone would be required
to say a prayer to Allah...
why, they would be as much up in arms
as they are now...
Well, freedom of religion does mean,
does it not,
freedom to, uh... follow any beliefs
that you may wish?
Which also means
the freedom not to believe.
That's right. I'm not gonna
let the church tell me what I can say.
You know, I have a reputation
for the use of the four-letter word.
And I would like to talk tonight
about the use of the four-letter word.
What, obscene words? Or...
- Let me give you an example.
- All right.
- Uh, Johnny, you were recently married.
- Mmm-hmm.
And how about if you went to your wife,
and you grabbed her and said,
"Uh, may I have carnal knowledge of you?"
I don't remember using those exact terms.
Here's to the fucking cause.
Let me, uh...
Let me interrupt for a moment.
We have to do this commercial,

and we will be right back. Stay with us.
Austin has a new resident,
and not everyone is happy about it.
For God so loved the world
that he gave his only begotten son!
This week, Madalyn Murray O'Hair
opened the doors of her new
American Atheists center to much protest.
Well,
I couldn't take Baltimore anymore.
Windows were broken and tires slashed.
I was shot at several times.
Drove my poor mother
to an early grave, I do believe.
The center has a printing press,
library and recording studio
for her syndicated radio series.
I do love a good fight.
And taking on God and the church is...
well, kind of the ultimate, isn't it?
So, as long as there's a fight to be had,
I'll still be a squeaky wheel.
Well, there you have it, people.
Now let's get something started!
You watch and learn, Red,
and one of these days you'll be running
this whole goddamn place.
Why don't you help Sandy with the mail?
- Hmm?
- Okay.
Where's your brother?
I... I haven't seen him.
Mother.

11:

Fuck off.
Is this the kind of example
you wanna set for your daughter?
My daughter?
The one you took custody of?
You're too drunk
to piss your name in the snow,
let alone take care of a child.
Doesn't matter. You're gonna do

the same thing to her that you did to me.
What the hell is that supposed to mean?
I wanna live my own life! Okay?
I'm sick and tired of living your life!
What, you're gonna leave me?
Like all the rest of 'em?
After everything
I've fucking done for you?
Mother... goodbye.
Billy Boy!
Bill, come back.
Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair
competing with, debating with,
the man who brought the Bible
to the B-girls in New Orleans,
the Reverend Bob Harrington.
God and the savior
versus atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair.
Madalyn, what exactly is it
that you have against God?
First off, there isn't any.
And second off, your God manifests itself
through organized churches,
your organized movement.
And every single one of them,
including you,
is always interested in money.
You show me once
where Jesus Christ
passed out a collection plate.
Now, Madalyn, I... I see you here...
and I hear you talking.
And you're lost.
You need Jesus.
Real bad. Real bad!
I am so happy that I am lost.
All this religious nonsense...
Because where you're going,
there's gonna be a lake of fire.
There's gonna be a weepin' and a wailin'
and a gnashing of teeth.
You gotta be kiddin' me!
What the hell do you care where I go,
what I believe?

I don't care what you believe in.
I wanna bring you to God.
I want to save your soul.
I don't wanna be brought to God.
I don't want to be saved.
And I don't want Jesus,
thank you very much.
All right, we'll be back in a moment.
You know... you and I
could make money doing this.
I do okay, thanks.
Oh, sure.
We... we both do okay.
But together,
we could do a hell of a lot better.
You just give that
a little thought, Madalyn.
They claim it's a first
in the history of religion.
Flamboyant New Orleans evangelist
Reverend Bill Harrington
has arrived in Chicago
for a series of head-to-head debates
with the infamous atheist,
Madalyn Murray O'Hair.
Ladies and gentlemen,
there is a devil among us.
Let us all pray.
Pray to save the soul
of Madalyn Murray O'Hair.
Save me?
Save me?
Oh, Jesus couldn't save himself.
The New Testament?
Oh, a load of bull
written by a bunch of faggots.
Oh, come on. Y'all know that.
Jesus was as queer as a three-dollar bill.
You dirty heathen!
Mmm-hmm?
Let me see what that looks like.
Yeah. Oh, that's not bad.
You were on fire
out there tonight, darlin'.

