

SHORT TIME

by

John Blumenthal

&

Michael Berry

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FADE IN:

EXT. CONCORD MILITARY BASE - LATE NIGHT

A pool of light bathes a lone guardhouse at the entrance to the base. A large TRUCK painted olive drab and driven by two SOLDIERS, pulls up from inside the base and stops. After a moment, the barrier arm raises and with a grinding of gears, the TRUCK pulls out.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - NIGHT

The Army truck cruises down a dark deserted street. As it approaches an intersection, an old SEDAN pulls out in front of the truck. A few seconds later a large, battered VAN closes up behind the TRUCK. The two vehicles bracket the TRUCK until the unlikely caravan stops for the light.

INT. TRUCK - DRIVER'S POV

The light turns green, but the VAN remains still. SOLDIER hits the HORN, urging the VAN forward, but it doesn't move. Then the SOLDIER looks to his left. A STOCKY MAN in a ski-mask is standing on the running board; he's pointing a gun at the soldier.

EXT. STREET

The STOCKY MAN with the gun gestures the two soldiers out of the hijacked truck and into the back of the SEDAN, where a COHORT, also in ski-mask, guards them.

The VAN turns around and backs up to the rear of the TRUCK. Four men in ski masks jump out, open the rear of the VAN and the rear of the TRUCK. They quickly begin to transfer the contents of the TRUCK into the VAN.

INSERT - CARGO

Boxes of various sizes are marked "Ordnance - U.S. Army", "A-17 Grenade Launchers", "M-16's", etc.

STOCKY MAN
Come on. Move it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The loading is completed. The STOCKY MAN uses a pocket knife to slice off the valves on the truck tires. As the air whooshes out, the TRUCK is immobilized.

STOCKY MAN
Let's get outa here.

The COHORT goes to the SEDAN, yanks the two soldiers from the rear seat, gets in and drives off, leaving them. One of the four LOADERS gets into the cab of the VAN and starts it up. The STOCKY MAN and the other three men hop back into the back of the VAN as it tears off.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - VAN - NIGHT

The VAN is doing 80 m.p.h. down a deserted city street. A light changes to red, but the VAN plows through.

ANGLE - A POLICE CAR

at the intersection spots the blur of the VAN, sounds its siren and pursues.

EXT. STREET - CHASE

The Police Car is about 30 yards behind the VAN on a straightaway.

ANGLE - REAR OF VAN

Suddenly, the rear doors fly open and the STOCKY MAN aims a rocket launcher at the police car. He grins. His two GOLD FRONT TEETH shine in the headlights of the police car. He pulls the trigger.

ON POLICE CAR

as it EXPLODES, sending a storm of metal debris all over the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

We FOLLOW a man jogging along a city street. This is DETECTIVE BURT DOYLE, about 38, pleasant-looking. He's wearing neat jogging togs, spotless Reeboks and a Red Sox cap.

BURT

(breathing hard)

If this is another one of your
hare-brained ideas, tell me now.

WIDEN TO REVEAL an unmarked police car is driving slowly alongside Burt. The man driving is DETECTIVE ERNIE KRUGER, about 38, not bad-looking. He's munching on a glazed donut.

ERNIE

Trust me, Burt. This is a gold
mine.

BURT
Like that race horse?

ERNIE
Hey, how was I supposed to know he was blind? It didn't say anything in the ad.

BURT
Some gold mine. A race horse that needs a seeing eye dog to get around the track. Great idea.

ERNIE
Okay, okay. I'm not perfect, I admit it. Turn left here.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

The unmarked car pulls up in front of small building with a sign that says: "YOUNG'S GYM -- FOR WOMEN ONLY." Ernie gets out of the car. Burt runs on.

ERNIE
Yo, Carl Lewis, we're here.

Burt makes a U-turn, returns to the car and jogs in place. He looks up at the sign.

BURT
A ladies gym? Forget it. I'm outa here.

ERNIE
Will you just hold on for a minute, please. It's not the gym, okay?

Burt continues to jog in place. He looks at his watch. Ernie rolls his eyes.

BURT
Just three more seconds....Two, one...

There's a BEEP from Burt's watch. He stops jogging. They head for the gym. Before going in, Ernie lights a cigarette. Burt snatches it out of his mouth and tosses it to the curb. Ernie snarls - he's been through this before - and they enter the gym.

INT. GYM

This is not a health spa, it's a serious gym. Muscular female body builders scattered around the floor, doing lifts etc. In the center of the gym is a ring where two ENORMOUS female wrestlers are in mid-bout. Ernie leads Burt to ringside.

ERNIE

Do you love this or what?

BURT

Or what.

ERNIE

(pointing to ring)

Check out the one in the red leotards. Her stage name is Connie the Crusher. She was mid-Atlantic wrestling champ two years running. She needs a new manager.

Burt looks as Connie does an impressive body slam.

BURT

Let me get this straight. You wanna invest our hard-earned savings in a female wrestler? It'd cost more to feed her than that horse you dragged me to last week.

ERNIE

Come on, Burt. This is hip. This is cool. This is Eighties.

BURT

This is dumb.

ERNIE

Are you kidding? Wrestling is a growth business. First we incorporate her, then we take her public, then we do a leveraged buyout, take her private and then we retire. I'm thinking like an entrepreneur here, Burt.

BURT

You're a lunatic. What if something happens to her? What if she gets hit by a truck?

They both look up as Connie throws her opponent out of the ring.

ERNIE
I'd worry about the truck.

BURT
I'm leaving. Are you coming?

Ernie takes one last longing look at Connie, then follows Burt out.

EXT. YOUNG'S GYM

They exit and head for their car.

ERNIE
You're passing up a gold mine here, Burt. Managers get 25 per cent of the purse. Besides, we'd get to travel and meet lots of ladies. There's a lot of glamour in the wrestling circuit.

BURT
What do we know about the wrestling circuit? We're cops.

ERNIE
Yeah but in 8 days we'll be retired.

BURT
Seven...
(looks at watch)
..and a half. Give or take a few hours.

They get in the car.

INT. CAR

Ernie starts it up and they pull out. Burt picks up a newspaper, folded to the classifieds and pulls a pen out of his pocket.

BURT
Look, I don't wanna spend any more time looking at race horses and female wrestlers. If we're gonna go into business, its gotta be something dependable, something safe, something sensible. Okay?

ERNIE
I guess that rules out the mink farm...

Burt glares at him. Suddenly, a voice crackles over the RADIO.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Unit 243.

Burt and Ernie both look at the radio, then at each other.

BURT

Forget it. I gotta get back and shower.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Unit 243.

Ernie picks up the radio, clicks the switch on. Burt shakes his head.

ERNIE

Yeah?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Unit 243, see Unit 567 corner Third and Swarthmore. Over.

Ernie clicks off and does a U-turn.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The unmarked car pulls up next to a black-and-white in front of a tenement building on the nasty side of Jamaica Pond. Two UNIFORMS stand outside the squad car. Burt and Ernie get out of their car and approach.

ERNIE

Whaddaya got?

UNIFORM #1

Hector Escobar. Possession of narcotics, dealing narcotics, illegal possession of fire--

BURT

(annoyed)

For this they called us down here?

ERNIE

(to Uniforms)

Where is he?

UNIFORM #2

Down the street. Number 897. Fourth floor.

BURT

Great. So go arrest him. What do you need us for?

UNIFORM #1

Captain specifically wanted you guys to do it.

BURT

I'm not dressed for this.

ERNIE

You guys cover the street. Let's go, Burt.

Burt sighs, then reaches in the car and takes out his revolver and a bullet proof vest. He puts the vest on over his sweatshirt. Ernie gives him a look.

BURT

Better safe than sorry. You heard what happened to Murphy and Gibbs last night? Chased a speeder and got blown to smithereens. I'm not takin' any chances, not this close to retirement.

ERNIE

Are you ready now? You want a helmet?

Burt glares. Ernie leads him and the two uniforms toward the building.

Burt and Ernie enter the building, leaving the two uniforms on the street.

INT. TENEMENT

Burt and Ernie wind their way up a staircase that's littered with assorted winos and trash. They stop at an apartment door, ready their guns and stand to either side of it. Ernie knocks. No answer. He knocks again. Again, no response.

