

BAD DAY IN MIAMI

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Rows of cars under the sun. A plane SCREAMS overhead.

DOUG ROSEN (30s) and LINUS GUILD (30s) walk. Doug is crass, outspoken. Linus is honest and carefree. Their lifelong bond echoes in everything that passes between them.

LINUS

I think that's crap.

DOUG

It's not crap, it's a legitimate opinion.

LINUS

Because it's legitimate doesn't mean you're right.

DOUG

I'm totally right!

LINUS

Okay. Prove it.

DOUG

I don't have to. The show speaks for itself. Seinfeld was the greatest sitcom of all time!

LINUS

It was not!

DOUG

It had the perfect cast.

LINUS

It had a patched together cast. They threw a bunch of odd-looking characters together and then wrote the show around them. That's laziness.

DOUG

That's brilliant acting.
(beat, pointing to a car)
That one.

LINUS

Naw. Too protected.

(beat)

Okay. Describe the best episode.

DOUG

Are you fucking kidding? There are too many. Another sign of a brilliant show.

LINUS

You don't have a favorite? And you call yourself a fan.

DOUG

Well, pardon fucking me, smarty shirt.

LINUS

I can't believe this. I can tell you my favorite episode of the actual best sitcom ever made.

DOUG

Which is what?

LINUS

Come on, Doug.

(beat)

Friends.

DOUG

Friends? Fucking Friends? Are you serious?

LINUS

I believe I am.

DOUG

That show was bullshit!

LINUS

That show was goddamn hilarious. A show with the actual perfect cast that had fantastic material that fit the mold of the characters to a T. Plus, it amazingly deconstructs the myths about friendship versus relationships in today's society. Can men and women remain friends or will they always get together in the end? Social commentary wrapped in funny as hell jokes. That's a brilliant sitcom.

SUPER: "Doug and Linus."

LINUS (CONT'D)
Seinfeld wasn't even about
anything. It was just nothing!

DOUG
That was the point! It was
supposed to be about nothing!
That's why it's funny.

LINUS
You're crazier than a bag of soup.
(beat)
That one. Classic, stylish.

DOUG
The last one was yellow. I made an
exception because I fucking hate
yellow and you know that.

LINUS
Let's try that isle...

EXT. PARKING LOT - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY - LATER

They walk a different row.

LINUS
What's her name again?

DOUG
Ginger.

LINUS
As in the root?

DOUG
It's cute!

LINUS
Was her pole?

DOUG
She speaks French...

LINUS
Well that'll come in handy when we
elope to France.

DOUG

She's classy! You took Daphne to a bed and breakfast in Vermont after a week.

LINUS

Daph was the one bull's-eye out of the fifty gross misses you've thrown me over the past twenty years. I think I was allowed to celebrate.

He points to a blue Ford.

LINUS (CONT'D)

How about this one?

DOUG

Nope.

(beat)

And bull's-eye is bullshit. You cried for months after Daph dumped your ass.

He fingers a red Lamborgini.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Now we're talking.

LINUS

You kidding? Cops will lasso our rears by the afternoon.

(beat)

And I did not cry.

DOUG

Did too.

LINUS

Did not.

DOUG

Did too, Chandler.

LINUS

Did not! I was proportionately sad.

DOUG

The fuck does that mean?

LINUS

It means I was upset, but in a very manly way.

DOUG
Manly like The View. I'm getting
blisters, here, Linus.

LINUS
Ah ha!

A purple Ford Escort.

DOUG
Are you high?

LINUS
(caddy)
Only on life.

DOUG
You're a prissy bitch and I hate
you.

LINUS
Decent cash for the parts and it's
one thousand percent inconspicuous.

DOUG
It's purple!

LINUS
So what?

DOUG
So...it's purple. I don't feel
comfortable cruising around Miami
in a goddamn barney mobile, Linus!

LINUS
Match?

DOUG
Match.

Rock, paper, scissors. Tie. Tie. Linus wins, paper covers
rock.

LINUS
Sucker.

DOUG
Eat me.

They spit on their hands. Place palms on the car windows.
Roll them down.

LINUS
Beat you.

DOUG
No, you didn't.

LINUS
You're a punk.

DOUG
I know you are, but what am I?

INT. ESCORT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Doug hot wires the car.

DOUG
At least meet her.

LINUS
Come on, man...

DOUG
Green eyes. Tits like bowling
balls.

LINUS
They're all the same, Doug. If
you're gonna keep carting chicks my
way, can't you at least administer
some sort of test to see if they
have a brain?

DOUG
What am I? A fucking
mathematician?
(beat)
When did you get so particular
anyway?

LINUS
I'm sick of random bimbos. I want
something...different.

DOUG
Different...
(beat)
I'll let you in on a little secret,
Romeo - life is random.
Coincidence after coincidence. The
sooner you make peace with that,
maybe the sooner you'll stop
pissing on my pancakes.

The car revs to life.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (one last effort)
 She's a masseuse.

LINUS
 No thanks.

DOUG
 Holmes, you astound me.

He switches on the radio. BLUES music.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The Escort backs out of its space.

LINUS (O.S.)
 Can't you find another station?

DOUG (O.S.)
 This is a classic.

LINUS (O.S.)
 How old are you?

The Escort takes off, vanishing in the distance.

DOUG (O.S.)
 You have no sense of music.

LINUS (O.S.)
 Whatever, Newman.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY - LATER

The Escort's empty spot.

RUTO MACK (30s) and BILLY CASSO (30s) stare at it, confused.
 Ruto is a hulking lug. Billy is short and wily.

RUTO
 Where the fuck is the car?

SUPER: "Ruto and Billy."

BILLY
 Is this the correct row?

Ruto checks the slip in his hand. Checks the row.

RUTO
Green row. Spot V seventeen.
(beat)
Correct row.

BILLY
It appears our item of possession
has been misplaced.

RUTO
This is highly upsetting.

BILLY
Do you think they knew what was in
the trunk?

RUTO
For their sakes, I hope not.
(beat)
I'm calling her.

Ruto digs out his cell.

BILLY
Might I suggest waiting -

RUTO
No.

BILLY
Very well.

Ruto dials.

EXT. DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

Regal. Marble columns and high windows. Shaped hedges
surround the sweeping estate.

INT. KAREN'S OFFICE - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

The phone RINGS. KAREN (40s), strong and obedient, answers.

KAREN
Daulpre residence.

Her face drops.

KAREN (CONT'D)
What?

SUPER: "Karen."

INT. BEDROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

A curvy SHADOW lies on the giant bed, a graceful hand clutching a cigarette. Karen enters, posture excellent.

KAREN

We have a problem, ma'am.

SHADOW (O.S.)

What fucking problem?

EXT. OASIS HOTEL - DAY

Cheap, dingy. Not where you'd take the family. A black Intrigue pulls into the lot.

CARLA WEST (40s) steps out of it. She's tough but by the book, sharply dressed. She GROANS at the sight of the place.

INT. OFFICE - OASIS HOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MANAGER swats flies. Carla walks up.

MANAGER

Help you?

CARLA

Girl named Caruthers. She here?

MANAGER

We don't give out information.

Carla flashes her badge: UNITED STATES MARSHAL.

CARLA

Sure you do.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - OASIS HOTEL - DAY - LATER

Carla walks down the symmetrical hall. Arrives at room twenty. KNOCKS.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)

(from inside)

Who is it?

CARLA

Daphne Caruthers?

A beat.

DAPHNE (O.S.)

Yes?

CARLA

U.S. Marshal! Open the door!

A longer beat.

DAPHNE (O.S.)

Just a sec!

CARLA

Open the door!

SCURRYING from inside. She draws her sidearm.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Goddamn it.

SUPER: "Carla."

She KICKS in the door!

INT. ROOM TWENTY - OASIS HOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Carla rushes in, weapon in front. Clothes are scattered across the bed, next to a suitcase.

CARLA

Daphne Caruthers!

DAPHNE (O.S.)

(behind a door)

She's not here!

Carla aims at the bathroom.

CARLA

Come out with your hands raised!

DAPHNE (O.S.)

She went out the window! I'm the maid!

CARLA

I've played this game, girl! You lousy at it!

DAPHNE (O.S.)

(in Spanish, subtitled)

She's not here!

CARLA
Right now, Daphne!

DAPHNE (O.S.)
You don't have your gun out, do you?

CARLA
Don't make me say it!

DAPHNE (O.S.)
Come on! Give me a break!

CARLA
Fine. Come out or I'll shoot!

DAPHNE (O.S.)
You wouldn't!

Carla pulls the hammer back - CLICK!

DAPHNE CARUTHERS (30s) springs into the room. She's a hard woman, but can delve into the realm of airhead.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Okay! Okay! Don't shoot me!

SUPER: "Daphne."

Carla holsters her weapon.

CARLA
Skirts like you always fall for that.

DAPHNE
Shit.

CARLA
Come on. I'm taking you back to county.

DAPHNE
Now?

CARLA
No, next week. Yes, now, Miss Caruthers, let's go!

DAPHNE
Will you at least help me pack?

EXT. D.E.A. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY

A flat, gray building amidst palm trees.

LIASON OFFICER (V.O.)
Dumb stinking luck.

INT. COMMONS - D.E.A. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY

DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENTS stave off boredom as the LIASON OFFICER points to a dry erase board packed with photos of a dead man.

LIASON OFFICER
Vinnie Blascom survives numerous gangland attacks, assassination attempts and one hell of a stomach ulcer only to die in a car wreck on his way to buy a brand new muffler. Miami P.D. wanted him bad, so did you. But God got the collar...

AGENT HOLLY JACKSON (40s) hides her yawn behind a soda can. What the short stick of dynamite lacks in height, she makes up for in fervor.

A clean cut AGENT approaches. WHISPERS in her ear. Holly heaves her soda in the trash.

INT. HALLWAY - D.E.A. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Holly and Agent move with purpose.

HOLLY
You sure it was them?

AGENT
Got them on tape. Miami International just started covering their whole lot, short term and long. Sent it over first thing this morning.

HOLLY
Make and model?

AGENT
Ninety six Ford Escort. Purple.

HOLLY
Purple?

AGENT
Yeah. Purple.

HOLLY
They empty it?

AGENT
Not exactly.

HOLLY
They drove off with it.

AGENT
No.

HOLLY
Is this twenty questions? Cause
I'm already losing.

AGENT
You need to see it.

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - D.E.A. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Holly slides behind her computer. Agent cues it up.

AGENT
Okay, here we go...

ON THE COMPUTER

Security footage of the airport parking lot. Ruto and Billy approach the empty space in the row.

BACK TO SCENE

AGENT (CONT'D)
(pointing)
Ruto Mack. Billy Casso.

HOLLY
Joined at the hip as always.

AGENT
Far as I can tell they're looking
for it.

HOLLY
In the right row, looking for the
space.

AGENT
That's just it...

ON THE COMPUTER

Billy and Ruto very confused. Heated talking. Ruto on his cell. They hurry off.

BACK TO SCENE

HOLLY
Wrong row.

AGENT
Don't think so.

HOLLY
Why?

AGENT
Look.

He rewinds it. They watch again.

AGENT (CONT'D)
They walk right toward the empty one. Double check it. Get weird. Take off in a hurry.

HOLLY
(getting it)
It wasn't there.

Agent gestures - bingo.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Rewind it. To earlier.

He does so.

ON THE COMPUTER

The tape speeds backward. The Escort fills the spot. Linus and Doug move in reverse.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Right there.

It plays. Doug and Linus break in. Agent pauses it.

BACK TO SCENE

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Rival cartel?

AGENT
Jackers.

HOLLY
(almost laughing)
Sweet creeping Christ.

AGENT
Faces are decent. Miami P.D.'s
digging through their database.

HOLLY
(to Doug and Linus'
images)
Boy are you yahoos in for it...