Every time you tear into this Bible,
I save another 50 souls.
Yeah, I know you like that bit.
I do. Why don't you let me see
how the numbers are here?
Oh, not bad.
We'll do better in Kansas City.
I'll burn the goddamn book in Kansas City.
Oh, Praise the Lord!
Thank you, Garth.
I'll keep praying for your soul, Madalyn.
I'll keep cursing yours.
You think we won anyone over?
Oh, I don't know, honey.
Did you hear from your father?
Oh, he'll be back when he's shitfaced
and needs his ass wiped.
He just needed a little break.
We'll see him again soon enough.
Hey, when all this is over,
how about we take a little trip, huh?
I spent the last 20 years
trying to escape
the overpowering shadow of my mother.
While she was fighting the world...
I was fighting for my life.
I didn't realize
how bad it had gotten till...
I got out of Austin and...
started locking myself
in the bathroom every night
with a bottle of whiskey
and a bucket of ice.
And then one night, I...
I had this sudden rush of sorrow.
Because I understood.
I understood the, uh... the hatred
and the... the self-pity
that she was feeling.
Because that's what I was feeling.
But I come here, and I...
I see others,
much worse situations than me, and...
you overcome, and you accept them.

And that, uh...
That's what I'm gonna do.
Our Father...
who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom and the power
and the glory...
forever and ever...

Amen.

Amen.

Frank, I need another day
on the Riverwalk article.
I just got a new lead on the O'Hair story.

- Frank, listen.

- Jack...

Robin Murray's Porsche
just turned up abandoned at the airport
and Garth's car sold to some guy
out by Canyon Lake. I mean, come on.
Follow it up.

- Are you serious?

- Yeah.

Frank! I love you!

All right.

Nope.

I didn't buy it from him.

- You sure?

- Positive.

It was a short guy.

He was younger, had dark hair.

All right.

If I sent a sketch artist to your house,
would you be willing to sit down with him?

- Sure.

- Thanks, Mr. Sparrow.

I don't get it.
What kind of religious nut
goes off and sells a stolen car?
Well, maybe this isn't the work
of a religious nut.
What do you mean?
Well, Madalyn was stashing
loads of cash, right?
Mmm.
Makes for the greatest motive of all.
Greed.
This is just like the old days.
You used to let me win.
You were the boss.
I had to.
Does that mean
I'm supposed to let you win now?
You do have the gun.
And we all know what that means.
Compensating for a very small cock.
Right, Red?
That's what you always say, Grandma.
Oh, come on, Madalyn.
You can do better than that.
I don't waste my best lines
on small-time crooks.
You're just as much of a crook as I am,
rippin' people off
in the name of your cause.
That is bullcrap!
I have devoted my life
to protecting the First Amendment.
The things I've had to endure.
Made a little money along the way.
I deserve it.
You are so full of yourself,
you can't see
the fucking forest for the trees.
While you're out fighting the world,
you're making real enemies
right under your nose.
You get a load of that, Red?
David Waters is lecturing me.
Your own son would tell you

the exact same thing.
And...
gin.
I led a life wasted
without faith in the Lord.
And I hope I can right
some of the wrongs I caused.
I see my mother as a sinner now.
She demanded things of God,
and when he refused her requests, well...
she began to battle with him openly.
Now all she cares about is...
getting wealthy by hating God.
Do you love your mother?
Oh, I love my mother.
I forgive my mother.
But I'm not proud
of what she did to this country.
Do you pray for her?
I wish I could pray for her.
Turn it off.
But I'm afraid
it wouldn't do any good.
Sold out to the highest bidder,
the goddamn church.
Mother.
I've been called
every dirty name in the book.
There's not a day goes by
without a death threat.
None of it hurt, but this...
This...
Garth, am I really that bad of a mother?
No.
Mother, I will always be here.
- We'll both always be here.
- Oh...
Mr. Waters.
Thank you, Roy.
Ms. O'Hair, it is a pleasure.
Oh, well, have a seat.
I saw you on Carson last week.
I love the way
you shut Billy Graham up.

