

DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS

Written by

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EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A DOOR OPENS into a filthy alley. A NERVOUS GUY (30s, well-dressed) tumbles out, then runs, clearly being pursued.

COOPER (early 30s, tightly wound) comes out the door. She sees the Nervous Guy disappear around the corner.

COOPER
Hold it right there!

She sets her jaw and gives chase.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

THE NERVOUS GUY runs across the street against traffic. A car BRAKES AND HONKS. Cooper follows, a couple seconds behind.

COOPER
Halt!

She flashes A POLICE BADGE to a HONKING MOTORIST.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Police officer! It's okay, I'm a
police officer!

EXT. SIDEWALK SCAFFOLDING TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The nervous guy runs through a temporary pedestrian tunnel (the structure on the sidewalk under a construction site.)

He looks behind him and doesn't see Cooper. He slows down. Did he lose her? Then he hears --

WOODEN FOOTFALLS ABOVE, getting closer. She's above him on the wooden walkway. He starts to run again. He's in a panic. Just before he reaches the end of the tunnel....

Cooper jumps down onto the sidewalk, blocking his exit.

COOPER
Where do you think you're going?

NERVOUS GUY
I can explain.

COOPER
I doubt that very much.

NERVOUS GUY

I know it's not cool to take off in the middle of a --

COOPER

First date. It was a first date. And let me just say I expected more from a guy I met on Christian Mingle.

NERVOUS GUY

Look, you seem great --

COOPER

Then why did you say you were going to the bathroom and then attempt to flee the scene on foot?

NERVOUS GUY

Because -- and don't take this wrong way -- you're kinda intense.

COOPER

(super intense)

How? What do you mean? In what way?

NERVOUS GUY

Well, you chased me. You gave the restaurant a fire code citation. When I said I had to work early you put your gun on the table....

COOPER

Thought it was a fun ice breaker.

NERVOUS GUY

It really wasn't.

COOPER

Well, then this is the ice breaker.

NERVOUS GUY

I'm gonna walk back to my car.

COOPER

You sure that's a good idea in light of the fact that your insurance lapsed two months ago?

NERVOUS GUY

How do you know about that?

COOPER
I ran your plates. Pretty standard
first-date stuff.

He walks off.

COOPER (CONT'D)
(calling after)
Your profile said "easy-going!" I
don't think this is "easy-going!"

He's gone. An OLD LADY passes by. Cooper nods to her.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Evening, ma'am.

OPENING CREDITS

SONG: "YOUR GOOD GIRL'S GONNA GO BAD" BY TAMMY WYNETTE

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Over music, IN A SERIES OF CLOSE-UP POPS we see Cooper getting dressed for work.

She buttons up her khaki uniform.

She clips on her black tie.

She pulls her hair into a ponytail that's so tight it looks like it hurts.

She checks the safety on her gun and holsters it.

She splits the ponytail in half and pulls in opposite directions to make an even tighter ponytail.

She applies an SPF 45 ChapStick and mashes her lips around together to ensure total coverage.

She holds her badge up to her mouth and breathes on it twice, then pins the badge to her shirt.

She looks at herself in a small mirror in her locker, putting on her game face, which only looks a little more serious than her regular face.

Below the mirror, she's taped a copy of the law enforcement officer's oath. ("On my honor, I will never betray my badge, my integrity, my character" etc.) Below that is a small, faded photograph of a MALE POLICE OFFICER, 40s, in uniform. She kisses her fingers, touches the oath and photograph, then slams the locker door.

Officer Cooper is ready to kick ass.

END CREDITS

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Cooper stands alert at her post -- behind her fastidiously organized desk in the evidence room. COPS move past her, busy with police work, including TWO PATROLMEN with a cuffed PERP.

DETECTIVE JACKSON (mid 30s, Alpha-Male, the Don Draper of the department) walks by, dropping a PLASTIC BAG in front of her.

COOPER

Excuse me. Are you booking this evidence, Detective Jackson?

Jackson stops, sighs, then walks back to the evidence desk.

JACKSON

That's right.

COOPER

Then you know the drill. Proper documentation of evidence in an open criminal investigation is critical.

JACKSON

Yeah, so?

COOPER

This is a bag from Food City with "knife" written on it.

JACKSON

Sounds like proper documentation to me.

COOPER

Well, according to Texas Criminal Code Statute one-zero-seven-point-zero-R-C, any item submitted to the evidence room must be stored in an appropriate Nolan envelope with a completed four-one-three Evidence Tag specifying a police case number, a description of the item, the date and time of the seizure, the location of the collection --

JACKSON

You know, when you talk this way,
it really turns me on. I am, like,
so close right now.

COOPER

Detective, just put your name,
badge number and signature here. As
well as initial here, here, here,
here and here.

Jackson makes an orgasm face.

JACKSON

O-h-h-h-h-h....

COOPER

(holds up envelope)
Your Nolan envelope, Detective.

Jackson takes the envelope and fills it out.

JACKSON

Do you know what I like about you,
Cooper?

COOPER

Nothing. You like nothing about me.

JACKSON

That's not true. If it wasn't for
you, real cops would be stuck in
here all day doing this shit.

Cooper reacts, hurt, mostly because he's right.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I also dig your ass. You don't seem
like you'd have a great ass but you
do. I call it a "surprise ending."

He smiles, finishes filling out the required forms and walks
off. After a beat, Cooper grabs the bag and heads to --

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - EVIDENCE STORAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Row after row of the most organized storage facility of all
time. Cooper, properly catalogued knife in hand, finds the
correct row and the correct shelf, places the envelope on it,
takes a step back, moves it an inch to the right, takes a
step back again, then walks back toward her desk.

She stops at a mirror, and checks out her ass. She gives it a little satisfied nod and walks to her desk.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BREAK AREA - LATER

Cooper sits alone at a table, eating her brown bag lunch. At a nearby table, DETECTIVE DIXON (30s, crew-cut, Mister Cool) and DETECTIVE HAUSER (30s, good ol' boy, deep Texas accent) have coffee.

Jackson enters, finds the detectives.

JACKSON

Sorry to interrupt the book club, ladies, but guess who's transporting Felipe Riva to DEA custody in Dallas?

DIXON

I still don't know how you convinced him to roll on Cortez.

HAUSER

I'm not sure we want to know.

JACKSON

Felipe was a gentle lover.

Cooper spots the guys shooting the shit and wants to join in.

DIXON

Just be careful. Last witness I transferred stabbed me in the neck with a ballpoint pen.

COOPER

Yeah, you never know with this job. Like with me, the other day in evidence, I opened up a duffel bag and there was a live raccoon in there.

A long, awkward beat.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Could've had rabies. Could've had worse. It was pretty intense.

CAPTAIN EMMETT (50s, old school, humorless) sticks his head in, Styrofoam cup in his hand.

CAPTAIN EMMETT

Cooper, my office.

COOPER

Yes, sir.
 (to guys)
 Good bull session, guys.

She gets up and walks off towards --

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Captain Emmett enters, sets his cup down on his desk...in the middle of several other identical cups. Cooper enters. Over the following, Captain Emmett takes out a tin of chewing tobacco, taps it with his finger, then packs a dip.

COOPER

Captain Emmett, if this is about me pursuing a civilian through traffic last night, I can explain.

CAPTAIN EMMETT

This is not about that.

COOPER

Good, because I was going to explain that it never happened.

CAPTAIN EMMETT

Do you know who Felipe Riva is?

COOPER

Yes, sir. The top lieutenant in the Cortez drug cartel. We --

Captain Emmett spits into a Styrofoam cup, then --

CAPTAIN EMMETT

Oh, shit -- I just spit in my coffee. I need a better system.
 (then)

Anyway, Jackson is driving him to Dallas and you're going with him.

COOPER

Me and Detective Jackson? Detective Jackson and me?

CAPTAIN EMMETT

Is that a problem?

COOPER

No, it's just I've been in Evidence for ten years and never once been asked to do field work.

CAPTAIN EMMETT

Well, Riva is bringing his wife along and the law requires she have a female escort.

COOPER

Of course. Section two-ninety, also known as The Richards Rule.

CAPTAIN EMMETT

Oh, my God. Just keep an eye on her, keep her calm and take her to the girl's room in case she has to tinkle or do any lady business.

COOPER

Do we have any reason to believe Riva's wife is menstrual at the current time?

CAPTAIN EMMETT

What? I have no idea.

COOPER

Just covering all my bases, sir. I won't let you down.

EXT. HIGHWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Jackson's car speeds down Highway 290.

INT. JACKSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jackson drives, listening to COUNTRY MUSIC on the radio. He looks over to see Cooper muttering to herself. He TURNS DOWN the radio so he can hear her.

COOPER

(under her breath)

Four-one-seven: Brandishing a firearm. Four-five-one: Arson. Four-seven-zero: Felony forgery.

JACKSON

What are you doing?

COOPER

Reviewing section numbers of the Texas Penal Code.

JACKSON

You think during our transport of a drug dealer and his wife, we're gonna come across a felony forgery?

COOPER

Captain Emmett showed a lot of faith in selecting me for this detail. I want to be prepared.

JACKSON

Do you know why he picked you?

COOPER

(hates admitting it)
Because I'm a woman.

JACKSON

Because you were the only woman. We got four lady cops in the precinct and the other three couldn't do it. That left you, sweetheart.

COOPER

What exactly is your point in telling me that, Detective? Does it make you feel like a big man?

JACKSON

No, my incredibly thick penis does that. My point is -- relax. If anything was really gonna go down, the Captain wouldn't have sent you.

Cooper reacts, exhales. Maybe she is a little nervous.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

One more thing. We're in the car three hours each way to Dallas. You better not fall in love with me.

Jackson turns up the radio, BLASTING MUSIC again.

EXT. RIVA COMPOUND - LATER

An estate in the middle of nowhere. Jackson pulls into the circular driveway. He and Cooper get out, walk to the door.

COOPER

Should I secure the perimeter?

JACKSON

No.

COOPER
Should I find an elevated spot of
terrain so we have the advantage in
case we draw fire?

JACKSON
No.

COOPER
Then what should I do?

JACKSON
You should stop annoying me.

He rings the doorbell. After a beat, A SHRILL FEMALE VOICE
WITH COLOMBIAN ACCENT COMES OVER THE INTERCOM.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Who the fuck is it?

JACKSON
(into intercom)
It's Detective Jackson, Mrs. Riva.
I'm here for you and your husband.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Husband? I do not have a husband! I
have a little *marica* pussy boy!

JACKSON
(into intercom)
Let us in, Mrs. Riva.

The VOICE starts to BLEAT what sounds like very hostile
SPANISH. After a beat, the door BUZZES, letting them in.

INT. RIVA COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter to find FELIPE RIVA (40s, big, a shell of his
former self) walking towards them. He's a little jumpy.

JACKSON
(pumping his fist)
Road trip! Road trip!
(off Riva)
Aw, what's the matter, Felipe?

FELIPE
(re: Cooper)
Who's this?

JACKSON
She's nobody, don't worry.

COOPER
Mr. Riva, I'm Officer Cooper.
Detective Jackson's partner.

Cooper extends her hand, Jackson shoos it away.

FELIPE
Look, I'm starting to think witness
protection is not such a good idea.

JACKSON
Why not?

FELIPE
Because my wife thinks witness
protection is not such a good idea.

Through another INTERCOM on the wall, we hear --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
No, it is not "not such a good
idea?" It is a stupid idea! It is
an incredibly stupid fucking idea!
You're going to get us killed!

JACKSON
She doesn't know what she's talking
about. Ignore her. Be a man.

FELIPE
Shhh. She can hear you.

JACKSON
Felipe, your boss is a drug
trafficker. Matter of fact, so are
you. Only difference is, I have you
trafficking on tape. So you have
two choices: either come to Dallas,
help us bring in Cortez and get on
with your life, or you can go to
jail for the next thirty years.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I hate you! I hate you so much!!

FELIPE
Boy, I'm right on the fence.

JACKSON
(to Cooper)
Go grab his wife.

Cooper takes a deep breath, then walks towards --

INT. RIVA COMPOUND - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A gigantic, gaudy bedroom. Cooper can't find her, then hears a commotion coming from the huge walk-in closet. She goes --

INT. RIVA COMPOUND - WALK-IN CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN, ranting in PROFANE SPANISH under her breath, rummages through her clothes, trying to pack. Cooper knocks.

COOPER

Mrs. Riva?

The woman turns around. REVEAL DANIELLA RIVA (30s, gorgeous, all cleavage and attitude). She's perturbed.

DANIELLA

Who the fuck are you?

COOPER

Officer Cooper. I'm with Detective Jackson to escort you to Dallas.

DANIELLA

You are not a police officer. You are too small. This is Take Your Daughter To Work Day or something.

COOPER

I can assure you, ma'am, I meet the minimum height requirement for an adult my weight.

DANIELLA

Look at you. You are teeny-tiny. You are a like a little lesbian dog I would carry in my purse.

COOPER

Be that as it may, ma'am, we need to get a move on, so if you could please finish packing the rest of your personal articles.

Daniella tears through a pile of expensive high-heels.

DANIELLA

How? I cannot fit all my shoes in the bag my coward husband is making me pack.

Daniella presses the intercom button in her closet.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 (into intercom)
 That's right, coward! I am talking
 about you!

FELIPE (O.S.)
 You're making this harder than it
 needs to be, Daniella!

DANIELLA
 (into intercom)
 Oh, this is not hard. Hard is the
 spike Cortez is going to drive into
 your forehead when he catches you!

Daniella moves back to her packing.

COOPER
 Ma'am, we need to go. May I suggest
 you not bring your high-heels?
 They're clumsy and impractical.

DANIELLA
 "Clumsy and impractical?" What kind
 of shoes are you wearing?

COOPER
 These are...uh...black. Black
 shoes. Standard issue, black.

DANIELLA
 They are men's shoes. My husband
 has the same kind. Congratulations,
 Officer Lesbian, you wear the shoes
 of a coward who I hate.

Daniella walks back over to the intercom.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 (into intercom)
 They will kill us both! And then
 they will go to cut off your balls
 but see that they are already gone!

FELIPE (O.S.)
 I'm warning you, Daniella -- you're
 crossing the line!

DANIELLA
 (into intercom)
 I am crossing the line?! So what?
 What are you going to do about it,
 testify me to death?

Just then, over the intercom we hear the SOUND OF GUNSHOTS and GLASS BREAKING coming from the Riva living room.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 (into intercom)
 Felipe! What was that?! Felipe?!

Cooper reacts. Holy shit.

COOPER
 Gunshots, ma'am! Stay down!

Cooper pulls her gun and runs out of the bedroom into --

INT. RIVA COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TWO MASKED GUNMEN fire a fusillade of bullets at Jackson and Riva, who are pinned down on opposite sides of the room.

Jackson, ducking for cover behind a wall, RETURNS FIRE.

Cooper comes down the stairs, gun drawn.

JACKSON
 Get down!

One of the gunmen turns on Cooper and starts to DIRECT FIRE at her. She quickly jumps behind a couch, finding cover.

Jackson's gun CLICKS. He bends down to reload.

Riva, also hiding behind a piece of furniture, spots an open door to the backyard. He waits for his opportunity and, when he's got a shot, he sprints for the exit.