BURT

Well, guess nobody's home. Too bad.

Burt turns to leave. Ernie stays, leans toward the door.

ERNIE
(in female falsetto)
Strip-o-gram for Mr. Hector
Escobar. Please open up, Mr.
Escobar, it's drafty out here. I'm
getting goosebumps all over my
half-naked bod.

Burt rolls his eyes.

BURT
Why do you keep doing that? That
never works.
(steps up to door)
Mr. Escobar. This is the police.
Please open the door.

ERNIE
Always by the book. No
imagination.

Suddenly, a SHOTGUN BLAST rips a major hole in the door.

Burt and Ernie crash through the door, into the apartment. They
come to an open window. Ernie sticks his head out. Another
blast of gunfire rips by from below.

ERNIE
Son of a bitch!

A look of anger comes over Ernie. He climbs through the window
and onto the fire escape.

BURT
(shouts)
Where the hell you going?

ERNIE
Nobody shoots at me and gets away
with it. It's rude.

He takes off down the stairs.

BURT
(shouting after him)
Don't take it personally!

EXT. ALLEY

Hector is bouncing down the fire escape. Ernie is scurrying
after him. Hector hits the street running - he's young and he's
quick. But Ernie's right after him.

Burt comes rushing out the front door of the building and just catches sight of Ernie racing away from him. He takes off after his partner.

ANGLE ON ERNIE - CHASE

He's moving as fast as he can, arms pumping, the SOUND of his breathing getting quicker and more labored. Hector is racing towards a park with a small pond in the middle. He gets to the pond and begins a circumnavigation, passing old folks in wheel chairs and kids sailing boats. He almost knocks an oldster in a chair over as he attempts to jump over him. The WHEELCHAIR totters on the brink of falling in the pond. Ernie runs past, delivering the final nudge and sending the senior citizen into the pond. Burt slows, but the water's only a couple inches deep. He keeps right on going, too.

ANGLE ON HECTOR

He gets round the pond and heads for the parkway. He's breathing hard now, but safety's close. Ernie is slowing, Burt's almost abreast of him...

BURT
(puffing)
Jesus, Ernie. Stop, we're not
supposed to be doing this shit,
remember?

Hector reaches the parkway, pauses calculating, then plunges across four lanes of traffic. HORNS BEEP, cars SKID, but he makes it.

BURT
(yells)
Goddammit Ernie!

Ernie arrives at the edge of the road way and pauses. He sees an opening in the traffic and is about to go when Burt TACKLES him and they fall to the ground. Hector disappears over the other side of the parkway and into the depths of Roxbury.

ERNIE
Are you crazy?

BURT
I thought we discussed this. I
thought we agreed. No chases. No
shootouts. No more risking our
lives for thirty-five K a year.
Remember?

Ernie thinks.

ERNIE

Oh, yeah. Sorry. Force of habit.

Burt puts his hand down to help his partner up when a foot flies into Ernie's face, knocking him on his ass again. The OLDSTER is backing up his wheelchair to ram again as Ernie jumps up and skips out of the way.

EXT. TENEMENT - LATER

Burt and Ernie head for their car. Ernie stops, gazes up at the building.

ERNIE

I hate it when bad guys shoot at me.

BURT

What's the big deal? He's a small-time dope peddler.

ERNIE

Now he's a big-time dope peddler who shot at two cops. Us.

BURT

So lodge a complaint.

(beat)

Look, everybody slacks off on short time. Twenty years on the force and we're still alive. You wanna get shot now with only 7 days left by some goofball who'll probably get off on a plea bargain if we even catch him, which we probably won't.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ernie and Burt are standing at attention in front of the CAPTAIN, a burly guy around 55, who is pacing angrily in front of them. Burt is still in his sweaty jogging suit.

CAPTAIN

What the hell am I gonna do with you two clowns?

ERNIE

Captain?

CAPTAIN

What happened to Hector Escobar?

BURT

He outran us. Must be on steroids.

CAPTAIN
Uh huh. And what about this rumor
that it took you twenty minutes to
drive eight blocks to a 211
yesterday. Twenty minutes! The
perp was on medicare by the time
you got there.

ERNIE
The traffic was outrageous. Isn't
that right Burt?

Burt nods. The Captain studies both of them, sticks his f
theirs like an angry staff sergeant.

CAPTAIN
Look, I know you're on short time,
but I won't tolerate goldbricking
in my precinct. As long as you
guys are on the city payroll
you're gonna act like cops. So do
yourselves a favor, try to get to
the scene before your back-up. It
doesn't look good to the uniforms.
Not to mention the victims. Do we
understand each other?

BURT & ERNIE
Yes sir.

They move toward the door.

CAPTAIN
Not so fast. You think I'm gonna
look the other way everytime you
guys screw up an arrest? Since you
messed up with Escobar, I'm gonna
give you a real treat.
(pauses for effect)
The next time you see your pal
Eddie Kilcoyne pull him in.

BURT
Come on, Captain. Not Kilcoyne.

CAPTAIN
Hey, it's no big thing. Grand
Theft Auto. Think you can handle
it?

BURT
Yeah but--

CAPTAIN

I don't wanna hear excuses. Just do it.

They nod glumly.

CAPTAIN

And one more thing: Take the goddamn sweat suit off, Doyle. This isn't a health spa.

BURT

Right.

They exit.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A CALENDAR

half-filled with X's. A pencil enters FRAME and X's out another one of the days.

BURT (V.O.)

I don't believe it! Seven more days and I gotta collar Eddie Kilcoyne.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

PULL BACK to reveal the calendar is hanging on the inside of a locker door and the hand belongs to Burt.

Beside him, Ernie is climbing into a pair of faded jeans.

ERNIE

You think Kilcoyne's still sore at you for sending his brother to Walpole for life?

BURT

I don't particularly wanna find out.

ERNIE

If you'da let me catch Hector, we'd be directing traffic now.

Burt peels off his bullet proof vest.

BURT

Jesus, I'll be glad when this is over with. The Captain's getting on my nerves and this vest is giving me hives. Good thing they don't make bullet-proof jockey shorts.

ERNIE

That's it! Burt, you're a genius!

BURT

What's it?

ERNIE

Bullet proof jockey shorts.

BURT

Give me a break.

ERNIE

No, seriously. Think about it. You wear the vest for your vital organs, but you got nothing protecting the family jewels. We make a prototype and get the patent.

BURT

Connie the Crusher is starting to look like a sensible investment.

ERNIE

Forget Connie. Hey, why stop with bullet proof jockey shorts? Why not go the whole nine yards? Bullet proof pants, bullet proof shoes... I'm thinking out loud here Burt.

BURT

I could tell.

ERNIE

Bullet proof hats, bullet proof socks...

BURT

They got that already, Ernie. It's called armor.

Ernie settles on the bench, crestfallen. Burt looks at his watch and slams his locker door.

BURT
Gotta go. Dougie's baseball team's
playing this afternoon. See ya
tomorrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

A group of eight year olds are playing baseball. A white late model Mustang pulls up. Burt gets out and walks over to the fence surrounding the field. Shading his eyes with his hand, he gazes around the field looking for someone. The COACH ambles over, keeping his eyes on the game.

BURT
Hiya, Ed. Where's Dougie?

ED
(eyes on the game)
Said he had a stomach ache, so I
sent him--

We HEAR O.S. the crack of a bat hitting a hardball.

ED
WAYTAGO HASKELL! RUN!
(running back to
field)
GO GO GO!

Burt frowns, then goes back to his car, gets in, drives off.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A little boy is shuffling along, studying the cracks in the sidewalk. A gym bag is slung over his shoulder.

BURT (O.S.)
Want a lift, champ?

Dougie's eyes light up and he runs for the car, tossing his bag in the back seat.

INT. MUSTANG

A few beats of awkward silence as Burt drives along. Dougie turns on the police radio. Burt turns it off.

BURT
So you're not feelin' so good,
huh?

DOUGIE
Yeah.

BURT
Must be that cafeteria food. Too
much cholesterol, not enough
carbohydrates.

Dougie doesn't answer.

BURT
So how's Mom doin'?