Oh, thank you.
It was a little easier than it looked.
Now you're just being modest.
That preacher's more full of shit
than a Christmas turkey, that's for sure.
Oh, hell, he's more full of shit
than a goddamn humpback whale!
So... you're here about the, uh,
office management position?
- Yes, ma'am.
- Yeah, you sure you, uh, wanna join us?
Right now, we're holding
this place together
with bailing wire and chewing gum.
I have held together more with less.
My son, Bill, he used to, uh,
run the place.
But, uh... he screwed me over.
Oh, now those goddamn zombie
twelve-steppers got a hold of him and...
Do you, uh, drink, Mr. Waters?
I do have a few of the usual vices.
Oh, good.
'Cause I do not go in
for that teetotalin' crap.
There we go.
Here's to.
It has been mentioned that you, uh...
spent some time in the Illinois State Pen.
Just a few petty crimes...
when I was younger.
Well...
if Hail Marys really could absolve us...
we'd all be goddamn murderers.
Now the first thing she wants you to do
is help get the books in order.
We usually get the statements from
Bank of Austin on the third of the month.
This is where we keep the ledger.
You'll have the only key, besides me.
You'll register all processed checks here.
Wait, these are all donations?
That's right.
There's a check here for \$20,000.

Another for 12.
I know.
In God we trust.
Right?
Ooh! Mmm.
Good luck.
Mmm, what's going on?
The money made it out of New Zealand.
It won't be long now.
It's about time.
The van's out back.
Garth...
you try anything... anything,
Madalyn and Robin are dead.
No, I got it.
Let's go.
Bye, Mother.
- You be careful, Garth.
- Okay.
You know those bills are gonna be marked.
They're getting a cashier's check.
Then we're using that to buy gold coins.
Something that can't be traced.
- Here you go, Grandma.
- Thank you, darlin'.
Well, it looks like
you might have me here.
'Night.
Wait a minute.
Gin.
You'll win next time.
Yeah.
Sure, I'll win one of these days.
You've done a real good job here, David.
But, uh...
I want you to know I did some, uh...
digging...
into your record.
True you were picked up for hustling?
I told you I am trying
to put all that behind me.
I don't give a shit
what you do with your pecker.
But, David...

you killed a man.
Now, tell me about him.
Just between us.
Hmm?
I didn't have a picture-perfect childhood,
Madalyn.
My mother was a prostitute.
And she was in and out of prison
so much that I'd do
whatever I had to do to survive.
I hooked up with this gang.
I started stealing here and there, and...
this guy we were with got caught
after this liquor store job we did.
He turned on me.
I may not believe in God,
but I do believe in karma.
All that crap about past lives?
Yeah, well...
maybe not karma.
Retaliation.
I was gonna teach this guy a lesson.
But when I started with that tire iron...
I don't know, I just...
I lost control.
I got 30 years,
but I only did half.
Got out for good behavior.
And I swore
I would never lose control again.
Thank you.
Mmm-hmm.
Thank you for telling me
the fucking truth.
Yeah, you live long enough
and you lose faith in people.
Not that I ever had much faith in anyone.
But...
you have impressed me, David.
Starting to wish Bill Jr.
Could've turned out more like you.
He really hurt you, huh?
He betrayed me.
That's what men do.

Betray me.
But, no, David, he didn't hurt me.
Nobody can really hurt me.
Now that I trust you,
I wanna show you something.
I'm giving you a promotion, David.
So far, you've been keeping track
of most of our donations
in the official ledger book.
I say most of them because...
this is our unofficial ledger.
I'll keep your secrets, you keep mine.
Where are the rest?
In the trunk.
Well, at least \$400,000 of it is.
Four hundred?
Gary, what the hell?
The fucking guy didn't have enough.
We get the rest next week.
Shit.
Shit.
Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!
Is that really necessary?
Oh, don't tell me it's another hiccup.
We have to wait
for another shipment of coins.
What?
They'll be here next Tuesday.
Oh, for...
This is getting ridiculous.
Shut up. You're not in charge here.
All right, I got it. I got it.
You're the big boss.
But God damn it, David,
if you aren't fucking up this job
like everything else you've ever done.
Mother!
Oh, pfft.
Ahh!
If I shot you in the head right now,
do you think anyone would care?
The state of Texas would probably
give me a fucking medal.
Look at this.