EXT. PARK - DAY

JOGGERS and DOG WALKERS litter the area. Linus opens the Escort's trunk. A single suitcase inside, the fabric bright and flowery.

LINUS
We got a suitcase.

Doug's head pops out of the open back seat.

DOUG
So open it.

He vanishes back inside.

LINUS
(mockingly)
Well, all right I will, bossypants.

He UNZIPS the top pocket. Scattered pesos.

LINUS (CONT'D)
Some funny looking money. Latin
American.

DOUG
(popping his head out)
You mean Mexican?

LINUS
No, I mean Latin American.

DOUG
Is it from Mexico?

LINUS
Yeah.

DOUG
 So...
 (beat)
 It's Mexican.

LINUS
 (annoyed)
 Check under the seats!

DOUG
 Ease up! This ain't my first
 rodeo.

He vanishes. Linus opens the suitcase...

Closes it, shocked white. He opens it again. Closes it,
 even paler. He opens it, as if maybe what was inside would
 disappear. It doesn't.

LINUS
 (deadpan)
 Doug?

DOUG
 (inside the car)
 What?

LINUS
 Hey. Doug.

DOUG
 What?

LINUS
 Um...
 (beat)
 Doug?

He pops out.

DOUG
 What?!

Linus tries to talk. Can't. Points to the trunk.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 What is it? Linus? What's your
 deal?

Linus STAMMERS. Motions.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 Are you playing fucking charades?
 What the hell is it? Linus! Talk
 to me!

LINUS
 (finally)
 There's something in the suitcase.

DOUG
 What's in it?

Linus starts CRYING like a little girl.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 Are you...? Are you crying?

Linus nods.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 You're crying. This is actually
 happening. You're seriously crying
 right now.

Linus nods again.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 What the fuck is in there? A dead
 kitten clutching a teddy bear?

LINUS
 Worse...

Doug sprints to the trunk. Rips open the suitcase...

FIFTY BRICKS OF UNCUT COCAINE.

DOUG
 (from his soul)
 AAAAAAAA!
 (beat)
 Oh, God... I'm having
 palpitations...

Linus SOBS.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (fearful, ominously)
 Do you think its hers?

LINUS
 No, Doug, I think the Girl Scouts
 misplaced their fund-raiser
 material!

DOUG
Holy shit!

LINUS
We're gonna die! We're gonna
fucking die...

DOUG
No, we aren't. Not if we make like
a shepherd and get the flock outta
here! Come on!

He SLAMS the trunk closed.

EXT. RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

An average house in an average suburb. Trees and hedges
decorate the lawn. KIDS ride by on bikes.

RUTO (O.S.)
You've got to be fucking me, Karen!

INT. KITCHEN - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

Ruto paces, phone to his ear.

KAREN
(from phone)
Mister Mack, you were instructed to
deliver a nineteen ninety six Ford
Escort, purple in color, and you
did not -

RUTO
The car wasn't there, Karen! It's
hard to deliver a car when there
isn't one to deliver. There was no
car. Did you hear me say that? I
heard it because I was here and I
heard me say it!

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

BONNIE (20s) reclines on the sofa, skimpily dressed and
sucking an ice pop. Obnoxious and lacking any substance, her
sensual body screams "fuck me now."

The coffee table is an orgy of expensive handguns and dingy
assault rifles. Billy SHARPENS a dull blade on a stone.

BONNIE
Everything okay? You guys
seem...tense today.

BILLY
Went on a pick up. Merchandise was
gone.

BONNIE
That's troubling.
(beat)
Want me to suck your cock?

BILLY
Your mouth's gonna be cold.

BONNIE
So? Ruto likes that.

BILLY
I'm not Ruto.

BONNIE
No kidding.

BILLY
The hell does that mean?

BONNIE
(innocently)
Oh...nothing.

Billy RAKES the stone along the blade.

INT. KITCHEN - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

Ruto pulls ham and cheese from the fridge, phone on his
shoulder.

RUTO
I know she's pissed, Karen, and I
don't give a weasel's dick.

KAREN
(from phone)
It would be advisable if you
started giving a weasel's dick,
Mister Mack.

RUTO
You know what would help me care,
Karen? Our money.
(MORE)

RUTO (CONT'D)

We spent out time and the outcome was not our fault. Give us what we're owed and I'll care. I'll care enough to adopt a thousand miserable homeless children and send each one a dollar a month for ten years!

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY
ON THE TV

A Spanish commercial for cookware.

BACK TO SCENE

BONNIE

Why are we watching the Spanish Channel? You don't speak Spanish.

BILLY

I'm aware of that, Bonnie.

BONNIE

Then how can you understand what they're saying?

BILLY

It doesn't matter what they're saying?

BONNIE

Are you prejudice against Spanish people, Billy?

BILLY

Don't be ridiculous.

BONNIE

Then enlighten me, honey, cause I don't get it.

BILLY

You wanna know why I watch the Spanish Channel?

BONNIE

Yes, I do.

BILLY

You really wanna know?

BONNIE

The anticipation is a killer.

Billy fiddles with a revolver.

BILLY

I watch it because you can only understand how a person really feels by how they act. Talk is cheap. Our metaphysical make up runs deeper than that. Its how we relate to another human being. I mean, look at them. Happy, laughing, pushing reduced price cookware and they don't care if you understand. The real message is in the eyes. The smiles. Words cover up the fact that we're no good bullshit. They share their own unique language apart from the rest of the world and they're happy doing it. Christ, I wish we were all Spanish.

BONNIE

Ole!

INT. KITCHEN - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

Ruto constructs his sandwich.

RUTO

All I'm really saying here is we're as disappointed as you are, if not more.

(beat)

Karen?

(beat)

Karen! Don't you breathe at me, girl -

WOMAN

(from phone)

Hello, Ruto.

His blood turns to ice.

RUTO

Good morning, ma'am.

(easily)

I was trying to explain -

WOMAN

That you lost my merchandise. I
want it back.

(beat)

Find it. Or you'll lose something
you're a little more...attached to.

The phone dies. Ruto tosses his sandwich in the trash. He
tosses the phone in after it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ruto melts into a recliner. Billy and Bonnie look at him.

BILLY

What did Karen say?

Ruto sulks. Bonnie sucks her ice pop.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Do we get paid or what? Ruto?
What the hell happened?

RUTO

She's upset.

Beat.

BONNIE

Uh oh.

BILLY

How bad?

RUTO

Bad.

BILLY

What do we do?

RUTO

Find the car before they find our
heads.

BONNIE

(to Ruto)

Want me to suck your cock? My
mouth's all cold.

RUTO

Might as well enjoy it while I can.

Bonnie sets her ice pop on the coffee table.

BILLY

Coaster.

Bonnie moves it to a coaster. Kneels as Ruto UNZIPS.

INT. CARLA'S CAR - DAY

She drives. Daphne twists her cuffs in the back.

DAPHNE

How long did it take?

CARLA

How long did it take for what?

DAPHNE

Until they knew I was gone.

CARLA

An hour.

(beat)

Gotta hand it to you, girl. Not every crook's got the balls to just waltz out of a prison.

DAPHNE

Wasn't so easy. Pretty nerve wracking, actually. Kept thinking "Any second, some guard is gonna notice these scared straight kids gained an extra parent." Truth is, I was lucky as hell.

(beat)

How'd you know where to find me?

CARLA

I didn't. First place I looked. If you ask me, your luck's pretty dumb.

DAPHNE

Today, anyway.

CARLA

Traced the clothes to your brother.

DAPHNE

It wasn't his fault. Told him I was practicing my needlework. Needed some old stuff to patch up.

CARLA

He part of the check fraud?

DAPHNE
He's just my brother.

CARLA
Poor sap.

DAPHNE
He loves me.

CARLA
Don't kid a kidder, Daphne. Law
breakers are all the same. You
only care about yourselves. Not
the people you scam or the ones
around you. And when I come
knocking, it's alas poor me, cut me
a break, make me a deal. Or you
just run. Glad you didn't.

DAPHNE
Really?

CARLA
Yeah.
(beat)
I would've bruised you blue.

SIRENS. Lights in the rearview.

DAPHNE
Are we getting pulled over?

CARLA
No. We're not.

She pulls to the curb and stops. Presses her I.D. to the
window.

Holly knocks on the glass, AGENTS behind her. Flashes her
badge. Motions. Carla rolls the window down.

HOLLY
Marshal West?

CARLA
That's right.

HOLLY
Holly Jackson, D.E.A.

CARLA
Hiya, Holly.

HOLLY
Nice wheels. Bet the A.C. is a
lifesaver today.

CARLA
What can I do for you?

HOLLY
(to Daphne, waving)
Morning.

DAPHNE
Hi.

HOLLY
(to Carla)
Mind following me?

CARLA
What for?

HOLLY
Friendly chat.

CARLA
I gotta drop this one at county.

HOLLY
I know.
(beat)
Won't take long.

CARLA
...Okay.

HOLLY
Great. Blue Corolla. Make sure
you keep up.

CARLA
Sure thing.

Holly walks off. Carla's face twists with confusion. She
rolls her window up.

DAPHNE
That was weird.

CARLA
Yeah.
(beat)
Should find a guy, Daphne. Maybe
it'll keep you outta stuff like
this.

DAPHNE
I had one. We broke up.

CARLA
Why's that?

DAPHNE
He was...
(beat)
...a little jumpy.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Doug and Linus at a pay phone, flipping through the book.

DOUG
Airlines...airlines...

LINUS
(pointing)
There!

DOUG
Christ, there's a whole page!
Which one do we use?

LINUS
American.

DOUG
Why American?

LINUS
Because we're Americans.
(beat)
Who gives a shit, Doug?

He grabs the phone. Dials the number.

LINUS (CONT'D)
Hello? Yes, I need two one way
tickets. Where to? Where to...
(beat)
One second, please.
(to Doug)
Where are we going?

DOUG
Far away! Duh!

LINUS
I think she may want something more
specific than that.

DOUG
Well what's far away?

LINUS
Mexico?

DOUG
Yes! Good! No! Wait!

LINUS
What?

DOUG
We can't chose Mexico! Everybody goes to Mexico! It's the first place they'll look.

LINUS
Then think of something!

He hands Doug the phone. Doug shoves it back, refusing.

DOUG
I don't know! I wasn't any good in Geography! I'm blanking!

LINUS
Well so am I! Look, you think of a place and I'll give her our names, okay?

DOUG
Okay!

LINUS
(it hits him)
Oh, shit. What names do we give her?

DOUG
I'm Doug and you're Linus.

LINUS (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
Sure. Tell her our real names, why don't you?

Doug takes the phone.

DOUG
Fine! These tickets are for -

Linus snatches the phone, shoving him.

LINUS

Don't tell her our real names, you
dolt! Do you want to die?

DOUG

Don't push me, you fucking goon!

Doug pushes him. Linus stares. Then grabs Doug around the
throat and wrestles him to the ground. The phone dangles.

WOMAN

(from phone)

I need your name, sir. Sir?
Hello?

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - D.E.A. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY

Carla in the chair. Holly swoops in.

HOLLY

Hotter than an oven in hell out
there.

(to Carla)

Want a Coke or something?

CARLA

Why not?

Holly snatches one out of her mini fridge. SLIDES it across
her desk to Carla, who pops it open.

HOLLY

Miss Caruthers is comfy in holding
downstairs. I talked to your
office. They told me you were
smart, rock solid and, most
importantly, very open to
interdepartmental matters.

CARLA

They oversold me.

HOLLY

Don't think so. Known you for an
hour and I already like you.

CARLA

Gonna shine sunlight up my ass all
day? Or tell me what this is
about?

Holly SNICKERS.

HOLLY
Lola Daulpre.

CARLA
Seriously?

HOLLY
What do you know about her?

CARLA
Drug kingpin. Vicious variety last
I heard.