DOUGIE
Fine. She's got a new boyfriend.

BURT
Good. You like him?

DOUGIE
Nah, he's a dweeb.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - EVENING

A row of clapboard houses in a modest neighborhood. Mustang
pulls up to the curb. Burt and Dougie get out and enter the
house. Burt holds a paper sack.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER

A woman in an apron comes out of the kitchen and greets them.
This is DENISE, Burt's ex-wife.

Dougie runs in and bolts for the stairs.

DOUGIE
Hi Mom, bye Mom.

Burt is standing there.

BURT
Hi Denise.

DENISE
Burt.

BURT
I, uh, brought dessert.

He hands her the bag. She glances inside.

BURT
Whole wheat eclairs with tofu
filling.

DENISE
No problem. I made a cheesecake.

She turns for the kitchen. Burt follows.

INT. KITCHEN

Burt goes to the fridge and pours himself a tall glass of milk.

BURT

So how's it going Denise?

DENISE

Some days chicken, some days
chickenshit.

Burt laughs.

BURT

Dougie doing all right in school?

DENISE

Yeah, except for his so-called
stomach aches. He gets them three
times a week. Right about the time
baseball practice starts.

Burt looks at her questioningly.

DENISE

It's that Koslowski kid. Plays
third base...

BURT

Yeah? So?

DENISE

He's a bully. Dougie's terrified
of him, so he's been skipping
practice. I've called the
principal three times but...

BURT

What's the principal supposed to
do? The kid's gotta learn to take
care of himself.

DENISE

That's easy for you to say, Burt.
But who's going to console him
when he comes home with a bloody
nose? You? He never sees you.

Burt guiltily averts his eyes.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM - LATER

Burt is helping his son into his pajamas, getting a bit tangled in the process.

BURT

You want me to read you a story?

DOUGIE

Aw Dad I can read myself.

BURT

Oh yeah. I forgot. You want me to tell you a story?

DOUGIE

What kinda story?

BURT

I dunno. "Sleeping Beauty?" "Snow White?"

DOUGIE

Get outa here! That's for kids!

BURT

So what are you, a senior citizen?
Come on, hop into bed.

Dougie snuggles under the covers. Burt sits down on the bed.

BURT

Stomach feeling better?

DOUGIE

Yeah.

BURT

Good.

(after a beat)

Hey, you remember that cartoon you used to watch when you were a kid? The one where Mickey Mouse has to face this big ugly giant? Remember how Mickey was scared, but he faced up to him anyway?

DOUGIE

Yeah, I remember. And Mickey tied him all up with ropes.

BURT

That's the one. And the giant never bothered him again. Right?

DOUGIE

Right.

BURT

If somebody's bothering you, you
can't just run away. You gotta
deal with it. Okay?

Dougie thinks.

DOUGIE

You want me to tie Koslowski up
with ropes?

BURT

Who's Koslowski?

DOUGIE

Godzilla.

Burt laughs and then gets up to leave.

BURT

'Night son.

DOUGIE

'Night Daddy.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON SIGN ON DOOR

It reads: "DR. F. DREXLER, M.D. - INTERNAL MEDICINE"

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Burt and Ernie are sitting side by side on a sofa, thumbing
absently through magazines.

ERNIE

Six days left on the force and
you're buying life insurance? It
don't make sense.

BURT

It makes absolute sense. Our
Department policies are about to
expire. We're gonna be out there
on our own soon.

ERNIE

Yeah, but people won't be shooting
at us anymore.

BURT

Maybe not, but I could drop dead
of a coronary, a kidney could
fail, a vein could burst in my
forehead, there's cancer,
embolisms--

ERNIE

All right already. I get the idea.

BURT

Besides, it's an investment in
Dougie's future. A good life
insurance policy could put him
through college.

ERNIE

You coulda gone to my brother
Bobby for the physical.

BURT

Your brother Bobby does autopsies.

ERNIE

What's the difference?

BURT

What's the difference? The
difference is your brother takes
out organs and puts them in jars.
This guy leaves them in.

ERNIE

Picky, picky.

ANGLE - DOOR

A guy in a BUS DRIVER uniform comes in and plops himself
between Burt and Ernie on the sofa. He picks up Sports
Illustrated, thumbs through it, puts it down...

BUS DRIVER

Jeez, this is six months old.
(to Burt)
You in for the drug test?

BURT

Life insurance physical.

BUS DRIVER

My boss is makin' me take a drug test.

(sotto voce)

Tell ya the truth I'm a little worried. You think if I smoked a joint three days ago it'd show up?

BURT

Definitely.

BUS DRIVER

Really? How do you know?

Burt pulls out his badge and shows it.

BUS DRIVER

Uh huh. Course, I wasn't sayin' I actually did smoke a joint three days ago.

ANGLE - EXAMINATION ROOM DOOR

A NURSE sticks her head out.

NURSE

Mr. Doyle, Mr. Spivak. Doctor Drexler will see you now.

Burt and the BUS DRIVER both get up...

CUT TO:

INT. EXAMINATION AREA HALLWAY - LATER

A Nurse emerges from an exam room, holding a tray of blood samples.

NURSE

You can get dressed now, Mr. Doyle.

She puts the samples down on a cart in the hall and walks away. Another Nurse emerges from another exam room across the hall and does exactly the same thing.

Mr. Spivak (the Bus Driver) emerges from the second exam room and peeks around the door. He's half-dressed. He stealthily approaches the cart.

CLOSE ON CART

It holds two racks of blood and urine samples in test tubes. The RACKS are labelled: "DOYLE,B." and "SPIVAK,D."

Spivak SWITCHES the labels and sneaks back into his exam room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACME HARDWARE STORE - DAY

To establish.

PROPRIETOR (V.O.)
...and last year we netted forty
thou...

INT. HARDWARE STORE

Burt's talking to the PROPRIETOR, a pale man of about 40.
Ernie is nearby, looking bored.

PROPRIETOR
...our profit margin is about
eight percent with the usual
thirty percent mark-up.

BURT
You hear that Ernie?

ERNIE
(bored to tears)
Yeah. Thrilling.

A PHONE rings.

PROPRIETOR
Will you fellas excuse me for a
second? Gotta take that.

BURT
Sure, go ahead.

The Proprietor goes to a back room. Ernie turns to Burt.

ERNIE
Come on Burt, gimme a break! A
hardware store? Are you tryin' to
destroy my sex life or what?

BURT
We're not going into business to
improve your sex life, Ernie.
We're going into business for a
very unique reason -- to make
money. Get the idea?

ERNIE
But we don't know anything about
hardware.

BURT
What's to know. You got your nuts,
your bolts, your hammers and your
saws. Big deal.

A CUSTOMER approaches them.

CUSTOMER
You guys work here?

Ernie looks challengingly at Burt.

BURT
Uh, yessir, what can I do for you?

CUSTOMER
I'm putting in a new wall, see.
(pulls out a drawing)
See where this window is here? Do
you think I need to make a rabbit
joint or should I use an open
mortise and tenon?

Ernie is enjoying this. Burt's face slackens.

BURT
Uh, excuse us for a second.

They head for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SEEDY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

We TRACK Burt and Ernie's unmarked car as it cruises.

BURT(V.O.)
Okay, okay, it was a dumb idea.

INT. CAR

Ernie's driving.

ERNIE
Why can't we buy a bar like
regular cops?

BURT
Just what the world needs, another
bar. Besides, I don't drink,
remember?

Ernie nods and lights a cigarette.

BURT
Do you mind?

Ernie rolls his eyes and puts the cigarette out.

BURT
Thank you very much.

ANGLE - STREET

A MAN WITH RED HAIR is standing at a Kiosk, buying a magazine.

The unmarked car suddenly screeches to a stop at the curb. THE MAN WITH RED HAIR spots it and runs.

Burt looks questioningly at Ernie.

ERNIE
It'll make the Captain happy,
okay?

Ernie jumps out of the car and gives chase.

BURT
Goddammit!

He reluctantly opens the door and takes off after his partner.

THE MAN turns the corner and dashes down an alley. Burt and Ernie are about ten yards behind.

In the alley, THE MAN flies past a row of gleaming Harley Davidsons, comes to a door and enters. Burt and Ernie follow him inside.