Immediately, he is CUT DOWN by one of the gunmen.

Just then, TWO LATINO GUNMEN burst in through the front door, FIRING their AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

In between barrages of bullets....

LATINO GUNMAN #1
 Who the fuck are you?!

MASKED GUNMAN #1
 Who the fuck are you?!

Jackson, gun reloaded, STARTS FIRING at both sets of men.

One of the masked gunmen ducks for cover behind a piece of furniture, about ten feet from Cooper.

In doing so, one of his jacket sleeves gets pulled up, revealing a TATTOO OF A STRANGE SHAPE OUTLINED IN BLUE INK ON THE INSIDE OF HIS FOREARM.

Cooper clocks the tattoo, then slowly draws her gun.

The tattooed gunman looks up from behind the couch and sees he has a clean shot of Jackson.

He points at Jackson, who notices he's in the cross-hairs a split-second too late --

The tattooed gunman FIRES. Jackson is BLOWN AWAY.

Cooper reacts -- all the breath leaves her body.

The two Latino gunman, seeing that their job is finished, bolt out the back door, presumably the way they came in.

The two masked men sprint out the front door.

Quiet.

Cooper runs over to Riva, face up on the ground, a bloody mess. She feels his neck for a pulse. Nothing.

She then moves over to Jackson, face down in a heap. She turns him over, again feeling his neck. Dead.

Hands shaking, she takes out her cell phone and is about to dial, when she hears from O.S. the SOUND OF AUTOMATIC FIRE. She jumps up and looks out a nearby window.

EXT. RIVA COMPOUND - SAME

The Latino gunmen PEEL OUT in a truck, spraying gravel.

One of the masked gunmen is SHOOTING UP Jackson's car. The other is in an IDLING BLACK FORD MUSTANG.

Cooper opens the door to the house and yells at the gunman.

COOPER

That is police property! Put down
your weapons and put your hands --

The gunman OPENS FIRE at her, BUSTING THE DOOR APART. Cooper dives inside, closing the door.

The gunman STOPS SHOOTING and gets into the Mustang, which PEELS OUT, away from the house.

Cooper runs out, watching them escape. She looks at Jackson's car. It's destroyed. She then notices the closed garage door.

INT. RIVA COMPOUND - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper runs into the large garage, filled with a couple vintage cars. She moves towards the one nearest the door -- a BRIGHT RED 1959 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL MARK IV CONVERTIBLE.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

She opens the door to find Daniella in the back, cowering. A LEOPARD-PRINT ROLLING SUITCASE is next to her on the seat.

COOPER

Mrs. Riva! Are you wounded, ma'am?!

DANIELLA

No, I am not wounded. I am hiding, you stupid idiot!

Cooper gets into the driver's seat.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

COOPER

I am commandeering your personal vehicle.

DANIELLA

What?

COOPER

I am commandeering your personal vehicle, ma'am -- please exit!

DANIELLA

Fuck you! I am not going out there!

Cooper sees the garage door opener on the visor. She hits it, then turns the key which is in the ignition.

EXT. RIVA COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The garage door opens and Cooper SLAMS THE GAS, driving the convertible out of the circular driveway, in hot pursuit.

EXT. TEXAS ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

A road off the Riva compound, in the middle of nowhere. The Mustang roars down the blacktop with Cooper and Daniella in the convertible not too far behind.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Cooper drives as Daniella SCREAMS from the backseat.

DANIELLA

Pull over! Pull over the car! We have to go back!

COOPER

Ma'am, calm down. Everything is going to be okay.

DANIELLA

What about my husband?

COOPER

Everything besides your husband is going to be okay.

(a beat, then)

Because he is dead.

EXT. TEXAS ROAD - CONTINUOUS

There's a curve in the road. The Mustang handles it with ease. The callow Cooper doesn't take the curve so well, SWIPING a wood fence with the side of the convertible.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Daniella YELPS as she is thrown into one side of the back.

COOPER

Buckle your safety belt, please!

Cooper hits the gas pedal to the metal.

EXT. TEXAS ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Cooper builds up speed again.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

DANIELLA

What are you going to do when you catch up to them?!

COOPER

I'm going to arrest them!

DANIELLA

How? You are five feet tall.

Cooper pulls out her cell phone. She tries to drive and dial but can't and hands it to Daniella.

COOPER

Here. Call 911, tell them you're reporting a six-one-five.

DANIELLA

A six-one-five? What is that?!

COOPER

"Officer needs assistance." Then say you're reporting two one-eight-sevens by two four-one-sevens....

EXT. TEXAS ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Cooper pulls up along side of the Mustang.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

COOPER

...also a four-eight-zero, a six-two-six and a five-nine-four-bravo.

Daniella stares at her, totally lost.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Call 911!

Daniella tries to press the numbers but it's hard with her long nails in the moving car.

DANIELLA

(then, dialing carefully)
Nine-one --

The convertible TAKES A HIT from the Mustang, KNOCKING Cooper's phone out of Daniella's hand and out the window.

EXT. TEXAS ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Mustang BRAKES, allowing the convertible to pass them. They then SPEED UP and start BUMPING Cooper from behind.

She tries to evade them for a beat, then pulls up alongside.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Cooper looks out her window at the masked gunman in the passenger's seat. She SCREAMS at him --

COOPER

No, you're not chasing me! I'm chasing you!

EXT. TEXAS ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The masked gunman riding shotgun pulls out his weapon and aims.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

COOPER

They are definitely chasing us.

EXT. TEXAS ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The gunman OPENS FIRE. Cooper SWERVES and loses control of the car. She hits the brakes....

The SCREECHING car VEERS OFF to the side of the road. Daniella is thrown into a lying position.

The masked gunmen drive off, their escape complete.

Cooper gets out of the car, slightly in shock.

COOPER

(steadying herself)

You're okay. You trained for this.
You can handle this.

(to Daniella)

Ma'am, please stay in the vehicle
and remain calm.

Cooper THROWS UP in the brush. Daniella pulls herself up at the sound of Cooper's retching.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Hoo, boy. Okay then.

Cooper pulls out her incident log and pen from her pocket, and starts writing furiously.

DANIELLA
What is wrong with you?

COOPER
Ma'am just give me a second.

DANIELLA
What kind of *pendejo* police officer are you? You steal my car and almost get me killed?

COOPER
(still drawing)
I did not steal your personal vehicle, ma'am. I commandeered it in pursuit of a suspect. Now please let me finish what I'm doing.

DANIELLA
Which is what? You are writing a ticket? I am being protected by a meter maid?

COOPER
I'm recording all pertinent details I observed in my incident report log before they slip my mind.

Cooper ignores her and keeps scribbling away. Daniella knocks the book out of her hands.

DANIELLA
My husband and your partner are dead and you are taking notes?

Cooper picks up the notebook and tries to stay calm.

COOPER
Ma'am, please refrain from touching my incident report log. Until I can contact my precinct captain, I am going to observe correct protocol.

DANIELLA
Santa Mierda, today is your first day.

COOPER

No, it is not my first day. I just need to talk to my captain. Do you have a cellular telephone?

DANIELLA

(re: suitcase)

No, I only have the bag my husband packed for me for emergencies.

COOPER

Okay, well, then we need to drive to the first place we find with a phone.

DANIELLA

You can't keep me without arresting me. I am not a criminal. You need to drive me home.

COOPER

Ma'am, it is not safe to go back there. You are in a state of shock and are not thinking clearly.

DANIELLA

I am in shock? You are the one puking your tits out.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

Daniella follows behind Cooper toward the front door of the first business they find on the outskirts of a small town -- a sad strip club. She pulls her suitcase behind her.

DANIELLA

How can those little legs move so fast? It does not make sense.

(then, noticing)

A strip club? That's where you go in an emergency?

COOPER

I just want to use their phone.

DANIELLA

Me, too. I need to call my mother and tell her I am alive. If she hears about Felipe --

COOPER

No phone calls till we're in a secure location.

She tries the door -- locked. She pounds on it. TOMMY, a wiry and wired Latino guy in a cowboy shirt opens, sizes them up.

TOMMY

Oh, thank Christ you're here.

(to Daniella)

You, straight to makeup.

(to Cooper)

You, I'm not loving the outfit.

(tugging at her shirt)

Does this even tear away?

Cooper knocks his hand away.

COOPER

Sir, I am a police officer not a stripper dressed as a police officer.

TOMMY

Ooh, sorry. I thought you were my new strippers.

DANIELLA

(sincere)

Thank you.

COOPER

I'm going to need to use your phone.

TOMMY

Yeah, yeah.

(subtitled Spanish)

Are you single, mama?

DANIELLA

(subtitled Spanish)

My husband just got murdered by masked bandits, so yes and no.

They enter the club.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper is on the phone while Tommy and TWO LATINO WORKERS stare at Daniella as they set up the club. There's a low, T-shaped stage with a stripper pole.

Daniella bends over to wipe the layer of dust off the outside of her shoes. The workers bend over to the side in unison to look down her shirt.

WORKER

Holy shit.

COOPER

(on phone)

There were two sets, one Latino, possibly Cortez cartel guys, second set Caucasian, in masks.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - [INTERCUT]

Emmett paces behind his desk, spitting tobacco like a mad man. In the bullpen, there's a flurry of activity as the precinct responds to the news of the shooting.

CAPTAIN EMMETT

Is that all you have, Cooper? Guys in masks?

COOPER

No, sir. One had a tattoo on his right hand, some sort of symbol. Hang on -- I drew a picture of it in my I.R.L.

She pulls out her notebook and looks at her drawing.

COOPER (CONT'D)

It's possibly a Buddha sitting on a wave. Or two snakes guarding a bottle of barbecue sauce, sir.

Daniella can see it upside down from where she's sitting.

DANIELLA

It's a fucking cow.

COOPER

Shh!

DANIELLA

A cow with big horns.

COOPER

Can you please be quiet? I am trying to --

Cooper looks down, rotates her notebook and realizes:

COOPER (CONT'D)

Sir, it's the University of Texas longhorn logo. Sorry about that.

CAPTAIN EMMETT

I'm sending help. Mrs. Riva may still be a target. Sit tight and we'll bring you in. Where are you?

COOPER

I'm at a strip club outside Willis called...

(off napkin, disgusted)

...The Wet Spot.

Cooper hangs up. **[END INTERCUT]**

COOPER (CONT'D)

Okay, we're going to sit tight. Help is coming.

DANIELLA

You sit tight. I am going home.

Daniella stands up.

COOPER

Ma'am, please sit down.

DANIELLA

No.

COOPER

I am giving you a direct order to sit back down.

DANIELLA

And I am giving you a direct order to fuck yourself with a bowl of dicks.

COOPER

There's no need for profane language. Now, I'm going to count to three. One --

Daniella kicks a stool down and runs -- very slowly, on because of her high heels and the rolling suitcase.

Cooper rolls her eyes and walks over at normal speed and grabs Daniella's wrist.

Daniella stumbles and trips over the lip of the stage, causing them both to crash down onto the stage with Cooper on top of Daniella, both of them face down.

DANIELLA
Ah! Police brutality! Rachel
profiling!

INT. CONVERTIBLE - A LITTLE LATER

Cooper cuffs Daniella to the steering wheel. Cars pull in throughout as the early crowd starts to show up to the club.

DANIELLA
I haven't committed a crime. You
can't make me your prisoner.

COOPER
You're not my prisoner, you're in
protective custody.

DANIELLA
You won't even let me make a phone
call to my mother. She is probably
planning my funeral.

COOPER
You can call her when we get to the
station.

DANIELLA
If we get there. We should be
waiting inside. We are sitting like
ducks out here.

COOPER
I did not feel comfortable in
there.

DANIELLA
Because you made a scene.

COOPER
I made a scene?

DANIELLA
Yes. And now we are the ducks. Your
friends better get here soon or I
will run and this time you will not
be so lucky.

COOPER
You're not going anywhere in those
heels, especially dragging that
suitcase around. What is in this
thing, anyway?

DANIELLA

You do not have my permission to search my --

Cooper unzips the suitcase. It's filled with money. A lot of money. Like millions of dollars.

COOPER

This is what your husband packed for emergencies?

DANIELLA

Yes. What did you think it would be, bottled water and band-aids? What is better in an emergency than money?

COOPER

How much is this?

DANIELLA

I'm not sure. In the neighborhood with five million dollars.

COOPER

Wow. That is definitely a record. Nobody has ever booked that kind of sum into evidence before.

Cooper takes out her notebook again, excited.

DANIELLA

What do you mean? That is my money not evidence.

COOPER

Oh, it's evidence. Your husband packed it, it was taken from a crime scene -- believe me, if I know anything, it's what does and does not constitute evidence.

DANIELLA

(wheels turning)

Is four million still a record? Because nobody knows how much is there besides you and me.

COOPER

Are you trying to bribe me, ma'am? Do you want me to arrest you? Not a penny of this is going anywhere but in my locker.

(to herself, thinking)

(MORE)

COOPER (CONT'D)

I'll have to clear out a whole drawer!

DANIELLA

You are lucky I'm not stupid enough to punch a *maldita mona* cop.

COOPER

That would not be wise as I have extensive martial arts training.

DANIELLA

Please. You are the size of a decoration on a cake. You look like the little girls who do the gymnastics. I have --

COOPER

Feel free to keep talking, but I will not be listening, because I will be logging this evidence in my incident report log --

DANIELLA

Notebook. That is a notebook.

COOPER

Not listening.

DANIELLA

And this is a car. Not a "personal vehicle."

(imitating her)

"Remain in the personal vehicle."

It's a fucking car, okay? Say carrrrrrrr! The way you talk, it drives me crazy.

COOPER

The way I talk? Do you think I enjoy hearing your non-stop complaining and profanity? Because I do not! Now, I know that you are in mourning for a loved one but I am trying to protect you so please do your best to refrain from talking for one fricking second!

Daniella is taken aback for a moment. Then:

DANIELLA

(softly)

I am not in mourning. I stopped loving him months ago.

(MORE)

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

He was a coward who risked both our lives because he was afraid of going to prison. A woman can't love a man like that.

Cooper lowers her guard an inch.

COOPER

I can understand how that would be hard to forgive, Mrs. Riva.

DANIELLA

Thank you. So, you go ahead and try to find the bad guys and I'll go some other fucking place, okay?

COOPER

No, ma'am. That's not happening.

Another car pulls into the parking lot. Cooper is relieved to see it's Hauser and Dixon from her precinct.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Here comes the cavalry.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper walks over to Dixon and Hauser as they get out of their cruiser. Daniella is still cuffed in the car.

HAUSER

Goddamn Cooper, you done got thrown in the fire today.

COOPER

I was in the other room. I got there too late to save him.

DIXON

You're lucky to be alive. Good news is, we found the black Mustang abandoned not far from here, and we got shell casings and DNA.

HAUSER

You saved his old lady's life. You did good out there, Cooper.

Cooper tries to hide her pride, but she's beaming.

COOPER

Just doing my job.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - A LITTLE LATER

Hauser puts Cooper and Daniella in the back of the cruiser and the suitcase in front. Daniella is in cuffs. Dixon stands outside on the radio. A few arriving CLUB PATRONS gawk.

DANIELLA

So now I am in the back of a squad car in handcuffs and still you say I am not a prisoner? *Me cago en todo lo que se menea!*

HAUSER

I'm gonna go on and assume that means "thanks for saving my life" and you are welcome, Mrs. Riva.