HOLLY
You heard only half of it, then.
She supplies the entire East Coast.
Been after her for close to ten
years now. Gets her stuff from
overseas, calculating and smooth,
dabbles in high society and -
here's where you and your county
girl come in - she uses two
regulars for most of her jobs.

She hands Carla a file. Carla opens them. Ruto and Billy.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Ruto Mack and Billy Casso. Small
time arms dealers, big time drug
pushers - weed, a little meth here
and there - and the brains behind
Daulpre's delivery system.

CARLA
How does Daphne know them?

HOLLY
She doesn't. And they don't know
who she is, let alone do they care.
These two, however...

More files. Linus. Doug.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Know her pretty well.

CARLA
Doug Rosen. Linus Guild.
(beat)
Car thieves?

HOLLY

Aces in the field. Visited Miami P.D.'s lockup more times than the clap. We've had eyes on Miami International for months. Anonymous tip told us Daulpre loads foreign vehicles with dope, then ships them to the U.S. via air freight. Casso and Mack showed this morning for a pick up, only -

CARLA

The aces claimed it first.

HOLLY

Guild is Daphne's ex. Says she'll help us out for a reduced charge.

CARLA

She's an escapee.

HOLLY

We're talking about Lola Daulpre, Marshal. We get her load and her boys, we get her. The D.A.'ll write it up in a blink.

CARLA

Well I wasted my morning.

HOLLY

Not at all. She makes her statement here, you still enjoy a leisurely drive to county.

(beat)

Hear Ridgeway Avenue's pretty this time of day.

EXT. PARKING LOT - D.E.A. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Carla and Daphne in Carla's car. Holly at the window.

HOLLY

Marshal.

CARLA

Agent.

HOLLY

You've got an hour to get Shirley Temple here to county, so you better skedaddle.

DAPHNE
I'm not that short.

CARLA
Hush, Daphne.
(beat)
Your two morons are probably miles
away by now, you know.

HOLLY
Even so, they won't get far. Not
in a purple car.

CARLA
Purple?

HOLLY
Yeah. I didn't tell you that?

CARLA
No.

HOLLY
Oh. Stay cool, okay?

CARLA
It was an experience meeting you.

Carla backs the car out of its space.

HOLLY
Marshal West!

Carla glances at her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Have a nice day!

Carla nods. Drives off.

Holly fishes her cell from her jacket. Dials.

INT. CARLA'S CAR - DAY

Daphne watches Holly shrink through the back window.

DAPHNE
I didn't like her.

Carla's face says she agrees.

CARLA
We've got an hour. I'm gonna make
a stop.

DAPHNE
Wouldn't be a bus terminal, would
it?

CARLA
Shut up.

EXT. DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - LATER

Lola Daulpre's home is large and expensive. Columns and
fountains. Shaped hedges.

INT. ENTRY WAY - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

The DOORBELL. Priceless tapestries flank the hall. Karen's
heels click on the tile. She opens the door...

HOLLY
(with a grin)
Karen. How are we today?

KAREN
Agent Jackson. If you please?

HOLLY
I left them in the car.

KAREN
I'm afraid Miss Daulpre insists.

In a rehearsed routine, Holly faces the wall, hands over her
head. Karen searches her thoroughly. Finds nothing.

HOLLY
Been meaning to tell you. Sorry I
shot you last year.

KAREN
Apology accepted. This way.

She leads her deeper into the mansion.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

PIANO MUSIC. The lovely, whimsical tune greets Karen and
Holly as they enter the room.

LOLA DAULPRE (50s) PLAYS like a concert pianist. She's Grace Kelly and Greta Garbo rolled into one sultry, sophisticated body. Her beauty hides the sin underneath.

Karen approaches Lola. Whispers in her ear. Lola nods. Continues her TUNE.

LOLA
Hello, Holly.

HOLLY
Didn't know you played.

LOLA
You never asked.

Lola sips from a glass of red wine. Resumes her PLAYING.

HOLLY
I have news.

LOLA
Of course you do. Why else would you be here? I mean I do try my best to have you over simply for your stimulating conversation, but you always seem so...busy.

HOLLY
I know who's got your shit.

Lola STOPS. Faces Holly.

LOLA
My. Stimulating as ever.

SUPER: "Lola."

INT. KITCHEN - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lola leads Holly in. Karen follows, muscles perpetually at ready.

LOLA
Come, come now. Don't keep me in suspense. Give me a name already.

HOLLY
Price before names, hon. You know that.

LOLA
Such a stickler, Holly, dear. I
assume the usual with suffice?

HOLLY
I'm a lot of things, Lola. Greedy
isn't one of them.

LOLA
Wonderful. Karen, oblige Miss
Jackson, will you?

KAREN
Yes, Miss.

She leaves.

LOLA
So are you gonna tell me, or do
I have to pull your fingernails out
to make you talk?

HOLLY
We'll wait.

Lola smiles, enchanted with the distrust. Karen returns.
Hands Holly a bulky envelope. Holly opens it, stacks of
green inside.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Sorry. No torture today.

LOLA
Party pooper.

Holly pulls a file from her jacket. Drops it on the counter.
Lola lights a cigarette.

HOLLY
Two of them. Easy as pie.

LOLA
I love pie.

HOLLY
Now you know the deal, Lola. You
can bury these shits, but I get
your shipment. Get a nice raise
for the bust, no witnesses to claim
the dope as yours, no evidence, no
arrest for you. I'll be happy and
you'll be very happy.

LOLA

Somewhat happy. It's a large shipment. Friends of mine will be disappointed.

HOLLY

Only for a while. Then you'll be trouble free. Able to bounce back with the best of them.

LOLA

Driving hard bargains today. Feel like staying? I'm making ladyfingers.

KAREN

I'm afraid the oven has been leaking, Miss.

LOLA

Since when?

KAREN

This morning. A repairman will be here between five and seven.

LOLA

Well. There went my day.
(to Karen)
Call Frick and Frack. Give them the particulars.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY - LATER

Ruto and Billy snatch weapons off the coffee table. Bonnie on the couch, eating another ice pop.

RUTO

We'll be back. Be good.

BONNIE

Good's my middle name, Ruto.

BILLY

I thought she didn't have a middle name.

Bonnie sticks her tongue out.

RUTO

Don't burn down the house while we're gone, okay?

BONNIE

Relax.

(beat)

I wouldn't do that again.

She moves to set her ice pop down -

BILLY

Coaster!

Bonnie swings her hand, sets it on a coaster. The men leave.

BONNIE

Bring back more ice pops!

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Doug and Linus huddle near the bathrooms.

DOUG

(massaging his chin)

You nearly broke my jaw.

LINUS

Sorry, but I tend to get worked up when I'm faced with violent death.

DOUG

How do we know that she knows we took her shit in the first place?

LINUS

I tell myself she doesn't. It makes me feel better.

DOUG

Come on! Daulpre's nasty, but she's not a fucking telepath!

LINUS

Hey! You don't know this woman. She's Satan in lip gloss and she's got half this city in her purse!

DOUG

I think you might be exaggerating.

LINUS

Exaggerating?

(beat)

Let me tell you a little story about Lola Daulpre...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - TWO YEARS AGO

Fifteen COLOMBIANS stand around a crate of Cocaine bricks. Four Colombians haul another box over. Open it. Toys. The Colombians switch the contents.

LINUS (V.O.)

Two years back, she's doing a deal with the Colombians. She gives them the stuff, but instead of money, they send her a crate of children's toys. They thought it was funny.

The Colombians play with the toys and laugh.

LINUS (V.O.)

But they weren't laughing long. Not with what happened next.

DOUG (V.O.)

How many times have you told this story?

LINUS (V.O.)

Shut up! Okay. So the Colombians are having their fun and then - bang!

DOUG (V.O.)

Bang what?

The wall explodes inward as a car drives in like a tank! The Colombians sprawl. They aim weapons.

LINUS (V.O.)

This car drives straight through the wall and the Colombians go for cover. They pull their guns and knives and shit and wait to see who steps out.

DOUG (V.O.)

Let me guess -

LINUS (V.O.)

Lola Daulpre, with an AK47 in tow.

Lola steps out with the rifle, fearless. The Colombians aim.

LINUS (V.O.)

Now Lola's cool as ice with eyes like picks.

(MORE)

LINUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She grips her rifle, standing her
ground in front of, like, twenty or
thirty cocked guns.

DOUG (V.O.)
Twenty or thirty? You're not sure?

LINUS (V.O.)
Will you just listen? Anyway, Lola
looks straight into the mess of
those guns and says:

Lola mouths it, but it's Linus' voice.

LINUS (V.O.)
"I'm going to kill every last one
of you motherfuckers for trying to
pay me with Barbie dolls." And
without any pause or hesitation,
she freaking unloads on the cartel.

Lola pumps bullets! Ammo shells cover the floor.

LINUS (V.O.)
It was a slaughter. She took out
the whole crew, single-handed.

A bloody Barbie doll hits the floor. A dead Colombian
follows. Soon, every body lies in blood. Lola places the
Cocaine in her car.

LINUS (V.O.)
Daulpre loads her coke and drives
off without so much as a smudge of
dirt on her face.

The car backs out of the warehouse, rolling over bodies.

LINUS (V.O.)
She spent the rest of the day
lounging in her pool drinking
marguerites. Like she didn't have
a care in the whole damn world.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY - PRESENT DAY

LINUS
Plus, I hear she's got an assistant
even worse than she is.

DOUG

Okay. So we ditch the barney mobile and get as far away as humanly possible!

LINUS

Did you not hear the Colombian story? She'll find us come hell or high shit! That's what she does to people who swipe her dope! And what pieces there are left of us will be scooped up by cops and put in garbage bags!

DOUG

We didn't swipe the coke intentionally! We didn't know we were swiping it! There was no willful swiping from this end whatsoever!

LINUS

You think the D.E.A. will buy that? Daulpre sure as hell won't!

DOUG

Then what the fuck do we do? You're the brilliant one! Be brilliant, for Christ's sake!

LINUS

We took it from the airport. So we take it back.

DOUG

That's your plan?

LINUS

It's covered in our prints, so we wipe it down, top to bottom. If the cops do latch onto us, all we'll get is an attempted because we didn't keep the car. Daulpre's bound to send a couple mooks for a second look and when she does, they'll find it this time. She'll be so happy to have her coke she won't care about us.

DOUG

It's frightening how much this makes sense.

LINUS
 Exactly. First thing we gotta do
 is get the thing outta sight. You
 drive it to the back alley and I'll
 meet you there.

DOUG
 What are you gonna do?

LINUS
 It's Tuesday, Doug.

Beat.

DOUG
 Come on, man -

LINUS
 You want me brilliant or not?

DOUG
 Fine!
 (beat)
 But you haul tail. Ten minutes and
 I blow, with or without you, Linus,
 I swear to God -

LINUS
 Calm down. And don't act
 suspicious.

He walks off.

DOUG
 (rolling his eyes)
 You and your goddamn coffee...

Doug scurries out the back.

Linus walks the coffee urns. Passes brand after brand until
 his eyes light up.

LINUS
 Arabica. Mountain blend.
 (beat)
 Thank Christ.

He fills a cup. INHALES deeply. Adds cream. Half a
 Splenda. Stirs. Tosses the stick and CRASHES into -

Carla, holding her own cup.

LINUS (CONT'D)
 Holy -

CARLA
 Shit!

LINUS (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I'm so, so sorry.
Are you alright? I didn't see you -

CARLA

I'm fine, really.

LINUS

Didn't spill, did you?

CARLA

No, actually. Not a drop.

They smile at each other, the attraction immediate.

LINUS

Good. Thought I ruined your day
for a sec.

CARLA

Somebody beat you to it.

LINUS

Oh, yeah? Sorry about that.

CARLA

Why? Wasn't your fault.

LINUS

Well, I'm sorry on principle, then.

CARLA

Nice to know there are still men
around with principle.

LINUS

It's one of the few things I've got
left.