INT. TAM O'SHANTER BAR

A lowlife Irish hangout. Members of the SHAMROCKS - a street gang - crowd the bar. Several are engaged in a unique version of darts - using knives instead of the usual feathered missiles. THE MAN seems to have disappeared.

Burt and Ernie enter the bar and stop dead in their tracks as about twenty mean faces stare them down.

BURT
(sotto voce)
Six days, Ernie. Think six days.

ERNIE
Right.

The gangmembers, having been through this before, all stand up against the bar with their legs spread and their backs to Burt and Ernie. One muscular gangmember - ROSCOE MORAN - turns to Burt.

ROSCOE

Well, well well if it ain't Burt
and Ernie. What happened, you lose
the Cookie Monster?

This gets a big laugh from the clientele.

BURT

Great to see you again, Roscoe.
You haven't seen Eddie around here
by any chance?

ROSCOE

Eddie who?

BURT

Eddie Kilcoyne. Small guy. Red
hair. No taste in clothes.

ROSCOE

Never heard a him.

(to crowd)

Anybody here heard of an Eddie
Kilcoyne.

Crowd ad libs "no's". Roscoe turns to Burt.

ROSCOE

Sorry.

BURT

Right. Well, thanks anyway. You've
been a big help, Roscoe. Regards
to the wife. So long.

ROSCOE

Hey, didn't you forget somethin'
hot shot?

BURT

What?

ROSCOE

Whadaya think we assumin' the
position for, man? You think we
all got jock itch?

Ernie makes a move for Roscoe, but Burt grabs his arm and looks
him in the eye.

BURT
Not today, Roscoe.

Burt turns to leave, but Ernie hesitates a beat. Burt grabs him and prods him out the door. Confused, even a little disappointed, the gangmembers stare at them as they leave.

EXT. TAM O' SHANTER - DAY

Burt and Ernie exit into the alley, walk past the line of motorcycles.

ERNIE
You didn't have to be so damn polite. Those Shamrocks are all scum. A year ago, we woulda frisked each one of those clowns. We woulda kicked some butt in there.

BURT
You woulda kicked some butt in there. I've always been more diplomatic. Besides, that's ancient history. Things are different now. You don't want a street gang on your case when you're a private citizen with a thriving enterprise.

ERNIE
Yeah, yeah, I know. So listen, you wanna go grab a brew?

BURT
Nah, I gotta go.

ERNIE
What's the rush? Got a date?

BURT
Sort of.

They get in the car and drive off.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MICROSCOPIC SLIDE

The slide is illuminated from behind and we can see a large army of cells being invaded by a much smaller organisms. Over this battlefield we hear...

DR. DREXLER (V.O.)
Are you sure?

DR. GOLDMAN (V.O.)
No doubt about it. Take a look at
the inflammation around that
membrane.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

the two Docs sitting in silhouette over a powerful microscope.

DR. GOLDMAN (CONT'D)
The urinalysis confirms it. I've
seen half a dozen cases like this.
The poor guy...

DR. DREXLER
He's a cop, about to retire...

DR. GOLDMAN
Tough break...So listen, you up
for tennis next Saturday?

CUT TO:

EXT. FILENE'S DEPT. STORE - NIGHT

It's closed up, lights off.

ANGLE - DARK ALLEY

A figure, hidden by shadows is at a side door. The lock is
being picked. The figure goes inside.

INT. FILENE'S - CONTINUOUS

A female SECURITY GUARD is patrolling the floor.

ANGLE

The Burglar is crouched low, still hidden in shadows. He slinks
along one of the counters.

The Guard is doing her rounds, oblivious to the intruder.

The Burglar moves quietly along, hidden by the counter and the
shadows.

The Guard stops in her tracks. She's heard something. She
unstraps her gun and moves quickly behind a clothing rack.

The Burglar darts between several clothing racks, still hidden.

The Guard is behind him. She points her gun.

GUARD
FREEZE!

The Burglar stands with hands up. It's BURT, looking sheepish.

BURT
Don't shoot.

GUARD
Keep those hands in the air fella.
Now back up against the wall. Nice
and slow.

Burt spreadeagles. The guard approaches and frisks him.

BURT
I'm not carrying a weapon.

She feels around the front of his body.

GUARD
On no? Then what's this?

FLIP TO:

CLOSE ON SIGN

It reads "Mattress Department".

BURT AND THE GUARD

(whose name is ANNIE) are under the sheets on a Sealy Posturepedic display mattress, lying naked in each other's arms. Now we can see she's a brunette with misdemeanor eyes and a felony smile.

BURT
On a scale of one to ten, I'd give
it an eight.

ANNIE
Me or the mattress?

BURT
The mattress.

ANNIE
We haven't even gotten to the
orthopedics yet. You'll love
those. Like lying on little
vibrating fingers.

BURT
I'll bet you say that to all the
burglars.

ANNIE
Just the ones in ski masks.

Burt's watch starts beeping.

BURT
I better get a move on - your
shift is over in fifteen minutes.

ANNIE
Who cares.

Annie pulls him back down.

BURT
I'll set the beeper again.

FILENE'S COSMETIC COUNTER - LATER

Burt and Annie kiss goodbye.

ANNIE
You better get going. He's been
coming in a few minutes early the
last coupla nights.

EXT. FILENE'S - CONTINUOUS

A car pulls up at the curb. A SECURITY GUARD gets out and goes
for the caged entrance. He takes out a key.

INT. FILENE'S - BURT AND ANNIE

They're still in an embrace.

BURT
So listen, you wanna get married?

They hear footsteps.

ANNIE
You picked a fine time to ask.
Very romantic.

BURT
Yes or no?

ANNIE
Ask me again tomorrow night.

BURT
Can't. Captain's put us on night
shift.

ANNIE
Thursday and Friday are bad for me
-- I've got exams.

BURT
How about Saturday?

ANNIE
Law review seminar. Contracts and
tax law.

BURT
In that case, I'm not leaving till
you give me an answer. Yes or no?

The footsteps are getting closer.

ANNIE
(sotto voce)
Yes. Now scram!

Burt smiles and exits.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON DIAMOND RING
set in a velvet box.

ERNIE (O.S.)
Jesus, Burt, what'd that set you
back?

INT. BURT & ERNIE'S UNMARKED CAR - TWO DAYS LATER
Ernie's driving. Burt's showing him the ring.

BURT
A months's rent, but I got a good
deal.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The car pulls up at the curb. Burt puts the ring back in his
pocket and gets out.

BURT
I'll just be a minute. They
probably just want me to fill out
some forms.

ERNIE
Take your time.

Burt shuts the door and heads inside a building.

INT. DOCTOR DREXLER'S OFFICE

Dr. Drexler - young and sincere - is seated behind his desk, looking extremely grave. Dr. Goldman - tanned and athletic - is studying a medical chart.

There's a knock on the door. Burt steps in.

BURT

Sorry I'm late. Got tied up in traffic.

DR. DREXLER

Come in, Burt. Sit down.

(Burt sits)

Burt, this is Dr. Goldman. He's a specialist in hematology from Harvard Medical School. I've called him in to review your case.

BURT

What case?

DR. DREXLER

Are you comfortable there, Burt?
You wanna sit on the sofa?

BURT

I'm fine.

DR. DREXLER

Want something to drink? Coffee?

BURT

Never touch the stuff, Doc.

DR. DREXLER

Water?

BURT

No thanks.

Drexler looks at Goldman. They both look at Burt, despair etched in their faces..

BURT

Something wrong, fellas? If it'll make you feel any better I'll have some water.

Drexler dashes over to a water cooler and fills a paper cup. He and Goldman watch as Burt drinks.

BURT

You said something about my case?

Drexler looks at Goldman who clears his throat.

GOLDMAN

It's always best to be blunt about these things, Detective Doyle. In cases like yours little is gained by beating around the bush.

BURT

What case? What are you talking about?

DR. GOLDMAN

I'm afraid the results of your physical indicate that you have a disease known as Myeloentontitis.

BURT

Never heard of it.

DR. DREXLER

No reason why you should. It's an extremely rare blood disorder. I'm just a family practitioner, Burt, but Dr. Goldman's an expert in the field, and knows...

