

# ***Bounty Hunter/Ex-Wife Project***

by

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EXT JERSEY CITY- DAY

Dec 21st. Clear sky, snow on the ground. Cold as fuck. With the sounds of laughter and music, we MOVE IN ON:

INT NEWSPAPER OFFICE- DAY

An office Xmas party in progress, not a pretty sight: tipsy receptionists laugh and spill drinks on the rug, red-faced reporters loosen their belts and burp cocktail weiners...

MOVING QUICKLY THROUGH THE PARTY TO AN OPEN OFFICE DOOR. Arriving just in time for the door to SLAM in our face.

INT OFFICE- DAY

A woman stomps back over to her desk and picks up her pen. MEET CASSIDY DALEY (dirty blond, striking, manic energy). Ink-stained fingers, notepads in every pocket: Cass doesn't have time for office parties, she's working.

Her door cracks open and STEWART (almost as good looking as he thinks he is) appears, holding a Kahlua bottle.

CASS  
I'm working, Stewart.

STEWART  
Come on, take a break. (enticing)  
I've got Kahlua...

Cass picks up a stapler and LAUNCHES it at Stewart's head. Stewart DUCKS OUT just in time. The phone rings. Answering:

CASS  
Cassidy Daley. Talk to me.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
It's Jimmy. Tell me you love me.

CASS  
Depends on what you got.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
I've got a confirmed place and  
time.

Cass is on her feet, excited.

CASS  
I love you! So, when? Where?

JIMMY (O.S.)  
You think I'm gonna say this shit  
over the phone? I could get killed.  
Just meet me at the usual place.  
Oh, and Cass? This one's gonna cost  
an extra hundred.

CLICK. He hangs up. Cass drops the phone, grabs her stuff.

INT NEWSPAPER OFFICE- DAY

Cass races for the elevator, Stewart hot on her heels:

STEWART  
Where ya going?

CASS  
Hooters. I go there for the hot  
wings.

STEWART  
Please. Nobody goes there for the  
hot wings. You got a tip.

CASS  
You got a hundred bucks on you?

Stewart considers this, then hands her 5 20's.

STEWART  
Now are you gonna let me in on it?

CASS  
Sorry. No can do. I have to protect  
my source.

STEWART  
You know what? We need to talk  
about our relationship.

CASS  
We don't have a relationship. We  
made out 3 years ago in the copy  
room. I was drunk. I was broken-  
hearted. I would have made out with  
the xerox machine.

STEWART  
Yes, but you made out with me.

CASS  
I have to go.

She exits. He shouts after her:

STEWART  
I want in on that story!

EXT STREET/JERSEY CITY- DAY

Cass driving like a maniac, doing the one thing she loves:  
TRACKING A STORY...

EXT DUNKING DONUTS PARKING LOT- DAY

MOVING IN ON- A BEAT-UP HONDA CIVIC (JIMMY'S CAR) IN THE BACK  
CORNER OF THE LOT...

INT JIMMY'S CAR- DAY

JIMMY (20's, goatee, Mets baseball hat, nervous) sits in his  
car, rolling a cigarette while he waits for Cass.

Jimmy puts the cigarette in his mouth and pulls out a  
lighter. Just as he flips the lighter open, HIS FRONT  
WINDSHIELD EXPLODES. A MAN HOLDING A TIRE IRON (MAHLER,  
heavysset, crew-cut, rarely speaks, all business) reaches  
through the broken window, AND DRAGS JIMMY OUT OF THE CAR...

EXT DUNKING DONUTS PARKING LOT- DAY

Cass drives into the lot and pulls up next to Jimmy's car.

CASS  
Hey, Jimmy, I...

She realizes he is not in the car. THEN SHE SEES THE BROKEN  
GLASS ALL OVER THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

CASS  
Jimmy?

SCREECHING TIRES behind her. Cass glances up and sees JIMMY'S  
BASEBALL HAT IN THE BACK WINDOW OF A GREY CHEVY. The Chevy is  
racing out into traffic. Cass throws her car into reverse...

INT CASS' CAR- DAY

Cass tries to follow the grey Chevy, but GETS STUCK AT A RED  
LIGHT. Shit. She looks around, decides fuck it, and HITS THE  
GAS. Her car leaps into the intersection. SIRENS.

Cass looks into her rearview mirror: A PATROL CAR IS RIGHT BEHIND HER, signalling for her to pull over. Up ahead, the Chevy is getting away.

Cass debates: pull over? Or follow the story? No contest. SHE SLAMS ON THE GAS AND HER CAR SURGES OUT OF FRAME...

EXT STREET- DAY

Cass' car SPEEDS down the street, A COP CAR IN CLOSE PURSUIT...

INT CASS' CAR- DAY

Cass is losing sight of the Chevy. She races around traffic and is suddenly HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE SIDE OF A MOVING VAN. She panics, WRENCHING the wheel to the right...

EXT STREET- DAY

CASS' CAR JUMPS THE CURB, CROSSES A LAWN, AND SKIDS TO A HALT ON THE FRONT STEPS OF A CHURCH. THE COP CAR RACES UP AND BLOCKS HER IN.

EXT CHURCH- MOMENTS LATER

Cass is out of her car now, arguing with a cop who has her by the arm:

CASS  
Let go of me, I'm a reporter, I'm  
warning you...

The cop pulls her towards his squad car. Cass leans over and SINKS HER TEETH INTO THE COP'S HAND. The cop screams.

FREEZE FRAME.

CHIRON: "24 HOURS LATER"

CLOSE ON- A NEWSPAPER COLUMN WITH CASS' PHOTO: windswept hair, head tilted coyly, smile that says "I'm on top of the world. Beneath the photo, the byline: "CASSIDY DALEY".

Someone whistles "We Wish You a Merry Xmas" as a MARKER improves on the photo: MOUSTACHE, BUCK-TEETH, PIMPLES. Then a MATCH enters frame, and SETS THE PHOTO ON FIRE.

VOICE  
Milo!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT CRYSTAL'S BAR/JERSEY CITY- LATE AFTERNOON

Holding the flaming photo, MEET MILO: rumpled shirt, messy hair, looks like he slept on the floor. The bartender (CRYSTAL, 50's, Eastern European) scowls at him:

CRYSTAL

What did I say about the fires?

MILO

You said "please set fires in my bar". Wait, no, that's not right. "Please don't set fires in my bar". (off her look) Ok, jeez, you try to get in the holiday spirit...

He drops the flaming photo to the floor, pours his drink on it, then GRINDS IT TO PIECES WITH HIS SHOE.

CRYSTAL

Shouldn't you be working?

MILO

That's the beauty of my job, Crystal. Tracking down idiots is something you can do pretty much anywhere. See, there's one...

He points to A DRUNK DRAPED OVER THE JUKEBOX, MOURNFULLY SINGING ALONG TO CHRISTINA AQUILLERA'S "I AM BEAUTIFUL".

MILO

And there's another one...

Pointing to A WOMAN TRYING TO RIP A PAY PHONE FROM THE WALL.

MILO

And there's...

Glances at the TV, which is showing LIVE FOOTAGE OF AN XMAS PARADE. Looks closer, recognizes someone, groans:

MILO

I don't believe it. That idiot. (to Crystal) Save my seat.

Tosses back his drink and SPLITS.

EXT CRYSTAL'S BAR- LATE AFTERNOON

Milo climbs into a Cadillac: dents, patches of rust, cracked windshield, bumper askew.

RACK TO: half a block away, A DARK SEDAN IDLES AT THE CURB.

INT DARK SEDAN- LATE AFTERNOON

The man behind the wheel (DWIGHT, large, babyfaced, Metallica t-shirt) eats a hoagie as he watches Milo get into his car.

DWIGHT

There you are, you dipshit.

He takes a last bite then tosses the sandwich and pulls away from the curb, tailing the Cadillac.

EXT JERSEY CITY- LATE AFTERNOON

MOVE IN ON- the parade we just saw on TV. Baton twirlers in Santa Hats. Men dressed like reindeer, pulling a sleigh. A boys choir singing "Joy to the World", the kids dressed like orphans that escaped a Broadway musical.

A beautiful scene, if you like that sort of thing.

RACK TO- the Cadillac, half a block away, cruising sideways into a spot just beneath a "TEMPORARY TOW-AWAY" sign. MILO climbs out of the car. Shoves his way through the crowd to the curb, cracking open a can of Pabst.

Milo does not like this sort of thing. He scans the crowd impatiently.

Meanwhile, THE CAR THAT WAS FOLLOWING HIM parks half a block away. DWIGHT emerges and heads for:

MILO, who has just found what he's looking for. The reindeer are passing him and he makes eye contact with RUDOLPH, who does a double-take.

MILO

Yeah, you. Rudolph. Come here, you fucking ding-dong.

Milo takes a step towards Rudolph and DWIGHT APPEARS IN MILO'S PATH, BLOCKING HIM.

DWIGHT

We have to stop meeting this way.

MILO  
Not now, Dwight.

DWIGHT  
You owe my boss money.

MILO  
(laughing)  
Hey, I owe everybody money.

Suddenly, DWIGHT PUNCHES MILO IN THE GUT. Milo doubles-up, gasping, then BRINGS HIS HEAD UP QUICK, CATCHING DWIGHT ON THE CHIN. Dwight goes flying sideways and MEETS A POLICE BARRIER FACE-FIRST. Ouch.

The barrier tips over, knocking over the one next to it. THE REST GO LIKE DOMINOS. Milo turns to see that RUDOLPH HAS DISAPPEARED. Then he catches sight of the ANTLERS, working their way through the crowd. Milo lunges after him and Rudolph drags other reindeer with him as he tries to avoid Milo. THE SLEIGH FLIPS. Santa tumbles from the sled. PACKAGES RAIN DOWN ON REINDEER LIKE SHRAPNEL.

All of a sudden, IT'S THE XMAS FROM HELL: BLOODY REINDEER STUMBLING AROUND, SANTA UNCONSCIOUS IN THE GUTTER, KIDS SCREAMING, PARENTS PANICKING. Meanwhile, MILO IS GAINING ON RUDOLPH, who picks up one of the packages and throws it. IT CRACKS MILO IN THE HEAD. Just what Milo has been waiting for:

MILO  
(beaming)  
I am so happy you did that.

Milo TACKLES RUDOLPH TO THE GROUND. Around them, people scream and scatter. One boy bursts into tears:

BOY  
That man is killing Rudolph!

SIRENS. Uh-oh. Cops SWARM the scene, surrounding Milo and Rudolph, GUNS DRAWN. The LEAD COP (GELMAN, short, over-zealous) steps forward:

GELMAN  
Release the reindeer!

Release the reindeer? Milo looks around. He's got 8 or so guns pointed his way and Rudolph gasping at his feet. MILO STARTS TO LAUGH. Gelman bristles:

GELMAN  
Hands behind your head, asshole!



MILO  
Take it easy, skippy, I'm just  
doing my job.

Milo flashes his ID. Gelman inspects it, rolls his eyes.

GELMAN  
Bounty hunter. Figures. Why don't  
you get a real job?

MILO  
So I can be like you patrol boys  
and sit around all day with my  
thumb up my ass?

Gelman turns bright red.

GELMAN  
What did you just say?

Suddenly, a sergeant (BOBBY, late 30's, obnoxious but  
likeable, Milo's ex-partner) marches onto the scene, takes  
one look at Milo and laughs.

BOBBY  
Milo Boyd. I shoulda known.

GELMAN  
Sarg, you know this asshole?

BOBBY  
Yeah. I know this asshole. Guy used  
to be one of us.

RACK TO- DWIGHT, NOSE BLEEDING, MELTING BACK INTO SHADOW...

EXT STREET- MOMENTS LATER

Milo drags Rudolph through the crowd towards his car. Bobby  
follows, shaking his head, bemused expression on his face.

BOBBY  
Look, Milo, I know this is a tough  
time of year for you...

MILO  
This isn't a tough time of year for  
me. It's Christmas. Who doesn't  
love Christmas?

BOBBY  
...and I try to be sensitive to  
your situation...

MILO

What situation? Being a man who works his own hours and has his freedom and lives the high life?

BOBBY

...because I realize you're unhappy.

MILO

Unhappy? Are you kidding me, Bob? Look at me: I'm the happiest man alive.

Just then, they come to where Milo left his car. IT'S GONE. Bobby squints at the huge "TOW-AWAY" sign:

BOBBY

That sign is pretty hard to see.

And with that, Milo loses it:

MILO

AAAHHH!

He rips the sign off the pole. Stomps on it. Kicks it. Tries to shred it with his teeth. Hmm. He doesn't really seem like the happiest man alive. Rudolph, to Bobby:

RUDOLPH

Take me to jail. Please?

INT BOBBY'S CAR- EARLY EVENING

Bobby's car is decorated with photos of his many children, all of whom look exactly like him, even the girls, poor kids.

Milo's in front by Bobby, Rudolph's handcuffed in the back.

BOBBY

Ok, I got one for ya: why doesn't Santa have any children? Cause he only comes once a year and when he does, it's down a chimney.

Rudolph snickers. Milo does not. Bobby glances at Milo.

BOBBY

So. Have you talked to her lately?

MILO

Talked to who?

BOBBY

Katie Couric, motherfucker, who do you think?

MILO

I haven't talked to her in three years, why would I talk to her now?

BOBBY

Well, for one thing, so you can stop taking out your rage on innocent bystanders.

RUDOLPH

(piping up from the back)  
Talk to her, man. For real.

Milo reaches back, gags Rudolph with his own scarf.

BOBBY

Do what you want. But this kind of shit will eat a hole in your intestines, you don't deal with it.

EXT POLICE STATION/JERSEY CITY- EARLY EVENING

They pull up. Milo exits the car, pulls Rudolph from the back. Bobby leans out.

BOBBY

Hey, why don't you come by the precinct tomorrow for our Xmas bash?

MILO

I'm not invited. I'm not a cop anymore, remember?

BOBBY

Fuck that, I'm inviting you.

MILO

I don't know, Bob. I'm sorta busy.

BOBBY

That's what I'm worried about.  
(sighing) Just...take it easy, Ok?

Bobby really seems worried, but Milo waves him off. Bobby drives over, parks by other cop cars. Gets out, mingles with some cops. Laughter, inside jokes. Milo watches from afar.

RUDOLPH  
You should go to that party, man.  
Seriously. You need it.

MILO  
Do I look like I need advice from a  
grown man in antlers?

Milo gags Rudolph and drags him into the station.

FADE TO BLACK. OVER BLACK:

VOICE  
Milo. Hey. Princess...

INT SID'S BAIL BONDS/JERSEY CITY- MORNING

Hazy pieces: a tilting clock on the wall. A battered metal desk. Filing cabinets, spitting up papers. A man, SID (wound sorta tight, Milo's best friend) peers down at us:

SID  
You're drooling on my sofa.

Milo unsticks his face from the leather couch, wobbles upright. Are the walls throbbing, or is it just him?

SID  
You do have an apartment, don't  
you? With a bed of some kind?

Milo grunts. Sid hands him a coffee.

SID  
Heard you shut down 5th Street  
yesterday. Gave every kid in the  
county the gift of nightmares.

MILO  
Hey, I'm a giving kind of guy.  
Anyway, what do you care? I brought  
your guy in, right?

Milo holds out his hand, palm up. Sid COUNTS MONEY INTO HIS PALM.

EXT SID'S BAIL BONDS/JERSEY CITY- MORNING

Swearing under his breath, Sid is trying to stuff a Xmas tree into the back of a station wagon. At least half of the tree is hanging out of the back. Milo drinks a beer and watches.

SID  
You gonna give me a hand, or just  
stand there killing your liver?

MILO  
Is that a trick question?

Sid glares at him. Milo sighs, puts down his beer, and grabs  
part of the tree.

SID  
So I told her, fine, I'd handle  
Xmas this year. I mean, what's to  
handle? You buy a tree, some gifts,  
cook a ham, hang some lights. An  
idiot could do it.

MILO  
Well, we'll soon find out.

Sid checks him out.

SID  
You have plans for the holiday?

MILO  
The usual.

SID  
Gonna drink some cheap whiskey and  
put your fist through a wall?

MILO  
Jealous?

The tree is definitely not going to fit. They let it go, and  
Sid pulls out a small hand saw.

SID  
Then forget it.

MILO  
Forget what?