CARLA

Don't be so sure.

The heat passes between them.

LINUS

Well.

(beat)

Enjoy the rest of your day.

He turns.

LINUS (CONT'D)

(mouthing it)

Wow.

He slows his walk, his eyes pleading for her to stop him.

Carla gathers her bravery -

CARLA
What are you drinking?

Linus' faces ignites. He whirls.

LINUS
Arabica.

CARLA
Fancy stuff. Heaven in a cup, they say.

LINUS
They...
(beat)
You've never tried it.

CARLA
You caught me.

He offers his cup.

LINUS
You must indulge me.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

The Escort coasts in. Doug climbs out.

DOUG
Fucking Arabica mountains!
Tuesdays are coffee days. I need
my coffee, Doug! Bullshit!
(beat)
We need this like we need a fucking
headache -

A baseball bat SMACKS his head! He drops on the hood.

Ruto and Billy stand over him.

BILLY
That was easy.

RUTO
Not that easy. Where's the other
one?

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

CARLA
Half Golden Coast, half Dream
Blend.

LINUS
Dear God. Why have I never tried
that?
(beat)
Listen. I'm not keeping you, am I?
I mean, if you gotta be somewhere -

CARLA
I've got time.

LINUS
Great. Maybe if you get some more,
we can...I don't know...share it?

CARLA
Share it.

LINUS
Maybe. Like over food. In a
building. With tables and the
like.

CARLA
Maybe a waiter?

LINUS
Waiters are good, yeah.
Waitresses, too. I'm a big fan of
equal opportunity employment.

CARLA
On top of principle? You're quite
a find.

LINUS
I think I might just be.

They LAUGH together.

CARLA
(nervously)
Let me...um...

LINUS
Please do.

Carla searches for pen and paper. Linus casually glances
over her shoulder and out the window to see -

Daphne. In the back of Carla's car. Gesturing frantically. Linus's eyes go wide.

LINUS (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Daphne?

CARLA
What?

LINUS
What?

CARLA
I thought you said something.

LINUS
(smiling)
Not a thing.

She grins at him. Finds a pen. Looks for paper. Linus looks back at Daphne.

She puts her face to the glass. Mouths: "Run!" Mimes the act hysterically. Points to Carla. Does her best impression of a cop. Carla finds paper.

CARLA
Here we go.

Her coat pushes back. Linus sees her badge on her belt.

LINUS
Holy hell!

CARLA
What's the matter?

LINUS
(thinking quickly)
A man! A man just ran...
(thinking harder)
...naked! Down the street! With
a...
(even harder)
...chicken!

CARLA
A naked man. With a chicken.

LINUS
A great big chicken! Might've been
a rooster, even! Sure don't see
that everyday!

CARLA
 (flabbergasted)
 No. You don't.

LINUS
 You know what? I have to...use the
 bathroom. I'll go do that. And
 you wait here. For me.

CARLA
 Okay...

LINUS
 Okay. Thanks.

CARLA
 Don't be long. Have something for
 you when you get back.

She waves the paper with her number on it.

LINUS
 Great.

He winks. Heads for the bathroom. Carla drinks her coffee,
 oblivious as -

Linus sprints out the back door. Races across the front
 window outside and to Carla's car.

EXT. CARLA'S CAR - DAY

Daphne presses her lips to the window as Linus runs up.

LINUS
 Daphne?

DAPHNE
 She's a cop! She's a cop she's a
 cop she's a cop!

LINUS
 I know! I saw the badge! And your
 mime technique needs work!
 (beat)
 What the hell are you doing here?

DAPHNE
 I'm being transferred! I was
 arrested! She's driving me.

LINUS

Perfect! The shit I'm in and I end up flirting my ass off with a damn Marshal. Today of all days!

DAPHNE

You were flirting?

LINUS

Yeah. So?

DAPHNE

We just broke up, Linus!

LINUS

Are you mental? You're in the back of a cop car and you wanna talk about this now?

DAPHNE

I always wanted to talk about it! You always had an excuse. Doug and I were busy, my car broke down, my mom called, we accidentally stole some cocaine!

She tenses, realizing her mistake.

LINUS

My mom did call! And I can't help it if my car -

It hits him.

LINUS (CONT'D)

How did you know that?

Daphne flashes a fake smile.

LINUS (CONT'D)

Daphne? What have you done?

DAPHNE

(painfully)

I told the D.E.A. you and Doug took the car.

LINUS

Oh dear God...

DAPHNE

They already knew! All they wanted were your names -

Linus BANGS his head against the chrome.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, okay? They were gonna
add on to my sentence!

LINUS
Why? Why do you continuously try
to ruin my life? I'm gonna end up
in the trunk of some car because of
you!

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Ruto and Billy toss Doug in the Escort trunk.

EXT. CARLA'S CAR - DAY

DAPHNE
I said I was sorry! Stop being
mean!

LINUS
For the love of mike...

He spies Carla inside. Waiting.

LINUS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Damn, she was great.
(to Daphne)
You never saw me!

He takes off.

DAPHNE
I only wish!
(beat)
My mother hated you!

INT. KAREN'S OFFICE - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

RING. She answers.

KAREN
Daulpre residence?
(beat)
She's indisposed at the moment.
Yes, sir. Please hold.

She hits a button.

INT. BATHROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The SHOWER RUNS. Karen appears out of the steam with the phone.

KAREN
Phone, ma'am.

LOLA
(from shower)
I'm busy!

KAREN
It's Mister Rothschild.

The shower STOPS. Lola steps out. Takes the phone.

LOLA
Hello, Chas.

Karen follows her out with a towel.

EXT. ROTHSCHILD ESTATE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A sweeping, statue-filled garden. CHAS ROTHSCHILD (50s), slick and jazzy, enjoys the view from his Chanel chair, phone to his ear.

CHAS
Afternoon, Lola. How are things
down south?

INTERCUT - DAULPRE MANSION/ROTHSCHILD ESTATE

LOLA
Things are fine.

CHAS
Sure about that?

LOLA
I could double check if you like.

CHAS
Maybe you should. You're
shipment's late. My natives are
getting restless.

LOLA
Never known you to lose control of
your clientele.

CHAS

I didn't say I was. I only said they're getting restless. When can I expect my merchandise?

LOLA

I'm not sending it.

Beat.

CHAS

Excuse moi?

LOLA

Stop expecting it. It won't be there anytime soon.

CHAS

I assume there's a decent reason.

LOLA

You know what happens when you assume, don't you, Chas?

CHAS

Cut it, Lola. Why the delay?

LOLA

The Police are hassling me. I can't draw any attention to myself. You'll have to do without it.

CHAS

Do without...?

(beat)

Lola, this is insane. I've made promises. Your car was supposed to be on a cargo plane this a.m. I've got people to feed out here.

LOLA

I'm not your only supplier, Chas.

CHAS

You know no one else can get me anything that size on short notice! I paid you in full!

LOLA

Then I'd say you have a regular pickle on your hands, darling.

CHAS

Lola, I swear on my mother's grave
if you are fucking me, you won't
survive the week!

LOLA

I'm not fucking you! I'm having a
bad day! Haven't you ever had a
bad day, Chas?

CHAS

Send me the shit, Lola! Or by God
I'll -

LOLA

You'll what, you little prick? You
try anything and I'll fucking kill
you! I'm Lola fucking Daulpre! I
built what I have from the ground
up, unlike someone I know who got
it handed to him on a platter from
his shit-heel father!

CHAS

Watch it, girl!

LOLA

You fucking watch it, you little
son of a bitch! It's my shit and
I'll send it when I goddamn please!
That's always been the deal, and it
still is the deal! If you don't
like it, then you can crawl up my
cunt and croak!

CHAS

Hey, Lola...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

Lola emerges, dressed and fuming.

CHAS

(from phone)

Fuck you, you dried up bitch!

LOLA

(total rage)

Cock sucker!

She tosses the phone THROUGH A WINDOW. Paces angrily.
Searches for her cigarettes.

KAREN
Right pocket.

Lola fishes them out. Lights up.

KAREN (CONT'D)
He'll try and kill you now.

LOLA
He'll try. That's all.

She searches her pockets again.

KAREN
Left pocket.

Lola finds a vial. Opens it. SNIFFS the contents.

LOLA
Ah. Balance.

EXT. ROTHSCHILD ESTATE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

CHAS
Goddamn you, Lola.
(beat)
Greg?

GREG (30s) is tall, dark and imposing.

GREG
Sir?

CHAS
Hop a plane to Miami.

GREG
I'll have to go through Karen.

Chas gives him a stern look.

GREG (CONT'D)
Yes, sir.

He leaves. Chas KICKS the glass of Scotch by his chair.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Carla gazes around sadly. Crumples the paper with her number.

CARLA
Makes sense today.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Linus clamors inside, finds the book. Finds the number and dials.

CLERK
(from phone)
Stop N Shop.

LINUS
Hi. There's a woman in your store.
Medium height, curves, drinking
coffee, black suit. I need to
speak with her. It's an emergency.

CLERK
Um...okay. Hang on.

LINUS
(to himself)
Don't sound like a doofus, don't
sound like a doofus...

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Carla heads for the door -

CLERK
Miss? Phone for you.

Confused, she takes it.

INTERCUT - PHONE BOOTH/CONVENIENCE STORE

CARLA
Hello?

LINUS
Hi. It's me.

CARLA
Me who?

LINUS
Arabica coffee.

CARLA
Calling from the bathroom?

LINUS

No. No, I'm not. I had to take off. But I felt bad about not saying goodbye, so I thought I'd try to explain.

CARLA

I see.

LINUS

I didn't want to leave you thinking I was an asshole who didn't like you.

CARLA

So you like me?

LINUS

Yeah, I do. And, excluding my whole taking off thing, I'm pretty sure you like me, too.

(fearful)

Right?

CARLA

Taking off was rude.

LINUS

You're absolutely right. It was. I'm extremely sorry about that. I hope you'll forgive me...by telling me your name.

CARLA

Carla.

LINUS

I like it.

(beat)

Still wanna eat with me? At, say, Rodillo's? Around eight?

CARLA

One condition.

LINUS

Which is?

CARLA

Tell me your name.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Linus grips the phone, debating.

LINUS
(hell with it)
It's Linus.

He hangs up, the CLANG like thunder.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Carla's face drops.

INT./EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

A baseball bat SHATTERS the glass! Linus SCREAMS. The bat SMACKS his head. He falls out, unconscious.

RUTO
Now that was easy.

A PEDESTRIAN runs up.

PEDESTRIAN
Hey! What are you doing to that
guy?

Billy gives him a boiling look. Pedestrian drops his eyes, moves on. Billy and Ruto lift Linus.

BILLY
Light as a feather. Don't these
two ever eat?

INT. MIAMI POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Carla walks Daphne in past COPS and CROOKS.

DESK SERGEANT
Help you?

Carla shows her badge. Daphne holds her suitcase.

CARLA
Daphne Caruthers. Fugitive.
D.E.A. called ahead.

Desk Sergeant shows Carla a form. She signs.

DESK SERGEANT
Somebody free?

BLONDE OFFICER approaches.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Take Miss...Caruthers down to
lockup.

Blonde Officer takes her suitcase. Grips her arm. Carla notices Daphne looking at her.

CARLA
What's your problem?

DAPHNE
Charming, isn't he?

Blonde Officer leads her away. The shock in Carla's face melts into a grin.

INT. CARLA'S CAR - DAY - LATER

She steers close to a gaggle of black and white squad cars, yellow police tape, and COPS.

CARLA
What the hell is this?

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Carla parks. Climbs out. Walks past the tape and into the mess. OFFICER stops her. She shows her badge and he backs off. In the center of the storm -

A busted phone booth.

HOLLY (O.S.)
Talk about reaching out and
touching someone.

She chews gum, latex gloves on her hands. SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps the booth from every angle.