COOPER

Sure you don't want me to follow with her in the convertible?

HAUSER

Nah, a truck's coming to tow it in. We'll all drive back together.
(re: suitcase)
How much you say is in there?

COOPER

In the neighborhood of five million dollars.

HAUSER

(whistles)
Welcome to the neighborhood.

He puts his hand up for a fist bump. It takes her a second to get what he's doing.

HAUSER (CONT'D)

Looking for a fist bump here.

COOPER

Right. Sorry.

She fist bumps him and the cuff on his shirt rides up. IN SLOW MOTION, we see the BLUE LONGHORNS TATTOO on his arm.

The door SLAMS. Cooper goes white. For a second, she and Daniella are alone in the car. Her mind races. Then:

COOPER (CONT'D)

If we don't get out of this car right now we're both going to die.

DANIELLA

What?

COOPER

They're the gunmen. The guys in the Mustang. Follow my lead.

As Hauser and Dixon get in the front:

COOPER (CONT'D)

-- no, Ma'am, I don't have any feminine toiletries on me.

DANIELLA

(lost)

Toilet what?

DIXON

What's the problem?

COOPER

Mrs. Riva is having an issue with some lady business.

Daniella stares daggers at her, not understanding.

COOPER (CONT'D)

(so slowly)

Of the tampon variety.

HAUSER

Seriously?

DANIELLA

(finally caught up)

Yes! *Mi Comadre* is here.

HAUSER

(to Cooper)

Can't she like, hold it?

COOPER

Doesn't really work that way.

DANIELLA

If you don't get me to a bathroom, the back of this car will be the second crime scene you have to clean up today.

HAUSER

Okay, okay, you don't have to paint us a picture.

(MORE)

HAUSER (CONT'D)
 (to Cooper)
 Let's take her inside.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

There's a fair-sized crowd, now. Cooper and Daniella, looking freaked out, walk a couple of paces ahead of Hauser. A PATRIOTIC STRIPPER works the pole.

COOPER
 We'll be right back.

Hauser sits down in the front row and smiles at the stripper.

HAUSER
 I will be right here. God bless
 America.

Cooper and Daniella walk off and into --

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They enter a gross women's bathroom -- dirty sinks, a broken mirror, a condom machine and two beat up stalls.

COOPER
 Please be a window, please --

She spots a dirty window high on the wall, held half-open by a chain on a hook, just big enough to squeeze through.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Yes! Come on!

As they head for the window, from the last stall:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Oh, my God.

Cooper and Daniella stop. His voice gets high and breathy.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Ohmygodohmygodohmygod.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Let's go, baby. I'm back on next
 song.

Cooper and Daniella have no choice but to walk past the slightly ajar door, through which they see a ROUGH-TRADE STRIPPER kneeling and facing a huge SWEET-FACED TRUCKER who she is giving a perfunctory handjob to.

Cooper grimaces, then points to the window and mimes to Daniella to give her a boost up with her hands.

As Daniella clasps her hands together, the trucker opens his eyes and sees Cooper's uniform.

SWEET-FACED TRUCKER
Shit! Cops!

The stripper bolts up and out of the stall.

ROUGH-TRADE STRIPPER
I ain't goin' back to prison!

She PUNCHES COOPER in the face, knocking her into the garbage can and flat on her back, then runs out of the bathroom.

COOPER
(weakly)
Halt.

The trucker pulls his pants up as Daniella helps Cooper up.

SWEET-FACED TRUCKER
I don't want any trouble!

DANIELLA
Then help us get out the window!

SWEET-FACED TRUCKER
What? But --

COOPER
Just do it!

He makes a step with his hands and gives Cooper a boost up.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cooper's face pops into view in the window. She sees something and her face falls.

COOPER
Dang it.

COOPER'S POV -- she's ten feet from the police cruiser with Dixon smoking a cigarillo outside it. He turns his head toward the window as Cooper disappears out of frame.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

DANIELLA
What are you doing?! We have to go!

COOPER
It's no good. Dixon's right there.

DANIELLA
So shoot him!

COOPER
I am not shooting a police officer!

SWEET-FACED TRUCKER
(freaked out)
What is happening?

Cooper gets an idea and pulls out her gun.

COOPER
This is gonna be real loud.

SWEET-FACED TRUCKER
Oh, Jesus. Not like this.

She turns her head away and FIRES TWO SHOTS in the ceiling.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dixon reacts to the gunshots and talks into his walkie.

DIXON
I've got shots fired. On my way.

INT. STRIP CLUB - SAME

Hauser is on his walkie, the Patriotic Stripper spread-eagle in front of him.

HAUSER
Copy that. I'm going in after them.

He tries to get to the bathrooms but he's swimming upstream as everyone heads for the front in a panic over the gunshots.

HAUSER (CONT'D)
Out of the way!

INT. BATHROOM/EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

The trucker pushes Daniella (who's still cuffed) up through the window as Cooper pulls her from the parking lot.

COOPER

Get up!

DANIELLA

I am trying! I am in handcuffs and
I have the body of a woman!

INT. STRIP CLUB - SAME

Hauser and Dixon get closer to the bathroom, GUNS DRAWN, pushing people out of the way.

INT. BATHROOM/EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Daniella is halfway up. The trucker looks up, distracted by:

HIS POV -- looking straight up her dress, getting a view.

He buckles and drops her and she starts to fall back down in.

DANIELLA

Ah! What are you doing?! Push me!

Hauser and Dixon BURST IN to see half of Daniella in the window. The trucker puts his hands up, in their line of fire.

COOPER pulls with all her might, but Daniella's hand slips and Cooper falls backward. Daniella catches herself with her elbows and her awkwardly squashed cleavage.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

Aaaahhhh! I am holding on by my
puchecas!

HAUSER

(to trucker)
Get down!

SWEET-FACED TRUCKER

I don't want any trouble --

Hauser SHOOTS HIM in the shoulder, knocking him down.

DANIELLA

(full-blown panic)
Aaaaahhhhhh!

Cooper finally gets Daniella out and down to the ground.

Dixon jumps up and grabs the window ledge and tries to climb.

Cooper sees his hands on the ledge and takes out her nightstick. She jumps up and swings at the chain that holds the window halfway open but misses. She tries again. No luck.

Dixon's head pokes through the window.

Daniella takes Cooper's nightstick and hits the chain easily, without jumping, and unhooks it.

The WINDOW SLAMS SHUT on the back of Dixon's head. His FACE SLAMS against the sill. He falls to the floor, stunned.

Daniella stands up, rubbing her sore boobs.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

Ay, that was worse than the mammogram.

COOPER

Those things just saved your life.

DANIELLA

It's not the first time.

They RUN to the car. They pass the cruiser and Daniella reaches in the open passenger window for the suitcase.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dixon is out cold. Hauser YELLS into his cell phone.

HAUSER

Targets have fled, sir.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - [INTERCUT]

Captain Emmett on his phone, closes the door to his office.

CAPTAIN EMMETT

What do you mean they fled? Does she know?

HAUSER

She sure as shit knows something!
And she's got all of Riva's money.

CAPTAIN EMMETT

Goddamn it. That's our money! Find them!

He SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE so hard it knocks over a half dozen Styrofoam cups on his desk, sending nasty brown liquid all over his desk and his lap.

CAPTAIN EMMETT (CONT'D)

Son of a --

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - A LITTLE LATER

The convertible heads out of town on a two-lane road.

INT. CONVERTIBLE/EXT. HIGHWAY INTERSECTION - LATER

The convertible stops at a highway intersection. The sun is low in the sky. They can go north or south.

DANIELLA

Where are we going?

COOPER

I'm thinking.

DANIELLA

If we go that way we can be in *Mexico* by midnight. I have friends who could help us.

COOPER

We're not crossing any borders until I know if they've involved other law enforcement. If I had my scanner or access to the internet I could find out.

DANIELLA

(cautiously)

And if those guys are the only ones after us, maybe we go that way?

She points toward Mexico.

COOPER

It's a possibility, but I don't have any way to --

Daniella reaches into a pocket and pulls out an iPhone.

DANIELLA
Okay, don't be mad....

COOPER
You have a phone?! Why didn't you
tell me?

DANIELLA
Because everything you see, you
"commandeer"!

COOPER
Give it to me!

DANIELLA
See?!

COOPER
Unbelievable and unacceptable!

Cooper searches for a webpage, but can't get a signal.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Of course -- no bars.

She waves the phone all around trying to get bars.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Come on, come on.

She stands up from her seat, holding the phone up high.

DANIELLA
(remembering)
I think it is in airplane mode if
that is important.

Cooper glares at her, then sits, changes the setting and does
a Google search. She clicks on a link and holds the phone up.

COOPER
Here, hang on -- this site streams
all the local police scanners live.
Here's Houston...

DISPATCHER #1 (V.O.)
...fleeing the scene in a red 1959
Lincoln Continental convertible and
has a civilian hostage...

COOPER
(clicks on a link)
Austin...

DISPATCHER #2 (V.O.)
 ...Daniella Riva, hispanic female,
 approximately 40 years old....

DANIELLA
 (offended)
 What?! *iHijueputa!*

COOPER
 (clicks on a link)
 Conroe...

DISPATCHER #3 (V.O.)
 ...officer Cooper is considered
 armed and dangerous....

Cooper closes the scanner app.

COOPER
 (very serious)
 I'm going to ask you something and
 I need you to tell me the truth.
 Did you call anybody?

DANIELLA
 No, you have been with me the whole
 time.

COOPER
 When you were alone in the car,
 when I was talking to Dixon and
 Hauser, did you call anybody?

DANIELLA
 No!

COOPER
 (looking it up)
 Outgoing call. Two hours ago.

DANIELLA
 I maybe made one call.
 (off her look)
 I told you I had to call my mother!
 I had to --

Cooper chucks the cell phone onto the highway. A PICKUP TRUCK
 RUNS OVER IT.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 Why would you do that?!

COOPER

That's the number one way we catch runners. Because they're stupid and they call people. But from now on we're going to be smart, okay? We are going to go to Dallas as planned and I am going to turn you and your money over to the DEA.

DANIELLA

What? Why?

COOPER

Because that's the last thing I'd ever do if I was dirty. But first we need to get a different car.

DANIELLA

(too emphatically)

No! We can't get a different car!

COOPER

(suspicious)

What's so special about this car?

DANIELLA

Nothing. I mean it has the, uh, *¿cómo se dice?* sentimental value to me.

Cooper's eyes narrow. She pulls a knife out of her belt.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Joder.

Cooper cuts open the side panel revealing BAGS OF COCAINE hidden inside.

COOPER

Ma'am, how much cocaine is concealed in the side panels of your personal vehicle?

DANIELLA

I think it is the neighborhood with the other five million dollars.

Over Cooper's shoulder we see AN 18 WHEELER drifting out of its lane, headed for the convertible. Neither woman notices.

COOPER

You're transporting drugs.

DANIELLA

No! You are the one who picked this car. I was just hiding!

The truck FILLS THE FRAME behind her, about to flatten them. Still they don't see it.

COOPER

I find that very hard to believe.
Of all the --

DANIELLA

(noticing)
HOLY FUCKING --

There's a MASSIVE COLLISION as the 18 wheeler t-bones the rear half of the convertible, jarring the car violently and sending a MUSHROOM CLOUD OF COCAINE into the air.

Cooper and Daniella look up at the cloud, dazed.

COOPER/DANIELLA

Wow./Ooh.

The cloud of cocaine collapses in on itself and RAINS DOWN ON COOPER AND DANIELLA in the car, coating them in white dust.

The TRUCK DRIVER gets out to survey the damage.

TRUCK DRIVER

Are you okay? I must have fell asleep and --
(then, noticing)
What the hell is on you?

COOPER

It's...baking powder, sir.

An ARMADILLO ambles over to the wreck and sticks his snout in a MOUND OF COCAINE and immediately CURLS UP into a ball.

The truck driver takes out his cell phone.

DANIELLA

What are you doing?

TRUCK DRIVER

I got to report the accident to the police.

COOPER

No, you don't. I'm the police.

Cooper dusts the coke off her shield.

COOPER (CONT'D)

See?

(then)

Now, I think there's no major damage here, so you're free to go.

TRUCK DRIVER

What? I totalled your car.

DANIELLA

Ah, it's fine.

TRUCK DRIVER

I have to fill out a report.

COOPER

I'll do it later.

TRUCK DRIVER

But --

Cooper pulls her gun on him.

COOPER

I said I'll do it later. All I need you to do is direct us to the nearest establishment where we can buy ladies clothes. Preferably at a reasonable price.

INT. STEIN MART - DRESSING ROOMS AREA - LATER

Cooper and Daniella are in the changing area of the southern discount clothing chain. Daniella is in a room and Cooper is by the three-way mirror, dressed like a stereotypical female detective: slacks, a matching fitted blazer, collared shirt.

COOPER

Whatever we buy we're keeping all receipts and I will properly reimburse all missing funds later.

DANIELLA (O.S.)

Oh, good. I was worried about that.

A BIG-HAIRED SALESWOMAN comes in carrying Christmas clothes.

BIG-HAIRED SALESWOMAN

I went ahead and pulled some real nice Christmas sweaters and vests we just got in.

COOPER
 Christmas is six months away. Why
 would anybody --

Daniella pokes her head out of the fitting room.

DANIELLA
 It's never too early to start
 thinking about Christmas.

BIG-HAIRED SALESWOMAN
 That's what I think, too!

DANIELLA
 (best friends)
 Oh, my God!

Daniella grabs the clothes and disappears back into the
 fitting room. The saleswoman exits.

DANIELLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We are wanted criminals. Try not to
 draw attention to us with your
 terrible personality.

COOPER
 I have a good personality.
 (then, adjusting clothes)
 Stupid pants. I will be sending a
 scathing e-mail to their corporate
 headquarters about their inaccurate
 sizing.

DANIELLA (O.S.)
 If nothing fits you we can check
 the tiny clothes *para los niños*.

COOPER
 I am not that short!

DANIELLA (O.S.)
 You are four feet ten in your
 lesbian shoes.

COOPER
 I'm five two and five-eighths!

Daniella walks out, wearing an UGLY CHRISTMAS SWEATER that is
 kind of sexy on her.

DANIELLA
 Ay, you look more like a cop than
 when you were in your cop clothes.
 Dress like a normal person!

COOPER
You mean like you? Look at that
sweater!

DANIELLA
Yeah, you're right.

Daniella takes off her sweater and stands there in her bra.
Cooper is a little stunned.

COOPER
Well, that's just not fair.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - SAME

JESUS and ANGEL, the latino gunmen from earlier, look up at
the sign for The Wet Spot.

ANGEL
We better find them quick or the
boss will kill us.

JESUS
Why are you being such a negative
dick today?

ANGEL
It's this thing with my sister.
First I find condoms in her purse --

JESUS
I know.

ANGEL
-- then I see her learning this
dance for Teresa's quinceañera.
She's sticking out her chest, she's
dropping it down -- she looks like
she works at one of these places.

Jesus stops him.

JESUS
Marisol is a good girl and she has
you looking out for her. She'll be
fine.

ANGEL
It's this whole generation. No
respect for themselves. I worry
about the future.