BURT

Cut to the chase, Doc. How serious is it?

Drexler and Goldman exchange a look of concern.

DR. GOLDMAN

It's terminal, Detective Doyle.

Burt searches their faces.

BURT

Come on, fellas. You're pulling my leg right?

But Drexler and Goldman are looking at him gravely.

BURT

There must be some mistake. I jog, I don't smoke, I don't drink, I eat granola. I EAT WHOLE WHEAT ECLAIRS WITH TOFU FILLING!

DR. DREXLER

And that's very commendable, Burt, but...

DR. GOLDMAN
We've checked and double-checked.
For a rare disease, the diagnosis
is amazingly simple.

BURT
But I feel fine!

DR. DREXLER
That's why this horrible ailment
is so insidious. You feel fine and
then...

BURT
And then?

DR. GOLDMAN
And then.. you don't feel so fine.

BURT
Just like that?

DR. GOLDMAN
No, first...sporadic incidence of
double vision, then gradual loss
of focus...

BURT
And there's nothing you can do?
No surgery? No pills? No
treatment?

Drexler places a vial of pills on the desk in front of Burt.

DR. DREXLER
These will help reduce the
intensity of the symptoms for a
while but ...of course they won't
prolong your life beyond...

BURT
Beyond what?

A moment of silence as Drexler summons the nerve...

DR. DREXLER
Three weeks. Maybe a month.

Burt's face turns white as the enormity of this pronouncement
sinks in. Shock turns to anger...

BURT
(jumps up, shouting)
THREE WEEKS!! YOU'RE TELLING ME I
HAVE THREE WEEKS TO LIVE?!!

DR. DREXLER
I'm terribly sorry, Burt.

Drexler averts his eyes. Goldman shakes his head.

Angry and confused, Burt storms out the door.

DR. DREXLER
Burt, where ya going? Burt!

But Burt doesn't answer.

INT. ELEVATOR BANKS

Burt strides toward the elevator and punches the down button. He paces frantically. He stops and slams the button a few more times. The elevator arrives, the doors swoosh open.

INT. ELEVATOR

Burt's alone as the doors shut. He paces some more, then sinks depressed in the corner.

INT. LOBBY

Burt strides out of the elevator just as Dr. Drexler exits a stairwell door, a little out of breath. Drexler chases him.

DR. DREXLER
Burt, you forgot these.

He hands Burt the vial of pills.

BURT
Thanks.

Burt walks on. Drexler follows.

DR. DREXLER
Look, Burt, I know how you feel...
(Burt shoots him a
look)

All right, I have no idea how you feel, but it's not the end of the world.

(another look)
All right, it is the end of the world, at least from your standpoint, but remember every cloud has a silver lining.

(another look)
Well, maybe not this particular cloud. What can I say, Burt?

Burt stops and grabs Drexler by the lapels, lifting him off the ground.

BURT
Don't say anything to anybody
about this, Doc.

DR. DREXLER
Your records are strictly
confidential, Burt.

BURT
I want your word on it.

DR. DREXLER
Okay. You got it.

Burt releases him and continues alone to the revolving door and outside. Drexler shakes his head sadly.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ernie's waiting in the car. Burt walks right by him down the street. Ernie toots the horn, but Burt doesn't stop.

ERNIE
Hey! Where ya going?

BURT
I'm taking the rest of the day
off.

ERNIE
What? Hey!

Burt ignores him and walks on.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CROWDED DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK

Thousands of people rushing along. We find Burt among the throng.

BOSTON GARDENS

Burt is standing on a quaint bridge that spans the pond, watching the swan boats - filled with gleeful parents and children - glide by.

MUSEUM OF FINE ART

Burt sits on a bench in the middle of a huge room filled with large modernistic paintings. He's staring into space.

AN AUTOMATIC TELLER MACHINE

The machine beeps a few times and several twenty dollar bills slip out. Burt takes them and removes his card.

A TOY STORE

Burt is paying a cashier, who hands him a gift-wrapped package.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON SAME GIFT-WRAPPED PACKAGE

being torn open by a pair of small hands. The box reveals a pair of BOXING GLOVES.

DOUGIE (O.S.)

Wow. they're really neat, Daddy!

INT. DOYLE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dougie tries to lace up the gloves. Denise and Burt stand by.

DENISE

I know exactly what you're up to,
Burt Doyle.

BURT

What am I up to? Let's just say
Christmas came a little early this
year.

DENISE

You know what I'm talking about.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOYLE BACKYARD - EVENING

Burt's on his knees, instructing his son in the nuances of boxing, keeping his guard up.

BURT

Keep that left up, Slugger...
good... jab, jab...that's
right...wait for an opening...

BURT'S POV - DENISE

He suddenly sees her standing in the doorway, looking none too pleased. On cue, Dougie hauls back and delivers a hard right to his Dad's chin. Burt feigns pain and falls backward on his butt.

BURT

Uh, way to go, Slugger!

Dougie beams proudly.

DOUGIE

Can we go another round, Daddy?

BURT

Next time, Slugger. I gotta go.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON TACO

sitting on a plate. A FORK is poking idly at it. We HEAR the familiar, grating sound of a MARIACHI BAND playing. PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

BURT AND ANNIE

at a table in a Mexican restaurant. Burt's playing with his food, not eating much.

ANNIE

...or, we could have the wedding on the Cape after I pass the bar exam, and the honeymoon in Nantucket...

Burt, distracted, nods dully.

ANNIE

...we can skip bridesmaids and all that stuff, Ernie'll be your best man and my sister can be maid of honor...

Burt is still distracted. The MARIACHI'S, who look like Wallace Beery times three, are getting closer...

ANNIE

Is something wrong, Burt?

Burt suddenly looks at her.

BURT

I don't wanna get married.

The MARIACHI'S are now directly in front of their table, crooning "Guantanemero" at an earsplitting decibel.

ANNIE
WHAT?

BURT
I DON'T WANNA GET MARRIED.

ANNIE
WHAT?

The MARIACHI'S number ends as...

BURT
I SAID I DON'T WANNA GET MARRIED!

The entire restaurant has heard this loud and clear and all eyes are locked on Burt.

ANNIE
But why?

BURT
(embarrassed)
Let's discuss it later.

ANNIE
Let's discuss it now.

BURT
It's just that I don't see any...
future for us.

ANNIE
Are you serious?

BURT
Dead serious.

Burt winces at his own choice of words.

ANNIE
I don't understand.

BURT
I don't want to hurt you, but I
think it's for the best.

ANNIE
I don't get it. Two days ago you
asked me to marry you, now you
don't wanna get married? It's not
like you, Burt. What's really the
problem?

Burt pauses, on the cusp of telling her.

BURT
I just changed my mind, that's
all.

Annie studies him for a moment.

ANNIE
It's someone else, isn't it?

BURT
No.

ANNIE
Don't bullshit me, Burt.

BURT
All right. If you must know...
(beat)
...I just don't want to be tied
down... In fact I think it'd be a
good idea if we stopped seeing
each other...

Annie throws her napkin on the table and stands up.

ANNIE
I don't believe this! You son of a
bitch.

BURT
Annie...

ANNIE
(angrily)
Goodbye, Burt. Have a nice life.

She storms off. We HOLD on Burt watching her leave.

BURT
(to himself)
What there is left of it.

And the Mariachis return to his table...

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

It's dark. A few boats are in the water. Burt is sitting on a bench, watching, deep in thought, taking an occasional swig out of a bottle wrapped in a paper bag. An unshaven man wearing a blanket stops by his bench.

BUM
Spare change?

BURT
What?

BUM
Got any spare change? You know,
nickels, dimes, sheckels,
drachmas. I'm not picky.

Burt pulls out his wallet, takes out all the bills and hands them to the bum.

BUM
Sure you want to give me all this?
You might need it.

BURT
Not where I'm going.

Shaking his head, the bum starts off.

BURT
Hold it.

The BUM walks back.

Burt takes the velvet jewelry box out of his pocket and hands it to him. The bum opens it. Inside is the DIAMOND WEDDING RING.

BUM
I'm flattered, but we hardly know
each other.