CARLA
Hiya Holly.

HOLLY
Long time no see. Get our girl
dropped off okay?

CARLA
No problem.

HOLLY
Stellar. Gum?

CARLA
I've got T.M.J.

HOLLY
Suit yourself.

CARLA
What's the D.E.A.'s interest in a
broken phone booth?

HOLLY
Seems a local pedestrian saw a
couple big guys give the booth a
Mickey Mantle while someone else
was in it.

Cops interview Pedestrian.

CARLA
And?

HOLLY
And those big guys fits the
description of Ruto Mack and Billy
Casso. Plus, a highly distinct
Ford Escort was spotted in the
vicinity around the same time.
Color?

CARLA
Purple.

HOLLY
Very good.

CARLA
Which means the one in the booth -

HOLLY
Was most likely one of our car
jacking moron twins.

Holly spits out her gum.

CARLA
Got a next move?

HOLLY

Always. Run the boys down at their last known address, nab them, Rosen and Guild, Daulpre's narcotics, a few illegal firearms, go home, put on some smooth jazz, climb in the tub and await my commendation.

CARLA

You think they'll kill them?

HOLLY

Sorry?

CARLA

Guild and Rosen. Think they have a chance?

HOLLY

The Drug Enforcement Administration is ever saddened by the loss of life. Some...a tad less than others.

(pointing)

Watch that gum. Wouldn't want you to step in it.

Carla watches her fold into the chaos.

INT. BEDROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

Lola reads a book in bed. BEETHOVEN PLAYS overhead. Karen appears in the doorway.

KAREN

Miss? Mister Mack is on the phone. He and Mister Casso have the thieves and your merchandise.

LOLA

Have them bring it here.

KAREN

And Agent Jackson?

LOLA

Finders keepers, Karen.

KAREN

Yes, Miss.

Karen exits. A smile spreads across Lola's face.

INT. 747 CABIN - DAY

PASSENGERS fill seats and store luggage overhead. Greg walks the aisle, ticket in hand. Sees a MAN in his seat.

GREG
Sir? I believe that's my seat.

MAN
I don't see a name on it.

GREG
It's on my ticket, sir. Everyone has a seat number. I'm sure if you check yours -

MAN
Look. Nobody cares what the ticket says. These flights hardly fill up. People sit where they want.

GREG
Yes, but if you're in my seat, then I might sit in someone else's and cause more confusion -

MAN
I don't give a shit! Buzz off!

Greg shakes his head, annoyed.

GREG
Sir? I'm trying to be a gentleman -

MAN
What are you? Deaf? I said beat it! You're in my sun.

Greg "accidentally" drops his coat.

GREG
Oops.

He bends, HEAD-BUTTING Man, knocking him out.

GREG (CONT'D)
Oh, so sorry. Let me help you.

He tosses Man into the next row back with shocking ease. He finds his coat, sits. Gets comfortable, as if nothing had transpired. STEWARDESS approaches.

STEWARDESS
Anything before takeoff?

GREG
 A marker, please.
 (grinning)
 I'd like to write my name on this
 chair.

EXT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The sign chiseled in stone, in front of the high building.

INT. CARLA'S OFFICE - U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Carla stares at her computer screen.

ON THE COMPUTER

Linus' photo, next to his arrests and list of charges. Even
 in a mug shot, his charm radiates.

BACK TO SCENE

She grins.

INSERT - QUICK FLASHES

Linus LAUGHING. Smiling. He and Carla bumping each other.

BACK TO SCENE

Carla picks up her phone dials.

CARLA
 Extension four oh six, please.
 (beat)
 This is Carla West over at the U.S.
 Marshal's office. Agent Holly
 Jackson forgot to give me a piece
 of info I needed earlier this
 morning.
 (beat)
 Last name Mack, first name Ruto.
 Last known address.
 (beat)
 Sure, I'll hold...

EXT. RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

The Escort in the driveway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

Doug and Linus on the couch, afraid to move. Ruto and Billy check the cocaine bricks. Bonnie is draped across the recliner, ice pop in her mouth.

BILLY
Fifty. All here.

RUTO
Good to know you boys are smart
enough to stay out of real trouble.

LINUS
(weakly)
Thank you.

RUTO
I mean, if you bums had gone around
selling these things like party
favors, we'd have a bigger problem,
wouldn't we?

Doug LAUGHS, loud and fake.

DOUG
(whispering)
They have guns!

Linus rolls his eyes.

BONNIE
Boy are you two jumpy. It's like
somebody shoved a couple cattle
prods up your bums.
(beat)
Want me to suck your cocks?

LINUS
Excuse me?

BONNIE
Suck your cocks. If you want. I'm
pretty good at it.

BILLY
Stop selling yourself short,
Bonnie.

RUTO
You should let her. Really.

LINUS
I'm fine, thanks.

DOUG
Do you do anything special?

LINUS
Doug!

DOUG
I'm curious!

BILLY
Got this thing with her hands.
The...

BONNIE
Pepper grinder.

BILLY
Bingo.

DOUG
Pepper grinder?

Bonnie illustrates with her hands.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Wow.

RUTO
Best is the cold mouth, though.

BILLY
See, that I don't get.

RUTO
Different sensation. Livens it up
a bit. For me anyway.

BONNIE
So how about it, fellas?

DOUG
Why not?

LINUS
What?

BONNIE
Sweet.

She goes to set her ice pop down -

BILLY
Get a fucking coaster!

BONNIE
 Alright, already!

RUTO
 Knock it off! I'm getting sick of
 you two.

BILLY
 That table is aged mahogany! I'm
 not gonna stand by and watch her
 ruin it!

BONNIE
 You put guns on it!

BILLY
 Guns aren't sticky!

RUTO
 Shut it! One day I'll make you two
 kiss and make up!

LINUS
 It is just an ice pop.

Billy flashes a deadly look.

LINUS (CONT'D)
 Sir!

DOUG
 He didn't mean that. Honestly.

Ruto and Billy fill the suitcase with the dope. Doug and
 Linus sit uneasily.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 What the hell is the matter with
 you?

LINUS
 (whispering)
 Me? You're the one talking blow
 job!

DOUG
 Cause it's gonna be the last one I
 ever get!

RUTO
 (to Doug and Linus)
 What?

DOUG
 (playing dumb)
 Huh?

Sorry?

LINUS

RUTO (CONT'D)
 Boys...
 (beat)
 ...we're not going to kill you.

DOUG
 Excuse me?

RUTO
 Relax. We're not gonna kill you.
 No one is. You're free to go.

He zips up the packed suitcase.

LINUS
 When you say free to go, you mean -

BILLY
 There's the door. Have a good
 life.

DOUG
 Seriously?

RUTO
 What's the problem?

LINUS
 We just thought -

RUTO
 Thought what?

LINUS
 Well...we did take your stuff. I
 mean aren't you guys like,
 dishonored or something?

RUTO
 Gentleman, this is real life. Not
 some artsy ass mob flick.

LINUS
 You're not even gonna kill us just
 to make sure we don't do it again?

DOUG
 (scared, to Linus)
 Don't talk them into it!

RUTO

We found you, the shit's intact.
It was an honest mistake.

BILLY

No harm done.

RUTO

I mean, we know you learned your
lesson and would never do this
again.

(beat)

Correct?

DOUG/LINUS

Correct!

DOUG

Absolutely!

LINUS

Right on the money!

DOUG

Not that we had any thoughts of
money.

LINUS

No thoughts about money or selling
drugs of any kind!

DOUG

Zippola!

LINUS

We just swipe cars.

DOUG

Totally. We totally swipe them.

Beat.

RUTO

Glad to hear it, fellas.

BILLY

So will you be departing or...?

Doug and Linus bolt.

BONNIE

But what about...? Awww, shucks.

She peels her ice pop off the coaster. Sucks it.

RUTO
Couple quick wits, those two.

INT. ENTRY WAY - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

Linus and Doug approach the front door.

LINUS
Thank Christ this day is over.

DOUG
Let's make like a baker and haul
buns.

Linus reaches for the knob - A KNOCK.

DOUG (CONT'D)
What was that?

CARLA (O.S.)
(behind the door)
Ruto Mack! U.S. Marshal!

LINUS
(terrified)
Oh, God, no.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

CARLA (O.S.)
Open the door, now!

DOUG
(distracted)
This isn't fair. This isn't
fucking fair.

Ruto appears, suitcase in hand.

RUTO
You two forget how to work a
doorknob?

DOUG
(to Linus)
Open the fucking door!

INT/EXT. ENTRY WAY - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Linus yanks it open. Carla's eyes pop.

CARLA

Linus?

LINUS

Carla! Hi! Find that naked
chicken guy yet?

DOUG

You two know each other?

CARLA

We're old chums. Where are you
going?

DOUG

We were just leaving.

BILLY

Was that a knock?

Ruto and Billy see Carla. And the badge on her belt. Carla
sees them. Their guns. The suitcase.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Well.

(beat)

What a lovely bunch of coconuts.

Carla pulls her sidearm. Aims.

CARLA

U.S. Marshal! Drop your weapons!

Billy draws. Ruto pulls his gun, suitcase hitting the tile.

RUTO

(to Billy)

Get Down!

CARLA

(to Doug and Linus)

Get Down!

DOUG/LINUS

(to each other)

Get Down!

They hit floor. Ruto and Billy SHOOT, bullets PEPPERING the
wall as Carla FIRES, sliding behind a corner. Billy SHOOTS
from behind a wall. Ruto's SHOT hits plaster. Doug and
Linus cower as bullets WIZ by overhead.

DOUG

This is not fun! This is not fun!

LINUS

Who said it was supposed to be?

Ruto FIRES on Carla. She reloads. Billy fills the front door with holes as Ruto changes clips.

DOUG

Aaaaahhhh! We're gonna die!

LINUS

Will you shut up?!

CARLA

Break for the door! I'll cover you!

DOUG

Who's gonna cover you?

LINUS

Sweet Jesus run!

Carla SHOTS as they scramble out the door.

EXT. RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Linus and Doug flee, SCREAMING like girls. Linus freezes.

LINUS

Wait!

He runs toward the house.

DOUG

Linus! What the hell are you doing?!

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

Billy grabs a revolver off the coffee table. FIRES down the hall. Ruto PUMPS a shotgun. A BLAST.

INT. ENTRY WAY - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

Plaster EXPLODES. Carla leans out, SHOOTING low.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

Linus creeps in. Reaches for the suitcase as Ruto and Billy reload. Linus' foot CRUNCHES debris. Billy turns...

BILLY

Linus, what are you doing back here?

LINUS

(frozen in place)
Throat's scratchy. Thought I'd grab a...quick glass of...
(beat)
...water.

Ruto sees the suitcase in front of Linus.

RUTO

You came back for the suitcase, didn't you?

LINUS

What? No!

GUNSHOTS ricochet. Billy SHOOTs down the hall.

BILLY

(calmly)
Yes. You did.

LINUS

Me? Never! I had bronchitis last week!

BILLY

Linus, Linus, Linus. And we weren't gonna kill you.

LINUS

(swallowing hard)
Weren't?

RUTO

Weren't.

Ruto PUMPS. Linus tenses -

A bullet DRILLS Ruto's chest!

RUTO (CONT'D)

Shit on a sandwich...

He drops, dead. Carla is in the doorway, gun aimed.

CARLA

Drop it!

Billy raises his revolver. Her bullet HITS his arm. Billy drops with a YELL. Carla hurries to reload as he grabs the shotgun. PUMPS it with his good arm and aims -

Linus BASHES him with the suitcase! Billy SHOUTS, hits the floor, arm gushing.

BILLY
You douche weasel.

Billy raises the gun but Carla puts FIVE BULLETS in him! He slumps, dead, shotgun sliding out of reach.

Carla sets her gun down. Sits. Fights to breathe.

LINUS
You okay?

She nods, shaking.

LINUS (CONT'D)
Sure?