SID  
I've got an open bond, but your  
thing sounds like more fun. I'll  
give it to Doug instead.

Sid starts hacking away at the tree.

MILO

Whoa. Hold up, Heidi. What the fuck. I want the job, I'm in the hole.

SID

You're always in the hole.

MILO

What's your point?

SID

(sighing)

The truth is, I'm not sure you're the right person for this job. It could be a total disaster. On the other hand, when one friend sees another friend stagnating in his own filth, he has to do something, right?

MILO

Hey. I just woke up. I was gonna shower.

Sid drops the saw. With one final shove, the tree is in. Phew. Sid slams the back shut.

SID

Ok. But remember: you asked for it.

He reaches into his pocket and extracts A FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER. Hands it to Milo. Milo unfolds it, gives it a quick look. A second look. A third.

TIME STOPS. THE WHOLE STREET GOES SILENT.

MILO

No.

SID

Yes.

MILO

No.

SID

Yes.

MILO

No.

SID

Are we done yet?

MILO  
Is this a joke? Because if it is,  
I'm gonna have to kill you.

SID  
It's not a joke.

MILO  
She got arrested? And then she  
jumped bail?

SID  
Apparently the whole thing started  
with some reckless driving, and  
ended with her assaulting a police  
officer.

Milo gives him a questioning look.

SID  
(explaining)  
She bit him.

Milo snorts.

MILO  
Yeah. That sounds like her.  
But here's my question: why the  
hell did you post her bail?

SID  
Hey, I know she dumped you...

MILO  
Whoa. She did not "dump me".

SID  
(quickly)  
Ok, whatever, I...

MILO  
No, not "whatever". I dumped her.

SID  
The point is, I'm aware you guys  
have issues, but I'm running a  
business here. A person needs bail,  
I don't have time to check with you  
first.

MILO  
Well, had you checked with me  
first, you wouldn't be out of a  
bond right now.

SID  
I'm not out of a bond if you go  
pick her up. It's five grand to  
bring her back by 9am, Xmas day.

MILO  
(slowly)  
You're telling me it's five grand  
to go pick up my ex-wife and bring  
her to jail. (beat) On Xmas.

SID  
You're a good listener.

Milo takes a deep, calming breath. Then he EXPLODES into whoops and hollers. He throws himself into a snow bank and thrashes around. He does a Fred Astaire around a lamp post.

SID  
I take it you're interested.

Milo grabs Sid and pulls him into a crushing bear hug.

MILO  
I love you! You're the best friend  
a guy could ever have!

SID  
Ok, take it easy...

TERESA (mid 40's, overly made-up, popping gum) pokes her head out the front door:

TERESA  
Sid, you got a DUI on line one.  
(off their looks) What's going on?

Milo drops Sid, grabs Teresa, and gives HER A LONG, INTENSE KISS. He releases her. She stumbles back a bit.

TERESA  
Ok. (beat) Can I have my gum back?

MILO  
Right. Sorry.

He reaches into his mouth, extracts her gum and hands it to her. She retreats back inside. Milo beams at Sid.

MILO  
You know what this is, don't you?  
Karma! Payback! You know how they  
say "What goes around comes  
around"? Turns out it's true!  
(MORE)



MILO (cont'd)  
 (checking the paper) That middle  
 initial stands for Rhonda, by the  
 way. She tells people it stands for  
 "Rachel", but that's a lie.

Sid shakes his head.

SID  
 I can't believe you guys broke up  
 over a stupid article.

MILO  
 We didn't break up over a stupid  
 article. We broke up because she is  
 a cheating, manipulative liar.

SID  
 Are you sure you can handle this?

MILO  
 Why wouldn't I be able to handle  
 this?

SID  
 Let's face it: you're not exactly  
 rational around her. I mean, if I  
 was a cop working a case and some  
 reporter came snooping around, I'd  
 say "no comment". Not "no comment,  
 but care for a cocktail"? And then  
 a month later, running off to some  
 love shack called "Caveman's Cabin"  
 and tying the knot? Who does that?

MILO  
 That's not even close to what  
 happened. For one thing, it was  
 called "Cupid's Cabin". And for  
 another, that was before I knew how  
 conniving she was. Now I know. So  
 all I have to do is track her down,  
 cuff her up, and bring her in.  
 (checking his watch) And I've got,  
 what, two days? Shit, man. Easy as  
pie.

Famous last words. Sid is regretting his decision as he  
 watches Milo go dancing down the street...

CHIRON: "DEC 23RD. 9:00AM. 48 HOURS TO GO."

With the sound of multiple ringing phones, cut to:

INT WAREHOUSE/ATLANTIC CITY- DAY

QUICK TRACKING SHOT OF LORRAINE (50's, bleached blond, built like a trucker), as she talks on the phone and paces the room, giving us glimpses of a major illegal bookie operation: TV screens everywhere, a huge blackboard posting odds, men on computers, several heavily armed private security guards...

LORRAINE

(into phone)

You tell him I know where he lives.  
I know where his bimbo wife takes  
her yoga classes, I know where his  
idiot son shoplifts after school,  
so he can pay me my money or...

She comes to a sudden stop at:

LORRAINE

What the hell happened to you?

REVEAL DWIGHT, the guy who tried to collect from Milo,  
SPORTING TWO BLACK EYES AND A BROKEN NOSE.

DWIGHT

Milo Boyd. Fucker head-butted me.

LORRAINE

(not interested)

Yeah? Did you get the money?

He did not. Lorraine scowls. "LUCK BE A LADY" KICKS IN:

EXT- DAY

Milo gets his car out of impound.

INT BARBERSHOP- DAY

Milo gets a cut and a shave.

EXT BARBERSHOP- DAY

Milo gets his shoes shined.

INT MILO'S APT- DAY

A freshly showered and shaved Milo packs for the job, singing  
at the top of his lungs:

MILO  
Luck be a lady...

He puts an empty duffle on the bed and starts filling it:  
MACE, PEPPER SPRAY, TASER GUN, HANDCUFFS...

MILO  
Toooo....NIIIIIGHT!

He stares at his collection and smiles:

MILO  
(to his weapons)  
I told you this day would come.

Milo zips up the bag.

EXT MILO'S APT- DAY

Milo tosses the duffle in the backseat. He pulls out the job sheet and inspects it. CASS' CELL PHONE NUMBER IS LISTED. Pulls out his cell phone, then hesitates. He glances around and sees a PAY PHONE ACROSS THE WAY.

Pockets his cell phone and crosses to the pay phone.

EXT STREET- DAY

CASS, expensive leather jacket, boots, dark glasses, trying to be incognito. Hurrying towards her car when she sees SOME COPS EXIT A DINER up ahead. She slips into a doorway, waiting for them to pass, when her phone rings.

She checks it ("PAY PHONE") and answers:

CASS  
Jimmy?

SPLIT-SCREEN

Nope, NOT JIMMY. Milo doesn't speak. Cass listens for a moment. She can hear breathing. What the fuck? An evil grin crosses Milo's face. Cass goes pale.

Milo takes a step forward. Cass takes a step back. Milo LUNGES and CASS DROPS HER PHONE AND BOLTS OUT OF FRAME.

EXT PAY PHONE- DAY

Milo smirks at the receiver.

MILO  
You better run, you crazy bitch.

INT SID'S BAIL BOND'S- DAY

Sid shuts his door, then speaks into his phone, low:

SID  
Yeah. He took the job. But if this  
thing goes bad, I'm blaming you.

He hangs up.

EXT STREET- DAY

Milo sips from a coffee cup and watches:

MILO'S POV- THE FRONT DOOR OF A FANCY BROWNSTONE. A woman  
with a toy poodle emerges from the building, struggling with  
the heavy door..

EXT BROWNSTONE- DAY

Milo appears next to the woman and holds the door for her:

MILO  
Nice dog. Very compact.

The woman exits and Milo enters.

CLOSE ON- PANNING SHOT PAST DOORS: 301, 302, 303...

INT APT HALLWAY- DAY

Milo stops in front of 303, and knocks on the door.

MILO  
Candygram.

No answer. Milo glances around, then works the lock...

INT APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Milo slips inside, pulling the door shut behind him. It's  
dark and quiet. He glides through the room, scoping it out.  
The place is huge, white rug and couch, flat screen TV.

And lining the bookshelves are FRAMED ARTICLES, AWARDS,  
PHOTOS OF CASS WITH VARIOUS PUBLIC FIGURES: the home of a  
successful and dedicated journalist.

Milo is halfway across the room when he realizes he has left a set of MUDDY PRINTS across the formerly pristine white rug.

MILO

Whoops.

EXT APARTMENT/BACK DOOR- DAY

Cass enters frame. Nervous looks all around as she tries the knob. Surprise: THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN. She hesitates.

INT APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM- DAY

NOW THERE ARE FOOTPRINTS CRISS-CROSSING THE FLOOR, RUNNING UP OVER THE COUCH, ETC. Looks like Milo had a little field day here. He is taking a closer look at the shelves: no photos of a boyfriend, family, pets: IT'S ALL WORK.

He picks up one of the framed articles with the headline "LOCAL REPORTER WINS AWARD FOR BREAKING UP 13TH STREET DRUG RING". There's a photo of CASS SHAKING HANDS WITH THE AN IMPORTANT-LOOKING OFFICIAL.

Milo's face clouds over.

INT APARTMENT/KITCHEN- SIMULTANEOUS

Cass slips inside and the door swings shut behind her with a soft CLICK.

INT APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM- DAY

Milo's head whips around. SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN. Big grin as he replaces the frame and draws his gun. A couple careful steps across the room and a floorboard CREAKS.

INT APARTMENT/KITCHEN- SIMULTANEOUS

Cass startles. SOMEONE'S IN THE LIVING-ROOM. Grabs a heavy saucepan off the stove. Grips it like a weapon, soft-foots it towards the hallway...

INT APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM- DAY

Milo reaches the hallway entrance. Positions himself up against the wall, waiting...

INT APARTMENT/HALLWAY- SIMULTANEOUS

Cass tiptoes down the hallway, saucepan at the ready...

INT APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM- DAY

Milo holds his breath. A SHADOWY FIGURE STEPS INTO THE ROOM.  
Milo puts his gun to their head:

MILO  
'Allo, love.

RACK TO- THE PERSON'S FACE. IT'S NOT CASS, IT'S STEWART.

INT APARTMENT/HALLWAY- SIMULTANEOUS

Cass takes a breath and LUNGES...

INT APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM- DAY

...SWINGING THE PAN, SCREAMING LIKE A BANSHEE:

CASS  
HIIIIII-YAAAA!!!

THE PAN CONNECTS SOLIDLY WITH A CAT. Cat goes flying, bounces off wall, lands on the coffee table, fangs bared.

CASS  
Whoops.

So, if we didn't know already: CASS AND MILO ARE IN DIFFERENT APARTMENTS.

INT CASS' APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM- DAY

Stewart is trying to explain himself to a skeptical Milo:

STEWART  
(poor liar)  
...so, I heard a noise in here and became concerned...

MILO  
Wrong. Try again.

STEWART  
Ok, the truth is she asked me to pick up her dry-cleaning...

Milo just waits.

STEWART

(cracking)

Ok, Ok, look, she's working a big story that was supposed to be mine, and I want it back.

Milo considers this.

MILO

You sleeping with her, Stu?

STEWART

(turning red)

You mean, like, at this moment?

MILO

Yeah, that's what I mean. Are you sleeping with her at this very moment?

STEWART

We have a history, yes.

MILO

A "history", huh? (snorting) Good luck with that.

INT JIMMY'S APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM- DAY

Cass tries to coax the terrified cat out from under the sofa:

CASS

Here, kitty kitty...

Suddenly the LANDLADY (as wide as she is tall) pops her head in the door, startling Cass:

CASS

Aahh!

LANDLADY

You're not Jimmy.

CASS

(recovering quickly)

Oh. No. I'm looking for him.

LANDLADY

Under the sofa?

CASS  
 Maybe you can help. I'm his  
 girlfriend.

LANDLADY  
 (skeptical)  
 You're LaKeesha?

Oh. Whoops.

CASS  
 Yes. That's my name. LaKeesha.

LANDLADY  
 Maybe I should call the cops.

CASS  
 Wait! Ok, look: Jimmy's in trouble.

LANDLADY  
 What kind of trouble? Money  
 trouble? Drug trouble? (lower) Sex-  
 change trouble?

"Sex-change trouble"?

CASS  
 Something like that. All I know is,  
 he's missing.

LANDLADY  
 I've had a lousy week, too. My  
 cousin Linda fell off a cruise  
 ship.

CASS  
 Oh. I'm sorry.

LANDLADY  
 Hey. A grown woman outta know how  
 to swim.

CASS  
 I hear ya. Anyway. Mind if I take a  
 quick look around?

The landlady thinks this over.

LANDLADY  
 Jimmy's behind on his rent. I bet  
 his girlfriend would want to take  
 care of that.

ON CASS- Dammit.



CASS  
I bet she would.

INT CASS' APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM- DAY

Milo explains, as he pokes around:

MILO  
The thing is, Stu, she'll make you think she's interested in you, when really all she's interested in is the case you're working on, because she wants to launch her big hot-shot career.

It is just dawning on Stewart:

STEWART  
Wait a second: you're Milo. She talks about you all the time.

MILO  
(immediately interested)  
Really?

STEWART  
Oh yeah, dude. She hates you.

Milo turns an angry red.

MILO  
Oh, she hates me?

STEWART  
Yeah. She says you're the most selfish, immature, stubborn...

MILO  
(interrupting)  
I'm selfish? I'm immature? You know what? Forget it. I'm not even gonna dignify this with...whatever.

STEWART  
Hey, man, I'm on your team.

MILO  
No you're not, Geraldo. I don't allow reporters on my team.

Milo tosses some papers around on her desk furiously.

MILO

And for the record: I'm the one who  
hates her. Just so that's clear.

He picks up the phone and checks the last dialed number: it  
comes up "CAESAR'S CASINO". Milo smiles.

MILO

(to himself)

That figures. Run home to mommy.

Milo erases the number, then heads for the door.

MILO

Well, nice meeting ya, Stu.

STEWART

Wait, where are you going?

MILO

I'm going to pick up your  
girlfriend. But don't worry, if she  
ever gets out of jail, I'm sure  
you'll be very happy together.

Milo exits. Stewart hurries to the phone and checks it, but  
Milo erased the number. Shit. Stewart RACES to the window.

STEWART'S POV: MILO EXITING THE BUILDING, HEADED FOR HIS CAR.

INT JIMMY'S APARTMENT- DAY

Cass is about to give up when she spots, peeking out from the  
bookshelf, A PLAIN ENVELOPE MARKED "CASSIDY DALEY". She slips  
the envelope into her pocket just as the landlady appears:

LANDLADY

Time's up. Find anything?

CASS

Nope. Not a thing.

LANDLADY

Oh, well. Don't worry, hon. He  
probably just went away for the  
holidays.

EXT ATLANTIC CITY- DAY

The sun sparkles off the casino windows. It looks fun.  
Exciting. A great place for the holidays.

SUDDENLY, THE WHOLE SCENE TURNS UPSIDE-DOWN, AND A MAN STARTS TO SCREAM...

EXT TRUMP CASINO HOTEL ROOM- DAY

IT'S JIMMY, being dangled off a 25th floor balcony by Mahler, who barely breaks a sweat.

JIMMY  
(panicking)  
Ok, ok, I told one person about the  
Xmas Eve job, but she doesn't even  
have all the details, I swear!

Mahler lets go of one of Jimmy's feet. Now Jimmy is hanging by one ankle. He starts to scream again.

MAHLER  
Gimme a name.

INT CADILLAC/JERSEY CITY- DAY

Milo gets in, on the phone with Sid:

MILO  
...and this loser she's dating  
looks like he buys his clothes from  
Kmart.

SPLIT-SCREEN:

Sid is at home, trying to get the hacked up Xmas tree to stand up straight. His 5 and 6 year old sons beat on each other in the background.

SID  
Why do you care?

MILO  
I don't. I just think it's funny.

SID  
Hilarious. Listen to me: you guys  
made a terrible couple.

MILO  
I know that. You don't have to tell  
me that.

SID  
Relationships aren't about  
competition, they're about  
compromise.

MILO  
You mean like when your wife wants  
to do one thing, and you want to do  
another, and you compromise by  
doing what she wants?