BURT
Take it.

BUM
You sure?

BURT
I'm sure.

BUM
God bless you.

The bum walks off, shrugging. Burt takes another swig of booze.

CUT TO:

INT. BURT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Burt comes stumbling in. He switches on the TV, then pours himself a glass of scotch. He plops down in an easy chair and starts to doze off...

SOMBER VOICE (V.O.)
...and may he rest in peace.

DREAM SEQUENCE - SERIES OF SHOTS

BURT'S POV - FROM BOTTOM OF OPEN GRAVE

People dressed in black - Dougie, Denise, Annie, and Ernie - stand around the edge of the grave peering down. One by one, the mourners leave the scene until only the overcast sky fills the frame. Suddenly a shovel appears and a clump of dirt hits with a thud and obscures the view. We FADE OUT then FADE IN to...

A SIGN SAYING: "ERNIE'S RIVIERA TANNING SALON"

Paint is peeling off the sign. Pull back to reveal: A boarded up storefront. Ernie is nailing up the last board. He steps forward until he's extra close to the camera, his face somewhat distorted.

ERNIE
Okay, okay, you were right, Burt.
I'm in debt up the wazoo, I owe
the electric company six thousand
Big Ones, and four people are
sueing me for first degree burns.
But I did meet a few girls...

FADE TO BLACK

FILENE'S MATTRESS DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Camera is looking down at huge mattress. Annie's half out of her security uniform, with a sheet draped over her. Camera goes in close.

ANNIE
Thanks a lot Burt. After you died,
I flunked out of law school. But
Filene's made me head security
guard. It's more responsibility...
(smiles lewdly)
... but I got to keep the
nightshift.

Pull back to reveal a BEEFY SECURITY GUARD climbing into bed with her. Fade to Black...

A DINGY KITCHEN

Dougie and Denise are sitting around a cheap, rickety kitchen table, eating beans out of cans. Denise is wearing an ancient robe, full of stains and tears. Her hair is a mess. Dougie wears a leather jacket, has his hair dyed purple and spiked, and is wearing a heavy chain necklace. Denise turns to the camera.

DENISE

You left us with nothing, Burt,
not a red cent, but things aren't
so bad. Sure, I'm on welfare,
Dougie dropped out of school, and
we live on beans and Twinkies. But
Dougie's made a lot of new
friends...

There's a KNOCK on the door. Dougie opens it. A group of HELLS ANGELS stand there. Dougie gets up and leaves with them.

END DREAM SEQUENCE. A SCREAM comes up on the soundtrack.

INT. BURT'S APARTMENT - CLOSE ON BURT'S FACE

It's him screaming as he wakes up.

CUT TO:

INT. AN OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Burt's sitting across a desk from a lady CLERK who is flipping through a manila file.

CLERK

It's the standard policeman's
policy, Detective Doyle. Two
hundred and fifty thousand
dollars. But it's only in effect
for 3 more days.

BURT

I know.

CLERK

Do you still want to change the
beneficiary to Douglas Doyle?

BURT

Yes. Definitely. He's my son.

CLERK

Of course the policy is only
payable in the event of death in
the line of duty.

Burt smiles in an odd, mysterious way.

BURT
Yes. I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

We PICK UP Burt and Ernie's unmarked car cruising through traffic.

Burt pulls up at the curb in front of a donut shop. Ernie steps out.

ERNIE
I'll just be a minute. Do me a favor, don't go walking off on me again, okay?
(Burt nods)
Want anything?

BURT
Yeah. Get me a carton of lowfat milk and one of those Tofutti cones.
(as Ernie starts off)
No, wait a sec. Coffee, black, and a cinnamon swirl. And a Twinkie.

ERNIE
You serious? A Twinkie?

BURT
Make it two.

Ernie shrugs and heads for the donut shop.

ON BURT

as he slumps down in his seat and starts reading a newspaper.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

A fleet of motorcycles blast around the corner and pull up in front of a barber shop.

ON BURT

as he glances up from his newspaper.

BURT'S POV - ON BUICK

Eddie, Roscoe and three other SHAMROCKS get off their bikes and enter the barbershop.

ON BURT

A look of resolve sets on his face. He tosses the newspaper on the seat and gets out of the car.

INT. BARBERSHOP

A frail OLD MAN is getting a cut. As the gang strides in, the BARBER looks up and takes a step back.

BACK TO BURT - ACROSS THE STREET

His shirt is unbuttoned. He pulls it off, then sheds the bulletproof vest and tosses it into the car.

INT. DONUT SHOT - ON ERNIE

Oblivious, Ernie is leaning in front of the glass donut display case, tapping his foot to the rock music playing loudly from a Muzak system.

INT. BARBERSHOP

Eddie hooks his fingers around the old man's collar, yanks him out of the chair and gives him a push towards the door, kicking once for good measure.

BACK TO BURT

His shirt's back on. He unclips his holster and throws his revolver into the car.

INT. BARBERSHOP

Eddie settles into the vacated barber chair. Roscoe helps himself to some cologne, while the others occupy themselves with copies of National Geographic.

EDDIE

I want a half inch off the top.
Layer the sides. Touch the
sideburns and I'll break your
fingers.

BACK TO BURT

He sets his jaw, squares his shoulders and strides slowly across the street.

Burt makes for the door. Roscoe stands in his way. Burt pushes roughly past him. The other three SHAMROCKS stand and block the entrance. They hesitate for a beat, then give way. Burt enters and slams the door in Roscoe's face.

INT. DONUT SHOP

Ernie's paying the DONUT GIRL as she wraps up his goodies.

INT. BARBER SHOP

The BARBER is standing nervously behind Eddie, who is still seated in the chair.

BURT

Hi Eddie. How's your brother doing
at Walpole? The room service okay?

Eddie pulls back the sheet, revealing a 45. AUTOMATIC.

EDDIE

I been wantin' to do this for
years, Doyle.

Undaunted, Burt walks right toward Eddie.

BURT

Try to make it a clean shot, okay?
I can't afford a hospital stay.

EDDIE

Hey, it's your funeral.

EDDIE

cocks the gun. He grins, enjoying the moment and we see that
his two FRONT TEETH are GOLD. He's about to pull the trigger
when...

THE BARBER

suddenly spins the barber chair around and hits the deck. A
rotating Eddie is wildly firing one shot after another. Burt
stands motionless as the bullets fly, shattering mirrors,
bottles, light fixtures etc.

After six rounds, the firing stops. Burt's standing there, eyes
closed, waiting to meet his Maker. He opens his eyes. He's
UNHURT!

BURT

I don't fuckin' believe it! Six
rounds and not even a flesh wound!

The chair stops spinning and Eddie staggers dizzily to his
feet. In a rage, Burt coldcocks him. Eddie goes down.

Through the window we see Roscoe and the others run away.

EXT. DONUT SHOP ENTRANCE

Ernie emerges with a mouthful of Danish. He looks up and stops dead in his tracks.

HIS POV - THE BARBERSHOP

Burt stands in the middle of broken glass, shattered windows, and an inert Eddie.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON LOCKS OF HAIR ON FLOOR

Another lock falls to the floor. PULL BACK TO REVEAL

EDDIE

in the barber chair. The barber is Burt and he's running the clippers madly over Eddie's scalp.

Ernie's standing nearby.

ERNIE

What are you doing?

BURT

I was trying for a layered look,
but these clippers have a mind of
their own.

Burt finishes the haircut, spins the chair so Eddie can see the result. He's totally bald.

EDDIE

(quietly)

You're a dead man, Doyle.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Burt and Ernie lead Eddie in for booking, deposit him at the front desk, where he's taken by a uniformed cop. A HOOKER walks by, rubs her hand over Eddie's scalp.

HOOKER

Nice haircut. Who's your barber?
Pocahantas?

As she passes by, Eddie spits at her.

HOOKER

You bastard!

BURT
Naughty, naughty, Eddie. Didn't
your Mommy teach you it's not
polite to spit?

Eddie spits at Burt's jacket.

BURT
This better come out. I'm sending
you the dry cleaning bill.

EDDIE
(menacingly)
I'm gonna punch your ticket,
Doyle.

BURT
Promises, promises.