She nods. Doug patters in.

DOUG
Linus! Come on!

SIRENS rise, but Linus hesitates. Carla looks at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Linus!

He pries his eyes away. Runs out behind Doug. Carla EXHALES hard. Leans against the hole-riddled wall.

EXT. SIDE YARD - RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

The SIRENS close in.

DOUG
Faster, boyo!

LINUS
You try running with this.

DOUG
With what?

He sees the suitcase.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Oh, no. No, no, no, no!

LINUS

Yes!

DOUG

Why?

LINUS

Because we need it!

DOUG

Are you out of your mind? That jinx is the whole reason we're being chased, knocked out and shot at for! We didn't even want it in the first place and now you're stealing it?

LINUS

It's what Daulpre wants! If we have it, she'll have to deal with us. We keep it, we keep our lives! Now come on!

DOUG

I can't believe this. We're on the Titanic and he's lassoing the iceberg.

EXT. RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Linus hands Doug the suitcase. Walks to the Escort. Doug stops.

LINUS

What's the matter?

DOUG

I'm not getting in that car!

LINUS

Fine. Stay here.

The SIRENS are damn close.

DOUG

Shit!

He jumps in.

INT. ESCORT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Linus starts the car. Doug tosses the suitcase in the back.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ow! Jesus!

Bonnie pops up behind them.

BONNIE

(rubbing her head)

Who knew white powder could be so damn heavy?

DOUG

What the hell are you doing here?

BONNIE

Oh, yeah. I'm gonna stay in a house where people are shooting each other. No thanks.

LINUS

How did you know we'd take this car?

BONNIE

Lucky guess.

DOUG

Good for you! Please feel free to be a stranger.

BONNIE

Fuck that! I'm sticking with you two! The closer I am to that bag the better I'll come out, I see it.

DOUG

No way! You're getting out!

The SIRENS are deafening.

LINUS

She is for now! Buckle up!

EXT. RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

The Escort THROTTLES out of the drive. Speeds off seconds before two black and whites round the bend and ZOOM up the driveway.

EXT. POOL - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

The water ripples as Lola swims from one end to the other. Karen stands at the edge with a solemn expression.

LOLA
 (reading her look)
 Oh, Christ...

She climbs out. Crosses to the bar, dripping. Mixes a drink.

LOLA (CONT'D)
 Go ahead, dear.

KAREN
 Our Miami police source called.
 Mister Casso and Mister Mack were
 killed half an hour ago.

LOLA
 All's well that ends bloody. Was
 it Holly?

KAREN
 No, Miss. It was a U.S. Marshal
 named West.

LOLA
 Too many names are appearing in
 this mess. What about our two
 deviants?

KAREN
 They fled during the shooting.

Lola drinks.

LOLA
 Dare I ask about my property?

KAREN
 (painfully)
 It wasn't found at the scene.

Lola calmly sets her drink down...

She KICKS the bar over with a ROAR! Glasses and bottles
 SHATTER. Karen stands, unaffected.

LOLA
 (to herself)
 The hell I go to will be heaven
 compared to today.

KAREN
 Our source speculates the thieves
 procured your merchandise.

LOLA

Of course they did. They're trying to stay alive. And I was going to let them live.

(beat)

Call Norton.

The name darkens Karen's face.

KAREN

Perhaps we should consider -

LOLA

(sternly)

Call Norton, Karen.

KAREN

Yes, ma'am.

She walks inside. Lola rubs her temples.

EXT. RUTO AND BILLY'S - DAY

COPS, squad cars, curious CIVILIANS everywhere. Yellow tape across the door. E.M.S. workers zip Billy in a body bag. Carla on the bumper of an ambulance, Holly in front of her.

HOLLY

Ten seconds. Make it good.

CARLA

I was following a lead -

HOLLY

A lead? Really? These two had some info on a brother's sister's cousin who ran off four years ago, that it? Cause we both know that's the only reason you'd be here.

(beat)

Unless you did something incredibly stupid, like call my office and falsely claim I was supposed to tell you where these two lived, which would be impeding a D.E.A. investigation, not to mention obstructing justice.

(beat)

Oh, wait a sec... You did do that!

Carla stares at her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
You're a United States Marshal -

CARLA
I'm a cop, same as you -

HOLLY
Don't give me that shit! This is
drug business and you know it!

CARLA
I want in, Holly.

CARLA (CONT'D)
(with fury)
No!

She gets in Carla's face.

HOLLY
The fuck-ups used the same goddamn
car to hightail it. We'll have
this case wrapped up in a neat
little bow within the next couple
of hours. I have no use for you.
You're going back to waiting for
the next inbred urchin to tunnel
their way out of prison with a
spoon. It's been fun. See you
round.

CARLA
They're not fuck-ups.

HOLLY
I beg your fucking pardon?

CARLA
They break the law for a living, I
get it. But they didn't mean to
get involved in this crap. They
made a mistake, Holly. Something
I'm sure is hard for you to
imagine.

HOLLY
Did the three of you vacation in
the Hamptons? Did you attend a
briss together? What is it with
you and these two?

CARLA
They saved my life.

HOLLY
They're criminals.

CARLA
And good men.

HOLLY
(waving it off)
Try a bath, hon. Better than a
fuck.

She folds into the crowd.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
(to anyone)
Somebody watch this mess! I've got
a stop to make!

Carla watches Holly's car speed off with suspicious eyes.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL - DAY

Greg carries his coat through the crowded terminal.

INT. CAFE - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Greg sits across from his CONTACT, who stays glued to his newspaper.

CONTACT
Good flight?

GREG
Rude people.

A box under the table. Contact shoves it forward with his foot. Greg receives it with his own.

CONTACT
Enjoy Miami, mate.

Contact drops money on the table. Folds his paper and leaves. Greg picks up the box. Opens it. A gun.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

The Escort floats past cheery houses lining the neighborhood.

DOUG (O.S.)
Welcome to Leave it to Beaver
Land.

INT. ESCORT - DAY

DOUG
Where are we going?

LINUS
Well, if we're heading west, and
the sun is behind us, then...I have
no idea.

DOUG
Fabulous.

BONNIE
I know where we are.

DOUG
You do?

BONNIE
My Mom and I moved here after my
Dad got arrested for fondling the
little league team he coached.

LINUS
Sorry to hear.

BONNIE
No big deal. I got to visit him a
lot. County's right over that
hill.

DOUG
Okay. Adjustment to the plan.
Stay away from that hill. I mean,
unless we want to turn ourselves
in, right?

Doug LAUGHS. Stares at Linus.

LINUS
What?

DOUG
You didn't laugh at that.

LINUS
Laugh at what?

DOUG
Oh my God you want us to turn
ourselves in.

LINUS

(very bad acting)

What? No! Where is this coming from?

DOUG

You're driving us toward a county jail, for Christ's sake!

LINUS

I'm not going to make you turn yourself in...

(beat)

...unless you think it's a good idea, which I think it kind of is.

DOUG

Oh, you bastard!

LINUS

You wouldn't have gone near this car if I'd told you back at the house!

DOUG

Jesus. That's why you took this car. And the suitcase! You had this fucking thing planned! Get it all together and then waltz my ass into prison!

LINUS

What else are we gonna do?

DOUG

We take off! Leave the country, like we discussed!

LINUS

We discussed it without arriving at any real conclusion! Come on, Doug! What? We dump the drugs in a ditch somewhere where they'll probably be found by some eight year olds playing hide and seek or some shit, and then get a condo in sunny Mexico! Only we live in fear for the rest of our lives until Lola Daulpre or whatever friend of hers comes calling and puts a couple high quality bullets in our skulls! Desperate situations call for desperate measures. It's the only move we got!

DOUG
How's this for a move, sucker?

Doug unfastens his seat belt. Climbs out of the car.

LINUS
Doug! Goddamn it!

He parks. Climbs out.

BONNIE
We're going to jail?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Linus chases Doug down the sidewalk.

LINUS
Doug! Will you just listen to me!

DOUG
I'm done listening to you, you
Benedict fucking Arnold!

LINUS
We've got ten million bucks worth
of cocaine in a suitcase. We can
negotiate a deal! Community
service, no jail time!

DOUG
Ah ha!

LINUS
"Ah ha" what? What do you mean "ah
ha?"

DOUG
You just want to see that cop
again.

LINUS
What are you talking about?

DOUG
Admit it, pal! You want to give
yourself to the law so your pet
U.S. Marshal can see what a
responsible, well-endowed guy you
are! Then maybe she'll buy your
ass another coffee! Well, forget
it! I'm not going! And besides,
it wouldn't even work.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

You're a car thief, she's a cop!
It's a crime against nature!

LINUS

Maybe you should talk to her before
swearing her off.

DOUG

I can't believe this. This is so
far past insane that it's...it's...

LINUS

It's...what?

DOUG

Outsane! That's what it is!
Outsane!

LINUS

Outsa... That's not even a word,
Doug!

DOUG

It is now cause I made it up and it
fits!

LINUS

You can't make up a word!

DOUG

Why not? Shakespeare did!

LINUS

Shakespeare? Okay. Name me a
play.

DOUG

What?

LINUS

Name me a play. By Shakespeare.
You're such an expert -

DOUG

Fine!

He thinks. Hard.

LINUS

I'm waiting -

DOUG

I'm thinking!
(giving up)
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

Okay, you know what? Fuck you, Linus! I'm not going down for your love life! Fuck you, fuck her, fuck the suitcase, fuck turning ourselves in, and fuck Lola fucking Daulpre!

VOICE (O.S.)

Car trouble?

NORTON (40s) stands in the street, finely dressed with exquisite posture. He sports an English butler's smile.

LINUS

No, thank you. We're fine.

NORTON

You gentlemen certainly don't sound fine.

DOUG

We're having a small domestic dispute, okay, pal? Get lost.

NORTON

Very sorry to intrude.

Bonnie gets out of the car, curious.

LINUS

It's alright.

(at Doug, stern)

My friend didn't mean it.

NORTON

Oh, it sounded like he did.

DOUG

Yeah, I do...did. Mean it. So there.

LINUS

No, he doesn't. We're a tad stressed is all.

Norton inspects the Escort.

NORTON

I must say this car has a very interesting color. Rather noticeable, isn't it?

(to Bonnie)

Hello, Miss.

BONNIE
Afternoon, gent.

LINUS
It's not our car.

Norton peers through the windows.

NORTON
Sure you don't require any
assistance?

DOUG
Yes, pal, we're sure. Now screw
off so I can get back to yelling at
my friend here, alright?

LINUS
Don't be rude to this man! You
don't even know him.

DOUG
Who gives a shit who he is?

Norton casually pulls on latex gloves.

NORTON
(to Bonnie)
Funny lads, aren't they?
(beat)
Pleasant-looking suitcase.

LINUS
(to Doug)
Why are you being an asshole?

DOUG
It helps me blend in!

NORTON
If you three need a lift, I'll
gladly drop you somewhere.

DOUG
We don't need shit! Fuck off!

LINUS
Doug, will you -

DOUG
Nope!

LINUS
Just -

DOUG

No!

LINUS

You're such a -

DOUG

Uh uh!

NORTON

Positive you don't need a lift?

DOUG

Look, wacko! We don't need a fucking ride! We're fine! And what's with the gloves? You a surgeon or something?

NORTON

Actually -

LINUS

Stop making fun of him! He's trying to help!

DOUG

He's off his rocker!

LINUS

That is a very assuming thing to say!

Norton pulls a gun. Casually screws on a silencer barrel. Bonnie watches, eyes wide.

BONNIE

Guys?

LINUS

This is America, Doug! Where people get stabbed and shot to death in the streets! Hell, half of the population are psychos anyway!

BONNIE

Guys?

LINUS

You should thank this man for being nice enough, out of the clear blue no doubt, to stop and see if we needed help. And let's not forget -

BONNIE

Guys!