SID  
Exactly. Now just get her here.  
Cause I can't afford to lose this  
bond.

MILO  
No worries. In fact, I already know  
where she is and I'm gonna go pick  
her up right now.

EXT CADILLAC- DAY

The cadillac pulls away from the curb.

RACK TO- A SKY-BLUE HYUNDAI, STEWART CROUCHED AT THE WHEEL.  
Stewart pulls into traffic, FOLLOWING THE CADILLAC.

EXT HIGHWAY- AFTERNOON

The Cadillac on route to Atlantic City, the Hyundai not far  
behind.

VOICE  
Milo Boyd. Ex-cop, current bounty  
hunter...

INT WAREHOUSE/ATLANTIC CITY- AFTERNOON

RAY (small, wiry, slightly demented-looking) reads from his  
laptop while Lorraine paces behind him, swinging a golf club.

RAY  
...lives in Jersey City, drives a  
68 Caddy. Been in the hole on and  
off with us the past 3 years. We  
checked his place, his hangouts, no  
luck.

LORRAINE

This is no good. We let this guy slide, suddenly everybody thinks, hey, it's the holidays! All debts are cancelled! Get the word out, I want this guy brought here so he can pay what he owes us, Dwight can break something of his, and we can all enjoy our Xmas.

Ray nods and picks up the phone.

PUSH THROUGH THE WINDOW, ACROSS THE CITY, AND DOWN TO:

EXT CAESAR'S CASINO PARKING LOT- AFTERNOON

A HALF MILE AWAY AT CAESAR'S, Milo is pulling into the crowded parking lot.

CHIRON: "1:00PM. ATLANTIC CITY. 44 HOURS TO GO."

Milo exits his car and heads inside. STEWART, feeling super sly, pulls up to a space near Milo's car, but another car slips into the spot.

STEWART

That's my space, you asshole!

EXT CAESAR'S CASINO DRESSING ROOM- AFTERNOON

Milo knocks on the door. A woman in heavy makeup (LOIS, Cass' mother) opens the door, takes one look at Milo, SLAMS the door shut. Milo waits. After a moment, Lois opens it again.

MILO

Happy to see you, too.

LOIS

How dare you...after what you did to my baby...

Lois bursts into tears and collapses into Milo's arms.

MILO

Ok. What say we do this inside?

INT CAESAR'S CASINO DRESSING ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Men running around in gowns and feather boas. A completely recovered Lois sits by a make-up mirror, adjusting a wig. Stuck to her mirror is a PHOTO OF MILO AND CASS, ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER, SMILING. Milo gives the photo a dirty look.

MILO

What happened to the pirate show?

LOIS

I got sick of it. Now I'm a female impersonator.

MILO

But...you are female.

LOIS

That's why I'm so good at it. Help me with this.

She stands and wiggles into an evening gown. Milo struggles with the zipper.

MILO

Where is she, Lois? I need to talk to her.

LOIS

Oh, Milo, where did it all go wrong? Do you have any idea what it means to waste a woman's child-bearing years? It's criminal. Every month her eggs are jumping out of her ovaries like sailors abandoning a sinking ship. I mean, I know you were mad about that article...

MILO

I wasn't mad about that article. In fact: what article?

LOIS

Listen to me, Milo: Cassidy may be a strong independent woman on the outside, but on the inside she's just a girl who wants to be protected and loved by her man. What happened between the two of you devastated her.

MILO

Devastated her right to the top.

LOIS

(beaming)

She has done well, hasn't she?

(MORE)

LOIS (cont'd)

I must admit, it makes me proud to think that my little girl, whose only friend growing up was an imaginary orphan with a tin leg named Leslie, now gets invited to tour the White House...

Milo's jaw hits the floor.

MILO

She got to tour the White House?

Now he really wants to take Cass to jail.

MILO

Tell me where she is, Lois.

LOIS

Oh, who knows. She was running around like a chicken with its head cut off, said she was on the biggest story of her career. Said she was going somewhere to think.

Milo thinks this over, then a grin breaks out on his face.

EXT CAESAR'S CASINO PARKING LOT- AFTERNOON

Stewart has finally found a parking space, and is exiting his car when he sees Milo come out and jump into the Cadillac.

STEWART

Dammit.

Stewart hurries back into his car.

EXT ATLANTIC CITY RACETRACK- AFTERNOON

Stands mobbed with people, horses galloping down the track, dust rising in their wake. MOVING IN ON...

EXT STANDS- AFTERNOON

Surrounded by people cheering, CASS IS HARD AT WORK. Notebook open, phone to ear, lap holding the plain envelope, ripped open, contents exposed: A PIECE OF PAPER THAT SAYS: "ATLANTIC CITY. XMAS EVE. SPARROW."

She has underlined "Sparrow" and made a list: "Person's name? Company? Hotel? Casino?"

CASS  
(into phone)  
No one with that name? What about a  
casino? Nothing? Thanks.

She clicks over to an incoming call, "PRIVATE CALLER":

CASS  
Jimmy?

SPLIT-SCREEN:

STEWART, at the mobbed track entrance, lost and frustrated:

STEWART  
No, who's Jimmy?

CASS  
Look, Stewart, I'm busy.

STEWART  
Ok. (casually) Where are you, by  
the way? I mean, exactly.

CASS  
I'm in Miami, if you must know. I'm  
on the beach building a sand castle  
and drinking from a coconut...

Someone taps her shoulder. She glances up and sees: MILO,  
SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO HER, GRINNING. She slowly closes her  
phone, not bothering to say goodbye.

MILO  
Hello, Cass.

CASS  
Hello, Milo.

A MILLION DIFFERENT EMOTIONS CROSS CASS' FACE. Surprise,  
anger, anxiousness. All the mixed emotions you have when you  
suddenly run into THE MAN WHO BROKE YOUR HEART.

MILO  
Fancy meeting you here.

CASS  
Yeah. Fancy that.

Strange, charged moment as they look at each other. Then they  
have a casual contest:



MILO  
How are you?

CASS  
Fine. You?

MILO  
Swell. Nice day.

CASS  
Bright.

MILO  
Brisk.

CASS  
Crisp.

MILO  
Invigorating.

CASS  
(can't hold out anymore)  
What are you doing here?

Milo smirks.

MILO  
"Building a sand castle, drinking  
from a coconut". Man, once a liar,  
always a liar.

Cass immediately stands.

CASS  
You know what? I don't have time  
for this, I'm working.

She grabs her stuff. Milo blocks her with his leg.

MILO  
Working? Hey, me too.

CASS  
Congratulations. Move your leg.

Milo doesn't budge. Spelling it out for her:

MILO  
What I do is, I track down  
criminals. People who jumped bail.  
Idiots who decided to go on the run  
after biting police officers. I  
find them, and I take them to jail.

Cass stares at him, eyes wide:

CASS  
Now, hold on just a second, Milo...

MILO  
Tell you what: I'll give you more  
than a second. I'll give you 10.  
For old times sake.

Milo moves his leg, kicks back, starts to count.

MILO  
10...9...8...

Cass stares at him, her jaw working, trying to decide what to do. Then, all of a sudden, she BOLTS. Milo smiles. THE LOUDSPEAKERS ANNOUNCE: "AND THEY'RE OFF!"

EXT RACETRACK PARKING LOT- AFTERNOON

Cass jumps into her car and turns the key. NOTHING. She tries again, then hears soft laughter. MILO IS SEVERAL YARDS AWAY, HER BATTERY IN HIS HAND.

MILO  
Strike one.

Cass leaps from the car and runs.

INT STADIUM- AFTERNOON

Cass runs for the elevator. It opens and people exit, REVEALING MILO:

MILO  
Strike two.

Cass turns heel and bolts.

EXT STADIUM- AFTERNOON

Cass races out, flagging a taxi. Milo pulls up:

MILO  
Strike three. Get in.

CASS  
I'm not going to jail, Milo.

MILO  
I beg to differ.

She heads for the cabs. Milo exits his car, GUN IN HAND.

CASS  
Oh please. Like you're gonna shoot me.

MILO  
Nope. (loudly) I'm gonna shoot a cab driver.

Head whip around in his direction. THEN EVERY CAB IN THE PLACE GOES OFF-DUTY. Cass stomps her foot, furious.

CASS  
Chicken shits.

Cass marches back over to Milo.

CASS  
Ok, look: let's talk about this.

MILO  
Ok.

With that, Milo sweeps her up into his arms. AND THEY FIND THEMSELVES FACE TO FACE. BREATHING ON EACH OTHER. THEIR LIPS INCHES APART.

Cass stares at Milo. Is he gonna kiss her? Again, she feels weird. Confused.

CASS  
(uncomfortable)  
Listen, Milo, I'm not sure we should...

Suddenly, MILO DUMPS HER IN THE TRUNK OF HIS CAR.

CASS  
Hey, wait a minute!

He smiles at her, waves, then SLAMS down the lid.

CUT TO BLACK. Well, now she knows exactly how she feels: FURIOUS:

CASS (O.S.)  
Bastard.

CHIRON: "2:00 PM. ROUTE 9 NORTH. 43 HOURS TO GO".

And immediately: A PHONE RINGS.

CASS (O.S.)  
Great. Perfect timing.

A match is struck, illuminating the trunk as Cass scrambles for her phone. Trying to sound professional:

CASS  
Cassidy Daley.

SPLIT-SCREEN:

CLOSE ON- JIMMY, head tilted back, tense smile on his face.  
PULL BACK a little to reveal the GUN MAHLER IS HOLDING UNDER HIS CHIN.

JIMMY  
It's me. Jimmy.

CASS  
(exhaling with relief)  
Shit, Jimmy, I thought you were dead.

JIMMY  
Don't be silly. (hurrying on)  
Listen: you didn't happen to go to my place and find that envelope I left, did you?

CASS  
I did, but I don't really get it, what's "Sparrow"?

JIMMY  
It doesn't matter. Did you tell anyone else about this story?

CASS  
Are you kidding? You think I want to share a story like this?

JIMMY  
Ok. Good. Cause the truth is, there is no story. I made the whole thing up. So you should just drop it...

CASS  
Uh-uh, no way are you backing out on me now, Jimmy. This story is way too good...

Mahler nudges Jimmy.

JIMMY  
(quickly)  
Where are you?

CASS  
I'm at the Atlantic City Boardwalk.  
Actually, I'm in the trunk of my ex-  
husband's car. Long story. More  
importantly, where are you?

JIMMY  
I'm...

CLICK. MAHLER DISCONNECTS THE PHONE.

ON CASS- she stares at her phone. Uh-oh:

CASS  
Jimmy? Hello?

Suddenly, MUSIC KICKS IN and we hear MILO SINGING AT THE TOP  
OF HIS LUNGS:

MILO (O.S.)  
Deck the halls with boughs of  
holly, fa la la la laaaa...

INT CADILLAC- AFTERNOON

Now Milo really is the happiest man alive. He pulls out his  
cell phone, dials:

SPLIT-SCREEN:

Teresa removes her gum, sticks it on her mouse-pad, answers:

TERESA  
Sid's Bail Bonds.

MILO  
Guess who's in my trunk?

TERESA  
Is that some sort of perverted  
innuendo? Who is this?

MILO  
Aw, come on, Teresa, you know it's  
me. Put Sid on.

TERESA

Sid's busy shopping. (snorts) He thinks he can handle Xmas.

MILO

Ok, just tell him I got her and I'll be back in 2 hours. I want a bonus for bringing her in so quick.

TERESA

Yeah? I want a bonus for getting through the holidays without stabbing anyone with a fork.

MILO

Don't be such a pessimist. You still have time.

His phone beeps. IT'S CASS CALLING FROM THE TRUNK.

MILO

Gotta go. I got another call.

He clicks over.

MILO

Tina's Thai massage! Where every ending is a happy one!

SPLIT-SCREEN:

Cass rolls her eyes.

CASS

You're disgusting. Let me out of the trunk.

MILO

Hmm. Nope. By the way, your boyfriend Stewart's been following me. Unfortunately, I had to ditch him at the track.

CASS

Why is Stewart...? (realizing) And wait: who said he's my boyfriend?

MILO

Aw, don't be embarrassed. These things happen. You were drunk when you guys hooked up, right?

Cass turns bright red. She was drunk when they hooked up. Changing tactics, she tries to flatter him:

CASS

You know what, Milo? I shouldn't have run from you like that. I was...I don't know. You caught me off-guard. The truth is, I'm kind of in some trouble and I could really use your help.

MILO

Bad news for you, then. I wouldn't help you if you were the very last baby sea turtle in the world, dragging its tiny weak body across the burning hot sand while sea gulls circled overhead. I'd just pull up a chair, sip a pina colada, and let nature take its course.

Long beat. Suddenly, CASS STARTS TO SOB. LOUD, HYSTERICAL SOBS. Milo listens for a moment, out of a purely clinical interest, then:

MILO

Hey, I used to be a sucker, but no more. You can cry til the cows come home, for all I care.

Cass instantly stops crying and slams her phone shut.

CUT TO BLACK. Then, the sound of a trunk opening, and WE ARE INSIDE A CAR TRUNK, LOOKING UP AT: MAHLER.

EXT TRUMP CASINO PARKING LOT- AFTERNOON

Mahler reaches into his trunk and REMOVES HIS HANDGUN. Checks the cartridge, pockets the gun. Slams the trunk shut.

He climbs into his front seat, and as he pulls out of the lot, we see CASS' NEWSPAPER PHOTO THAT HAS BEEN RIPPED FROM THE PAPER, on the passenger seat.

INT CADILLAC- AFTERNOON

Milo drives along happily humming when, suddenly, A SMALL TRAIL OF SMOKE drifts over his shoulder. What the hell...? He glances into the rearview mirror and:

SMOKE IS POURING OUT OF THE TRUNK!

MILO

Holy shit! (calling out) Hey, um, Cass? (no response) Cassidy?

Still nothing. Milo jerks the car to the right, and SLAMS on the brakes.

EXT CADILLAC- AFTERNOON

The car screeches to a halt on the embankment. Milo leaps out of the driver's door and races to back, fumbling with his keys. SMOKE CONTINUES TO POUR OUT OF THE TRUNK.

MILO  
It's Ok, hang on, I'm coming...

Gets the key in, pops the lid and sees: CASS, HANDKERCHIEF OVER HER NOSE, PACK OF FLAMING MATCHES IN HAND. Cass tosses the matches and handkerchief, AND PUNCHES MILO IN THE BALLS.

Milo groans and crumbles to the ground. Cass jumps out of the trunk and stands over him:

CASS  
You know something, Milo? You're one of the most gullible...

BAM, Milo grabs her ankle and JERKS and Cass hits the ground. Next thing you know, IT'S WWF TIME, THE TWO OF THEM ROLLING IN THE DIRT.

Milo gets her pinned, but Cass grabs his ear and TWISTS:

MILO  
AAAAHHH...

He pulls her arm behind her back...

CASS  
Ow ow ow...

...and she jerks her head back, SMACKING him in the nose.

MILO  
Son of a...

He gets her in a BEAR HUG...

CASS  
AAGH...

...and she BITES him.

MILO  
OW...



Finally, he has her on her back, TRAPPED. He gets his face right over hers and STARTS TO LET A GLOB OF SALIVA FALL FROM HIS MOUTH TOWARDS HER FACE.

CASS  
NOOOO! Uncle, uncle, uncle!

Milo collapses onto the ground next to her, laughing. She looks at him and she starts laughing too.

CASS  
Dirty fighter.

MILO  
Me? I'm the dirty fighter?

They both laugh harder. Then Milo stands and offers her a hand. She takes it, and he helps her up. Awkward pause as they look at each other.

CASS  
Should we...I don't know...hug, or something?

MILO  
Sure. What the hell.

He opens his arms. She moves closer. They hug. Milo feels her hands moving towards the gun in his belt. He smirks. CLICK. HE SNAPS SOME HANDCUFFS ONTO HER WRISTS.

CASS  
Hey. I had to try, right?

MILO  
Get in the car.

INT CADILLAC- AFTERNOON

They are driving along, both a little dishevelled, ONE OF CASS' HANDS CUFFED TO THE PASSENGER DOOR. They pass casinos as they head out of Atlantic City.

CASS  
Your windshield's cracked.

MILO  
Thanks, Captain Obvious.

Cass turns to inspect him more closely.

CASS

And you look like shit, Milo. What have you been doing, sleeping on the floor?