JESUS

You worry about everything. I wish you would at least think about going back on Zoloft.

ANGEL

No. It makes me not feel like myself.

They reach the door. They draw their guns.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

What if nobody knows which way they went?

JESUS

Somebody always knows, bro.

They open the door and go inside. A couple of seconds later, we hear the sound of GUNSHOTS followed by SCREAMING.

EXT. TEXAS OUTLET - LATER

CLOSE ON Cooper's black, standard issue shoes and Daniella's high-heels as they exit the store. WE then PAN UP to see Cooper in MOM JEANS AND A YELLOW SWEATER. Daniella, in a SEXY DRESS, looks more beautiful than ever.

DANIELLA

No one will want to drive us to Dallas with you dressed like that. You look ridiculous.

COOPER

No, I look inconspicuous.

DANIELLA

No, you look ridiculous. If anyone sees you, they're going to stop, they're going to say, "Look at that ridiculous person," then they're going to shoot us both in the head.

COOPER

What about you? I said we needed to dress down to avoid attention.

(re: her dress)

This is not dressing down. This draws attention.

DANIELLA

You are probably right.

COOPER

Of course I am. You're a very attractive person, Mrs. Riva.

Beat. Daniella softens for a second.

DANIELLA

I saw you in your bra, too. You have okay *guanabanas*. Why do you strap them down like that?

COOPER

I don't...it's normal underwear... Walmart's got a decent -- can we change the subject, please?

DANIELLA

Fine. Put up your wall.

COOPER

I don't have a wall.

DANIELLA

Please. You and three more like you would make a building.

COOPER

I just don't see how discussing breasts will get us any closer to finding a ride to Dallas.

Daniella notices a STRIPES CONVENIENCE STORE. A pickup truck has just parked. A grizzled good ol' boy (RED, 40s) gets out.

DANIELLA

(calling, to Red)

Excuse me? Mister?

Daniella walks over to Red, dragging her suitcase, adding, maybe, an extra wiggle as she does.

RED

Ma'am.

DANIELLA

We are going to Dallas. Could you give me and my friend a ride?

Daniella arches her back a hair, showcasing her chest.

RED

Oh, sure.

DANIELLA
God bless you.

She does a sign of the cross, then kisses his cheek, grazing her breasts against his chest.

RED
Slide on in. I'll be right back.

Red walks into the convenience store.

COOPER
I can't believe you brought a civilian into this situation.

DANIELLA
Why? I am a civilian and you brought me into this situation.

INT. STRIPES CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Red walks up to the zoned-out CASHIER. The LOCAL NEWS is on a TV behind the counter. A TV REPORTER prattles on as --

RED
Pack of Marlboro's.

The Cashier gets his cigarettes, slides them over.

CASHIER
Six forty-three.

RED
You're shittin' me.

CASHIER
I am not.

RED
Goddamn taxes.

Red shakes his head, then turns his attention to the TV, where a photo of Cooper, in uniform, is FULL-SCREEN.

TV REPORTER
...leaving two dead, one a member of the Houston P.D. Officer Cooper -- who stands at four feet, eleven inches tall -- was last seen with this woman, Daniella Riva...

ON SCREEN is a surveillance photo of Daniella next to her husband. She looks, naturally, amazing.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
 ...who authorities are saying was
 taken as a hostage. State police
 have set up highway checkpoints.

Red looks out the window at his truck, where Cooper and
 Daniella are getting into the backseat.

RED
 (to cashier)
 You got a phone?

INT. RED'S TRUCK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Red sits behind the wheel, with Cooper and Daniella in the
 backseat. Red looks ill at-ease. Daniella leans in to Red.

DANIELLA
 Thank you for doing this. You are a
 very kind man. My name is Shannon.
 And this is my friend Nancy.

RED
 It's my pleasure.

DANIELLA
 Oh, look -- and you're cute, too.
 (to Cooper)
 Don't you think he's cute?

COOPER
 I am not participating in this.

DANIELLA
 (to Red)
 Uh-oh! I think Nancy likes you!

Cooper pulls Daniella back next to her.

COOPER
 (sotto)
 We are endangering his life.

DANIELLA
 (sotto)
 Relax. He is in no danger.

The truck starts to slow down.

RED
 Police checkpoint up ahead.

They look out the windshield. Two STATE TROOPER PATROL CARS have set up a checkpoint. Daniella turns to Cooper.

DANIELLA
Okay, shoot him!

COOPER
What?

DANIELLA
Shoot him! Shoot him right now!

COOPER
Okay, you need to calm down.

DANIELLA
He will turn us in. Shoot him!

COOPER
Alright, that's it! I am through playing nice! No, I will not shoot him! Calm down and shut your mouth! Do not reach for my firearm, ma'am! I will handcuff you again! Do you want me to handcuff you again?! Be quiet!

DANIELLA
Tell him to turn this fucking truck around! They are going to find us, then they are going to kill us! Give me the gun, I will do it! Today has been bad enough, I don't want to die at the end of it! You be quiet!

RED
Officer Cooper!

They stop bickering, look to Red.

RED (CONT'D)
I got this.

EXT. HIGHWAY - POLICE CHECKPOINT - MOMENTS LATER

Red's truck pulls up to the checkpoint. A STATE TROOPER stands at a line of ROAD FLARES. Red lowers his window.

STATE TROOPER
A female suspect and a hostage have been spotted in the area. Have you seen anything suspicious?

RED
Nope.

REVEAL HAUSER and DIXON are also at the checkpoint. Hauser leans in, holding a PICTURE OF COOPER.

HAUSER
You sure? This is her.

RED
Nope.

HAUSER
Just you in here?

RED
Yup.

We REVEAL the backseat is empty. Hauser takes a long look at Red, then walks away.

STATE TROOPER
Move along.

Red rolls up his window and drives away.

INT. RED'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Red drives. After a beat, Cooper and Daniella appear from a secret compartment under the backseat cushion.

DANIELLA
Madre de Dios, it smelled so
fucking bad in there!

RED
Little smuggling hatch I built to
avoid the meddlesome eyes of Uncle
Sam. Reckon it's the first time the
fairer sex made a home in it.

DANIELLA
(to Cooper)
Why do you smell like a man's
deodorant?

COOPER
It is a unisex anti-perspirant that
targets my hot zones.
(then, to Red)
Sir, providing false information to
intentionally deceive a police
officer or inhibit his or her
investigation is a felony.

RED
Whoa, little lady. I'm on your
side. What happened back in
Houston? Drug deal gone haywire?

DANIELLA
They tried to steal our money!

COOPER
That is not accurate.

DANIELLA
And now they want to kill us!

COOPER
That is...less not accurate.

RED
That's the government for you. If they ain't in your pocket, they're after your hide some other way. They just slapped an ankle bracelet on my nephew, if you can believe it.

DANIELLA
Oh, I can believe it. Same thing happened to *mi tío Pepe* for stabbing some judge in Polanco.

RED
I bet that judge deserved it.

DANIELLA
He took his apple, so yes.

COOPER
Sir, I appreciate your help, but after we advance up the road a few more miles, I'm going to have to ask you to pull over so I can commandeer your personal vehicle.

DANIELLA
She loves to do that.

RED
My ranch is over yonder. It's a safe haven for folk like us. You can rest up. I even called ahead to let my family know we're coming. You two will fit right in.

INT. RED'S RANCH - DINING ROOM - SAME

Cooper and Daniella sit at the table with Red and his family -- TESS (30s), DAKOTA (20s), ZEKE (15), DAVY (14) and COTTEN (13). Red's scary friend JESSE (50s) sits next to Cooper.

DANIELLA

It must be nice eating with your family like this all the time.

RED

You said a mouthful right there. Family's the only thing left in this country you can rely on.

Tess and Dakota put platters of food on the table.

RED (CONT'D)

Thank you, Tess.

Red gives Tess an uncomfortable five second kiss on the lips. Cooper and Daniella react. Red then turns to Dakota.

RED (CONT'D)

Thank you, Dakota.

He gives Dakota the same kiss. It's just as uncomfortable.

DANIELLA

You seem like a very close --

Another woman, MOLLY (40s) enters from the kitchen with another platter of food.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck -- here's another one.

Molly puts the food on the table. Cooper and Daniella wait for Red to kiss her, but Red says nothing.

COOPER

So --

ZEKE

Thank you, Molly.

Zeke, the 16 year-old, gives Molly an uncomfortable kiss.

DANIELLA

Okay....

COOPER

Uh, Red, I lost my bearings a bit when we were in route to your ranch. Where exactly are we?

RED

We're not far off the sixty-nine, about a half hour from Frankston.

COOPER

Frankston. That puts us about a hundred miles from Dallas.

JESSE

(thick Texas accent)

If'n I sawr a gah frummin' Dall-y wisses pawls ahn fahr, I'n't pissen hissahs.

The table laughs. Cooper looks at Daniella, who shrugs.

JESSE (CONT'D)

(thick Texas accent)

Brung police atta m'hoam puddin' mongoo i'm'n unnerpans'.

The table laughs again.

COOPER

Okay, I heard "police," "mongoose" and I'm pretty sure "underpants."

RED

Settle down, Jesse, Cooper's one of us. She hates the government. Blew away a cop this morning.

COOPER

I explained to you that's not what happened.

DANIELLA

It all looks so delicious. Maybe we should dig in.

RED

Yeah...let's eat....

(then)

Who would like to say grace?

COOPER

I will.

Cooper clasps her hands and begins grace.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Heavenly Father, please bless this food you have set before us. We ask you bless it to our health and to your glory. In Jesus's name. Amen.

ALL

Amen.

COOPER

We also ask you to please forgive the people at this table -- who I think maybe are all brother and sister -- who fail to realize that our democracy is the greatest in the world.

RED

What?

COOPER

And if they have further difficulty with that, they can appear before a diplomatic officer, sign an oath of citizen renunciation and --

DANIELLA

(standing up)

Who would like to hear a song?

INT. RED'S RANCH - LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Red and his family watch Daniella sitting on a chair, beautifully PLAYING A GUITAR. She SINGS --

DANIELLA

(singing)

CUIDADO, AMOR/ HAY GENTE POR AHÍ
LLORANDO SOLEDAD/ SI TÚ ME QUIERES
ES MEJOR QUE VUELVAS YA/ CUIDADO,
AMOR...REGRESA YA....

She finishes. After a beat, Red and his family APPLAUD, then get up to hug Daniella. Cooper looks on, incredulous.

INT. RED'S RANCH - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

A small room on the first floor with one bed. Daniella is on the bed with her suitcase. Cooper looks out a bedroom window.

DANIELLA

What are you doing?

COOPER

Standing guard. There are people out there who want to kill us.

DANIELLA

There are people inside this house who want to kill you. You are lucky I have the voice of an angel.

COOPER

I had the situation under control.

DANIELLA

Do you want to know why people don't like you? You're prickly.

COOPER

Prickly?

DANIELLA

Prickly. Like a porcupine. Your stickers are always out. That is probably why you do not have a man.

COOPER

I have...had a man. Had plenty of 'em. Had a date with one two nights ago, as a matter of fact.

DANIELLA

And what happened?

COOPER

What do you think happens...when a man and woman...you know....

DANIELLA

Did you fuck his brains out?

COOPER

Oh, my God.

DANIELLA

Suck his dick and balls?

COOPER

Stop it --

DANIELLA

Give him a Pirate Key?

COOPER

I don't even know what that is.

Daniella holds out her right hand, extending only her pinky and ring finger. She then mimes inserting her fingers into a "keyhole," then turns her hand left, then right, then left.

COOPER (CONT'D)

That's horrifying.

(then)

It didn't work out, okay?

(MORE)

COOPER (CONT'D)

None of them work out. I seem to attract guys that...run away from me.

DANIELLA

Interesting. Here is another idea: You scare them away. You're prickly. You remind me of Cha Cha. An old friend of my father's. Cha Cha had a temper like you. He was also very short like you. He always looked for the insult in everything and picked fights to prove what a big man he was. It was a shame because if he had let his guard down, he would have done something with his life instead of dying the way he did.

COOPER

What happened to him?

DANIELLA

Some *gallito* cut him into pieces and fed him to a leopard. Or a jaguar. I forget which. Anyway, that is where they get the saying.

COOPER

What saying?

DANIELLA

"The man who feeds another man salt instead of sugar will someday find himself in the insides of an animal and then soon in the droppings of that same animal so don't do it."

(then)

It sounds better in Spanish.

Cooper notices something moving outside. She looks out --

EXT. RED'S RANCH - SAME

A GREEN FIGURE walks in the distance towards the barn. The figure is carrying a HEAVY OBJECT.

INT. RED'S RANCH - BEDROOM - SAME

Cooper moves to the bedroom door.

COOPER

Stay here.

DANIELLA

Where am I going to go?

Cooper stops, grabs her handcuffs and handcuffs Daniella's hand to the bedpost.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

Oh, I get it. The brown woman cannot be trusted so you have to chain her to the fucking bed.

Cooper puts the key in her pocket and exits.

EXT. RED'S RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper furtively follows the figure. It's a person in a green poncho and rubber gloves, carrying a PLASTIC CONTAINER.

The person enters the barn. She moves to a window and looks --

INT. RED'S RANCH - BARN - SAME

Inside the barn, the person joins two OTHER GUYS, also dressed in green ponchos and rubber gloves, working a SOPHISTICATED-LOOKING METH LAB.

EXT. RED'S RANCH - SAME

COOPER

Methamphetamine. They're making methamphetamine. That's an eight-zero-one. And quite possibly a whole bunch of three-one-nines.

She draws her gun, checks her ammo, then moves to the door.

INT. RED'S RANCH - BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper opens the barn door and walks in, smiling. The three guys, all busy cooking meth, don't notice her until --

COOPER

Police! You are all under arrest. Please put up your hands. Please step away from the apparatus.

They turn around and Cooper realizes it's Zeke, Davy and Cotten -- the teenagers from dinner.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 You guys are just kids.
 (softens)
 You know what? I'm not going to do this. So watch what I am going to do.

Cooper puts her gun away.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 There. Now we're just four people talking.

The boys all PULL OUT GUNS.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Okay. It's obvious there's trouble at home and I should be sensitive to that.

COTTEN
 Fuck you, bitch-ass cop.

COOPER
 All right, done feeding you sugar. Gun's coming back out.

She draws her gun. The boys start walking toward her.

ZEKE
 What you gonna do? Shoot us?

COOPER
 Please drop your weapons and stay where you are.

DAVY
 You can't shoot us. We're kids. You can't shoot kids.

COOPER
 Stop. I'm not going to tell you again.

Cooper backs into a a large, wheeled cooking apparatus, KNOCKING IT to the hay-covered ground. Immediately, the apparatus CATCHES FIRE.

ZEKE
 Oh, shit --

The FIRE SPREADS instantly. The boys try to put out the fire with water and dirt, SCREAMING FOR HELP the entire time.

COOPER

No, do not save the narcotics!
Follow me to safety!

One of the TANKS EXPLODES. The barn is now ON FIRE. The boys stop fighting the flames and climb out windows.

Cooper gives up trying to put out a flame with a horse blanket and runs out through the door.

INT. RED'S RANCH - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper, a little sooty, rushes in.

DANIELLA

What the fuck...?

COOPER

We're leaving.