\$625,000 is missing
from the New Zealand account.
Withdrawn right after they disappeared.
I say we take the coins we've got
and get out of town.
They've got nothing.
If anything, this is just further proof
that they took the money and ran.
Oh, fuck.
We've got two more days
before the second shipment comes through.
And we have come too far
to let a second-page story get in our way.
Well, thank you for finally
coming in here, Bill. Appreciate it.
When you told me about the dogs,
I knew something wasn't right.
So, why'd it take you so long
to file a report?
It's complicated.
My mother turned my own daughter
against me...
What did the cops say?
They told me they would get back to me
if anything turned up.
Wish I could say I was surprised.
So I sent a sketch artist down to work
with the guy who bought Garth's car.
Should have something soon.
I would love for you to take a look.
Of course.
Oh, this money that's gone missing,
do you have any idea
who could've had access to that?
- Accountants? Lawyers?
- Mmm.
All her finances were done in-house
at American Atheists.
You know...
if somebody did something to them...
it's probably someone from that place.
My mother pissed off a lot of people.
Especially those she was closest to.
Uh, excuse me, uh...

I just want to say American Atheists
has had a wonderful year, and...
that would not be so without all of you.
So, thank you,
and a very happy winter solstice.
Strike up the carols!
Mother loves Christmas.
She really, really does.
Oh, and you in your sweater.
So darling.

- Will you get me a refill, Garthy?
- Of course.
- I'll go check on those cookies.
- Okay.

The membership numbers are down,
but the money is not.
The way Madalyn gets these rich,
dying atheists
to leave her their entire estates...
It's a hell of a way to make a living.
She's not gonna live forever.
And I don't know what she did to Bill,
but if I was him, I would have suffered
through until she kicked the bucket,
and then I would've taken
the whole thing for myself.
I mean, Garth's not gonna
take over. Can you imagine?
"Hello, people,
we need to start fighting
for the freedom of religion."
Not funny, David.
See anybody laughing?
No more for him, huh?
Madalyn, sorry.
I don't wanna hear your excuses.
Right now,
all I want out of you is breathing.
Very little of that.
Come on.
I just had a little bit too much to drink.
Oh, I am assuming
it was the drink talking,
otherwise I would fire your ass.

What?
You wanna get rid of me?
Go ahead.
But I know a lot of secrets
about the American Atheists.
Secrets that might interest
the IRS in particular.
Are you threatening me?
Go, tell the IRS whatever you want.
Scream it from the mountaintops.
You think they're gonna believe
a fucking felon?
Get out of here.
You're ruining my holiday party.
You really can be pathetic, you know.
You just wanna be the momma I never had,
give us both a second chance.
Well, let me tell you something
about my momma.
I beat the shit out of her.
I beat her to a bloody pulp.
You think your son Bill hurt you?
Nah.
Not like I hurt her.
Garth!
David Waters is a convicted felon.
He's a murderer.
And his mother was a goddamn whore.
And she's not the only one
that sucked cocks for money.
Isn't that right, David?
Isn't that right? You sucked cock...
Don't fuck with me, Madalyn.
Don't fuck with me.
Are you okay?
Son of a bitch.
Hello, football fans...
We got beer, vodka, cigs.
Finally.
Hope you didn't forget
about me, Danny.
No, I did not.
Oh, hey.
Sorry it ain't a martini.

Oh, it's the good stuff.
Yeah.
My Billy Boy...
he used to mix a mean Manhattan.
Here's to new friends.
You're all right, Danny Fry.
Mmm.
You know, I'm real sorry
we're putting you through all this.
It's not you.
It's David.
I'd watch your ass around him
if I were you.
You know, I trusted him.
Look where it got me.
I'm, uh... heading to Florida next week
for my daughter's fifth birthday.
I'm using my take
to set up her college fund.
Yeah. She's awful sweet.
And lucky to have you for a father.
Thanks.
In the end...
family is all we got.
Hello.
All right, sounds good.
Jack just called.
He has the sketch of the guy
who sold Garth's car.
Who the fuck is that?
Get out!
This is Bob Fry.
Leave a message.
Hey, Bob, it's, uh...
it's Danny.
Um... You know, I was actually just headed
back to Florida just now, but, um...
I've got a couple things
I gotta tie up still here in Texas.
So, uh...
But I'm gonna be sending you a letter.
And if you could just hang onto it for me,
that would be great.
Okay, thanks.

Bye.

Garth?

Yes, Mother?

I know you don't like me very much.

That's not true, Mother.

Well, you call me names behind my back.

You mean like "fat cunt"?

You call me "fat cunt"?

Yeah.

Well, you've called me worse.

I suppose.

It doesn't mean anything, you know that.

What about you, Red?

You hate me for taking you
away from your father?

You didn't take me away from him.

I was too hard on him.

I'm too hard on all of you.