Milo has been sleeping on the floor.

MILO

I enjoy sleeping on the floor. Matter of fact, I love sleeping on the floor. I love everything about my life. Great job, good friends, hot girlfriend...

CASS

You have a girlfriend?

MILO

(he does not)  
Yes I do.

Cass is skeptical:

CASS

Really? What's her name?

MILO

(the first name that pops into his head:)  
Teresa. Rocking hot body. Likes to cook pasta for me and perform strip-teases.

CASS

Wow. Is she missing a chromosome?

MILO

Oh, she has all her chromosomes, believe you me.

Cass thinks this over, then counters:

CASS

Well, my life is great, too.

MILO

I can tell. You and Stewart make a great couple, by the way. You and me made a terrible couple. But you two? Like peas in a pod.

About to deny that she and Stewart are a couple, it occurs to Cass: Milo seems a little JEALOUS. She jumps on this:

CASS  
You know what I like about Stewart?

MILO  
I can't imagine.

CASS  
He's not you.

MILO  
Not even on his best day.

CASS  
Or his worst.

MILO  
I'll bet he has a lot of those.

CASS  
Still betting, huh?

MILO  
You can't win if you don't play.

CASS  
Or, in your case, even if you do.

He shoots her a sharp look. She stares back, waiting.

MILO  
I win all the time.

CASS  
Really? I hadn't noticed.

Ok. That is definitely a challenge.

MILO  
You know what? Seeing as how I'm  
about to come into five grand...

Milo makes a SUDDEN TURN OFF THE HIGHWAY and pulls into the  
parking lot of BALLY'S CASINO.

MILO  
I think I'll do a little betting  
right now.

CASS  
Don't you have to take me back?

MILO  
Please. I have two days. A monkey  
could get you back in two days.

Again: famous last words. Milo exits the car. Cass smiles to herself. This is obviously what she hoped would happen. She glances around, spots THE DUFFLE in the back seat. PEEKING OUT OF THE TOP OF THE DUFFLE IS THE TASER GUN. Hmm...

EXT CADILLAC- AFTERNOON

Milo opens her door.

CASS  
Aren't you afraid I'll get away?

MILO  
Nope.

He uncuffs her from the door, CUFFS HER TO HIS OWN WRIST.

EXT HIGHWAY- AFTERNOON

Stewart is heading back to the city, cursing his bad luck, when he happens to glance over and see MILO AND CASS HEADING INTO BALLY'S CASINO.

STEWART  
Damn, I'm good!

He makes a quick turn off the highway and into the Bally's parking lot.

INT BALLY'S CASINO- AFTERNOON

The clerk at the chips cage recognizes Milo as he and Cass approach:

CLERK  
Merry Xmas, Mr Boyd!

Behind the clerk, a FEMALE CLERK perks up at this name...

CLERK  
What a nice surprise! Let's hope  
your luck is better today.

Milo glances at Cass.

MILO  
(quickly)  
Sure, if there's such a thing as  
better than great, which is how my  
luck has been lately. Great.

CLERK  
(awkward)  
Oh. Yes sir. Of course. My mistake.

While the clerk is counting out chips, WE NOTICE BEHIND HIM  
THE FEMALE CLERK PICKING UP THE PHONE...

INT WAREHOUSE- LATE AFTERNOON

Lorraine on the phone, listening intently. Then she hangs up,  
grinning.

LORRAINE  
The idiot just showed up at  
Bally's.

DWIGHT  
(quickly)  
I'm on it.

LORRAINE  
Uh-uh. Not you. (calling out) RAY.

RAY appears next to her.

LORRAINE  
Go get this asshole.

Ray cracks his knuckles, smirks at Dwight, and exits.

INT BALLY'S BLACKJACK TABLE- LATE AFTERNOON

Milo sits at a blackjack table, pulling Cass into a seat next  
to him.

MILO  
Prepare to observe the master.

He bets while Cass sits next to him, scheming:

CASS  
Ok, how about this:

She uses her free hand to pull out her wallet:

CASS  
If I give you all the cash in my  
wallet, will you let me go?

MILO  
Hmm. Lemme see...

He takes the cash from her and thinks for a moment.

MILO  
Nope. Guess not.

Milo adds her cash to his bet on the table.

MILO  
(to the dealer)  
Hit me.

CASS  
I'd really like to.

The dealer deals the cards.

DEALER  
Dealer wins.

CASS  
Nice going, master.

Milo quickly lays out some more money. A WAITRESS (smells like an ashtray) appears:

WAITRESS  
And for the couple over here?

MILO  
(quickly)  
We're not a couple.

CASS  
(just as quick)  
Why would you think we were a couple?

MILO  
We used to be together. Back when I was young and foolish.

CASS  
And I was confused.

MILO  
And I was slumming.

CASS  
And I was drunk.

The waitress looks back and forth between them.

WAITRESS

(bored)

Great story. I have to get back to work now.

MILO

Wait. Champagne! I'm celebrating.

The waitress rolls her eyes and leaves. Milo turns to see he has lost more money.

MILO

(under his breath)

Son of a bitch.

Ok. Cass has had enough of this. She leans closer:

CASS

Look, Milo, the truth is...my Mom is in the hospital.

Milo perks up.

MILO

Oh? Old Lois not feeling up to par?

CASS

She might be really sick. That's why I had to jump bail.

MILO

(overly sincere)

Taking care of her, huh? Putting aside your career for a loved one? Golly, that's so you.

"Golly"? Cass stares at him, realizing:

CASS

You've already been to see her.

MILO

Impressive. No wonder you got all those awards. So lemme guess: the real reason you jumped bail is cause you're on a story.

Cass narrows her eyes:

CASS

Stewart. Stewart told you.

MILO  
(caught)  
I would have figured it out on my  
own, trust me.

CASS  
I wouldn't trust you if you were  
the last man alive.

MILO  
You think about that much? Me being  
the last man alive? Am I naked in  
this fantasy?

Cass takes a deep breath. This is getting her nowhere. But  
she is clearly hesitant to give him the real story.

CASS  
Ok, you're right. I'm on a story.  
A very important story. It just so  
happens that I'm possibly about to  
uncover a whole ring of dirty cops.

Milo snorts.

CASS  
What?

MILO  
Please. Isn't the whole "dirty cop"  
thing kind of old? Maybe you should  
do a story about something people  
are interested in. Like internet  
porn. Or lesbians.

CASS  
I'm serious, Milo. This is gonna be  
big. And here's what I'm willing to  
do (magnanimous): I'm willing to  
credit you in the article.

MILO  
Oh, sure, like you credited me in  
the 13th Street Article?

Cass stares at him.

CASS  
Why on earth would I have credited  
you? I worked my ass off for that  
story.

MILO  
That's one way of putting it.



CASS  
What's that supposed to mean?

MILO  
Forget it. I don't want to be in  
your article. In fact, I would  
rather eat a bowl of broken glass  
than have my name in any way  
associated with one of your lousy  
articles...

CASS  
Fine. Forget I mentioned it.

MILO  
I already have.

CASS  
I mean, you're not a cop anymore,  
right? What do you care if people  
were murdered?

MILO  
Please. Nobody was murdered.

CASS  
Just my source.

MILO  
(suspicious)  
Oh yeah? How? Bullet to the back of  
the head?

CASS  
Well...

MILO  
Dumped in a reservoir?

CASS  
(flustered)  
I don't know.

MILO  
Car accident?

CASS  
Ok, ok, maybe he wasn't murdered  
yet. But I wouldn't be surprised  
if...

Milo breaks out into loud guffaws. Cass is furious.

CASS  
Maybe this whole thing sounds like  
no big deal to you...

MILO  
You know what it sounds like? It  
sounds like you're going to jail.

Cass can't believe this.

CASS  
Milo, listen, you have to believe  
me, come on, you know me...

MILO  
(getting red)  
Exactly! I do know you. Which means  
I know you are a deceptive, cold-  
hearted bitch who is going to jail  
where she belongs.

Wow. That was pretty harsh. Cass looks at him, stunned. They  
stare at each other in silence.

The waitress arrives with the drinks:

WAITRESS  
Champagne. So. What are we  
celebrating?

CASS  
(grimly)  
I have to use the bathroom.

WAITRESS  
Alrightee, then. Cheers.

EXT BALLY'S CASINO PARKING LOT- LATE AFTERNOON

Stewart taps his steering wheel restlessly, watching the door  
of the casino for signs of Cass and Milo. Waiting in this  
parking lot is boring. Finally, he exits his car. Sidles over  
to Milo's car. Checks the door handle.

IT'S UNLOCKED. Stewart glances around, then climbs in.

INT BALLY'S CASINO BATHROOM- LATE AFTERNOON

Cass enters and Milo follows:

CASS  
Can I have some privacy, please?

Milo checks the room. Looks like there is no escape from here. He UNCUFFS HER, but then:

MILO  
I'm gonna have to frisk you.

CASS  
Get it over with, then.

Milo checks her pockets. Her ankles. Her legs. He goes behind her and checks her shoulders. Her back. He reaches around and checks her belly.

MILO  
You gain a little weight?

CASS  
(snapping back)  
You lose a little hair?

Milo reaches higher and:

CASS  
Yeah. Right. I'm hiding a weapon in my breasts.

Milo backs off, turning red.

MILO  
Make it quick.

He exits. As soon as he is gone, CASS PULLS MILO'S TASER GUN FROM HER CLEAVAGE.

INT CADILLAC- LATE AFTERNOON

Stewart is rummaging around inside Milo's car when he looks up and sees: RAY, standing there, smiling at him.

STEWART  
Shit, man, you startled me. (beat)  
Can I help you?

RAY  
Night-night.

Suddenly, Ray GRABS STEWART'S HEAD AND SMASHES IT INTO THE STEERING WHEEL, KNOCKING HIM OUT COLD.

EXT CASINO BATHROOM- LATE AFTERNOON

Milo checks his watch, then raps on the door.

MILO  
You almost done in there?

INT CASINO BATHROOM- LATE AFTERNOON

Cass squints at the taser gun, trying to read the tiny instruction label on the side:

CASS  
"Put open end in direct contact  
with skin. Press button..."

MILO (O.S.)  
Hello? Ok, that's long enough, I'm  
coming in...

He comes in and SHE JAMS THE TASER GUN INTO HIS NECK AND HITS THE BUTTON. HE SCREAMS AND HITS THE FLOOR. SHE SCREAMS, DROPS THE TASER GUN, AND FLEES.

EXT CASINO- LATE AFTERNOON

CASS RUNS OUT, BANGS INTO SOMEONE...

CASS  
Sorry...

...and keeps going. She hurries to the curb and tries to flag down a ride.

RACK TO- SEVERAL YARDS AWAY, THE PERSON SHE BUMPED INTO IS STARING AFTER HER. IT'S MAHLER. Mahler compares her to the newspaper photo he is holding. Yup: THAT'S HER.

Cass glances around, keeping an eye out for Milo, and SPOTS MAHLER STARING AT HER. Suddenly, he starts heading towards her. Cass backs up slightly, nervous. WHO IS THAT GUY?

VOICE  
Need a lift?

Cass looks around. A trucker has pulled up next to her. Relieved, she quickly climbs on board.

RACK TO- MAHLER, WATCHING THE TRUCK PULL AWAY. He doesn't seem worried. He turns and heads for his car.

INT TRUCK- LATE AFTERNOON

Cass is fixing her hair, pulling herself together.

CASS

He says we made a terrible couple.  
Which is true. I know that. I'm the  
one who thought that first. I'm the  
one who came up with that. The fact  
is, I don't want to be with someone  
who can't admit he was wrong.

DRIVER

So you're available.

Cass looks at him. He smiles coyly.

CASS

Available for what?

DRIVER

I have a waterbed in my trailer.

CASS

I hope you don't think you're  
telling me something that interests  
me.

DRIVER

You know what I want for Xmas?

The driver mouths something at her we can't see. Cass leans  
over and SMACKS HIM AS HARD AS SHE CAN.

EXT HIGHWAY- LATE AFTERNOON

The truck SCREECHES to a halt by the side of the road. Cass  
gets booted out the passenger door. The door is slammed shut  
behind her. Cass gives the guy the finger as he drives off.

She turns to see a car headed her way. She starts flagging it  
down. But wait... Yup, IT'S MILO. Shit. She looks around, but  
where's she gonna go? Meanwhile, as Milo nears, HE SEEMS TO  
BE SPEEDING UP. Cass stares. He keeps coming, an evil look on  
his face. IT LOOKS LIKE HE IS GOING TO RUN HER OVER.

She turns and STARTS TO RUN.

INT CADILLAC- LATE AFTERNOON

Milo is laughing.

MILO

You better run.

EXT FIELD- LATE AFTERNOON

Cass runs into a field. Milo drives off the road and follows. He gets her cornered by a pen. He looks triumphant. She scowls. Then she throws open the pen, REVEALING A HUGE BULL. Now she looks triumphant. He scowls.

CUT TO- BULL RAMS INTO MILO'S CAR, SLAMMING MILO'S FACE INTO THE STEERING WHEEL. CASS LAUGHS. THE BULL TURNS AND NOTICES CASS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

CUT TO- BULL CHASES CASS. MILO LAUGHS. CASS RUNS FOR THE CAR. MILO LOCKS THE DOORS.

CASS  
Hey, it's locked!

MILO  
(grinning)  
I know.

THE BULL IS SPEEDING THEIR WAY:

CASS  
Open the door, you son of a bitch!

Finally, Milo opens it. She DIVES INTO THE CAR AND SLAMS THE DOOR just before the BULL RAMS INTO THE SIDE OF THE CAR.

Cass and Milo watch, stunned, as the bull looks at them for a moment, THEN TOPPLES OVER, UNCONSCIOUS. Milo and Cass hear a strange sound, and look over to see A SMALL HERD OF BULLS, GETTING READY TO CHARGE.

CASS  
Uh-oh...

MILO HITS THE GAS AND THEY FLEE THE SCENE, THE HERD OF BULLS IN MAD PURSUIT. CASS AND MILO ARE BOTH NOW LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY...

CHIRON: "5:00 PM. ROUTE 9 ADJACENT. 40 HOURS TO GO."

INT WAREHOUSE- EARLY EVENING

Lorraine waves Dwight over.

LORRAINE  
Ray's got something to show you.

RAY  
Merry Xmas.

Ray THROWS open the bathroom door to reveal: A VERY DISGRUNTLED STEWART, HANDCUFFED TO THE TOILET. Stewart blinks up at them, disoriented.

Lorraine hands Dwight THE GOLF CLUB.

LORRAINE  
Pick something and break it.

STEWART  
Whoa, wait just a minute...

DWIGHT WHACKS STEWART IN THE SHIN WITH THE CLUB. STEWART SCREAMS.

LORRAINE  
Feel better?

DWIGHT  
You know, I do feel better. (beat)  
Who is this guy, anyway?

Lorraine and Ray stare at him.

LORRAINE  
Milo Boyd.

DWIGHT  
That's not Milo Boyd.

RAY  
He was in Milo Boyd's Cadillac.

They all look at Stewart, who moans in pain.

LORRAINE  
Both of you go this time, and make sure you get the right guy. I don't have time for this shit.

RAY AND DWIGHT EXIT.

STEWART  
What about me?

Lorraine considers him for a moment, then SLAMS the bathroom door in his face.

INT CADILLAC- EARLY EVENING

Milo and Cass are back on the highway, both looking a little worse for wear. Milo's nose is swollen, Cass' clothes are muddy.

Milo MOVES HIS WEAPONS FROM THE DUFFLE INTO HIS OWN JACKET WHILE HE DRIVES. He smirks at Cass.

CASS  
Clever. (noting all the weapons)  
Wow. You were gonna use all that  
stuff on me?

MILO  
A guy can dream, can't he?

NOW HIS JACKET IS FULL OF WEAPONS. He turns his attention back to the road. Cass studies his profile.

CASS  
Ok, look, Milo, let's just clear  
the air, Ok? So maybe it was a  
mistake, thinking we could be  
involved while working on the same  
case...

MILO  
Hey, I know it was a mistake. Don't  
think you're telling me something I  
don't know, cause you're not.

CASS  
(deep breath)  
Ok. Fine. But can we just put aside  
our differences for two seconds?  
Because back at the casino, I think  
I saw someone following me.

MILO  
Sure that wasn't me?