LINUS

Bonnie, please, I'm trying to make a point, here...

Norton hides it behind his back.

NORTON

A very good point, if I do say so.

LINUS

Thank you, sir.

DOUG

Well if you're such good friends, why don't you ask him to be your partner?

LINUS

Oh, Jesus, Doug -

BONNIE

(tugging his sleeve)
Doug -

DOUG

Will you let go?

NORTON

Sure I can't give anyone a lift?

DOUG

Yes! Yes, we're extremely fucking sure! Shove the fuck off before I stick my foot up your ass!

BONNIE

Please don't yell at him -

DOUG

(to Bonnie)
Will you relax?

Norton puts the muzzle to Linus' temple. Linus' eyes pop.

LINUS

Doug?

DOUG

Shit, Bonnie! The hell's the matter with you?

LINUS

Doug, I think we should go with
this guy after all.

DOUG

What the fuck for?

Doug sees the gun. Recoils with a SCREAM.

NORTON

(with a grin)
For your health.

SUPER: "Norton."

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

Lola PLAYS her piano. SNORTS cocaine off sheet music. Karen
walks in. Is worried by the sight.

LOLA

(stuffy)
Well?

KAREN

Norton has them. Along with Mister
Casso and Mister Mack's whelp. He
wants to know if you request any
trophies.

LOLA

No, not especially.

She INHALES hard.

KAREN

May I speak freely?

LOLA

Free country, Karen, dear.

KAREN

I feel it would be wise if you...
lessened your intake.

LOLA

Supplies are dwindling, Karen. I
need all I can get.

KAREN

This day has been hard on you. I
thought, as your advisor, that -

LOLA
Do I look like a child?

Lola rises. Walks to her.

KAREN
No, ma'am.

LOLA
Then don't talk to me like a school teacher.

KAREN
That was not my intent.

LOLA
Intent or not, do it again and I'll have Norton taking Polaroid's of your split-open rib cage in a bathtub.

She brutally SLAPS Karen. Karen takes it, both expecting it and immune to the pain after the years.

KAREN
I understand.

LOLA
Tell Norton to send my regards.

Karen exits. Lola returns to her piano. Hits SOUR NOTES in her TUNE. She tosses the sheet music in the air, the papers spinning.

INT. KITCHEN - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

KAREN
(into the phone)
Wipe them off the planet. Thank you, Norton.

She hangs up with a CLANG -

INT. ENTRY WAY - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

BOOM! Holly KICKS in the front door.

HOLLY
Daulpre! You're mine, Lola!

She draws her gun. Charges into...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She crosses the space and shoves her barrel into the back of Lola's head as Karen races in and aims her pistol at Holly.

HOLLY

Fuck off, Karen. This isn't your concern.

KAREN

I made a blood oath. Which makes it my concern until the end of time.

LOLA

(calm despite the tension)
Agent Jackson. What might I do for you?

HOLLY

A call came over the wire ten minutes ago. Some housewife saw a purple Escort on her street. Seems our idiot thieves had an argument, which was interrupted by a man in a black suit. Who smiled a lot.

LOLA

Norton is disarming, isn't he?

HOLLY

I get the drugs, you go free. That was the deal and you broke it.

LOLA

What makes you think I broke it?

HOLLY

What are you saying?

Lola turns, the gun in her face.

LOLA

I could keep my drugs easily, but then there would be nothing to keep you from breaking down my door. Again. Norton's job is to eliminate the thieves and bring me the suitcase so I can hand it to you.

HOLLY

Bullshit.

LOLA
 Karen. Oblige Agent Jackson, will
 you?

KAREN
 (lowering her gun)
 Yes, ma'am.

She walks off.

HOLLY
 Where the fuck is she going?

LOLA
 To fetch you another payment.

HOLLY
 Buying me off? That it?

LOLA
 This day has been upsetting for us
 all. Any factor that might ease
 its annoyance would be a blessing.
 Don't you agree?

Holly sheaths her weapon.

HOLLY
 Christ, you're a pro.

LOLA
 Of course I am. I'm still alive.

Karen enters with an envelope. Hands it to Holly, who opens
 it. Even more bills.

HOLLY
 Very generous.

LOLA
 My oven is fixed. Got time to lick
 my bowl?

HOLLY
 Why the hell not?

Lola leads her and Karen forward...

INT. KITCHEN - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

LOLA
 You showed just in time, dear.
 I've been slaving all day.

HOLLY
Don't smell anything.

LOLA
Flan. Traditional Mexican custard.
Has no smell. But the taste is to
die for.

HOLLY
Tell me it's chocolate.

LOLA
Who's the lucky girl? Karen?

Karen opens the oven. Holly bends...

It's empty.

HOLLY
Where -

Karen SLAMS the door on Holly's head!

LOLA
Oblige Agent Jackson, will you,
Karen?

Karen proceeds to beat the hell out of Holly. Pots and pans scatter. Drawers spill whisks and spoons. Karen KICKS, PUNCHES, ELBOWS until Holly crawls like a slug.

She THROWS Holly's head and arms on the stainless steel island. She squirms as Karen holds her tight. Lola pulls a clever from the knife block.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Before you curse me, Holly, know
that I was being honest. I planned
to give you my drugs. Until
another idea came to me.

(beat)
I could keep my drugs and stay out
of prison if the chief officer of
the D.E.A.'s Daulpre Task Force
vanished into thin air. Not to
mention all the money I'd save.

Karen forces Holly's hand forward.

LOLA (CONT'D)
This hasn't been my day. Or yours.
But while I'll live to suffer its
wrath until sunset, it ends for you
right now. How I envy you.

HOLLY
 (straining to breathe)
 You can't do this.

LOLA
 Of course I can.
 (beat)
 I'm a pro.

Lola HACKS off Holly's fingers! Holly WAILS. She HACKS the fingers off her other hand. Lola grips Karen's pistol.

LOLA (CONT'D)
 (in Holly's ear)
 No one aims a gun at Lola Daulpre's head, you uppity bitch.

Lola BLOWS HOLLY'S HEAD OFF! Blood sprays her and Karen, stains the steel. She hands Karen her gun.

LOLA (CONT'D)
 (Karen's suit)
 I'll buy you another.

KAREN
 Thank you, ma'am.

LOLA
 Get rid of that. I could never stand a messy kitchen.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Me either.

Carla aims from the living room.

CARLA
 U.S. Marshal. Drop the gun. Now.

LOLA
 Very well.

She sets it down and Karen picks it up and SHOOTs! Carla dives behind the couch. Karen storms in...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She FIRES into the sofa. Carla scurries around the couch, squeezing off hasty SHOTS as Karen chases her in a violent circle, SHOOTING relentlessly.

Carla leaps behind a desk. Karen squats behind the couch. They trade SHOTS.

Lola sits at her piano. PLAYS.

LOLA
(to Carla)
Are we having fun yet?

INT. DINING ROOM - NORTON'S - DAY

Covered with plastic and newspapers. Doug, Linus, and Bonnie are tied to chairs.

DOUG
Turn ourselves in, you said. Bad idea, I said. It's the only way to keep ourselves alive, you said. Well I wanna thank you, pal!

LINUS
Thought you weren't talking to me.

DOUG
I can't help myself. I feel compelled to congratulate you on getting us killed! You idiot! Why do I listen to you?

LINUS
It could be worse!

DOUG
How? How could it possibly be worse than this? Tell me!

LINUS
We could be dead right now. That's how!

DOUG
Oh, hallelujah! You're right, Linus! I rarely have time these days to sit around tied to chair. You know how much I love that!

BONNIE
(laughing)
You guys are funny!

DOUG
(to Bonnie)
Shut up!

LINUS
Stop yelling, Doug.

DOUG

I don't think you have the authority to tell me what to do anymore, okay? As a matter of fact, who the fuck put you in charge in the first place?

LINUS

I didn't see you doing much!

DOUG

How could I? Hi, my name is Linus and I have a crush on a cop and we're gonna have six thousand babies!

LINUS

I never said I wanted a baby with her!

DOUG

(gritted teeth)
Could've. Fooled. Me!

BONNIE

(laughing, to Linus)
Okay, now you go!

LINUS/DOUG

Shut up!

Norton enters, wearing gloves and brandishing his gun.

NORTON

Wow. I can't leave you kids alone for a minute, can I?

BONNIE

Who are you, our dad?

She BLOWS a raspberry. Norton SHOOTS. Bonnie's head EXPLODES. Her body hits the floor. Norton wipes blood off his cheeks.

NORTON

She wasn't very smart, was she?
(beat)
Now...where were we?

Doug SCREAMS bloody murder. Linus WEEPS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

Carla SHOTS. Karen's GUNSHOT narrowly misses Carla's head. CLICK! Karen is empty. Lola PLAYS, blood on her face. Carla reloads -

Karen TACKLES her. Carla's gun spins off. Karen SOCKS her hard. KNEES her stomach. Carla spins. BASHES Karen's chin. They SMASH together, land on the coffee table, BREAKING it into pieces. Lola stops. Turns the page. Continues.

INT. DINING ROOM - NORTON'S - DAY

Norton is gone, along with Bonnie's body. Doug and Linus are tied back to back.

LINUS

I just wanted her to like me.

DOUG

The Marshal chick?

LINUS

She was great. First woman in years who's shown real interest. She turns out to be a cop. I know how to pick them, huh?

DOUG

I'd call that Understatement of the Year.

LINUS

She saved my life, Doug.

DOUG

No shit?

LINUS

No shit.

Doug digests the fact as Norton walks in, gloves stained red.

NORTON

You boys alright?

DOUG

(scared)
Fine.

LINUS

(scared)
Couldn't be better.

NORTON (CONT'D)

(with an excited smile)
Fantastic. Because now that she's
(MORE)

NORTON (CONT'D)
gone, there's a little something
I'd like to try out on you fellas.

DOUG
(terrified)
Oh, shit.

NORTON
I'm a tad nervous, really. Oh,
well. Here goes...

He unfolds a paper. CLEARS HIS THROAT noisily.

NORTON (CONT'D)
(reading)
The Happy Kitten.
(beat)
Oh, happy little kitten. Your fur
is the color of the sun. You keep
me warm when the harsh rains come.
Sit beside me and purr, purr,
purr...

Doug is shocked frozen. Linus is aghast.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

Karen strangles Carla. Carla grabs a piece of table.
SMASHES it over Karen's head. KICKS her off. Carla
scrambles for her gun. Touches it -

Karen leaps on her!

INT. DINING ROOM - NORTON'S - DAY

Doug and Linus in disbelief.

NORTON
Come let me hold you and fill my
heart with glee. I love my happy
little kitten. And my happy little
kitten loves me.
(beat)
What do you think?

LINUS
Did you write that?

NORTON
It's horrible, isn't it? I knew
it!

LINUS
Actually...I thought it was pretty good.

NORTON
Really?

LINUS
Yeah, really.

NORTON
(to Doug)
What about you?

DOUG
(fake grin)
Hell, I loved it!

NORTON
Oh, you're just saying that so I won't kill you.

DOUG
No, I'm not!

Yes he is.

LINUS
I honestly thought it was very good, Mister...?

NORTON
Norton.

LINUS
Norton. Hi.

DOUG
Mister Norton, Linus! Mister!

NORTON
Does that mean you guys want to hear another?

DOUG
Absolutely!

LINUS
Sure.

NORTON (CONT'D)
Okay, then! I'll be right back.
Don't you gents go anywhere!

DOUG
Where could we go? We're all tied up!

They all LAUGH. Norton leaves with a dance in his step.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (scared, can't stop
 laughing)
 We have to get the hell out of
 here!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

Carla SHATTERS a lamp over Karen's head. Runs and retrieves her sidearm. Spins around -

Karen is a ghost. Carla ducks behind the shredded sofa. Searches with her eyes.