You're only hard on us
because you believe we can be great.

I love you two.

Uh-huh.

Everything I've ever done, I...

I've done for you kids.

Bill, too.

What do you say?

When we get out of this,
we take a drive down to Dallas
and visit your father, hmm?

- Are you serious?

- I am.

And if the bastard refuses to see us,
well, I'll just bang down
the goddamn door.

Now, that I'd like to see.

I'm gonna miss you, Red.

Don't call me that.

No.

No! No!

She called herself
the most hated woman in America.

Tonight, the incredible case
of Madalyn Murray O'Hair.

In 1963, Madalyn Murray O'Hair

found the cause
that would make her famous.
And some say, rich.
She filed a lawsuit against
the Baltimore public school board.
The case would go
all the way to the Supreme Court
in a landmark ruling
that banned prayer in schools.
Over the next three decades,
no one person has been thought
a bigger threat to religion.
In 1995, Madalyn was 77 years old,
in failing health,
and likely would've spent
her remaining years in relative obscurity.
Except that, before she could die,
the nation's most famous atheist
suddenly vanished.
Well, the thing that strikes you
is there was no panic
when the Murray O'Hairs disappeared.
There was no real effort to find them.
Uh...
Yet there was over \$600,000 missing,
Robin's car was abandoned,
and another was sold
by a mysterious stranger.
Mark Sparrow answered
the ad in the newspaper
and thought he'd found a steal of a deal
since the car was priced
\$5,000 below Blue Book value.
But although
Garth Murray's signature appears
- on the title of transfer documents...
- Danny?
Sparrow is certain that the man
who sold him the car was not Garth Murray.
Right before Danny disappeared,
I got a call.
He told me he was sending a letter.
There weren't many details.
But he said he and a guy named Gary Karr

were in on a kidnapping scheme,
brought in by somebody
called David Waters.

David Waters?

Danny said these people they took...
were expecting to come out of it alive.
But he wasn't so sure.

And you told all this to the police?
Sure.

Yeah, but they didn't seem too keen
on looking for a missing ex-con.
I called Waters up looking for Danny.
He made up some excuse.
And then he threatened to kill my family.
Are you prepared to go on the record?
Yeah.

Mr. Waters,
I'm not one for plea agreements,
but I don't really have a say
in the matter.
You've discussed this with your lawyer?
Go ahead.

Gary was like a mad dog.
Sooner or later he was gonna bite.
David.

Oh, Jesus Christ.

Oh...

Oh...

God damn it, Karr.

What the fuck did you do?

Jesus! David?

What are we gonna do now?

Calm down.

I knew something like this
was gonna happen.

We gotta get her body into the bedroom
so they don't see her.

Oh, no.

No! David, no!

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God.

Danny, do something!

Mother!

No!

- No!
- Don't look! Don't look!
Oh, God!
Do it.
Here.
Do it.
Do it.
Gary, I can't.
He couldn't be trusted
to keep his mouth shut, so...
I had Gary take him out, too.
What happened to the money?
We kept the gold in a storage locker.
And when we went to collect...
it was gone.
We'd been robbed.
Fucking five-dollar lock.
I never intended to kill her.
But I can't say
that I'm sorry that she's dead.
We're live here at Camp Wood,
where confessed murderer David Waters
is leading police
to the spot where he buried
the bodies of Madalyn Murray O'Hair,
her son and granddaughter,
on that gruesome night in 1995.
There were rumors that
they had fled to New Zealand...
Well, at least she didn't go unnoticed.
Police finally narrowed in on Waters
and his partner in crime, Gary Karr...
She would've appreciated that.
Also charged with the murder
of a third kidnapper.
Please, no prayers.
She wouldn't have wanted that.
Does it worry you that, uh, when you die,
that there's not going to be nirvana
or whatever you care to call it?
When I die,
I don't want some religious nut
shoving a rosary up my ass
or communion wafer down my throat.

But I wouldn't mind
a small corner of the outdoors
where the sun can filter through the trees
and lay a gentle hand on my face.
Three words on my tombstone.
"Woman."
I've loved being a woman.
"Grandmother."
I've loved being a grandmother.
And "mother."
I have loved being a mother.
That's what I'd like to be
remembered for most.
That's what I'd like it to say
on my tombstone, but...
being who I am,
I'm not expecting I'll be having
a goddamn tombstone.