CASS  
I don't think so. This guy was  
lacking your trademark smell of  
booze and KFC.

MILO  
Ha ha.

Milo surreptitiously sniffs himself.

CASS  
Anywho. If these dirty cops have my  
source hostage somewhere...

Milo starts to laugh. Cass flushes:

CASS  
What's so funny?



MILO  
You think dirty cops are trying to  
kill you? Look, I know you think  
you're hot shit and everything, but  
I'm pretty sure the only one around  
here who might want to kill you is  
me.

Cass SEES A DARK CHEVY in the rearview mirror, gets a look at  
the driver and goes pale.

CASS  
Oh no.

MILO  
What?

CASS  
Behind us. It's him. The guy I saw  
back at the casino.

Milo glances into the mirror, checking the guy out.

MILO  
Yeah? He doesn't look like a cop to  
me.

CASS  
(freaking out)  
Speed up!

MILO  
Would you just calm down for a  
second and...

CASS  
NO!!

Cass kicks a leg over and SLAMS HER FOOT ONTO THE GAS. The  
car LEAPS forward...

MILO  
Jesus christ...

Milo tries to push her foot off the gas while they wrestle  
for the wheel. THE CAR DOES A CRAZY ZIG-ZAG BACK AND FORTH...

MILO  
LISTEN, YOU MANIAC...

CASS  
MILO...

MILO  
...LET GO...

CASS  
MILO...

MILO  
...NO ONE IS TRYING TO KILL YOU...

CASS  
MILO!!!

She points past him. Milo turns to see MAHLER DRIVING BESIDE THEM, GUN POINTED AT MILO'S HEAD.

MILO  
SHIT!!!

They both duck as Mahler starts firing. GLASS SHATTERS ALL AROUND THEM. MILO PULLS OUT HIS GUN and STARTS FIRING BACK...

EXT HIGHWAY- EARLY EVENING

BOTH CARS VEER WILDLY FROM LANE TO LANE AS MILO AND MAHLER FIRE AT EACH OTHER...

CLOSE ON- THE CADILLAC'S REAR TIRE, AS IT GOES FLAT FROM A BULLET...

INT CADILLAC- EARLY EVENING

MILO GRIPS THE WHEEL AS THE CAR STARTS TO DRAG AND LOSE GROUND. Cass is hunched over in the passenger seat, excited and frightened at the same time.

Mahler pulls alongside them again and Milo WRENCHES the wheel to the left, SLAMMING THE CADILLAC INTO MAHLER'S CAR. Mahler's car goes skidding across the road, hits a ditch and FLIPS ONTO ITS SIDE.

EXT HIGHWAY- EARLY EVENING

The cadillac SPEEDS away, leaving Mahler's car behind.

EXT HIGHWAY- EARLY EVENING

The Cadillac is parked on the shoulder, Milo changing the tire, Cass standing by the passenger door, still handcuffed, excited:

CASS  
I told you they were trying to kill me!

MILO  
Yeah, well, no one's killing you until I get you to jail.

Cass whips her head around to look at him:

CASS  
You're still taking me to jail? But it's the cops who are after me.

MILO  
First of all: that guy was not a cop. Second of all, we just left him unconscious in a ditch. You'll be fine.

CASS  
But...this is important! This is my job!

MILO  
And this...(pointing between them) is my job.

CASS  
Milo, you don't understand what's going on!

Milo rolls his eyes and straightens up.

MILO  
I'll lay it out for you: some loser with a minor sheet calls you up and says, hey, I've got a big story for you, you interested? It'll only cost you a couple hundred bucks, and I'll tip you onto some criminal activity, it's your chance to expose some bad guys and write the story of your life. Then the moron gets himself caught, he's probably in cold storage somewhere, and now you think the bad guys are after you. (beat) See? I get it. I just don't care.

Milo finishes with the tire, throws the jack in the back, and heads back around to the driver's seat.

Cass watches him closely, getting an idea. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the paper from Jimmy.

CASS  
(casually)  
If only I knew exactly when and where this deal was going down. Course, if I can't figure out that part, then you definitely can't figure out that part, because we both know I'm much smarter than you.

Milo flinches, then forces a laugh.

MILO  
Please. My brain can dance circles around your brain.

CASS  
I don't even know what that means.

MILO  
Case closed.

CASS  
(shrugging)  
Fine. Guess we'll never know.

Milo hesitates. Then decides: fuck it. He strides around the car and SNATCHES the paper from her hand. He reads:

MILO  
"Atlantic City. Xmas Eve. Sparrow."  
What's "Sparrow"?

CASS  
I knew you couldn't figure it out.

MILO  
(quickly)  
It's a business.

CASS  
No.

MILO  
Casino.

CASS  
Nope.

MILO  
Stripper?

CASS  
I don't think so. What kind of  
strip bars have you been going to,  
anyway?

Milo stares at the paper, wracking his brain. Cass sighs  
loudly and SNATCHES the paper back.

CASS  
Oh, well, forget it, I knew you  
couldn't do it.

MILO  
Please. I could crack that story  
and still get you to jail on time.

CASS  
Oh yeah?

Cass stares him in the eye and says the magic words:

CASS  
Wanna bet?

Milo stares at her. She stares back. Long beat. Milo's face  
is red. He clenches his fists. He unclenches them. Fuck. He  
thrusts out his hand:

MILO  
You're on.

They shake.

MILO  
I have to make a call.

He starts to walk away.

CASS  
Hey. Aren't you going to uncuff me?

MILO  
Why? You going somewhere?

CASS  
Um...no.

MILO  
Then you don't need to be uncuffed.

INT CADILLAC- MOMENTS LATER

Cass sits in the passenger seat and watches in the rearview mirror while Milo paces behind the car, on the phone.

CASS  
(to herself)  
Asshole.

EXT CADILLAC- EARLY EVENING

Milo is talking to Sid:

MILO  
So there's just gonna be a little  
delay...

SPLIT-SCREEN:

INT MALL- EARLY EVENING

Sid's at the mall. On Dec 23rd. With all the other desperate, last-minute shoppers. In other words, HE'S IN HELL.

SID  
I don't get it. Why are you helping  
her?

MILO  
But that's the beauty of it, Sid,  
I'm not helping her, she only  
thinks I'm helping her.

SID  
Yeah? If you're not helping her,  
what are you doing?

Milo notices Cass watching him and turns his back slightly.

INT CADILLAC- EARLY EVENING

Cass narrows her eyes:

CASS  
(to herself)  
What is he up to?

EXT CADILLAC- EARLY EVENING

Milo is making this up as he goes along:

MILO

I'll tell you what I'm doing: I'm gonna crack this case first, and I'm gonna take all the credit. Who knows, maybe I'll even get my job back....

SID

You are so full of shit. You don't want your job back. You just want to prove you're smarter than she is.

MILO

(instantly heated)

I am smarter than she is. I would have cracked that 13th Street case way before she did if she hadn't...

SID

...cheated, right, I know, you've told me a million times. Did it ever occur to you that a normal couple wouldn't compete the way you guys do in the first place?

Sid spots what he is looking for. So does another last-minute shopper. They both reach for the toy.

MILO

This from the man currently trying to prove to his wife he can handle Xmas.

SID

(instantly heated)

I can handle Xmas!

Sid WRENCHES the toy from the other shopper.

MILO

Just..trust me, Ok?

SID

Do I have a choice?

MILO

Nope.

Milo hangs up and gets in the car.

EXT CADILLAC- EARLY EVENING

The cadillac pulls a U-turn and HEADS BACK TOWARDS ATLANTIC CITY.

CHIRON: "6:00 PM. ROUTE 9 SOUTH. 39 HOURS TO GO."

MILO (O.S.)  
So. Atlantic City. Xmas Eve...

EXT HOTDOG STAND- EVENING

Milo buys a chili dog while talking to Cass who stands next to him, handcuffed.

MILO  
...so what exactly are these dirty  
cops supposed to be doing?

CASS  
Stealing evidence from property  
rooms. Then destroying it, for the  
right price.

Milo stares.

CASS  
What?

MILO  
Nothing. It's just...it's a good  
idea. If it weren't, you know.  
Wrong. (continuing) So. Your plan  
is to catch them red-handed before  
they can destroy the evidence, then  
write an expose for the paper and  
win yourself another big award.

CASS  
Something like that.

MILO  
Only, you don't know what Sparrow  
is. (thinking) Could be a nickname.  
Or the place where the evidence is  
stashed. Or a code word of some  
kind. But the guy who knows has  
gone missing, and you think the  
dirty cops got a hold of him.



CASS  
(nodding)  
When Jimmy called earlier, someone  
else was there. And they  
disconnected the call.

Milo is staring at her.

MILO  
So we find your source, we find the  
dirty cops. Gimme your phone.

She hands it to him. Milo checks the record of incoming calls  
and smiles.

CASS  
What?

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Milo! Merry Xmas!

SPLIT-SCREEN:

EXT PADDY WAGON- EVENING

Bobby talks into his cell phone while supervising a parade of  
hookers being loaded into a van:

BOBBY  
Here's one: why did the snowman  
pull down his pants? Cause he heard  
the snowblower was coming!

MILO  
Funny. Listen, Bob, I need a favor.

BOBBY  
Anything.

MILO  
I need an address to go with a  
phone number. But I need it ASAP.  
Kinda got a guy on my tail...

EXT GARAGE- EVENING

A tow truck is pulling up, towing Mahler's car. The tow truck  
driver turns to Mahler, who is in the passenger seat:

TOW TRUCK DRIVER  
The garage is closed for the night.  
Guess you'll have to wait til  
tomorrow.

Mahler thinks this over, then SMACKS THE DRIVER ACROSS THE FACE WITH THE BUTT OF HIS GUN. The driver crumples in his seat.

MAHLER

Guess not.

Mahler leans across him, opens the driver's side door, and BOOTS him out of the cab.

EXT HIGHWAY- EVENING

The tow truck is driving away from the garage.

INT CADILLAC- EVENING

Milo climbs back into the car, holding a piece of paper with the words "Trump Casino, room 2504" on it. He grins at Cass.

CASS

Pretty proud of yourself, ey?

MILO

Hey. You're a reporter. Great. But I used to be a cop. Let's face it: I'm naturally gonna be one step ahead of you.

CASS

(under her breath)

You weren't last time.

Milo whips his head around:

MILO

What did you say?

CASS

I said you're doing a great job.

EXT HIGHWAY- EVENING

The Trump Casino on the strip, coming into view...

EXT TRUMP CASINO- EVENING

Milo pulls into the crowded parking lot and checks the cartridge of his gun. Beside him, Cass is bubbling over with excited energy:

CASS  
Ok, here's what I think we should  
do: I'll go up first, Jimmy knows  
me, so if anything's wrong I'm sure  
he'll give me a sign...

MILO  
Excellent plan. Oh, except you're  
staying in the car.

Milo exits the car.

CASS  
(shouting after him)  
But...it's my story!

But he is already headed for the casino entrance. He waves at  
her and disappears inside.

CASS  
Asshole.

INT TRUMP CASINO- EVENING

Milo glides through the casino, past the blinking lights of  
the slot machines, headed for the elevators. A DRUNK GUY in a  
Hawaiian shirt is coming towards him and HE AND MILO  
COLLIDE...

MILO  
(steadyng the guy)  
You Ok? My bad.

DRUNK GUY  
Watch where you're going. (under  
his breath) Prick.

The drunk guy continues past. Milo holds up THE ROOM CARD KEY  
HE HAS JUST SWIPED FROM THE GUY:

MILO  
(calling after him)  
Merry Xmas to you, too!

INT TRUMP CASINO 25TH FLOOR- EVENING

The elevator dings and Milo exits. He turns a corner and  
heads down the hall. Another elevator DINGS behind him.

Milo continues down the hall. Suddenly, he STOPS and looks  
behind him. No one is there.

He turns another corner and FINDS 2504. There is a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign on the door. HE GOES PAST IT AND TAPS LIGHTLY ON 2505.

MILO  
Room service.

No answer. He glances down the hall and sees a slight movement. SOMEONE IS WATCHING HIM. He moves away from the door, continues down the hall, THEN SLIPS INTO THE ICE MACHINE ROOM...

INT ICE MACHINE ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Milo hits the light switch off and waits just inside the door. Someone steps in, and MILO GRABS THEM AND THROWS THEM AGAINST THE WALL. The person SCREAMS. Milo slaps a hand across the person's mouth and switches on the light. And finds himself face to face with:

CASS.

MILO  
What the...?

He looks at the handcuff dangling from her wrist, STILL ATTACHED TO THE CAR DOOR ARM REST.

MILO  
(loud whisper)  
What the hell are you doing?

CASS  
(same)  
It's my story, I don't break stories by staying in the car!

MILO  
Yeah, well, (re: the armrest)  
you're paying for that.

CASS  
Oh, ok. Here's a nickle.

Suddenly, Milo goes still. THERE IS A CREAKING SOUND as someone creeps down the hall. Milo puts a finger to Cass' lips.

Then he peeks out the door.

MILO'S POV- THE CLEANING CART BEING SLOWLY WHEELED DOWN THE HALL BY THE MAID. The maid stops by a room and enters.

MILO  
Perfect. (to Cass) Play along.

INT HALLWAY- EVENING

Milo passes the maid's cart, glancing at her ROOM RECORD SHEET, then continues on to room 2505. He uses the CARD HE SWIPED on the door. Of course, IT DOESN'T WORK.

MILO  
(loud)  
Godammit. Son of a bitch.

The maid peeks out into the hall.

MILO  
(to Cass)  
This is like the third card they've given me...

CASS  
(playing along)  
Take it easy, honey...

MILO  
Don't tell me to take it easy, now  
we have to go all the way  
downstairs again...

Cass looks pleadingly at the maid.

MAID  
What's the name?

MILO  
Davenport. Room 2505.

The maid checks her chart, then crosses the hall and USES HER PASS KEY TO OPEN THE DOOR.

MILO  
You're an angel.

Milo and Cass go inside.

INT ROOM 2505- EVENING

Milo closes the door carefully behind them, then tiptoes across the room to the connecting door, Cass close on his heels. All is silent.

CASS  
(whispering)  
Wait a second: where's my gun?

MILO  
(same)  
I don't know. Where is your gun?

CASS  
I don't have one.

MILO  
Then you've answered your own  
question.

Milo tiptoes closer to the door. Cass pulls on his sleeve.

CASS  
Come on, give me something. You've  
got, like, a million weapons in the  
jacket.

She reaches for his jacket, and Milo pulls away.

MILO  
Hey. These are not toys. You can't  
just give them to someone and have  
them know how to use them.

CASS  
I seem to remember doing just fine  
with your taser gun.

They are at the door. Milo puts a finger to his lips and  
tries the doorknob: LOCKED. He is about to work the lock when  
THEY HEAR SCREAMS COMING FROM THE LOCKED ROOM.

No time to do this quietly. MILO TAKES A STEP BACK, THEN  
KICKS THE DOOR IN...

INT HALLWAY- EVENING

Halfway down the hallway, THE MAID HEARS THE DOOR BEING  
KICKED IN. Nervous, she backs away, headed for the  
elevators...

INT ROOM 2504- CONTINUOUS

Milo QUICKLY ENTERS THE ROOM, GUN RAISED. THE SCREAMING IS  
COMING FROM THE TV. Milo clicks it off and checks the room.  
The place appears to be deserted. He crosses to the bathroom  
and peers in: EMPTY.

Meanwhile, Cass has cautiously entered the room and sees spots on the rug:

CASS  
Oh, god, is that blood?

MILO  
Hey. Columbo. Wait by the door.

CASS  
I'm just trying to...

MILO  
This could be a crime scene. There are clues all over this room that only a trained eye can find. And as I seem to recall, you were the one who was unable to figure this out by herself.

Oooh. Cass grits her teeth.

CASS  
(under her breath)  
He is unbelievable.

MILO  
Who are you talking to, your imaginary friend Leslie?

CASS  
(blushing)  
Hey. Lots of kids have imaginary friends, despite what my mother believes.

MILO  
Whatever. You wait by the door. And I'll handle this.

CASS  
(pissed)  
Fine.

She moves back to the door. As she does, she notices a matchbook on the floor: IT'S A GREEN MATCHBOOK WITH A BLACK SILHOUETTE OF A HORSE.

CASS  
So you're saying you don't want my help.

MILO  
I'm saying I don't need your help.

CASS  
(shrugging)  
Ok.