LOLA
 (still playing)
 Vivacious, isn't she? Karen was quite the find. I found her on the streets when she was seventeen. Cold, hungry. I gave her a home. Hired a few charismatic individuals who taught her many things. Like how to blow the lipstick off a Marshal at a hundred paces.

Carla rushes toward her.

CARLA
 You're coming with me -

BLAM! A shotgun blast stops her. Karen fires from the kitchen. Her next SHOT blows a picture frame to bits.

Carla spies Karen's office. A rolodex on the desk. Carla takes off. Shotgun BLASTS clip her heels, shatters a window nearby.

INT. KAREN'S OFFICE - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Carla dives in. Heads for the rolodex.

INSERT - ROLODEX ENTRY

"Norton." His address and number.

BACK TO SCENE

Carla rips it out. Grabs the desk chair. Heaves it THROUGH THE WINDOW. She lunges through the shards and sprints off.

INT. KAREN'S OFFICE - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Karen struts to the window, shotgun in hand. Carla runs. Karen aims, but Carla vanishes from sight. Lola steps up.

LOLA
Norton will take care of her.
(beat)
You performed bravely.

KAREN
Thank you, ma'am.

Lola kisses Karen's forehead.

LOLA
Time for a drink.

INT. DINING ROOM - NORTON'S - DAY

NORTON
(reading)
And so we go, go, go. But we never
know, know, know. And we'll never
grow, grow...
(epic pause)
...grow.

He takes a moment. Folds his poem.

DOUG
(honestly)
That was the most beautiful thing
I've ever heard.

LINUS
It really was. Why can't I write
like that?

DOUG
No one else can write like that.

NORTON
Awww, come on, gents. You two are
gonna make me forget what we're
doing here in the first place! So.
(beat)
Who's first, then?

He pulls and COCKS his gun. Linus GULPS.

EXT. NORTON'S - DAY

Carla sees the Escort. Draws her gun.

INT. DINING ROOM - NORTON'S - DAY

NORTON

Here's what. You two have been
fabulous listeners. The best. As
a reward, I'll give you the benefit
of chance. Sound fair?

Linus nods. Doug shakes his head.

NORTON (CONT'D)

Good. Here we go. Enie, meanie,
miney, moe. Catch a car thief by
his toe...

He bobs his gun back and forth between them, their eyes glued
to the barrel.

NORTON (CONT'D)

If he hollers, let him go. Enie,
meanie, miney -

BOOM! Doug and Linus are sprayed with blood! Norton falls.
Carla climbs in through the window.

CARLA

Moe.

LINUS

Hey, Carla.

Doug SPITS out blood.

EXT. NORTON'S - DAY - LATER

Linus and Doug wipe off with newspapers. Carla follows.

CARLA

You two sure you're okay?

DOUG

Physically or emotionally?

LINUS

We're fine. How'd you find us?

CARLA

A little bird with a big gun told me.

Linus and Carla walk to the Escort. Doug stops.

DOUG

No, no, no, no, no, no, NO! No way in hell am I getting back in that fucking car!

LINUS

You'd rather walk? That it?

DOUG

No, that's not "it"! "It" is me getting shot at by everyone with a gun and an attitude in the past ten hours! "It" is getting knocked out and stuffed in that trunk! "It" is being hounded by the mob and the cops all day long! "It" is nearly getting shot in the face by some psychotic Ernest Hemmingway all because of you, you asshole!

LINUS

Hemmingway wrote novels, Doug. Not poetry.

CARLA

I hate Hemmingway.

LINUS

So do I.

They grin. Doug stares in disbelief.

DOUG

What the fuck is it with you two? You've lost it! You're out of your fucking minds! You're both stupid for each other unlike anything I've ever seen! I can't...I just...I'm gonna... Forget it. No way!

LINUS

Doug -

DOUG

Nope!

LINUS

Doug -

DOUG
Uh uh!

 LINUS
We can -

 DOUG
NO!

 LINUS
That's it. You're getting in that
damn car.

 DOUG
You gonna make me?

 LINUS
I should've broken your jaw in the
first place, wimp.

 DOUG
Give it your best shot, scuzz ball.

Carla sighs.

 LINUS
Get in the car.

 DOUG
Get out of my face.

 LINUS
Get in the goddamn car!

 DOUG
Get out of my fucking face!

Linus shoves him. Doug shoves back. They hit the ground,
wrestling, locked together.

 DOUG (CONT'D)
Give, already!

 LINUS
You give!

 DOUG
You give first!

CLICK! They glance up to see Carla aiming at their noses.

 CARLA
You warriors through?

Doug and Linus nod.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Good. Now get up. I have an idea.

DOUG

(to Linus)

I think I'm beginning to see the attraction.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY - LATER

The Escort parks beside a pay phone.

INT. ESCORT - DAY

Doug behind the wheel. Linus next to him, still cleaning himself with newspaper. Carla reclines in the back.

DOUG

We sure this'll work?

LINUS

It's the only idea we've got. Why don't you make the call, huh?

DOUG

Why me?

Linus looks at Carla, then at Doug. Widens his eyes. He hands Doug a quarter. Carla gives Doug a number.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You two are gonna make me puke.

He gets out.

LINUS

I'll go first.

CARLA

Okay.

LINUS

It was supposed to be different. That's what they tell you, anyway. Rolling hills. Sweeping sunset. The two of us running toward each other in slow motion. Wasn't supposed to be a day like today. But it was. Doug was right, I guess. Life is random as hell.

(MORE)

LINUS (CONT'D)
 Guess what I'm trying to say is,
 even with the guns and terror and
 everything...I'm gonna remember
 this day until I die.

His words sink into her.

LINUS (CONT'D)
 You're turn.

CARLA
 Okay.

She KISSES him.

LINUS
 Wow. That was...um -

CARLA
 It sure as fuck was.

They pounce on each other. The clothes fly as they paw one another hungrily.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

DOUG
 (on the pay phone)
 I got it. Thanks.

He hangs up. Turns to see the Escort rocking. His face drops. He sits on the curb to wait.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 At least open a window...

EXT. DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - LATER

Linus RINGS the doorbell. Doug holds the suitcase as if it were a bomb.

CARLA
 Ready?

DOUG
 Just for the record, this is a very
 bad idea.

The door opens. Karen, in a fresh suit and bandages.

LINUS

Hi.
 (beat)
 We called ahead?

Doug holds up the suitcase, trying to smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Karen ushers the three in with an Uzi. She takes Carla's sidearm. Lola enters, finely dressed.

LOLA

So it would seem you're men of your word. Let's see it.

Karen motions with her Uzi.

KAREN

On the piano.

Doug places the suitcase.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Open it.

He unzips it, exposing the white bricks. Karen corrals Doug, Carla, and Linus at gunpoint.

LOLA

Test it, please.

Karen flicks a switchblade. Spears a brick. Holds a sample out. Lola INHALES it swiftly.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Kindly make our guests some drinks.

Karen drops the Uzi. Heads for the kitchen. Doug, Linus and Carla EXHALE all at once.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - LATER

BEETHOVEN overhead. Carla and Lola hold drinks.

LOLA

I suppose congratulations are in order.

CARLA

For what?

LOLA
For going against Karen and
surviving. You're the first.

CARLA
I'm sure it would've ended
differently another day.

LOLA
Ah, yes. Another day.

Carla sets her drink down.

CARLA
I didn't like Holly. She was
crooked, but she was still a cop.

LOLA
She was.

Carla SLAPS Lola hard. The room goes tense. Karen's eyes
fill with fire. Lola motions for her to relax.

CARLA
I'm sure an intelligent woman like
you understands I was owed that.

LOLA
To the end of a perfect day.

They toast. Drink.

INT. KITCHEN - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

Scrubbed clean. Doug opens a drawer and looks at the
silverware. WHISTLES. He opens the fridge.

DOUG
That's a shitload of food...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

Linus and Karen at the piano, with drinks.

LINUS
I've heard stories about you.

KAREN
Really?

LINUS
Yeah. About Lo -
(correcting himself)
Miss Daulpre, too.
(beat)
I heard she took out the entire
Colombian cartel by herself. Is
that true?

KAREN
Yes.

LINUS
Oh.

Linus drinks. Karen looks at him.

KAREN
Would you like to see the gun she
did it with?

LINUS
Sure.

KAREN
This way.

She leads him out. Linus chugs his drink.

EXT. DAULPRE MANSION - DAY - LATER

Doug, Linus and Carla in the driveway. Carla holsters her
gun.

DOUG
She is giving us...a car!

LINUS
All she wanted was her stuff back.

They walk to a black Mercedes.

DOUG
I'm driving!

LINUS
She gave me the keys, pal.

DOUG
So toss them over here and let's
hit it!

LINUS
(to Carla)
Could've gone better, slappy.

CARLA
Could've gone worse. Trust me.

DOUG
"You don't know this woman. Oooo,
scary Lola Daulpre." Give me a
break.

LINUS
Hey, I saw the rifle she used on
the Colombians!

DOUG
This could be my life one day.
Sweet lawn, cool cars, awesome
house.
(beat)
Even if some of it doesn't work.

LINUS
What?

DOUG
The kitchen. She's gotta fix a few
things, otherwise it kicks ass.

LINUS
Like what, Julia?

DOUG
Like her oven. Wouldn't light or
nothing.

LINUS
(jokingly)
As long as you didn't turn on the
gas...

DOUG
How am I suppose to work a gas oven
if I don't turn on the gas, Linus?

Carla and Linus are uneasy.

LINUS
You turned on the gas. But it
didn't light.

DOUG
That's what I said, yeah.

CARLA

Oh God...

DOUG

What's the big deal?

LINUS

Doug...

(beat)

...tell me you turned it off.

DOUG

(hitting him like
lightning)

Oh.

INT. KITCHEN - DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

Karen washes glasses. Lola at the island, staring at her mountain of drugs.

LOLA

Mommy missed you.

She sticks a cigarette in her teeth. Karen SNIFFS the air. Sees the oven on. Her eyes fill with alarm.

KAREN

Ma'am?

Lola FLICKS her lighter -

EXT. DAULPRE MANSION - DAY

It EXPLODES in a fiery rage! Doug, Linus and Carla hit the grass. Wood and glass SHATTER, debris in the air. The giant house COLLAPSES in flame.

The three get up, mouths wide.

DOUG

Oops.

LINUS

Oh my God...

(beat)

Holy shit!

DOUG

We killed her... We fucking blew up Lola fucking Daulpre!

LINUS

"We?" What do you mean "we?" I
didn't go in the kitchen!

Carla at the Mercedes, motioning them forward with wild
gestures and WHISTLING. Linus and Doug exchange glances.

LINUS (CONT'D)

I think we should go.

DOUG

I highly concur.

They sprint to the car! Doug leaps inside.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Let's make like ice cream and run!

Linus pulls Carla close.

LINUS

I'm done stealing. Thought you
should know. I mean I can't speak
for Doug, but -

CARLA

I don't want Doug.

They kiss.

LINUS

This still might be tough. I mean,
you being a cop and all.

CARLA

I know.
(pointing to the burning
mansion)
That's why I left my badge in
there.

They grin. SIRENS rise. Carla and Linus dive into the car.

LINUS (O.S.)

I'm driving!

DOUG (O.S.)

I was gonna let you, but no, you
wanted to kiss a U.S. Marshal
instead!

CARLA (O.S.)

In all honesty, I kissed him.

The car SQUEALS off at high speed.

LINUS (O.S.)
So where are we going?

DOUG (O.S.)
Far away sound good?

CARLA/LINUS (O.S.)
Perfect.

DOUG (O.S.)
I'm gonna puke I swear.

LINUS (O.S.)
Stop being dramatic.

DOUG (O.S.)
Holmes, you astound me.

The car vanishes around the bend.

NEIGHBORS gather. Greg stands in the crowd, face full of confused surprise. He shrugs. Disappears in the people as the SIRENS WAIL.

FADE TO BLACK.