Cooper puts the key in Daniella's handcuffs, unlocking them.

EXT. RED'S RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

The barn is ABLAZE. As Red and his family frantically try to put it out, Cooper and Daniella, rolling her suitcase behind her, run out of the house and towards Red's truck.

DANIELLA

WHAT THE FUCK?!

Cooper runs back to the lagging-behind Daniella, grabs the suitcase handle and helps her quickly roll it to the truck. Cooper tosses it in the truck bed.

INT. RED'S TRUCK - SAME

The ladies get in. Cooper finds the keys in the ignition. She starts the truck and hits the gas pedal.

EXT. RED'S RANCH - SAME

The truck PEELS OUT, passing the meth barn, speeding away. Red and some of the others run toward them.

COOPER
 (calling out)
 You will receive compensation for
 the use of your personal vehicle!

EXT. HIGHWAY INTERSECTION - LATER THAT NIGHT

The wreck of Daniella's car has been pushed to the side.
 Spilled cocaine is still everywhere.

THE ARMADILLO from earlier walks aimlessly in circles in the
 cocaine, "coming down."

ANGEL (O.S.)
 Poor guy. We should put him out of
 his misery.

REVEAL: Angel and Jesus checking out the wreck.

JESUS
 Nah, he just needs to come down.

Jesus fishes half a joint out of his shirt pocket and throws
 it at the armadillo who sniffs it and eats it.

Angel's PHONE BUZZES. He looks at it and gets upset.

ANGEL
Ay que carajo.

JESUS
 Is it the boss?

ANGEL
 No, it's my sister. Look at the
 outfit she just bought for the
quinceañera.

He shows Jesus his phone.

JESUS
 Wow, she is really developing.

Angel punches him on the shoulder.

ANGEL
 She's fourteen!

JESUS
 I'm kidding. Angel, you are too
 protective of her. And I think we
 both know it's because of your
 parents' divorce.

ANGEL
It was hard on her.

JESUS
It was hard on both of you, bro.

Just then, the HEADLIGHTS of a CAR PULLING UP illuminate them. After a beat, the DRIVER rolls down his window.

DRIVER
You boys need help? That's quite a wreck.
(then, noticing)
Whattaya got there, cocaine?

Angel takes out his GUN and BLOWS the driver away.

JESUS
Did that make you feel better?

ANGEL
A little, yeah.

They get back in the truck.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Red's truck is pulled over to the side of the desert road. The hood is open. Cooper is looking at the engine.

INT. RED'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Daniella sits in the passenger seat, stewing. After a beat, Cooper walks over to Daniella's open window.

COOPER
Not the engine. We're out of gas.

DANIELLA
This is classic Cha Cha. Why did you not let those boys make their crystal in the barn? They were not hurting anybody.

COOPER
I'm a cop.

DANIELLA
Yes, the worst fucking cop I have ever seen or heard tale of.

COOPER
 (offended)
 Don't you ever say that to me!

DANIELLA
 Whoa. I think I touched a nerve.

COOPER
 No, it's -- I'm a good cop, okay?

DANIELLA
 Please. I bet the only thing you
 have ever shot before is a ceiling.

Cooper reacts.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON A CACTUS standing tall, illuminated by HEADLIGHTS.

Suddenly SIX RAPID FIRE SHOTS pick it apart.

REVEAL Cooper aiming her gun at the cactus, about thirty yards away. Daniella stands next to her, plugging her ears. Cooper turns to Daniella and shoots her a smug look.

DANIELLA
 Let me try.

Daniella holds out her hand for the gun. Cooper hesitates.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 Come on, what do you think I am
 going to do?

Cooper hands her the gun, handle first. Daniella takes it, still facing Cooper.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 You know...a good cop would never
 give someone like me their gun.

COOPER
 (not breaking eye contact)
 Maybe not.

Another beat. Daniella smiles at Cooper, then turns and aims at the cactus and SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER.

Click. It's empty.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Unless, maybe, there weren't any
 bullets in the clip.

Cooper laughs, then holds out her hand. Daniella, a little
 egg on her face, hands the gun back to her.

Suddenly there's a BANGING SOUND coming from O.S. The ladies
 turn immediately towards the truck.

INT. RED'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper and Daniella OPEN the back door, REVEALING --

A scruffy-looking MAN (30s) face-down on the floor. Cooper,
 gun still in her hand, raises it at the man.

COOPER
 Police officer! Sir, put your hands
 up and exit the vehicle!

The man doesn't stir.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Sir, this is your final warning!
 Please exit!

DANIELLA
 Why are you so polite? Please? Sir?
 Just tell him to get the fuck out!

He still doesn't move. Cooper inches closer and kicks the
 man. No movement. She moves in closer.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 Is he dead? He smells dead.

COOPER
 No, that's alcohol. I think he's
 passed out.

Cooper puts her gun away, starts patting the man down.

DANIELLA
 What are you doing?

COOPER
 Patting him down for contraband.

DANIELLA
 "Contraband?" Does that mean "ball
 sack" in police-talk, because you
 are really grabbing him there.

Cooper makes her way down the man's leg until she finds....

COOPER

Oh, darn.

An ANKLE BRACELET. A small GREEN LIGHT on it BLINKS.

COOPER (CONT'D)

An ankle monitoring system.

DANIELLA

It is probably Red's nephew. He said he was under house arrest.

COOPER

It uses GPS software to triangulate the offender's exact location when he's outside the allowed range.

(then)

The police are going to find us.

DANIELLA

You'll admit now we have to shoot him.

COOPER

That should not always be your go-to. We have to get away from here.

DANIELLA

No, I have a better idea.

Daniella grabs a JAGGED ROCK from the ground.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

We cut off his fucking foot.

COOPER

What?

DANIELLA

It is how we freed *mi tío Pepe*. Yes, he bled out two days later, but he did it on his own terms with a drink in his hand.

All of a sudden, the man WAKES UP and sees Daniella holding a rock over his leg with a crazy look in her eye.

He SCREAMS and jumps out of the truck --

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - CONTINUOUS

The man FALLS to the ground.

MAN

What are you doing?!

COOPER

Nothing -- we're doing nothing.

MAN

What's with the rock?

COOPER

Nothing. Please calm down.

DANIELLA

We were going to cut your foot off.

MAN

What?

DANIELLA

Don't be such a pussy. I know what I did wrong last time.

The man gets up and starts backing away from them.

COOPER

Sir, I am a police officer.

RANDY

You're a cop?

DANIELLA

I know it doesn't seem like it because she is the size of a little toy pony, but it is true.

COOPER

You have my word we're not going to hurt you.

(then, to Daniella)

Put the rock down.

Daniella rolls her eyes, throws it down.

COOPER (CONT'D)

What's your name?

MAN

Randy. Where are we?

COOPER
I'll ask the questions, Randy.

RANDY
Oh, will you, now?

COOPER
What were you doing in the truck?

RANDY
What were you doing in the truck?

COOPER
Don't be cute.

RANDY
(flirty)
I think it's obvious that's not possible.

DANIELLA
Okay, *marica*, you had your chance.
It's jagged rock time.

Daniella reaches for the rock. Randy steps back.

RANDY
It's my uncle's truck. I guess I drank too much and went in there to sleep. I do that sometimes. Too much screwin' going on in that house to get a decent night's rest.

COOPER
Let's stick to pertinent facts.

RANDY
'Course if I knew you were there, I could've contributed to the hooraw.

DANIELLA
That is sweet, but no thank you. I am recently a widow.

RANDY
(re: Cooper)
I was talking to her. The one who doesn't want to cut my foot off.

DANIELLA
You were talking to her?
(sotto, to Cooper)
The drunk cowboy likes you!

COOPER

Quiet!

(to Randy)

She wanted to remove your ankle monitor. The authorities are probably on their way.

RANDY

Oh, shit. You gotta help me.

COOPER

I don't think so.

RANDY

They're going to throw me in jail.

COOPER

You broke the law.

RANDY

I took a nap.

Cooper stops, feeling a little bit guilty.

RANDY (CONT'D)

You said you're a cop. You must know how to get me outta this.

Cooper reacts.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - MOMENTS LATER

In a SERIES OF CUTS --

Cooper opens a TOOL CHEST in the bed of the truck....

Cooper finds a TIRE IRON....

And a CAR JACK....

And an ORANGE PLASTIC ROAD SAFETY TRIANGLE REFLECTOR....

She PRIES the ankle monitor open with the tire iron, just enough to slip in the car jack....

She CRANKS the car jack, SEPARATING it from Randy's leg until it SNAPS off....

Cooper puts the ankle monitor on the safety reflector....

She walks to the edge of a NEARBY GORGE and FRISBEES the reflector and monitor into a CREEK far below....

The ankle monitor FLOATS AWAY.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The ladies walk down the road, dragging the suitcase. Randy sits in the bed of the truck, rubbing his ankle.

RANDY

Where y'all going? Wait up. Hey,
blondie!

Cooper and Daniella stop, turn around.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Thanks for saving my foot!

The ladies start walking away again. Daniella turns around.

DANIELLA

She also played with your balls
when you were sleeping!

As they walk away, Randy looks after them, smiling.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - AN HOUR LATER

Cooper and Daniella walk through scrub brush, off the main road, along the base of a MESA. Cooper carries the suitcase. Daniella struggles to step over a bush.

COOPER

This would be a whole lot easier if
you would just take off your heels.

DANIELLA

(as she steps over it)
I will never. Stop being. A woman.

Daniella falls to the ground.

COOPER

Do you need help?

Cooper extends her hand. Daniella swats it away, gets up and dusts herself off.

DANIELLA

I can take care of myself. Besides,
I do not accept help from a person
who does not trust me enough to
give me a gun with bullets in it.

COOPER

Because you've been so trustworthy? You lied about your phone. You lied about your car full of cocaine. You lied about your suitcase. Who knows what else you're lying about?

DANIELLA

How dare you? We found this three million dollars together!

COOPER

Five! It's five million dollars!

DANIELLA

Shit.

They walk the base of the mesa. They round the corner, stopping in their tracks when BRIGHT LIGHTS hit them.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

We are saved!

THEIR POV -- a group of buildings GLOW in the distance. From the color and signage, it could only mean one thing --

AN INDIAN CASINO.

Daniella starts towards the casino. Cooper stops her.

COOPER

Hold on. We're still wanted by the authorities.

DANIELLA

Dios, you police are stupid! Do you know what that is?

COOPER

An Indian casino.

DANIELLA

No, it's a Native American casino, you awful person. Regular cops do not have the same jurisdiction.

COOPER

That's right. The Oliphant Decision. How did you know that?

DANIELLA

My husband mentioned it once. And it was a story-line on *Lágrimas de Tristeza*.

(MORE)

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

It's my favorite soap opera. Every woman I know loves it, so you would probably hate it.

COOPER

If we go, we have to proceed with caution. It's been a long day. I just want a simple spot to lay my head down and plan our next move.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Cooper sits, stewing. We REVEAL she's on a LOVE SEAT in the middle of a gorgeous suite. A Native American BELLHOP enters, followed by Daniella. The bellhop finishes his tour.

BELLHOP

...which leads us back into the parlor.

DANIELLA

Even more lovely the second time.

Cooper shoots her a look -- GET RID OF HIM!

BELLHOP

That should do it. If you need anything, please don't hesitate to dial "eight" and ask for Francis.

Daniella unzips the suitcase and takes out money.

DANIELLA

Here you are, Francis.

BELLHOP

(impressed)

This is a hundred dollars.

DANIELLA

Yes. On behalf of the little blonde boy over there, I apologize for fucking your people in the ass.

BELLHOP

Thank you.

(then, honestly touched)

Thank you.

The bellhop exits.

COOPER

You didn't get a receipt.

DANIELLA
 Eh. I will dial "eight" later and
 have him come back.

Cooper grabs the suitcase and rolls it over to a closet.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 What are you doing?

COOPER
 Locking up the money.

Cooper opens the closet, revealing a TALL SAFE. Cooper opens
 it and rolls the suitcase in.

DANIELLA
 Wait. Why?

COOPER
 Because I don't want anybody to
 take it.

DANIELLA
 What about me?

COOPER
 I'm talking about you.

Cooper taps a few numbers into the keypad, blocking the pad
 from Daniella's view, and locks the safe.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Look, it's late. We're an hour and
 a half outside of Dallas. Almost
 home-free. Try to get some sleep.

DANIELLA
 But I am wide awake!

Beat.

COOPER
 So am I.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - BAR - A LITTLE LATER

The ladies sit at a busy bar. Both have cleaned up a bit.

DANIELLA
 (to BARTENDER)
 A dirty vodka martini. One olive,
 one onion, one pepperoncini.
 (to Cooper)
 (MORE)

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 I know what you're thinking. "I really should not have a cocktail because I am still on duty --"

COOPER
 (to bartender)
 Whiskey.

The bartender walks off.

DANIELLA
 Look at you. *¿Quién es esta niña?*

COOPER
 If you want to ask questions, ask yourself who is going to pay for our drinks? We have no money.

DANIELLA
 Please. I have never had to pay for a drink in my life. I am not going to start in a fucking casino bar.

Cooper notices a BANNER hanging in the bar that reads "Quicksand: Live From Tribal Room." A PICTURE of the BAND is under it -- four young COUNTRY MUSICIANS strike cool poses.

COOPER
 Look: Quicksand is playing here.

DANIELLA
 Who are they?

COOPER
 A band I used to love when I was little. They sing that song "Don't Mess With Texas."
 (sorta singing)
 "Don't Mess With Texas!"

Daniella smiles.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 I know, I don't have the voice of an angel.

DANIELLA
 No, I just cannot imagine there was a time you were littler than you are now. How did you become a cop?

COOPER
 Why, because I'm so terrible at it?

DANIELLA

Jesus, relax. There's that nerve again. I just want you to tell me a story. I am in mourning.

COOPER

You're the opposite of in mourning.

Beat. Cooper gives up.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Being a cop runs in my family....

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - 1938

A SHERIFF stands the doorway of his PATROL CAR, gun drawn at a MAN standing in front of a truck full of MOONSHINE.

COOPER (V.O.)

My great-grandfather was a cop....

SHERIFF

Freeze! Step away from your personal vehicle!

The man pulls a TOMMY GUN and starts FIRING at the sheriff, HITTING him in the chest. As he falls to the ground, he manages to get off a SHOT, KILLING the moonshiner.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - 1961

A POLICEMAN walking his beat stops when he sees a BANK ROBBER run out of a bank, carrying a BAG OF MONEY. He gets into the IDLING GETAWAY CAR. The POLICEMAN draws his gun.

COOPER (V.O.)

My grandfather was a cop....

POLICEMAN

Police officer! Put down the weapon and exit your personal vehicle!

The bank robber OPENS FIRE at the policeman, HITTING him in the leg. The policeman RETURNS FIRE, BLOWING OUT THE BACK WINDOW of the getaway car, which CRASHES INTO A LAMPPOST.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - 1986

An EIGHT YEAR OLD COOPER sits in the passenger seat of the FAMILY CAR. From inside the store we HEAR GUNSHOTS. A STICK-UP MAN runs out.

After a beat, a MAN -- the same man from the photograph in Cooper's police locker) runs out of the store, chasing the bad guy. His arm is BLEEDING from a BULLET WOUND.