As he turns away, SHE SLIPS THE MATCHBOOK INTO HER PURSE.  
Milo catches this movement out of the corner of his eye and  
glances back:

MILO  
What was that?

CASS  
(innocently)  
What was what?

MILO  
Did you find something?

CASS  
How could I find anything? I'm not  
the detective.

MILO  
Lemme see your purse...

Milo takes a step closer to her, but:

VOICE  
FREEZE!

Cass and Milo turn to see A HOTEL SECURITY GUARD IN THE  
DOORWAY, EXCITEDLY POINTING HIS GUN AT THEM. Milo rolls his  
eyes.

GUARD  
Hotel security! Stay where you are!

MILO  
Ok, Ok, no problem. You're probably  
gonna want this.

Milo holds up HIS GUN.

GUARD  
(panicked)  
DROP THE WEAPON, NOW!

MILO  
Take it easy. I'm just gonna unload  
it.

Milo drops the cartridge, then TOSSES THE GUN RIGHT AT THE  
GUARD'S FACE.



The guard instinctively raises his hands and Milo CHARGES him, tackling him to the ground, then handcuffing him to the table.

Milo GRABS Cass hand and races from the room.

INT HALLWAY- EVENING

Cass and Milo run up to the elevators. ALL CARS ARE RISING: BACK-UP IS ON THE WAY. Milo hits the fire alarm and pulls Cass into the stairwell...

INT STAIRWELL- EVENING

Milo and Cass are almost to the bottom, WHEN SECURITY APPEARS IN THE STAIRWELL BENEATH THEM. Milo looks up. SECURITY IS COMING FROM ABOVE, AS WELL. Shit. Milo cracks the stairwell window and peers out: THEY ARE 4 STORIES UP.

MILO  
You're gonna have to jump.

CASS  
I can't.

Milo considers this, then picks her up and TOSSES HER OUT THE WINDOW.

EXT TRUMP CASINO- EVENING

Cass screams as she falls. Milo falls next to her. They fall and fall and BOOSH: THEY LAND IN A SNOW BANK AND TUMBLE TO THE GROUND.

Seconds later, they are on their feet, RUNNING FOR THE CAR.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Ok, so some guy you're looking for  
has disappeared. You want me to put  
out an all-points on him?

INT CADILLAC- EVENING

Milo and Cass are speeding away from the Trump Casino.

MILO  
(into phone)  
The thing is, Bob: Cass thinks  
dirty cops might be involved.

SPLIT-SCREEN:

INT POLICE STATION- EVENING

Bobby is in his office. His door opens onto the squad room, busy with police activity. Bobby sits up straighter in his chair.

BOBBY

Whoa, whoa, whoa. You're with Cassidy? Shit, Milo, you know when you're around her your brain turns to mush.

MILO

Yeah, well, that doesn't change the fact that someone took a couple shots at us.

Beat.

BOBBY

You get a plate number?

MILO

Happened too quick. But it was a dark 4-door Chevy, blue or grey, New Jersey plates, and the car was wrecked, I know that.

Bobby thinks this over.

BOBBY

Ok. Lemme look into it. See what I can find. Just hold tight, Ok?

Milo checks his watch.

MILO

Ok. But we're kinda on a clock here.

BOBBY

Milo, don't fuck around with this. If there are dirty cops in the house, we all have a problem. So do me a favor: get off the strip, find somewhere to lie low and wait for my call.

EXT BACK OF TRUMP CASINO- EVENING

The scene has calmed down a little. A DARK SEDAN appears and RAY AND DWIGHT exit the car, looking like a an ugly, dangerous Odd Couple.

An employee slips out the back door and hands Ray a PHOTO FROM SECURITY OF MILO AND CASS IN THE CASINO PARKING LOT. Dwight snatches the photo from Ray.

DWIGHT  
Yeah, that's him.

RAY  
Who's the chick?

DWIGHT  
Who gives a fuck? Anyway, they  
can't be far.

It's true. They aren't too far. They are:

EXT OFF ROUTE 9- EVENING

A LUXURIOUS, ROMANTIC B&B. Xmas lights winking on the trees, "Come All Ye Faithful" gently wafting out the oak front door.

CHIRON: "9:00 PM. ROUTE 9 SOUTH. 36 HOURS TO GO."

The whole scene looks beautiful, peaceful, romantic...

CASS (O.S.)  
Ok. Kill me now.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL MILO AND CASS, parked in front. REVEAL THE SIGN NEXT TO THEM: "WELCOME TO CUPID'S CABIN". Yup. The place Milo and Cass ran off to and got married 3 years ago.

MILO  
I'm sorry, it's the only place I  
know off the strip.

CASS  
I'm not going in. What if they  
remember us?

MILO  
They won't remember us. Why would  
they remember us? Just...try to act  
normal.

INT LUXURY B&B- EVENING

A small, family-run, luxury bed and breakfast. The kind of place that prides itself on its service. DAWN (long, graying hair, glasses, moccasins) greets them with a smile:

DAWN  
Can I help you? (realizing) Wait,  
it can't be...

She looks behind her at a bulletin board. At photos of all the happy couples who have passed through her. And finds: A PHOTO OF MILO AND CASS, ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER, DRINKING CHAMPAGNE, CASS SHOWING OFF AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

DAWN  
(to the back room)  
Edmund, come quick!

A balding man in flannel comes out, takes one look, and clasps both hands to his chest.

EDMUND  
Be still my beating heart.

MILO  
(low)  
Looks like they remember us.

CASS  
(same)  
Ya think?

EDMUND  
What a lovely surprise. It's been,  
what, 3 years?

Milo and Cass both try to downplay:

MILO  
Has it?

CASS  
I don't really remember...

DAWN  
(realizing)  
And you came back! To celebrate  
your anniversary!

CASS  
Oh, no. No, no...

EDMUND

What an honor for us!

CASS

Actually, we're not...

DAWN

You know what? In light of this special special occasion: it's on the house!

Before Cass can protest more, MILO GRABS HER ARM.

MILO

Honey? Can I talk to you?

He pulls her slightly aside.

MILO

(low)

You have any money?

CASS

(same)

No, as you recall, I gave you all my money at the blackjack table... (realizing) You blew all the money!

MILO

Hey! I would have won it back if someone hadn't tasered me in the bathroom!

CASS

So. Use a credit card.

MILO

Mine's max'd. Lemme have yours.

CASS

Mine's max'd too. (off his look) What, I like to shop.

They give each other a horrified look as they both realize what this means. Then they turn back to the couple, put their arms around each other, and smile:

MILO/CASS

It's our third anniversary!

DAWN/EDMUND

Congratulations!

MILO/CASS

Thanks!

Milo and Cass snuggle closer. He surreptitiously squeezes her ass. She surreptitiously STOMPS on his foot.

INT LUXURY B&B DINING-ROOM- EVENING

Full of couples in love. Young couples, old couples, gay couples, straight couples. Even a dog couple snuggled up by the fire.

And then there's Milo and Cass, bruised and dishevelled, being served an elaborate romantic meal. They smile uncomfortably as Edmund arrives with a tray of oysters:

EDMUND

To begin: a little aphrodisiac!

He gives them both a broad wink.

MILO

(grimly)

Wow.

CASS

(same)

Great.

EDMUND

So tell me: how have you managed to keep the romance alive all this time?

MILO

Well, I'll tell you, Edmund.  
The secret to our success is that the little woman here knows her place. She cleans for me, cooks for me, and every night when I come home she gets down on her knees and massages my feet.

He beams at Cass. Cass grins through her teeth.

CASS

Yes, Edmund, it's true. I massage his feet to help him feel like a man. It's important, especially when your husband has such a teeny tiny...

Just then, Dawn hustles over, interrupting:

DAWN

How is everything? Is it like that magical night 3 years ago?

CASS

Uh-huh.

MILO

Yup. You betcha.

DAWN

This calls for a toast!

She raises a glass, tapping it with a spoon. Milo and Cass both groan under their breath.

DAWN

(to the room)

May I have your attention please?  
Edmund and I would like to share with you the most romantic moment we have ever seen. It was three years ago today, in this very restaurant, when this lovely young man here, right in the middle of the meal, threw down his napkin, got down on one knee, and said marry me, right now, right this second, I want to go to sleep tonight knowing you're my wife!

EDMUND

(jumping in)

And she said yes, with tears in her eyes and a tremble in her hand, let's get married, and they ran out to the all night chapel and came back an hour later, man and wife!

The whole restaurant starts clapping. Milo turns to Edmund:

MILO

Can I get a whiskey?

CASS

Make that two.

INT LUXURY B&B HALLWAY- NIGHT

Milo and Cass stumble down the hall, laughing hysterically, falling down drunk.

MILO

After we broke up, I was so mad at you, I told everyone I know you have herpes.

CASS

I told everyone you flunked out of 3rd grade.

MILO

I told everyone you have a moustache.

CASS

I told everyone you like to wear my panties.

MILO

Hey!

This one is obviously true. Both laugh harder.

INT LUXURY B&B HONEYMOON SUITE- NIGHT

Milo and Cass stagger in, blinking hazily at their new surroundings. A heart-shaped bed. Champagne. A bubble bath. A fireplace. The works. Like Cupid threw up in here.

The laughter slowly fades. Long beat. Then:

CASS

Wow. This would be really awkward if we still had feelings for each other. Which we don't...

MILO

That's right. Luckily, we're different people now. We don't feel the way we used to.

CASS

Right. We've moved on.

MILO

We have no feelings about each other whatsoever.

MILO

Just two people who used to know each other.

CASS

Two casual acquaintances.



MILO  
Feels good, doesn't it?

CASS  
Feels fantastic.

MILO  
A platonic relationship. Working together.

CASS  
Helping each other.

MILO  
Trusting each other.

Which reminds them: THEY DON'T TRUST EACH OTHER. Awkward pause. Then:

CASS  
Well. Mind if I shower?

MILO  
Ladies first.

Cass disappears into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. Beat. Then MILO HURRIES OVER TO THE DOOR AND LISTENS.

INT LUXURY B&B BATHROOM- NIGHT

CASS IS PRESSED ON HER SIDE OF THE DOOR, ALSO LISTENING. She reaches over and turns on the shower.

INT LUXURY B&B HONEYMOON SUITE- NIGHT

As soon as Milo hears the water, HE HURRIES OVER TO THE BED WHERE CASS LEFT HER PURSE. HE STARTS DIGGING THROUGH IT.

Meanwhile:

INT LUXURY B&B BATHROOM- NIGHT

Cass is seated on the toilet lid, HUNCHED OVER HER PHONE:

CASS  
(low)  
Hey. It's me.

MOM (O.S.)  
Sheryl?

SPLIT-SCREEN

Mom is at a gay bar, having a cocktail.

CASS  
No, not Sheryl. Cass. (beat) Your daughter.

MOM  
Jesus Christ, where the hell are ya, Niagara Falls?

CASS  
No. You're not gonna believe this, but: I'm at Cupid's Cabin with Milo.

MOM  
(gasping)  
Oh my god...

CASS  
Mom...

MOM  
I always knew you two would...

CASS  
Mom. We're not back together.

Long beat.

MOM  
Why the hell not?

INT LUXURY B&B HONEYMOON SUITE- NIGHT

Milo is looking through Cass' purse. HE KNOWS SHE WAS HIDING SOMETHING FROM HIM AT THE CASINO. While searching through her wallet, he suddenly stumbles across A WEDDING PHOTO OF HIMSELF AND CASS.

Huh. He glances at the bathroom door. She carries their wedding photo around?

INT LUXURY B&B BATHROOM- NIGHT

Cass listens while Mom rants:

MOM

I mean, I just don't get it, you're in this romantic place, you have a perfect opportunity to win him back...

CASS

Why should I have to win him back? He should have to win me back! And who says I want him back, anyway?

MOM

I have never understood this competitive streak of yours...

CASS

(losing her patience)

Look, the reason I called: I remember you worked at this one place where they had these bright green matches with, like, this silhouette of a horse on them?

MOM

(immediately defensive)

That was a long time ago! And all I did was serve drinks...

CASS

I just need to know the name of the place.

MOM

Charley's. And Ok, I admit, maybe I did a little dancing, but how often do you make 200 an hour in tips?

CASS

I gotta go.

MOM

I want grandkids!

Cass hangs up. She sits for a moment, staring at her phone. Is her mother right? Is she making a mistake right now? She looks around the bathroom. Candles, flowers, thick robes.

A bottle of champagne chilling by the heart-shaped tub. She slowly stands and checks herself out in the mirror, brushing back her hair with her hands.

Suddenly, on impulse, she grabs the bottle of champagne and two glasses. WHAT THE HELL, WHY NOT?

They're here, maybe they should seize the moment. She peeks out the bathroom door and sees...

INT LUXURY B&B SUITE- NIGHT

MILO, DIGGING THROUGH HER PURSE, FINDING THE MATCHES...

MILO  
(to himself)  
Sneaky bitch.

INT BATHROOM- NIGHT

Cass is disappointed and vindicated all at once. She puts the champagne back.

CASS  
(to herself)  
Sneaky bastard.

INT LUXURY B&B SUITE- NIGHT

Milo hears the water go off. HE POCKETS THE MATCHES, tosses the purse away and lies on the bed, striking a casual pose.

Cass emerges.

MILO  
Good shower?

CASS  
The best.

MILO  
Great.

CASS  
You know what's great? Trusting each other.

MILO  
I agree.

He holds up the handcuffs:

MILO  
Time for bed!

MUSIC KICKS IN: "Silent Night".

INT LUXURY B&B SUITE- NIGHT

SNOW IS FALLING OUTSIDE. PAN FROM THE WINDOW, ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE BED, ACROSS A SNORING MILO TO CASS, EYES CLOSED, HAND CUFFED TO THE HEADBOARD.

Suddenly, CASS' EYES SNAP OPEN. She sits up a little and glances over at MILO'S NIGHT TABLE WHERE HE LEFT THE KEYS AND GUN IN PLAIN VIEW. She smiles...

INT LUXURY B&B SUITE- TEN MINUTES LATER

Cass is doing a slow, careful, ACROBATIC CLIMB ACROSS MILO'S BODY in an attempt to reach the gun without waking Milo up. She puts a hand on the headboard. She is lifting her knee over him, when he stirs.

She freezes, waiting for him to settle. It's like playing Twister, only if the person you're playing with finds out, HE'S GOING TO KILL YOU.

She manages to get herself STRADDLING HIM, arms stretched, THE GUN ALMOST WITHIN REACH, when:

MILO

Excuse me.

Cass FREEZES.

MILO

What are you doing?

She looks down. Milo is watching her, wide awake. Hmm. This is going to be a tough one to explain.

CASS

Um...

MILO

Are you trying to seduce me?

CASS

(swallowing)

Yes. Yes I am.

She tries to reach for the gun while they talk.

MILO

(innocently)

I didn't know you were still so attracted to me. I mean, I remember how you used to like to greet me at the door in nothing but a...

CASS  
(interrupting)  
Yes, it's true, I'm still attracted  
to you.

Her hand is groping around blindly, where the fuck is it? She stretches more, bringing her face even closer to Milo's.

MILO  
Really? Wow. That's great news. You  
know what would be really sexy  
right now?

Uh-oh.

CASS  
If we both just went to sleep?

MILO  
No. If you talked dirty to me.

The gun seems to be getting farther away. THEIR LIPS ARE  
ALMOST TOUCHING NOW...

CASS  
Ok. (in a sexy voice) Sewage. Mold.  
Rotting carcass...

MILO  
No, I mean, tell me about your  
attraction to me.

CASS  
Um...I can't stop thinking about  
you.

MILO  
Really? What part of me?

CASS  
Just...all of you.

MILO  
Be specific.

Cass blushes fiercely. If she didn't want that gun so bad...

MILO  
(helpfully)  
My great hair? My chest?  
Or...something lower like...

He reaches down and WHIPS OUT:

MILO

My gun?

THE GUN IS IN HIS HAND. That's why she couldn't reach it. HE KNEW WHAT SHE WAS UP TO THIS WHOLE TIME. She flips off him and back onto her side. Milo sits up, flipping on the lights.

MILO

I knew I couldn't trust you!

CASS

I knew I couldn't trust you!

MILO

When were you gonna tell me about the matches you found back there in the hotel room?

CASS

When were you gonna tell me you have no intention of helping me with my story?