A tight-lipped Ernie gestures to Burt.

ERNIE
Uh, can I talk to you for a
second? Privately?

BURT
Sure.

They head for the Men's Room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Burt and Ernie enter. Burt goes to the sink to wash his hands.
Ernie confronts him.

ERNIE
I don't get it. For the last two
weeks we've been tiptoeing around
trying to keep out of trouble, and
all of a sudden you take on a
street gang singlehanded?

BURT
Just doing my job.

ERNIE
You didn't even call for back-up!

Burt is punching the soap dispenser.

BURT
Didn't want to waste the tax
payers money. Gimme a cigarette
willya?

ERNIE

What?

BURT

Give me a cigarette.

ERNIE

(horrified)

Burt, you quit smoking, remember?

BURT

Are you going to give me a
cigarette or do I have to go out
and buy some?

Ernie shrugs and hands him a pack. Burt pops one in his mouth.
Ernie lights it for him.

BURT

So listen, you wanna grab some
lunch?

Ernie just stares at him.

ERNIE

No, I got an appointment. We're
going to Mahoney's later, right?

BURT

Right.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON COLLEGE LAW SCHOOL - DAY

We hear a BELL RING and students begin to stream out of the
building. Among them is Annie, wearing faded jeans, a
sweatshirt and carrying a battered briefcase.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hey, Annie! Wait up.

A blond, athletic-looking guy in a blue blazer and repp tie
catches up with her. This is TODD. She acknowledges him with a
smile.

TODD

There's a Stallone festival at the
Brattle Theater Saturday night.
Wanna go?

ANNIE

No thanks.

TODD
Still going steady with Dirty
Harry, huh.

Annie hesitates. She's about to answer when she spots Ernie
approaching. She waves. Ernie waves back.

TODD
Uh, see ya around, Annie.

Todd dashes off as Ernie nears.

ERNIE
Who's he?

ANNIE
Nobody.
(she takes his arm)
Thanks for coming, Ernie. Can I
buy you a milkshake?

ERNIE
Yeah. Sure.

INT. STUDENT UNION - LATER

Ernie and Annie are sipping milkshakes. Ernie's ogling the
coeds as they pass.

ERNIE
So, how's the world treatin' you,
Annie?

ANNIE
Like a dog treats a hydrant...
Didn't Burt tell you?

ERNIE
Tell me what?

ANNIE
We broke up.

ERNIE
Get outa here!

ANNIE
He said he didn't wanna be tied
down...

ERNIE
You guys have been together for...

ANNIE

Five years next Tuesday. Five years down the drain just like that.

ERNIE

Jeez, I'm sorry, Annie.

ANNIE

The weird thing is, he'd just asked me to marry him two days before we broke up. Then, all of a sudden, boom, it's over.

ERNIE

You know, now that you mention it, he's been acting a little weird with me too the last coupla days.

Annie looks him in the eye.

ANNIE

Is he seein' somebody else?

ERNIE

Not that I know of. And if anybody'd know I would.

ANNIE

Is he getting back with Denise?

ERNIE

Get real.

ANNIE

(frustrated, angry)
Well what's his problem then?

ERNIE

Who the hell knows? Maybe it's a phase or something. Look, I've known Burt for twenty years. Whatever it is, he'll snap out of it soon.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON BURT IN A COFFIN

His eyes are closed. He looks dead.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Comfortable isn't it?

BURT

Very.

INT. SHADY REST FUNERAL HOME SHOWROOM - DAY

Burt climbs out of the coffin. An elderly MAN IN BLACK, the proprietor of the home, stands nearby.

MAN

It's a posturpedic lining. We wouldn't want you to get a backache now would we?

BURT

Uh, I'll be dead.

MAN

We don't like to use that word within these walls, Mr. Doyle.

BURT

What word do you use? Croaked?

The MAN in Black winces at the sound.

MAN

Deceased. Passed away. Never... "croaked." Frogs croak, our clients pass away.

Burt closes the coffin.

MAN

I know it's none of my business, but aren't you a little young to be prearranging your burial?

BURT

I figure I'll save on the, uh, inflation. How much did you say the oak coffin'll set me back?

MAN

Caskets, Mr. Doyle. And the oak model is marked down to \$817.59. You see, I've decided to sell the business. It's been very profitable, but my wife wants to move to Florida.

BURT

(interested)

How profitable exactly?

MAN

I netted seventy-five thousand last year. After taxes. Why, are you interested?

BURT

I don't know much about the business.

MAN

No problem. I've got an assistant who practically runs the business himself. All you'd have to do is sit back and watch the money flow in.

Burt thinks about it for a beat.

BURT

Mind if I use your phone?

The man gestures towards an office door. Burt walks in, picks up a phone and dials.

BURT

Ernie? It's me. Listen, I think I just found the perfect business. Can you get down here right away?

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT - DAY

Burt and Ernie are having lunch. From their window seat we can see the Shady Rest Funeral Home across the street.

ERNIE

Come on Burt, you wanna buy a funeral parlor?

BURT

Why not? It's perfect. Low overhead. Easy terms. Seventy-five thousand after taxes. And...you never run out of clients.

ERNIE

Black isn't a good color for me, Burt. Besides, isn't it...a little morbid?

BURT

What's morbid about it?
Everybody's gotta die sometime.
Besides, it's a very secure
business with a nice profit
margin. It wouldn't even take two
guys to run it.

(beat)

If anything ever happened to me,
you could run it alone.

ERNIE

Yeah. And I might have to. You
could be our first customer.

Burt stops, stunned.

BURT

What do you mean? What are you
talking about?

ERNIE

After Eddie's boys eat you up and
spit you out.

(beat)

Hey, it was just a joke, Burt.

BURT

(relieved)

Oh.

EXT. BURGER JOINT - LATER

Burt and Ernie exit, picking their teeth with toothpicks.

BURT

So whaddaya think?

They both look across the street at the Shady Rest.

BURT

Remember what the guy said -- it
runs itself. Hell, we'll be
sippin' Daiquiries in Aruba while
the checks come flowing in. It's a
plum.

ERNIE

Yeah, well...maybe it's not so
bad. But the name's gotta go.
Shady Rest Funeral Home? Forget
it.

BURT

Fine. Call it whatever you want.

ERNIE
How about..."Burt and Ernie's
Mournarama?"

BURT
You want people to think we bury
Muppets?

ERNIE
Okay, maybe it needs a little
work, but we gotta have an
angle...stress the upbeat angle of
death, give it a smile and a
chuckle. Know what I mean?

BURT
Not even a little.

ERNIE
How's this - We put a salad bar in
the chapel. We advertise too. At
old age homes. We distribute
coupons. You know, 30% off on
embalming if you go for the deluxe
package. Wanna hear my idea for a
company logo?

BURT
A happy face?

ERNIE
Just goes to show ya -- great
minds think alike.

BURT
Fine, so we're agreed?

Ernie takes a long hard look at the place.

ERNIE
Sure. Why not?

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ATHLETIC FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

Burt pulls up, gets out the Mustang and goes over to the fence.
He scans the field.

BURT'S POV - THE FIELD

Kids are playing baseball. Dougie's not among them. Coach comes
over.

BURT
Another stomach ache?

COACH
No. He showed up for the game.
Then... he beat the shit out of
Koslowski... so, I sent him home.

Burt brightens.

BURT
Oh, yeah?

COACH
Yeah.

BURT
Thanks, Ed. Thanks a lot.

He turns and leaves.

EXT. STREET

Dougie's walking down the sidewalk. Burt stops parallel to him.

BURT
Hop in, champ.

Dougie gets in the car. He has the beginnings of quite a black eye.

INT. CAR

Burt notices the eye.

BURT
So, how was the game?

DOUGIE
Great. I hit a double.

Burt reaches over, takes Dougie's chin and turns his head so the black eye is visible. He looks.

BURT
Way to go.

He pulls away from the curb. Dougie smiles and turns on the police radio.

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE -- DUSK

Burt pulls up and Dougie jumps out.

DOUGIE
You coming in, Dad?

BURT
Not tonight, son. See you...soon.

DOUGIE
See ya.

Dougie turns to leave.

BURT
Hey! How about a hug and a kiss?