COOPER (V.O.)
And my daddy was a cop, too.

MAN
Stop! Police!

The man briefly stops at LITTLE COOPER in the car.

MAN (CONT'D)
I'll be right back, sweetheart.
Stay in our personal vehicle.

Cooper's dad runs off. Cooper watches, proud as hell.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - BAR - SAME

Cooper and Daniella as before.

DANIELLA
I get it. The men in your family
were all tough guys who got shot,
so you wanted to be a tough guy who
gets shot, too.

COOPER
That wasn't my point, Mrs. Riva.
Nobody wants to get shot.

DANIELLA
I think maybe a little bit you do.
And I think by now you can call me
Daniella.
(waits, then)
And I can call you....

COOPER
Officer Cooper.
(off her look)
Fine. Rosemary.

Daniella laughs.

DANIELLA
Sorry. It is just "Rosemary" is
such a terrible name. Go on.

COOPER

Anyway, since I was young, a cop was the only thing I ever wanted to be. I just never thought I would still be this cop. I wanted to be further along. Be married. Have a baby. Instead I'm...stuck.

DANIELLA

Why are you stuck?

COOPER

Because I'm a woman.

DANIELLA

That is bullshit. If you want more out of your life, you cannot be afraid to go get it.

COOPER

I'm not afraid.

DANIELLA

Sure you are. You should be like me. I do not let the fact I have a *cuca* stop me from living my dream.

COOPER

It's more complicated for me. There are a lot of men in my world.

DANIELLA

What, and there are not in mine?

COOPER

They don't exactly treat me like I belong.

DANIELLA

I am Colombian! Do you think it is one big ladies' night down there? No, but I use that as an advantage. There is nothing more powerful in a man's world than a strong woman. That is how I am living my dream.

COOPER

With all due respect, you're the wife of a drug dealer.

DANIELLA

(a little hurt)

There is more to me than that, even if nobody sees it.

Beat.

COOPER

Didn't you ever want children?

DANIELLA

When I was younger, yes. More than anything. Not now. Where I come from, babies are a liability. If I had a dollar for every child's finger a kidnapper has sent my friends in the mail, I would have ten thousand dollars.

COOPER

That can't be correct.

DANIELLA

Maybe I am off by a finger or two.

COOPER

Sounds like I'm not the only one who's afraid.

The bartender returns with the drinks.

BARTENDER

The gentleman at the end of the bar would like to buy you these.

Daniella smiles. They pick up their glasses.

DANIELLA

(to bartender)

What? This is so unexpected. Well, tell the gentleman thank you --

Daniella looks down at the end of bar.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

What the hell?!

It's Randy, drinking a beer, cleaned up. He waves.

COOPER

What is he doing here?

DANIELLA

He wants to put his face between your legs. Good, you could use it.

Cooper gets up from her stool and marches over to him.

COOPER
What are you doing here?

RANDY
Paying six dollars for a beer.

COOPER
Don't be cute.

RANDY
I told you, I can't help it.

COOPER
Were you followed?

RANDY
Is that all you have to say to me?
I could've stayed at the pai gow,
but no, I bought you drinks; I even
took a shower for you, and I don't
have a room so it wasn't easy.

COOPER
Good evening.

She starts to walk back --

RANDY
No, don't go. Stay. Have a drink
with me.

COOPER
You're a convicted felon.

RANDY
Yeah, but the good kind.

COOPER
There's no such thing.

RANDY
Sure, there is. My sister was
getting knocked around by her
boyfriend so I beat him up.

COOPER
That shouldn't be --

RANDY
With a baseball bat.

COOPER
A two-four-five-apple. Copy that.

RANDY

My other sister dated a similar piece of shit. One day I had to do the same to him. My mother, also not the best at picking guys -- it's kinda my hot-button issue.

COOPER

Well, Randy, for your own good -- and ours -- just stay away from us.
(then)
Good evening.

Cooper goes back to Daniella.

DANIELLA

What did he say?

COOPER

He wanted to have a drink with me. Let's get out of here.

DANIELLA

Why? You do not find him sexy?

COOPER

No. Well....

Cooper shoots a look back at him. She does.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I suppose he does have certain physical characteristics that I find appealing at some level.

DANIELLA

You blush my cheeks talking like that.

(loudly, to bar)

Someone hose down this tramp!

COOPER

I want to leave. It's late...I'm not sure I trust him....

DANIELLA

Again you are scared. You find excuses not to take a chance at work, and you find excuses not to take a chance with men. Stop being a porcupine and start being a woman.

This lands on Cooper. She thinks about it.

COOPER
What am I supposed to do with you?

DANIELLA
(sighs, then)
I can't believe I'm about to
suggest this.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL SUITE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON a HANDCUFF getting locked to a bedpost. We REVEAL
it's Cooper once again handcuffing Daniella.

COOPER
Thanks. I won't be long.

DANIELLA
Make him wear a condom. Even if
it's just mouth sex.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A la the OPENING CREDITS, in a SERIES OF CUTS we see Cooper
in front of the mirror, trying to improve her appearance.

She washes her face with HOTEL SOAP....

She puts some HOTEL CREAM on her face....

She LIGHTLY SLAPS some color into her cheeks....

She takes her hair out of her skull-crushing ponytail. It
stays in the same shape. She SHAKES IT out. No dice....

Her ponytail in again, she uses a couple of HOTEL Q-TIPS....

She takes a swig from the HOTEL MOUTHWASH....

She takes one last look in the mirror -- good enough. Then,
out of the corner of her eye, she notices Daniella's MAKE-UP
BAG. She reaches into it and takes out a LIPSTICK.

She puts it on, then looks -- better.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - TRIBAL ROOM - LATER

A large room with a DANCE FLOOR and BAR. Dozens of YOUNG AND
OLD PEOPLE LINE-DANCE to the COUNTRY BAND playing on stage.

Ladies and gentlemen...Quicksand. Twenty years has not been
good to them. They no longer look like their poster.

Cooper and Randy walk up to the bar.

RANDY
(re: drinks)
What do you want?

Cooper spots a SERIOUS-LOOKING SECURITY GUARD, making his rounds. As he looks her way, she grabs Randy by the hand and blends into the CROWD in front of the stage.

Just then, Quicksand starts playing "Don't Mess With Texas." The people around Cooper and Randy CHEER their signature song and prepare to line dance.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Oh, you want to dance!

COOPER
What? No, I --

RANDY
Come on, it's easy.

Randy and Cooper DANCE in step with the people around them. At first Cooper is stiff and embarrassed, but Randy helps her get the hang of it and she starts to enjoy it.

After a minute of song, the security guard walks right by them. Without missing a step, Cooper grabs Randy by the arm, turns him around and KISSES HIM.

She keeps her eyes open, never taking her eyes off the guard.

The guard walks off, his rounds completed. Cooper relaxes and keeps kissing Randy, CLOSING HER EYES and enjoying it.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL SUITE - A LITTLE LATER

Cooper enters, walking on air, WHISTLING the band's song. She hip bumps the door closed, then does a little square dancing step-and-turn into the room. As she slaps her foot:

DANIELLA (O.S.)
Welcome home.

REVEAL Daniella sitting on the bed, POINTING COOPER'S GUN AT HER and holding up the unlocked HANDCUFFS.

COOPER
What are you doing?

DANIELLA

Leaving. With my money. Open the safe so I don't have to shoot you.

Cooper stares at her, baffled, then bursts out laughing.

COOPER

Very funny. Give me my gun back.

Cooper starts towards her. Daniella COCKS THE GUN. Cooper freezes. Daniella walks over, everything about her subtly different -- the way she walks, talks and carries herself.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I don't understand. We're almost to Dallas.

DANIELLA

Going to the DEA would be *muy malo* for my business. That's why I couldn't let Felipe make the trip.

COOPER

(realizing)

You ordered the hit.

DANIELLA

I did. And that probably makes me a bad wife. But he got scared so he had to go. I only married him to get close to Cortez so I could one day take over his operation.

COOPER

You? But you're....

DANIELLA

Just the silly wife with the high heels and the big boobs? I told you there was more to me than you think. Open the safe.

Cooper walks over to the safe, stunned.

COOPER

You've been playing me this whole time.

DANIELLA

No. I mean, yes, but no. Mostly yes.

There are a COUPLE OF BULLET HOLES on and around the safe.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 Sorry about the holes. They got
 some good fucking safes.

COOPER
 (opening safe)
 You tell me to let my wall down
 then you steal my gun?

DANIELLA
 I know. But I meant that. That is
 what you need to do as a woman. As
 a cop, though, it was a big
 mistake. A real rookie move.

COOPER
 I told you about my personal life.

DANIELLA
 It's good for you to open up. Now,
 I have called my men and while I
 will not shoot you, I can't talk
 for them. So -- hand it over.

COOPER
 (boiling over)
 I. Told you. MY FIRST NAME!

Cooper swings the suitcase around and knocks the gun out of
 Daniella's hands, sending the gun flying.

THE GUN slides across the room and under the heavy dresser.

Cooper and Daniella grapple with each other. Daniella has
 the reach advantage but Cooper is like a relentless badger.

Daniella GETS LOOSE for a second and goes for the gun,
 leaving The LEOPARD PRINT SUITCASE between them.

Cooper runs after her, JUMPS UP ON THE SUITCASE and uses it
 to launch herself onto Daniella's back, knocking her down.

They scramble to their feet. Daniella has lost one shoe and
 now kicks off the other. Cooper assumes a jujitsu pose.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Come on!

DANIELLA
 Okay, okay. Just let me take out my
 earrings.

COOPER
 Yeah, alright. That's fair.

Daniella takes off one earring...and FLINGS IT at Cooper, who ducks, and in one fluid move, GRABS DANIELLA'S HAND, pulls her toward her and executes a maneuver that LANDS DANIELLA ON HER STOMACH with Cooper on top of her.

Cooper picks up one of Daniella's high heels off the floor and wields it like a weapon.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Put both hands behind your head now
or I will not hesitate to use this!

Daniella does as she's told. Cooper grabs the handcuffs.

DANIELLA

They will come for me. My men will
never let you get to Dallas.

Cooper's about to cuff Daniella when there's a KNOCK at the door. They both look up.

COOPER

That was fast.

DANIELLA

That is not my men. I just called
them five minutes ago!

MAID'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Latina accent)
Housekeeping.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL HALLWAY - SAME

It's Hauser knocking at the door, gun pointed in the keyhole. Dixon leans over an unconscious MAID on the floor, searching her for a key. Dixon's got a bandaged hand and face.

HAUSER

(Latina accent)
Hola. Housekeeping.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL SUITE - SAME

Cooper and Daniella scramble to their feet.

COOPER

It's Hauser.

DANIELLA

How can you tell?

COOPER
He tells a lot of racist jokes at
work.

DANIELLA
¡Pedazo de mierda!

INT. INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL HALLWAY - SAME

Dixon hands Hauser the key. He slips the card in the wrong
way and the LIGHTS FLASH RED.

HAUSER
(same voice)
I have the fresh towels.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL SUITE - SAME

Cooper tries the adjoining room door -- locked. She tries to
KICK IT DOWN but it's too strong.

COOPER
Dang it! It's too strong.

Cooper turns and faces Daniella. She wraps her arms around
her, pressing her face into Daniella's chest.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Hold on to me and don't let go.

DANIELLA
This is not the time for --

Cooper braces herself against Daniella's body and DONKEY
KICKS the door down.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL HALLWAY - SAME

Hauser slides the key in and out frantically.

DIXON
The other way!

HAUSER
The drawing is confusing!

They finally get the GREEN LIGHTS and enter the room as:

INT. INDIAN CASINO - ADJOINING HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Cooper and Daniella run through the adjoining room. Daniella has the suitcase. A FREAKED-OUT GUY in a hotel robe sits up in the bed. A PAY-PER-VIEW PORN plays LOUDLY on the TV.

FREAKED-OUT GUY

Who the hell are you? What do you want? That movie just started playing by itself!

Cooper and Daniella run into the hallway.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper and Daniella run through the crowded casino. Cooper runs in an extreme crouch. Daniella is mostly upright.

COOPER

Get down!

DANIELLA

I'm trying! It's more far for me!

Hauser and Dixon run into the casino, scanning the floor. They see the back of Daniella, pulling the suitcase.

HAUSER

I'll head 'em off at the exit!

Hauser splits off, Dixon continues after Cooper and Daniella.

Cooper and Daniella pass a BIG CROWD at a craps table. A DRUNK GAMBLER holds the dice out to Daniella.

DRUNK GAMBLER

Blow on these for luck, beautiful?

Daniella knocks his hands away, sending the dice flying.

THE DICE come up boxcars.

The TABLE ERUPTS IN CHEERS just as Dixon approaches, momentarily causing him to lose sight of Daniella and Cooper.

Cooper and Daniella are almost to the exit. Just as they get there, Hauser BLOCKS IT. He points his gun at them.

HAUSER

Hoo-boy. Gotcha. That's some good cardio right there.

COOPER

Think about this, Hauser. You've already killed a fellow officer.

HAUSER

Yeah, but they say it only hurts the first time.

COOPER

You don't want to do this.

HAUSER

You are so right. I'd rather be home working on my boat. But my supplemental income stream's been fucked with so here we are.

He COCKS THE GUN just as Randy approaches.

RANDY

(to Cooper)

Hey, I thought you were going to bed.

Randy sees the look on their faces and then notices Hauser pointing a gun at Cooper.

RANDY'S EYES NARROW. A woman in his life needs rescuing!

Randy dives at Hauser, knocking him to the floor and starts BEATING HIM MERCILESSLY.

COOPER

Let's go!

They slip out the exit.

EXT. INDIAN CASINO - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper and Daniella race through the parking lot.

COOPER

We need to find a ride!

ANGLE ON: a crowd of MIDDLE-AGED GROUPIES with big hair and lots of outdated denim waiting outside the dilapidated TOUR BUS that belongs to Quicksand. The lead singer WAYNE, (50, defeated) approaches, causing a minor stir.

WAYNE

Aw, thank you ladies. Glad to see you.

He signs a couple autographs and poses for cell phone pics. He scans the slim pickings, then talks to DOUG, the scruffy tour manager.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
You're killing me, Doug.

DOUG
Yeah, I'm the reason models don't come to your Indian casino shows.

ANGLE ON: Daniella spots the tour bus.

DANIELLA'S POV -- Doug lets some groupies on the bus.

Unseen by Cooper, Daniella peels off and heads for the bus.

COOPER
We'll find a taxi or a shuttle or --
(then, noticing)
Hey!

AT THE TOUR BUS, Doug searches the remaining crowd.

DOUG
Okay, I got room for one more....

Daniella runs up.

DANIELLA
I want to get on this bus.

DOUG
You do? I mean, yeah. Go. Get on.
Welcome aboard.

She walks up the steps. Doug watches her, then --

DOUG (CONT'D)
(to crowd)
Okay, that's it. Thanks, ladies.

He walks up the steps and the door closes behind him. The groupies walk off, disappointed just as Cooper RUSHES UP.

COOPER
(banging on the door)
Wait! Stop! Open the door!

Doug opens the door.

DOUG

Sorry, we're all filled up. Next stop's Dallas if you want to try again after that show.

COOPER

You're going to Dallas?! You've got to let me on that bus!

Daniella pops her head in.