MILO

(shrugging)

You're right. I'm not helping you. This is my story now. This time I get to come out on top! Karma, babe. K-a-r-m-a. Karma....

CASS

Oh my god, would you get over it already! So I cracked the case before you did, it was 3 years ago, it happened, stop being such a baby and move on!

MILO

Oh I'm moving on. You know how I'm moving on? By cracking this case before you, then taking you in so you can spend this Xmas in jail, all alone.

He rolls over, turning his back to her. Cass stares at the ceiling, fuming.

EXT CHARLEY'S- DAWN

A strip club on the boardwalk. MOVING IN ON THE BACK DOOR...

INT CHARLEY'S STORAGE ROOM- NIGHT

Jimmy, tied to a chair, watches nervously as MAHLER TAKES EVIDENCE BOXES THAT ARE STACKED ALONG THE WALLS AND MOVES THEM ONTO A MOVER'S DOLLY.

JIMMY

So this is your place, huh? Nice.  
Cozy. Probably more fun to sit  
where you can actually see the  
dancers, but...

Mahler has all the boxes loaded up. He grabs a rag and approaches Jimmy.

JIMMY

Oh. Hey, listen, no need for that,  
I swear I'll be as quiet as a  
mouse.

Mahler gags him, THEN PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE. JIMMY SLUMPS OVER.

MAHLER

I know you will.

Mahler grabs the dolly, flicks off the lights, and EXITS OUT THE BACK DOOR.

INT LUXURY B&B DINING ROOM- DAY

CHIRON: "2:00PM. ROUTE 9 NORTH. 19 HOURS TO GO."

Cass is in a booth, handcuffed, her mouth set, her face grim. No more Mr Nice Guy. She is scheming her way out.

RACK TO MILO, SEVERAL PACES AWAY, ON THE PHONE WITH TERESA, keeping one eye on Cass:

MILO

I'm just curious.

SPLIT-SCREEN:

Teresa at her desk, sipping eggnog.

TERESA

No, I do not keep my ex's photo in  
my wallet.

Sid passes through, kids in tow, and carrying A HUGE, TANGLED BALL OF XMAS LIGHTS. Sid looks like he wants to put a bullet through his brain.



Teresa mouths "Milo". Sid picks up the other extension.

SID  
What's the problem now?

MILO  
No problem...

TERESA  
She keeps their wedding photo in her wallet. He wants to know what that means.

SID  
It means she's madly in love with you.

MILO  
Really?

SID  
No, you idiot, it means she hasn't cleaned out her wallet in 3 years. I'm pretty sure I'm still carrying around a condom from 1987. (to one of the kids) Son of a bitch, Jeremy, don't eat things you find on the floor.

TERESA  
I think it means she loves him.

MILO  
Really? Cause it did make me wonder...

SID  
Why do you care? Listen to me: you hate this girl, remember? You drank yourself out of a job over this girl.

MILO  
I quit my job.

SID  
You were fired.

MILO  
I quit by getting myself fired.

TERESA  
Are you sleeping with her?

SID  
Teresa, get off the line. I knew I  
should have sent Doug. Milo, do me  
a favor. Don't call me again until  
you get her to jail.

CLICK. Sid hangs up. Milo turns to see Cass CONFERRING WITH  
DAWN.

MILO  
(to himself)  
Shit.

INT BOOTH- LATE MORNING

Milo joins Cass. Re: Dawn:

MILO  
What was that about?

CASS  
Nothing. I had her add mayo to your  
burger. I remember you like that.

Milo glances at Dawn and she nods in confirmation.

MILO  
Oh. (surprised) Thanks.

Milo takes a bite from his burger and considers Cass.

MILO  
Ok, look: I know you're probably  
upset that you're not gonna get the  
story. But a person can't win every  
time, right?

CASS  
Depends on the person.

MILO  
Whadya mean?

CASS  
Well, if the person you're  
referring to is you, I agree: you  
can't win every time.

Suddenly, MILO GETS A FUNNY LOOK ON HIS FACE.

CASS  
(innocently)  
What's wrong?

MILO  
(choking a little)  
This burger...

CASS  
One day stuff like that is gonna  
kill ya. (pause) Who knows? Maybe  
even today.

MILO  
My tug...is thwelling...(gasping)  
I tink dere might be sesame...

CASS  
Yeah, I had her add that with the  
mayo. Is that bad? Oh wait, you're  
violently allergic to sesame.  
Whoops. My bad.

MILO'S FACE IS TURNING BRIGHT RED. HE GASPS FOR AIR. HE  
SLOWLY SLIDES OFF HIS CHAIR ONTO THE FLOOR. Cass calmly  
reaches across the table, taking his keys and unhandcuffing  
herself.

Car keys in hand, she bends down to whisper in his ear:

CASS  
You know what that is? "Karma". Oh,  
and, I'll get the story. Watch me.

...and heads for the door.

CASS  
(into her phone)  
911? Yeah, there's a guy here about  
to go into anaphylactic shock.  
Better hurry.

INT CADILLAC- DAY

Cass drives along, on the phone with 411:

CASS  
Yeah, "Charley's". (listening) On  
the boardwalk? Great. Thanks.

INT LUXURY B&B PARKING LOT- DAY

Next to an ambulance, Milo is unconscious on a stretcher. An  
EMT prepares a HUGE SYRINGE, picks a spot on Milo's chest,  
then PLUNGES THE NEEDLE INTO IT.

Milo JERKS up on a gurney, gasping for air.

EMT  
Relax. That was an adrenaline shot.

MILO  
I don't believe it. She tried to  
kill me.

The EMT exchanges a look with the ambulance driver, then  
helps Milo off the stretcher.

EMT  
No one tried to kill you, buddy.  
You just need to be more careful  
about what you eat.

MILO  
Thanks. Great tip.

He checks his watch, then pulls out the GREEN MATCHBOOK:

MILO  
Know where this place is?

EMT  
Sure. Charley's, on the boardwalk.  
And just FYI: when they say "don't  
touch" the dancers, they mean with  
with any part of your body, not  
just your hands.

The EMT folds the stretcher, loads it into the ambulance, and  
THEY DRIVE AWAY, leaving Milo in the parking lot.

MILO  
(calling after them,  
sarcastic)  
Thanks for the ride, by the way.

Milo starts trying handles of parked cars until he finds one  
that's open and SLIPS INSIDE.

EXT ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK- AFTERNOON

Cass pulls up, parks in a lot, and instantly spots CHARLEY'S  
GREEN SIGN WITH THE BLACK HORSE SILHOUETTE, squeezed between  
a burger place and a souvenir shop. She slips out of the car,  
takes a careful look around, then works her way towards the  
club.

INT CHARLEY'S- AFTERNOON

POV OF THE FRONT DOOR, OPENING A CRACK, CASS PEEKING IN.

CASS' POV- WOMEN DANCING, MEN DRINKING. Seedy and cheesy at the same time. Cass thinks this over, then slowly lets the door swing closed.

EXT BACK OF CHARLEY'S- AFTERNOON

Cass finds the back entrance. THE DOOR IS BOLTED. She is looking for a window to climb into, when she spots JIMMY'S METS' HAT ON THE GROUND.

Shit. Cass stares at the hat: JIMMY IS HERE SOMEWHERE. She presses her ear up against the back door:

CASS  
(softly)  
Jimmy?

Suddenly, SHE HEARS GROANING COMING FROM INSIDE. Or grunting. LIKE SOMEONE TRYING TO CALL OUT THROUGH A GAG. She looks around. There is a window higher up on the wall. Cass drags a trash can beneath the window, stacks another one on top of it, and cautiously climbs up.

The window is locked and she can't see through it. Hmm. Fuck it. She takes her purse and SMASHES a pane of glass.

She wobbles on trash cans and GRABS THE WINDOWSILL JUST AS THE CANS FALL AWAY, LEAVING HER DANGLING.

INT CHARLEY'S STORAGE ROOM- AFTERNOON

Jimmy is staring nervously up at the broken window. He can see hands and can hear someone cursing under their breath. The top of a head appears, then a face: IT'S CASS.

Relieved, Jimmy starts gesturing excitedly for her to come in. Cass climbs in, drops to the floor, hurries over to Jimmy and ungags him.

JIMMY  
Untie me, quick, that psychopath is  
gonna be back here any second...

EXT BACK OF CHARLEY'S- MOMENTS LATER

Cass peeks out the door, then gestures for Jimmy to follow.

EXT ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK- AFTERNOON

Cass and Jimmy are hurrying to the Cadillac...

INT CADILLAC- AFTERNOON

Cass and Jimmy climb in...

CASS  
So what the hell is "Sparrow"?

...but before Jimmy can answer:

DWIGHT (O.S.)  
I have a better question...

Cass looks in the rearview mirror. SHIT: DWIGHT AND RAY ARE IN THE BACKSEAT, POINTING GUNS AT THE BACK OF THEIR HEADS.

DWIGHT  
Where the fuck is Milo?

Jimmy almost bursts into tears.

JIMMY  
You know what? I think I'll get a real job. Work at Kinko's. Or Burger King. That doesn't sound so bad anymore...

RAY  
(interrupting)  
Hey. Who the fuck are you?

JIMMY  
Nobody.

RAY  
Right. So what the fuck are you doing in this car?

Jimmy glances back at them. Do they mean he can just...?

DWIGHT  
(spelling it out)  
Run, you jackass.

Jimmy gives Cass a quick look ("sorry"), then exits the car and TAKES OFF RUNNING DOWN THE BOARDWALK. CASS CAN'T BELIEVE IT. She drops her forehead into the steering wheel in despair.

EXT HIGHWAY- AFTERNOON

Milo is driving along in a stolen Volvo, cables hanging under the steering wheel from where he hot-wired it. He is just coming up on the boardwalk when his phone rings.

MILO  
(answering)  
What do you want, you crazy bitch?

INT CHARLEY'S- AFTERNOON

Cass is seated in a booth with Dwight and Ray. Into phone:

CASS  
What kind of asshole runs up a  
gambling debt with a bunch of  
Neanderthals...

RAY  
That's not what I told you to say.

Ray grabs the phone away from her. Into phone:

RAY  
As you can see: we have your  
girlfriend.

CASS  
(loudly)  
And I'm not his girlfriend.

MILO  
Oh, she's my girlfriend alright.  
But fair is fair: you guys can keep  
her.

CLICK. Ray stares at the phone. In disbelief:

RAY  
I think he hung up.

CASS  
He what?

DWIGHT  
(grabbing the phone)  
Gimme that.

EXT ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK- AFTERNOON

Milo is pulling up. Sees Charley's. Then SEES HIS OWN CAR. He glances around: CASS MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.

His phone rings again.

MILO  
Hello, Lucky's Libations!

SPLIT-SCREEN:

Dwight tries to explain:

DWIGHT  
Look, Milo, I don't think you understand: we're gonna hurt her.

Milo hears MUSIC COMING FROM DWIGHT'S END. DANCE MUSIC. SLEAZY MUSIC. UNMISTAKABLY STRIP-CLUB MUSIC.

He heads for CHARLEY'S. Into phone:

MILO  
Oh, I understand, alright, and I don't blame ya. I want to hurt her all the time.

Cass grabs the phone from Dwight. Into phone:

CASS  
Milo, listen, they're not kidding, Ok?

INT CHARLEY'S- CONTINUOUS

Milo slips inside and scans the room. HE SEES CASS IN A BOOTH ACROSS THE ROOM WITH DWIGHT AND RAY. Into phone:

MILO  
Ok. Fine. Say you were wrong.

Cass hesitates. Into phone:

CASS  
For what?

MILO  
For what? For poisoning me with sesame and almost killing me!

Beat.



CASS  
Ok. Maybe that was not the best...

MILO  
Say you were wrong.

CASS  
I could have found a more mature...

MILO  
Say you were wrong.

CASS  
I was possibly out of line...

MILO  
Say you were wrong.

CASS  
(blurting out)  
Ok, ok, I was wrong!

MILO  
Ok. Now. Admit that the only reason  
you were able to crack that case  
three years ago was because you  
looked through my files.

Long pause.

CASS  
What?

MILO  
I think I'll hang up now...

CASS  
(quickly)  
Ok, Ok. I looked through your  
files. Are you happy?

MILO  
Thrilled. Now tell them I'll be  
there in 20 minutes. Meanwhile,  
stop shifting in your seat like  
that and just tell them you have to  
use the bathroom.

Cass sits up straighter. Wait a second, he's here?

MILO  
Don't look around. Just do it.

CLICK. He hangs up.

CLOSE ON- THE BOOTH.

CASS  
You boys mind if I use the ladies  
room?

INT BATHROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Cass enters. Milo is behind the door. He SLAMS the door closed after she is in, and blocks her escape.

MILO  
You know what my mistake was? I  
never should have let you out of  
the trunk. I'm fine, by the way.  
The doctor said I may have been  
technically dead for a few seconds,  
but I'm fine now.

Cass is not impressed. She stares at him coldly.

CASS  
So that's what you really think?  
That I stole information from you?

MILO  
It's not what I think, it's what I  
know. How else did you beat me?

CASS  
(as though to a 5 yr old)  
Did it ever occur to you that I  
just might be good at my job?

Milo stares at her. Huh. It actually didn't occur to him...

CASS  
That's what I thought. You know  
what, Milo? You're an even bigger  
asshole than I previously  
suspected, and you deserve  
everything that's happened to you.  
(beat) And everything that's about  
to happen to you.

"About to happen"? Milo is just starting to realize...

MILO  
You wouldn't...

CASS  
(screaming)  
MILO BOYD IS IN HERE!

Son of a bitch. The bathroom door SHOOTs open and DWIGHT AND RAY ENTER. They back Milo into a corner. Cass smiles at Milo, waves, and exits.

EXT CHARLEY'S- AFTERNOON

Cass comes flying out of the club and runs right into: MAHLER. HE TAKES ONE LOOKS AT HER AND PUSHES HER BACK INSIDE.

INT BATHROOM- AFTERNOON

Dwight and Ray are frisking Milo, taking away his array of weapons.

DWIGHT  
Wow. You always carry this much gear?

MILO  
Only during the holidays.

INT CHARLEY'S- CONTINUOUS

Milo is pushed out of the bathroom, and comes face to face with CASS. MAHLER APPEARS FROM BEHIND HER, TAKES ONE LOOK AT MILO AND POINTS HIS GUN AT MILO'S HEAD.

MAHLER  
Remember me?

DWIGHT  
What the fuck?

Dwight steps forward from behind Milo, AND POINTS HIS GUN AT MAHLER. MAHLER REACTS, SHIFTING THE GUN TO DWIGHT. RAY STEPS UP, GUN POINTED AT MAHLER.

Momentary stand-off. Stuck between the bad guys, MILO AND CASS GIVE EACH OTHER EVIL LOOKS.

A half-naked dancer appears:

DANCER  
Lapdance?

Everyone looks at her. She is just realizing...

DANCER  
Maybe I should come back later...

...WHEN MILO AND CASS SIMULTANEOUSLY MAKE THEIR MOVES, CASS STOMPING ON MAHLER'S FOOT, CAUSING HIM TO LOOSEN HIS HOLD ON HER, MILO SLAMMING HIS ELBOW BACK ONTO RAY'S ABDOMEN.

RAY'S GUN GOES OFF AS CASS AND MILO BOTH HIT THE FLOOR. MAHLER REACTS, FIRING AT RAY. DWIGHT FIRES AT MAHLER...

TOTAL PANDEMONIUM. Girls screaming, patrons running for the exit.

MAHLER AND DWIGHT BOTH GET HIT. Milo crawls over to a moaning Dwight and recovers his gun. He looks up in time to see CASS DISAPPEARING OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

EXT BOARDWALK- AFTERNOON

Milo comes out. THE BOARDWALK IS PACKED, CASS IS LOST IN THE CROWD. Milo raises his gun in the air and FIRES. People duck and scatter REVEALING CASS, climbing into the Cadillac.

SIRENS...

INT CADILLAC- AFTERNOON

Cass jumps into the car and hits the gas. She is pulling away, victorious, WHEN THERE IS A SOUND ON THE ROOF.

MILO'S FACE APPEARS, UPSIDE-DOWN, IN THE WINDSHIELD, GRINNING.

CASS  
Get off the car, Milo.

He gives her the finger.

CASS  
Get off the car, you psychopath.