DANIELLA

Do not let her on. She is a cop.

COOPER

I'm not a cop. I am a groupie who wants to get on that bus.

DANIELLA

She's lying. She's a cop.

COOPER

Nope. Just a lady looking for some action. Sex action! I'm talking about the giving and receiving of sex. Gonna...fuck all the dicks, and the balls...and...

(sticking fingers out)

...have a pirate treasure hunt. Up in someone's butt. This is supposed to be a key.

Doug stares at her, confused. Then:

DOUG

Yeah, sure, what the hell. Our bass player is into some weird shit.

INT. TOUR BUS - A LITTLE LATER

Cooper and Daniella sit in the front "lounge" area on a flaking leather couch near the BUS DRIVER. There's a sink, a mini fridge. It looks like the inside of a large motor home. The bunk area in back is cordoned-off by a drawn curtain.

A few other GROUPIES and ROADIES are on the other chairs nearby. Cooper clicks the cuffs shut on Daniella and throws a jacket over her lap to hide the fact that she's a prisoner.

COOPER

Now, you were asking before about the difference between protective custody and being a prisoner?

(MORE)

COOPER (CONT'D)

Well, this is you being a prisoner.
Because when we get to Dallas,
you're going to prison.

DANIELLA

*No se que es lo que tu madre te
hizo para que seas asi. Pero si la
veo en la calle, le voy a dar una
bofetada en la cara.*

COOPER

(gasps, then)
Okay, you don't talk about my mama.

DANIELLA

What the fuck?

COOPER

Yeah, I minored in Spanish in
college. Which is a kind of
learning place you and *tu estúpida*
madre never went to because you
both belong in *un burdel*!

DANIELLA

My mother was a saint!

COOPER

*¿De veras? Lo encuentro
difícil de creer. Porque
nunca he conocido a una santa
cuya hija se viste como
prostituta y que persigue una
vida criminal. ¿Como pude
haber sido engatuzado por ti?
Es claro que tu eres una
mujer de poca moral. ¡Y no
veo la hora de verte tras las
rejas!*

DANIELLA

*¿Quien carajo crees que eres?
Tu no sabes nada de mi.
Suerte que tienes que estoy
esposada porque -- ¡vete a la
mierda, yo no me visto como
prostituta! Por lo menos no
parezco como un gnomo en el
lapiz de un niño. ¿Poca
moral? ¡Por lo menos he
cojido en este siglo!*

Wayne and Doug watch through the curtain from the bunk area.

WAYNE

Jesus, they're fighting over me.
Doug, notify my doctor because I'm
about to experience an erection
that last for four hours.

He shakes a couple pills into his hand and swallows them dry.

EXT. HIGHWAY - A LITTLE LATER

The bus travels down the road.

INT. TOUR BUS/EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Cooper and Daniella sit in silence. A SMOKY OLD MOM (50s) leans across the aisle. Next to her is her adult SULLEN DAUGHTER.

SMOKY OLD MOM
First time bus bunnies?

COOPER
Excuse me?

SMOKY OLD MOM
You look a little nervous. It's my daughter's first time, too.

SULLEN DAUGHTER
Mom!

SMOKY OLD MOM
Not her first time in the virginity department. Just her first time as a bus bunny. I popped my road cherry with George Thorogood in 1983.

Wayne walks up, full of bravado.

WAYNE
Alright, ladies. Who wants to hear the story of how I wrote "Faraway Lies" while giving me a handjob in the rear lounge?

Cooper flashes him her BADGE.

COOPER
Sir, please return to your seat and stay there.

DANIELLA
I told you she was a cop.

Wayne turns back toward Doug.

WAYNE
Nice going, Doug! You really know how to pick 'em!

A POLICE SIREN cuts him off. Cooper and Daniella react.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
 Oh, great. Her friends are here.
 (to bus driver)
 Pull over, man.

Cooper looks out the window.

COOPER
 Those are not my friends.
 (to bus driver)
 Do not pull over! And that's an
 order.

BUS DRIVER
 But it's the police.

COOPER
 I'm the police. They're the bad
 police. Just go ahead and disregard
 them and go as fast as you --

BUS DRIVER
 (realizing)
 I saw you on the news!

IN THE SIDE MIRROR Cooper sees the police cruiser start to
 pull up alongside the bus.

COOPER
 Yes, well, the bad police gave
 false information.
 (then)
 If you could go a little faster....

BUS DRIVER
 (to Wayne)
 Said she was a cop killer.

IN THE SIDE MIRROR the cruiser gets closer.

COOPER
 Never broken a law in my life.
 (then)
 Maybe give them a quick one of
 these.

She mimes jerking the wheel to the left.

BUS DRIVER
 I think I should just pull over and
 you guys can --

OVER HIS SHOULDER Cooper sees Dixon with his window open,
 aiming a gun right at the bus driver's head.

COOPER
GET DOWN!

Cooper pulls the bus driver's head down just as his SIDE WINDOW EXPLODES from the gunshot. As they land in the aisle:

THE BUS LURCHES TO THE SIDE of the highway, toward the cruiser.

IN THE BUNK AREA groggy BAND MEMBERS roll out of the driver's side bunks onto the floor.

Dixon and Hauser VEER AWAY from the driverless bus.

ON THE BUS everyone holds on for dear life.

Cooper gets into the driver's seat. She struggles with the wheel but gets the bus straight. She GRABS THE INTERCOM.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, do not panic.
I have commandeered this vehicle.

THE CRUISER veers toward the bus. Dixon takes aim again.

Cooper jerks the wheel to the left.

THE BUS BUMPS THE CRUISER hard.

Dixon and Hauser are jolted inside the cruiser.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Ha! How does twenty-two tons of bus taste?

INT. CRUISER/EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

The cruiser pulls back to parallel with the bus.

HAUSER
Shoot the tires!

DIXON
I don't think that works!

HAUSER
Shoot the tires!

Dixon leans out the window and fires a shot into one of the REAR WHEELS.

The bullet RICOCHETS OFF THE TIRE and into the body of the cruiser, just missing Dixon.

HAUSER (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Huh.

Cooper clocks them in the rearview and tries to SIDESWIPE THEM again.

The CRUISER SWERVES, avoiding contact.

Hauser hits the brakes, letting the bus get in front of them. He turns off the siren and hugs their rear bumper.

DIXON
What are you doing?

HAUSER
Riding up in her blind spot.

The cruiser pulls out just far enough to drive parallel to the bus, inches away.

INT. TOUR BUS/EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Cooper looks in the rearview. There's no sign of them.

COOPER
Where did they go?

The cruiser pulls alongside, almost touching the bus.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Do you see them? Where are they?

Daniella looks out the side window.

DANIELLA
I see nothing!

INT. CRUISER/EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Hauser looks through the windshield.

HAUSER'S POV -- the tops of Daniella and Cooper's heads.

HAUSER
I'm pulling out to give you a clear shot at them. In three....

INT. TOUR BUS/EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Daniella still can't see them.

DANIELLA
Maybe we lost them.

INT. CRUISER/EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Dixon points his gun, waiting for his shot.

HAUSER
Two....

INT. TOUR BUS/EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Cooper finally stops checking the mirrors and looks in front of her. SHE GASPS and tries to swerve out of the way of:

ON THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY Angel and Jesus stand outside their truck. They've covered the road with SPIKE STRIPS.

CLOSE ON: THE SPIKE STRIPS as both the bus and the cruiser run over them.

EVERYONE ON THE BUS is jolted again.

DIXON AND HAUSER are thrown forward in the cruiser.

THE BUS STARTS TO TURN SIDEWAYS as Cooper loses control. It PINS ITSELF against the side of the cruiser.

ON THE BUS everyone is thrown toward the driver's side of the bus, which is now SLIDING COMPLETELY SIDEWAYS, pushing the cruiser along with it.

HAUSER fights the wheel to no avail.

The front end of the SLIDING BUS-AND-CRUISER combo is heading toward a concrete overpass support column.

ON THE BUS Cooper sees the column heading right for her.

COOPER
Everyone in the back! Now!

She lets go of the wheel and THEY ALL SCRAMBLE toward the back end of the bus.

THE VEHICLES careen toward the support column.

ANGEL AND JESUS react.

ANGEL
Oh, shit.

DIXON AND HAUSER's eyes go wide right before:

A SPECTACULAR CRASH as the cruiser and the front end of the bus make contact with the mass of concrete, FLATTENING the cruiser and SHEARING OFF THE FRONT fifteen feet of the bus.

ON THE BUS there is CHAOS as the remaining portion of the bus keeps skidding with everyone on it.

THE HEADLESS BUS slides on the highway sending SPARKS FLYING.

ON THE BUS, DANIELLA makes it to the bathroom door near the bunk area on the passenger side. She pulls the door open and goes inside just as:

THE HEADLESS BUS STARTS TO TIP OVER toward the driver's side.

ON THE BUS Cooper scrambles toward the passenger side and grabs on to the mini-fridge.

COOPER

Hold on! We're going to tip!

THE SMOKY OLD MOM braces herself with one hand on the sink, hugging her daughter close with the other.

DOUG braces himself with one hand on a lounge chair, hugging Wayne close with the other.

INT. TOUR BUS - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniella stands on the toilet and presses her cuffed hands against the ceiling, bracing herself.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

THE HEADLESS BUS TOPPLES and SKIDS TO A STOP with a LONG, METALLIC GROAN.

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Everything is everywhere and everyone is stunned.

COOPER

(weakly)

Please tell me none of you are
dead.

She looks around and sees everyone battered but alive. But she doesn't see:

COOPER (CONT'D)
Daniella?

She makes her way toward the bathroom in the back, which is now on the ceiling, since the bus is on its side. The door hangs open in space. Cooper looks up.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Oh, man.

COOPER'S POV -- the bathroom is empty and the EMERGENCY WINDOW is open.

EXT. TOPPLED TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Cooper pulls herself up and pops her head out of the open window. Angel is there, holding A GUN to her head. Jesus and Daniella stand next to him on top of the remains of the bus.

DANIELLA
This is where I say goodbye.

INT. FRONT OF TOUR BUS WRECKAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Angel CUFFS COOPER to the steering wheel of the sheared-off portion of the bus a hundred yards back. The flattened cruiser is wrapped around the concrete column. Daniella has the suitcase. Jesus and Angel's truck idles nearby.

DANIELLA
There you go. Now you wear them.

COOPER
I saved your life, like, three times today.

DANIELLA
And that is why I will not let them shoot you. But this is the last time I do you that favor. Go home. Find a nice man and learn to fucking relax, okay?
(to guys)
¡Vámonos!

They walk off toward the truck, past the cruiser wreckage.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
(re: Dixon and Hauser)
Ay, you don't want to see what those guys look like.

Cooper watches them go. As they DRIVE OFF, her EYES NARROW and she SETS HER JAW in determination.

EXT. HIGHWAY - HOURS LATER

With the same look, Cooper marches down the highway. REVEAL she's got the steering wheel cuffed to her wrist. She passes a road sign that says DALLAS - 11 MILES.

EXT. HIGHWAY - OUTSKIRTS OF DALLAS - DAWN

Cooper walks on, approaching the city. The skyline looms in the distance.

EXT. DALLAS DEA BUILDING - LATER

A dusty but still determined Cooper walks into the DEA building.

INT. DALLAS DEA BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Cooper sits at a table across from DEA AGENT FUSFELD (40s). A TWO-WAY MIRROR is on one side of the wall.

FUSFELD

That's some story, sweetheart.

COOPER

Yes, sir.

FUSFELD

Fifteen years working for the DEA, I have never heard such a story. Drugs, bodies, millions of dollars, dirty cops...it's got it all.

COOPER

So you believe me?

FUSFELD

When those cops were scraped off the asphalt last night, the FBI started an investigation. Your captain was placed on LOA. It's pretty apparent he's dirty. So, yes -- I believe you.

COOPER

Good. Then what's our next move?

FUSFELD

Your next move is to go home and watch me shake the Governor's hand on TV.

COOPER

I'm not sure I understand.

FUSFELD

Our case against Cortez is ruined. But his Number Two is dead. We take credit for Felipe Riva and declare a victory in the war on drugs.

COOPER

What about Daniella Riva? She has designs on taking over the cartel.

FUSFELD

Good luck to her. If she tries to go after Cortez, she's gonna find herself stuffed in a mailbox.

COOPER

There's more to her than you think. We need to bring her in.

FUSFELD

No, we really don't.

COOPER

Where's Cortez? If we find him, we find her.

FUSFELD

I'm not about to give someone like you that information.

COOPER

We have to bring her in!

Fusfeld gets in her face.

FUSFELD

No, you have to go home. Back to whatever toll booth you were working in before you strapped on a gun and pretended to be a real cop!

Beat. Cooper takes this in, then --

COOPER

I'm sorry, but are you fucking kidding me?

FUSFELD

What?

COOPER

Over the last 36 hours I have been shot at, accused of kidnapping and murder, pursued in a high-speed chase, punched in the face by a prostitute, swallowed by a cloud of cocaine, assaulted by teen meth-heads, survived a deadly bus crash and hiked eleven miles, through the night, with a steering wheel manacled to my wrist, all so I could come here and be told by you and your people looking at me behind the glass --

Cooper walks over to the two-way mirror, and YELLS to it.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know you're out there!

INT. DALLAS DEA BUILDING - BULLPEN - SAME

The other side of the two-way mirror. AGENTS are at their desks, not watching Cooper.

COOPER (THROUGH THE GLASS)

I know you're all out there watching! You want some of this?! Didn't think so!

INT. DALLAS DEA BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME

She turns back to Fusfeld.

COOPER

And you're going to tell me that I'm not a real cop? Well, guess what -- that's not me anymore! And that brings me to my original question, Agent Fusfeld -- ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME??!!

Fusfeld is a little intimidated. Cooper gets in his face.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Now tell me: Where. Is. Cortez.

Fusfeld reacts.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - NIGHT

An enormous, opulent, neo-classical room, with a colonnade of 35-foot tall Grecian columns.

A POSTER hangs in front. It reads --

QUINCEANERA
HONORING
TERESA ANGELINA GRISELDA ESPERANZA CORTEZ
THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON
FRIDAY, 5PM

A hundred tables are filled with PARTY-GOERS. Between two majestic staircases to the mezzanine is a stage with a DJ and a dance floor.

AT THE HEAD TABLE, RICH TEENAGERS dressed like they're going to a prom laugh and text and pose for pictures.

AT THE BAR the elite of the south Texas drug world are there. DRUG LORDS and their CREWS drink beer and socialize.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON (BACKSTAGE) - SAME

A few CATER-WAITERS in matching shirts and vests, enter and exit, refilling appetizer trays at a staging table.

TERESA CORTEZ (15), thick and tough-looking in an insane turquoise dress, looks annoyed as her mother PALOMA, a short, dour fireplug, fusses with her hair.

Members of her court (her CHAMBELANES and DAMAS) finish adjusting matching outfits.

TERESA
Ma! Stop!

PALOMA
You want to look good for your
quince or not?

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - GRAND ENTRANCE - SAME

VICENTE CORTEZ, an imposing brute in a five thousand dollar suit, greets guests as they come up the marble staircase.