MILO  
Oh, I am a psychopath, and you know why? Cause you made me that way. And if I'm going crazy, I'm taking you with me.

He reaches a hand through the driver's window, grabbing at her. Cass SCREAMS, squeezes her eyes shut and HITS THE GAS.

MORE SIRENS, RAPIDLY APPROACHING...

EXT HIGHWAY- AFTERNOON

THE CAR IS WEAIVING CRAZILY, MILO SLIDING BACK AND FORTH  
ACROSS THE ROOF...

INT CADILLAC- AFTERNOON

Cass opens her eyes. MILO IS HALFWAY IN THE PASSENGER WINDOW.

CASS  
AAHHH!!

MILO  
AAHHH!!

Milo falls into the car, grabbing at the wheel. They fight  
for control of the car as it goes spinning off the road...

EXT TREES- AFTERNOON

The Cadillac skids wildly, COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL...

INT CADILLAC- AFTERNOON

THEY WRESTLE FOR CONTROL...

MILO  
LET GO...

CASS  
NO, YOU LET GO...

INT CADILLAC- AFTERNOON

TREES...ROCKS...SNOWBANKS...DITCHES...FINALLY, MILO MANAGES  
TO SLAM ON THE BRAKES AND THE CAR SKIDS TO A HALT JUST INCHES  
FROM A CLIFF.

Silence.

EXT BOARDWALK- EARLY EVENING

Cops everywhere, Dwight and Ray leaning over the hood of a  
squad car, being handcuffed, MAHLER UNCONSCIOUS ON A  
STRETCHER.

A BYSTANDER IS TALKING TO A COP, DESCRIBING:

BYSTANDER

It was an old Cadillac, this crazy girl driving, and the guy was like, on the roof...

INT CADILLAC- EARLY EVENING

CHIRON: "6:00 PM. ABOVE THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. 13 HOURS TO GO".

Cass and Milo both just sit there breathing for a moment. Then Milo turns and glares at Cass, and THE LOOK ON HER FACE SAYS SHE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT'S COMING NEXT:

EXT TRUNK- EARLY EVENING

CASS IS BACK IN THE TRUNK. Milo waves goodbye and SLAMS shut the lid.

IMMEDIATELY, HIS CELL PHONE RINGS. Milo glances at it, then reluctantly answers:

MILO

Yeah?

SPLIT-SCREEN:

Bobby, ocean in the background, furious:

BOBBY

What the fuck are you doing? I thought I told you to lie low.

MILO

I was lying low...

BOBBY

Yeah? Then how is it that a statewide all-points was just put out on the two of you?

MILO

(sighing)

It's a long story.

BOBBY

Ok, look, you guys better come to me, I'll protect you til we figure this out. Can you get to Pier 19?

Milo looks around. He can just make out Pier 19 in the distance, a mile or two away.

MILO

Yeah.

EXT PIER 19- EVENING

Milo and Cass drive up in the Cadillac and park out of sight. They exit the car and look around. The pier seems to be deserted. Then they hear a soft motor, and BOBBY APPEARS IN A MOTORBOAT.

BOBBY

Get in.

EXT OCEAN- EARLY EVENING

The sound of a motorboat chugging along.

INT MOTORBOAT- EVENING

Bobby is at the back of the boat, steering. Cass and Milo are up front, explaining:

CASS

So, these guys have a bunch of stolen evidence stashed somewhere in Atlantic City...

MILO

And we think they're ditching it tonight.

A SMALL YACHT APPEARS ON THE HORIZON. Bobby steers the motorboat towards it. MILO AND CASS TURN TO LOOK AS THE YACHT COMES INTO VIEW. AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, CASS AND MILO MAKE OUT THE NAME ON THE SIDE OF THE BOAT:

"SPARROW".

BOBBY

(casually)

You know, if I was them, I'd store the evidence on a boat, drive the boat about 30 miles out, and blow the whole thing up.

Cass and Milo both slowly turn to find BOBBY POINTING A GUN AT THE TWO OF THEM. Off Milo's disappointed look:

BOBBY

Hey, man. I got mouths to feed.

MILO

Aw. That's what all the dirty cops say.

Bobby quickly frisks Cass, and frisks and disarms Milo. He steers the boat one-handed up next to the yacht and cuts the motorboats engine.

Milo makes a sudden LUNGE for Bobby and BOBBY CRACKS HIM OVER THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH THE BUTT OF THE GUN, SENDING MILO SPRAWLING TO THE BACK OF THE BOAT, RIGHT ON TOP OF THE MOTOR.

Milo struggles back up to a seated position.

BOBBY

You've always been such a stubborn asshole, Milo. You just don't listen. All you had to do was stay where I told you and none of this would have happen. Now the two of you are gonna have to go down with the boat.

INT HULL OF YACHT- EVENING

CHIRON: "11:00 PM. ATLANTIC OCEAN. 10 HOURS TO GO".

PAN PAST PILES OF EVIDENCE BOXES FULL OF EVERYTHING  
IMAGINABLE: GUNS, VIDEOTAPES, DRUGS, ETC...

PAN PAST A PILE OF EXPLOSIVES WRAPPED WITH CABLE AND ATTACHED TO A TIMER, COUNTING DOWN: "1:59, 1:58, 1:57..."

PAN TO MILO AND CASS SEATED ON THE FLOOR, TIED TOGETHER, BACK TO BACK, ARMS STRAPPED TO THEIR SIDES.

PAN TO THE DOORWAY, where Bobby stands, inspecting the room.

BOBBY

Ok. Guess that's it. Gotta go.  
(checking them out) You know what?  
You guys make a great couple.

Bobby exits and Cass and Milo are alone.

Suddenly, CASS STARTS GIGGLING.

MILO

What's so funny?

CASS

My mom was worried I wouldn't have plans for Xmas Eve.



Cass is laughing harder and harder until MILO REALIZES:

MILO  
Hey, are you crying?

CASS  
(sobbing)  
No. I'm not...

Milo doesn't know what to do. His hands are trapped in front of him, he can't even pat her on the shoulder.

MILO  
Ok, just don't...

CASS  
I'm not crying.

MILO  
I know you're not.

CASS  
I just...(miserable) I can't believe I going to die by being blown up and sinking to the bottom of the ocean with someone who thinks I'm a total liar.

MILO  
We're not gonna die.

CASS  
Oh yeah? What's the plan?

MILO  
(thinking)  
Well...

Milo looks around. There is a SMALL PORTHOLE IN ONE WALL.  
Milo assumes a take-charge manner:

MILO  
Ok. Here's what we do. We're going to synchronize our efforts in order to cross the room and manipulate the bomb out of the room and into the water in order to diffuse the explosive impact.

Beat.

CASS  
You mean we're going to throw the bomb out the window?

MILO  
Uh, yeah. Or we can just wait to  
get blown up.

CLOSE ON- THE TIMER: "1:19, 1:18, 1:17..."

CASS  
(quickly)  
I'm with you. Go, team, go.

MILO  
That's the spirit. Ok, first we're  
going sideways: to the left...

Milo leans one way, Cass leans the other: THEY DON'T MOVE.

MILO  
Ok. My left this time...

They both lean to the left and topple over. Milo is facing  
the direction of the bomb.

MILO  
Now we're gonna work our way over  
to the bomb.

They start moving like a sideways inchworm, creeping along.

MILO  
And I don't think you're a total  
liar, but in my own defense, I was  
one of the top detectives in my  
division, I had been working that  
case for months, and then you just  
waltzed in and solved it.

CASS  
I didn't just "waltz in". You know  
I had been working it for months,  
too. Isn't it possible that we're  
both good at our jobs, and I just  
happened to come out ahead?

Beat.

MILO  
(fumbling)  
Oh. Well, I...(blurting out) Look,  
I was confused, I had never been in  
love before!

CASS  
Well, neither had I!

Milo seems surprised to hear this. But before he can respond, THE BOAT ROCKS ON A WAVE AND THEY ARE SENT ROLLING IN CASS' DIRECTION. AS THEY ROLL:

CASS  
Ow...

MILO  
Shit..

CASS  
Dammit...

They are stopped when MILO'S FACE IS SLAMMED INTO THE SIDE OF THE BOAT. Milo lets out a grunt. Beat.

CASS  
Milo?

MILO  
(muffled)  
I'm Ok. Ok, we need to turn to the right, and wait for the next wave.

They both start turning separate ways:

MILO  
My right.

They turn to the right and wait. After a moment:

MILO  
So. You were in love with me?

CASS  
Of course I was in love with you, why do you think I married you?

No response. Behind her back, Milo looks sheepish. Cass realizes:

CASS  
Oh. My. God. You think I married you so I could get info on the case? Who am I, Mata Hari?

Milo looks confused. He is trying to figure out...

CASS  
She's a spy, Milo.

Aaah.

MILO  
(quickly)  
I know that. Everybody knows that.  
Mata Hari the spy.

Beat. Milo clears his throat.

MILO  
Well. It might be a little late for  
this. But...nice job on the  
article.

CASS  
You know, if I had something sharp  
right now, I would stab you.

MILO  
No, really, I mean, it was well-  
written and...

CASS  
Can you just get us out of here,  
please?

Suddenly, A WAVE HITS THE BOAT, AND THEY GO ROLLING TOWARDS  
THE BOMB. AS THEY ROLL:

CASS  
Umph...

MILO  
Ughh...

CASS  
Son of a...

MILO  
Ow...

And they come to a stop, MILO'S FACE PRESSED RIGHT UP TO THE  
BOMB. He watches the timer: "00:44, 00:43, 00:42..."

CASS  
Can you see the bomb?

MILO  
Uh, yeah. I can see the bomb. Now  
we get up.

MILO GRABS THE BOMB AND HOLDS IT AGAINST HIS BELLY. Cass and  
Milo push against each other, and struggle up to a standing  
position.

Great. So far, so good.

Only, MILO CAN'T RAISE HIS ARMS. AND THE PORTHOLE IS SIX FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. NOW WHAT?

CASS  
Did you throw it?

MILO  
Not exactly.

CASS  
Well, what are you waiting for?

MILO  
I'm waiting for a pig to fly in here and grab it.

CASS  
(starting to panic again)  
Milo...

MILO  
Ok, Ok. Um, on 3, I need you to jump.

Beat.

CASS  
What?

MILO  
You know: "jump, jump, jump around, jump."

CASS  
Are you serious?

MILO  
No. I'm fucking with you. For fun. Just for my own personal enjoyment...

CASS  
Ok, Ok.

MILO  
Ok: 1, 2, 3...

EXT PORTHOLE- EVENING

We see MILO'S HEAD POP INTO VIEW, THEN DISAPPEAR.

CLOSE ON- THE TIMER "00:11, 00:10, 00:09..."

MILO'S HEAD POPS UP HIGHER...

CLOSE ON- THE TIMER "00:06, 00:05, 00:04..."

This time, MILO POPS UP HIGH ENOUGH THAT WE SEE HIS HANDS...

CLOSE ON- THE TIMER "00:03, 00:02, 00:01..."

And finally, MILO IS HIGH ENOUGH THAT HE CAN THRUST THE BOMB OUT THE WINDOW...

CLOSE ON THE BOMB AS IT CRASHES INTO THE WATER...

INT HULL OF BOAT- EVENING

Milo and Cass, both a little out of breath, stand still, listening. Silence.

CASS  
Think the water defused it?

MILO  
Lemme ask you this? Has anything  
gone our way yet?

SUDDENLY, A LOW ROAR FROM BENEATH GROWS AND RISES UP BENEATH THE BOAT, ROCKING IT WILDLY AS WATER EXPLODES ON ALL SIDES.

Cass and Milo get drenched, BUT ARE SAFE.

CASS  
Nice job.

MILO  
Hey. You, too.

CASS  
Thanks.

MILO  
Now lets find something to cut  
these ropes off...

CASS  
Think we can catch that cop?

MILO  
Trust me: we can definitely catch  
that cop.

Because at this very moment...

INT MOTORBOAT- NIGHT

...Bobby is paddling frantically, pausing every once in a while to curse the motor, WHICH FOR SOME REASON REFUSES TO START. He see the lights of another boat coming up behind him, and he paddles faster.

EXT DECK OF YACHT- NIGHT

Milo steers the yacht right up behind Bobby, dwarfing the motorboat. Calling out:

MILO  
Hey, Bobby. I got one for ya...

Bobby looks up to see MILO POINTING AN ASSAULT RIFLE HE GRABBED FROM THE EVIDENCE BOXES:

MILO  
What's the difference between a snowman and a snowwoman? (holding something up) The spark plug.

Bobby checks the motor: SO THAT'S WHY IT WON'T RUN. MILO GRABBED THE SPARK PLUG. Milo and Cass grin down at Bobby while he kicks the motor and swears.

EXT PIER 19- DAWN

CHIRON: "6:00 AM. PIER 19. 3 HOURS TO GO."

Cops are everywhere. Cass and Milo are seated on a bench, exhausted, watching as THE COPS UNLOAD BOXES OF STOLEN EVIDENCE FROM THE YACHT. Bobby is cuffed in the back of a squad car.

After a moment:

MILO  
Merry Xmas. I got you this.

Milo hands Cass some seaweed.

CASS  
You shouldn't have.

Milo checks his watch.

MILO  
Hey. I've still got three hours to get you to jail. Looks like I'm gonna win that bet after all.

Cass' eyes go wide. Suddenly, she JUMPS UP and BOLTS.

MILO  
(to himself)  
You have got to be kidding me.

EXT BEACH- DAWN

Like an action sequence in slo-mo, Cass stumbles across the sand, exhausted, Milo at her heels. Finally, he makes one last effort, LUNGES for her, brings her down and SNAPS on the cuffs.

CASS  
(muffled, face in the sand)  
I'm not going without a fight.

MILO  
Yeah. I'm getting that.

He pulls her to her feet.

INT JERSEY CITY POLICE STATION- MORNING

Milo leads Cass up to the clerk, both of them looking like a mess. He checks his watch:

MILO  
9am. See? Easy as pie.(nudging Cass) Go on, say it.

CASS  
(to the clerk)  
I'd like to turn myself in. (can't resist) Though I didn't do anything wrong...

MILO  
Stop talking.

CASS  
...and I was unjustly arrested...

To shut her up, Milo GRABS HER AND KISSES HER. THEN SHE IS KISSING HIM BACK. TIME STOPS FOR A MOMENT.

Then Milo hands her over to the clerk.

MILO  
(to Cass)  
See ya.



CASS  
(a little disoriented)  
Oh. Ok.

The clerk leads her into the jail.

EXT POLICE STATION- MORNING

Milo exits. He passes some cops on their way in. ONE GELMAN,  
THE COP HE INSULTED IN THE BEGINNING.

GELMAN  
Hey. It's that jerk-off bounty  
hunter.

Milo stops in his tracks. Mentally weighs the pros and cons.  
Decides:

MILO  
Ah, what the hell.

He turns around, walks back to Gelman, AND SMASHES HIM IN THE  
FACE WITH HIS FIST.

INT HOLDING CELL- MORNING

Cass is trying to find a clean place to sit down, when MILO  
GETS THROWN INTO THE HOLDING CELL NEXT TO HERS.

CASS  
Oh my god, what happened?

MILO  
Hey. I couldn't let you spend Xmas  
alone. Besides, I didn't really  
have any plans other than drinking  
some cheap whiskey and putting my  
fist through a wall.

CASS  
I'm touched that you would give  
that up for me.

MILO  
Hey. It's the kind of guy I am.

Cass grins. WEDDING MUSIC KICKS IN:

SID (O.S.)  
Well, you were right.

INT WEDDING CHAPEL- DAY

Sid and Lois are watching as MILO AND CASS GET REMARRIED.

LOIS

Of course I was right. I knew they'd get back together if they were just stuck together long enough. And thank god. Better she drives him crazy than me.

SID

I hear ya.

CLOSE ON- MILO AND CASS, WHISPERING TO EACH OTHER UNDER THE PRIEST'S BLESSING:

CASS

(low)

I love you.

MILO

I love you more.

Cass smiles. Beat. Then:

CASS

Well, I doubt you love me more.

MILO

I'm just saying I love you a lot.

CASS

Right. I know. I love you a lot, too. Let's just say you love me and leave it at that.

MILO

Fine. I love you.

CASS

Fine. (beat) Cause I love you more.

MILO

Oh yeah? (glancing at her) Wanna bet?

BLACKOUT