CORTEZ
(to a guest)
Nice to see you.
(to another guest)
Thanks for coming.
(MORE)

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
 (to another guest)
 I thought I had you killed! I'm
 kidding, glad you could make it.

As this last guest moves away, Cortez leans over to his
 bodyguard EDGAR, who is the only guy there bigger than he is.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
 Seriously, I thought he was dead.
 Am I thinking of another guy?

Daniella walks up the stairs, stunning in a tiny black dress.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Dios mío.
 (then, hugging her)
 Daniella! So sorry for your loss.

DANIELLA
Gracias, Vicente. Sorry for the
 black dress but I am in mourning.

CORTEZ
 Of course. It is very...
 appropriate. And if there is
 anything at all I can do.
 (hitting on her)
 Anything.

DANIELLA
 If all the people are too much for
 me I may need to lie down later.

CORTEZ
 Who could blame a woman in your
 situation?

He kisses her hand. She looks over his shoulder at:

JESUS AND ANGEL, leaning against the bar nearby. They nod
 subtly toward her.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - BACKSTAGE - SAME

Paloma berates one of the *chambelanes* texting on his phone.

PALOMA
 Send one more text and it better be
 to your *mamá* telling her goodbye
 forever.
 (to the room)
 Where is my wine?
 (MORE)

PALOMA (CONT'D)
 (to passing CATER-WAITER)
 I asked for a glass of wine!

The caiter-waiter IS COOPER, wearing the uniform.

COOPER
 (not looking at her)
 Right away, ma'am.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - SAME

In front of the stage, Cortez addresses his guests.

CORTEZ
La quinceañera goes all the way
 back to the Aztecs. The original
 Mexican warriors. These were some
 bad dudes. Cutting people open as
 sacrifice. Playing *futbol* with
 their heads. My kind of people.

LAUGHTER from the crowd. AT A TABLE Daniella smiles. Angel
 walks up and whispers something in her ear and she nods.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - BACKSTAGE - SAME

Cooper watches Daniella's every move through the curtain.

CORTEZ
 But the *Aztecas* knew that there is
 no day more special than the day a
 girl becomes a woman. The last day
 she belongs to her daddy before she
 starts trying to belong to someone
 else. And whatever else has changed
 about the *quince*, that's still what
 it's about. So if it's okay with
 you, I'm gonna dance with my little
 girl one last time.

As the crowd WHOOPS AND APPLAUDS, the curtain goes up and
 Teresa enters with her court, walking in pairs. TERESA'S
 ESCORT hands her off to daddy and the music begins, a
 schmaltzy Spanish-language ballad called "*Besos De Mariposa*."

TERESA
 (whispered)
 I will kill you if you cry.

CORTEZ
 No talking. I need to count.

He mouths to himself in 3/4 time *uno, dos, tres* and they start to waltz.

ANGLE ON: Angel sits down next to Jesus.

ANGEL

It's going down after the waltz. We watch the staircases.

THEIR POV -- of MARISOL, a mature-too-soon stunner, dancing with one of the boys. Angel catches Jesus staring.

JESUS

Whoa, is that your sister, bro? I guess I haven't seen her in a while.

The boy's hand starts to slowly move toward her ass. Angel's hand starts to slowly move toward his gun. Jesus stops him.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Take it easy. Remember your breathing.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - A LITTLE LATER

The dance wraps up. Everyone APPLAUDS as Teresa and her court run backstage. Daniella walks over to Cortez.

DANIELLA

Such a beautiful *vals*, Vicente. Could we go someplace private? My heart is so heavy and I have nobody to help me hold it.

CORTEZ

I will be happy to help hold your heart, *mi hijita*.

They exit together. Edgar the bodyguard starts to follow but Cortez holds up his hand and shakes his head "no."

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - BACKSTAGE - [INTERCUT]

Cooper watches them go up one of the staircases and starts to walk out after but stops when she sees Angel and Jesus standing watch at the staircases. She has to go another way.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Daniella and Cortez enter a private office upstairs.

CORTEZ

Daniella. I am so sorry about Felipe. We almost cancelled this whole thing.

DANIELLA

No. It is Teresa's big night. We all must learn to move on. In our own way.

CORTEZ

That's right. Come here.

He holds her close.

DANIELLA

I just can't believe I'm all alone.

CORTEZ

You're not.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - KITCHEN - SAME

Cooper speed-walks through.

COOPER

Keep up the good work, guys, the *queso fundido* is a big hit.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - STAGE AREA - SAME

The LIGHTS go down. The kids cheer. The DJ leans in:

DJ

Who's ready for the surprise dance?

ANGLE ON: PALOMA pulling Edgar the bodyguard aside.

PALOMA

Where is Vicente?

EDGAR

He went to the bathroom. But I don't think it will take him long to finish.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Cortez sits on the couch with his pants off, the tails of his shirt covering his crotch, almost shaking with anticipation.

DANIELLA
Are you ready for me, *papi*?

Daniella straddles him on the couch, still fully clothed.

CORTEZ
I have dreamed of this day.

DANIELLA
So have I. And that is why I had
Felipe killed. So I could be
sitting right here.

CORTEZ
You--?

DANIELLA
He was weak, Vicente. He was going
to talk to the *policia* about you.
And I couldn't let that happen.

She reaches down between his legs.

CORTEZ
(can hardly speak)
You did that...for me?

DANIELLA
No, *papi*. I did it for me.

She grabs hold of some part of his manhood roughly with one hand while pulling out a HUGE KNIFE from somewhere on her.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
Now listen to me closely or there
will be two members of your family
who become a woman tonight.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - STAGE AREA - SAME

CURTAIN UP on Teresa, now in a silver outfit, SITTING ON A THRONE looking like a boss. The opening notes play of some hard Texas Latino rap like "Mexican Inside" by Juan Gotti. This is the "SURPRISE DANCE," a modern quinceañera tradition.

SIX STEP CREW GUYS come out on stage, three from each side, dressed in hoodies and MICHAEL MYERS MASKS. They take their places and do some choreographed moves as Teresa watches, imperious.

ANGLE ON: A BUSBOY exits out a side door with a tray of dishes as COOPER ENTERS from the other side.

COOPER'S POV -- she clocks Angel at the base of the stairs.

Cooper keeps eyes on Angel as she walks between tables, pretending to waitress.

COOPER

(to guest)

Hi, everything okay? Super.

(to another guest)

I'll get you a refill.

(to another guest)

Let me get this out of your way.

She grabs a small STEAK KNIFE and slips it into her pocket.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Daniella pulls a small, blinged-out pistol -- gold-plated with intricate carvings and a cartel symbol made out of diamonds -- out of Cortez's pants on the floor.

Daniella points the gun at Cortez.

DANIELLA

You guys and your pretty guns. You are all a bunch of girls.

CORTEZ

I have twenty men who will kill you the second you walk out that door.

DANIELLA

Poor Vicente. Always the last to know. I am taking over and they are all backing me.

CORTEZ

Impossible. They all fear me.

DANIELLA

Which is why it was so easy. That *gaucho* bullshit is a bad way to run a business. They were glad to hear I was bringing a woman's touch.

CORTEZ

I will kill all of them and send their tongues to their mothers.

DANIELLA

See, this is what I'm talking about. That is not being a good CEO. Get down on the floor.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - STAGE AREA - SAME

The STEP CREW take off their masks and hoodies and are now in glowing black-lit white tees. TERESA gets up out of her throne and starts to dance. SHE HAS SERIOUS MOVES.

COOPER is dangerously close to Angel, hiding behind a drape at the foot of the stairs. He looks the other way and she tries to go for the stairs, keeping her eyes on him.

She STUMBLES and lands flat on her face on the stairs, three feet from Angel.

IN SLOW MOTION Angel turns toward her and Cooper frantically grabs for a weapon inside her jacket. Before he spots her....

The song changes to a filthy stripper anthem like "Face Down Ass Up" by Fat Pimp and Teresa's DAMAS ENTER looking like strippers now, including Angel's little sister Marisol. They do a synchronized booty shake.

ANGLE ON: Angel reacting.

ANGEL
(knife in the heart)
Marisol?

Seizing the distraction, Cooper gets up and runs upstairs. Angel marches toward the stage. Jesus intercepts him.

JESUS
Don't do it. She's just doing what
the other girls are --

Marisol does the splits and makes it bounce on the floor.

JESUS (CONT'D)
Oh, bro.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Daniella stands over Cortez, who is facedown on the floor.

DANIELLA
As the new management of this
cartel, I am all about providing
options for potential employees.
So. You can either, A) be my front
man so the cops leave me the fuck
alone, or B) take a bullet from
your own gun in your ass. Both
positions are open.

CORTEZ
I think option "A" fits my
lifestyle better.

CLOSE ON: the doorknob turning silently.

DANIELLA
Great. Welcome aboard. Your life
will go on like before, except of
course for the money, which will
change to like, almost nothing
because it will all go to me.

PALOMA (O.S.)
Like hell it will.

PALOMA is at the door with a PEARL-HANDLED COLT .45.

PALOMA (CONT'D)
You're not taking a fucking cent of
my money. Vicente, put your pants
on and help me kill this bitch.

She FIRES AT DANIELLA, who dives behind the couch.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - MEZZANINE - SAME

Cooper hears a GUNSHOT and runs toward it.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - STAGE AREA - SAME

Teresa and the dancers strike a final pose and there's wild
applause. It's way too loud to hear gunshots.

DJ
Let's hear it for Teresa Cortez and
the *baile soproso*!! But we have one
last special surprise. *Señoras y
señores...Pitbull!*

Rapper Pitbull enters doing his Spanish hit "Bon Bon".
Everyone goes crazy. Teresa is shocked and WEEPS with joy.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

UNDER MUSIC: Daniella hides behind the couch with Cortez's
gold gun, EXCHANGING FIRE with Paloma, who is behind an end
table. The unarmed Cortez cowers behind the desk.

Paloma's shot NARROWLY MISSES DANIELLA. Daniella tries to
return fire, but the GUN CLICKS EMPTY.

DANIELLA

Mierda.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - MEZZANINE - SAME

As she's running, Cooper talks into her CELL PHONE.

COOPER

(into phone)

This is Officer Cooper, Houston PD.
I have a shots fired at the
Corinthian. Requesting backup.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - STAGE AREA - SAME

Pitbull has everyone going. The step crew and Teresa dance.

INT. THE CORINTHIAN HOUSTON - MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Daniella eyes the open door, just a few feet away. She decides to run for it.

COOPER ENTERS to see Paloma FIRE her gun at Daniella. COOPER DIVES into the path of the bullet, which hits her shoulder.

As she and Daniella hit the ground, Cooper shoots Paloma in the leg. Paloma crumples to the ground, dropping her gun.

Cooper scrambles over and zip-ties Paloma's hands.

COOPER

Sorry to shoot you on your
daughter's birthday, ma'am.

PALOMA

Fuck your whore mother.

Suddenly, Cortez comes running toward her, still nude from the waist down, unarmed but wild eyed. Before he reaches her:

Daniella THROWS HER HUGE KNIFE.

The KNIFE LANDS in his bare ass. He stops, stunned. He feels behind him, then looks at his blood soaked hand. Then passes out next to his wife. Cooper zip-ties him too.

Cooper shows Daniella the steak knife from her pocket.

COOPER

I had a knife, too, you know.

DANIELLA
That little thing wouldn't have
gotten through his fat ass.

Cooper takes out handcuffs and walks over to Daniella.

COOPER
Saved these for you.

DANIELLA
Like old times.

Cooper cuffs her.

COOPER
Like old times.
(then, realizing)
I got shot.

She feels her wound then looks at the blood on her fingers.

COOPER (CONT'D)
(proudly)
I got *shot!*

DANIELLA
And you are taking it like a man.

They smile at each other.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
My men are downstairs. They will be
here any minute.

COOPER
I called for back-up. They'll be
here any minute.

DANIELLA
Then I guess we will see who walks
through that door first.

A long beat as they wait....

OVER BLACK: "TEN MONTHS LATER"

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - VISITOR'S AREA - DAY

Cooper, in uniform, enters and spots Daniella sitting at a
visitor's table, behind a partition. She is wearing a PRISON
JUMPSUIT, showcasing her cleavage. She looks fantastic.

DANIELLA
Hola, Rosemary.

COOPER
 Office Cooper is fine.

DANIELLA
 Okay, Rosemary.

Cooper sits down, across from Daniella. A large FEMALE GUARD walks over and pours Daniella a GLASS OF SODA with lemon.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 (to guard)
 Thank you. If this is the caffeine kind, you are one dead big lady.

The guard walks off and stands by the door.

COOPER
 I see you're making the best of things.

DANIELLA
 Of course. Prison for someone like me? It is not so terrible. I am very connected here. I have the Time Warner. I have six rabbits.

COOPER
 So. You asked me here. What's up?

DANIELLA
 Look at you. All fucking business. There is time for that later. Pearl is making a big lunch for us. There is, like, eleven courses.

COOPER
 I'm on duty.

DANIELLA
 Fine. Here -- you ruin everything.

Daniella gives her a small jewelry box with a bow around it. Cooper opens it. It's a chain with a CHIPPED BULLET attached.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
 It's the bullet you took for me.

COOPER
 That bullet went through me. How did you get it?

DANIELLA

It was easy. I say the word, an hour later, someone is getting it out of a wall with a putty knife. It is my way of saying thank you.

COOPER

Well...you probably would've done the same for me.

DANIELLA

No, definitely not. But that is not what I am saying "thank you" for.

With some effort, Daniella gets up from the table, REVEALING that she is SIX MONTHS PREGNANT. Cooper reacts.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

You were right. I wanted a baby. What am I so afraid of?

COOPER

You're unbelievable. How did you...in a woman's prison....

DANIELLA

I told you: I am very connected here.

COOPER

How are you going to raise a baby? You have a nine-year sentence.

DANIELLA

Yes, nine years. For now.

COOPER

What does that mean?

DANIELLA

You think I am going to have my baby in America -- with your poor female role models and weak dollar? No, by my due date, I will be busted out and back in my country.

COOPER

Unless I stop you.

DANIELLA

Well, that could get messy.

COOPER

Believe me.

A beat of silent stand-off, then --

DANIELLA
Okay, time to go. Kisses!

Daniella starts walking back to the door, stops:

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
You know, when you walked in, I almost did not recognize you. You look different.

COOPER
How so?

Daniella smiles.

DANIELLA
Taller.

Daniella exits.

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper exits, putting the necklace on. She likes it. She then walks to her SQUAD CAR in the parking lot and opens the door.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

A male ROOKIE cop (Latino, 20s) sits shotgun. By the looks of him, it's his first day. Cooper gets in, STARTLING HIM.

COOPER
It's just me, Rook.

A VOICE comes over the RADIO.

VOICE (V.O.)
Lincoln Six-Four. Lincoln Six-Four.
Possible two-one-one on Brookside
Drive in progress. Please respond.

ROOKIE
A two-eleven. That's armed robbery.
Should I radio dispatch?

COOPER
No.

ROOKIE
Should I call for back-up?

COOPER
No.

ROOKIE
Then what should I do?

Cooper smiles, then puts on her aviators.

COOPER
Hold on.

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Cooper's squad car PEELS out of the prison parking lot, DIRT
FLYING and SIRENS WAILING --

Officer Cooper is ready to kick ass.

FADE OUT.

THE END