Dougie runs over and gives his Dad a hug and kiss. CLOSE on Burt as he holds back a tear.

CUT TO:

INT. BURT'S CAR - NIGHT

Burt's cruising along. His radio is on.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Code 211 in progress. Filene's
Department Store. Hot prow!.

Burt turns on his bubble and siren and spins the wheel into a screeching U-turn.

EXT. FILENE'S - NIGHT

Three black-and-whites are parked outside. A handcuffed SUSPECT is being ushered into the back seat of one of them.

Burt's car screams to a stop nearby. Burt gets out and rushes into the store, flashing his badge.

INT. FILENE'S

Annie is talking to a gaggle of cops as Burt comes in and stops, relieved to see her in one piece. The cops make a few notes and leave. She looks at Burt, he looks at her.

ANNIE
Hello Burt.

BURT
Are you all right?

ANNIE
Just a little rattled but I'll live. Funny thing is, I thought it was you, playing our old game. That is, I was... hoping.

An awkward moment of silence.

BURT AND ANNIE
(simultaneously)
So how've you been?

They laugh.

BURT AND ANNIE
Fine.

Another laugh.

BURT
You sure you're okay?

ANNIE
Yeah.

They look at each other deeply.

BURT
I've missed you.

ANNIE
I've missed you too.

BURT
At the restaurant...when I said we
should split up...there was
something I wanted to tell you...

ANNIE
What?

Burt can't quite get started...

BURT
It's not easy, Annie. I--

Suddenly, a COP comes in.

COP
Lieutenant wants you to come down
to headquarters, Miss.

ANNIE
Okay.

The cop lingers for a moment, sees that he's intruding on something and leaves.

BURT
Guess I better get going.

ANNIE
You were going to tell me
something, Burt.

BURT
I just wanted you to know... I
love you.

Burt quickly turns and leaves. She watches him, confusion
her eyes...

CUT TO

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - NEXT DAY

To establish.

INT. BANK

Burt and Ernie are sitting across the desk from an elegant
dressed black LOAN OFFICER who's looking over a pile of f

LOAN OFFICER
You gentlemen are policemen?

ERNIE
For the next two days, yes.

LOAN OFFICER
What do you know about the funeral
business?

ERNIE
What's to know? Dead people come
in, you put 'em in a box, you bury
'em.

LOAN OFFICER
Yes, well...

BURT
The present owner has offered to
teach us the business and remain
on the premises as a consultant
until we're ready to go it alone.

ERNIE
Plus which, I got a brother who
can throw a lotta business our
way. He's a coroner.

LOAN OFFICER
I see.

ERNIE
So whaddaya think?

LOAN OFFICER
Well, we have to check everything
out, of course, but offhand I'd
say the paperwork looks good.

ERNIE
All right!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

We PICK UP Burt and Ernie's car weaving slowly through traffic.

ERNIE (V.O.)
Businessmen! Entrepreneurs! This
is probably how Lee Iacocca
started!

BURT (V.O.)
In the funeral business?

INT. CAR

Burt's driving. The radio crackles on.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Unit 243, we got a 211 in pro...

Burt clicks it off.

BURT
The hell with it. Let's get some
dinner. Celebrate.

ERNIE
Fine. How about pizza?

BURT
I got a better idea.

Burt swings the wheel and the car makes a U-turn in the middle
of traffic.

EXT. ANTHONY'S PIER FOUR - EARLY EVENING (6:00 P.M.)

Boston's most expensive restaurant -- actually a boat tied to a
pier in the harbor. Burt and Ernie's unmarked car pulls up
behind a limosine. A valet runs over and takes the key as Burt
climbs out of the driver's seat.

Ernie gets out and looks around.

ERNIE

Are you crazy? This joint is
seventy-five bucks a person!

BURT

My treat.

ERNIE

Suit yourself.

They head for the entrance.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A LOBSTER

on a tray being carried by a waiter through...

INT. ANTHONY'S PIER FOUR

Burt's just polishing off a steak as the lobster is placed down
in front of him.

ERNIE (O.S.)

Jesus Burt, you're eatin' like
there's no tomorrow.

Burt smiles, a bit wanly, and sloppily pours himself a glass of
champagne. He holds up the bottle, waves it.

BURT

Garcon! Another bottle, s'il vous
plait!

ERNIE

Christ, another one?

BURT

You only live once.

Burt drains his glass and attacks his lobster. Ernie settles
back and glances around the room. Lots of immaculately-dressed
couples and important-looking people.

ERNIE

You believe the people in this
place? Check out the table to your
right. Paulie Mazzarone, the
Boston family's big enchilada...

Burt looks over at Mazzarone, surrounded by men in shiny suits
and lobster bibs. Ernie continues to look around.

ERNIE

Larry Bird came in ten minutes ago, he's sittin' over there. And there's the Deputy Mayor and two City Councilmen.

Burt could care less. He attacks his lobster.

ON THE ENTRANCE

as a well-dressed ITALIAN man, about 50, comes in with a beautiful BLONDE, followed closely by a no-necked BODYGUARD in a tie. A Maitre d' approaches the couple as the Bodyguard -- VITO -- heads for the bar.

ON ERNIE

He's watching as they walk by, lead by the Maitre d'.

ERNIE

Get a load a this --

Burt looks, just as the couple pass.

ERNIE

(whispering)

You know who that is, Burt? That's Jimmy "The Gent" Scalisi. Must be Mob night.

BURT

I thought I smelled something.

ERNIE

Not so loud. Willya look at the babe he's with? I hear he's got her locked up all day, takes her out only at night.

BURT

Why?

ERNIE

He's the jealous type. Can't stand guys even lookin' at her.

Burt checks it out as JIMMY and his girlfriend (RAMONA) head for a table at the far end of the joint. The waiter returns with Burt's new bottle of champagne.

ON JIMMY AND RAMONA

They're given menus. Jimmy leans over toward Ramona, says something to her, stands up and heads for MAZZARONE'S TABLE. They shake hands and Mazzarone motions for Jimmy to sit down.

ON BURT

He tosses back some champagne and stands up.

ERNIE
Where ya goin'?

Burt doesn't answer. He approaches Ramona, sits down at her table and whispers in her ear. She laughs. He whispers some more. She smiles, shakes her head. He whispers again. She turns to him, nods, then... gives him a DEEP KISS.

ON JIMMY

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Burt kissing Ramona.

ON ERNIE

His eyes widen and he quickly pours some champagne for himself.

ON VITO

He gets up and starts to walk over.

ON BURT

He stands up, pulls Ramona's chair out and leads her to the dance floor. It's a slow number. Burt holds her close and they start dancing just as...

JIMMY

smiling through clenched teeth, bids Mazzarone and his party adieu. He waves Vito off and grits his teeth on the way to the dance floor. He approaches Burt and Ramona.

ON BURT

He notes Jimmy's approach and he spins Ramona around so her back is to Jimmy. He pulls her closer and moves his hand down to her hip.

JIMMY
(to Burt - sotto
voce)
One more inch, pal, and you're
histo--

Ramona tries to look over her shoulder, but Burt pulls her into a tango posture and leads her away. Jimmy follows. Just as Jimmy is about to tap Burt on the shoulder, Burt swings back in the other direction. Jimmy is starting to fume

JIMMY
(sotto voce)
You're askin' for trouble, here
pal. Big troub--

Again, Ramona tries to look, but Burt swings her away. Jimmy follows again. The MUSIC stops, the dance is over. Jimmy comes up to them.

JIMMY
You're dead meat, pal.

BURT
(loudly)
What was that Jimmy? DID YOU SAY I
WAS DEAD MEAT?

Suddenly, the hubbub ceases and everybody in the restaurant is looking. Including Mazzarone, the Deputy Mayor etc.

JIMMY
Just a joke, folks. We're good
friends.

BURT
Actually, folks, we're not friends
at all. I don't usually consort
with a known narcotics dealer and
pimp like Jimmy here.

JIMMY
He's some joker, ain't he? Ha ha
ha.

Jimmy puts his arm around Burt. As he does, he whispers...

JIMMY
(sotto voce, with
fake smile)
You're dogfood.

BURT
(loudly)
Did you say I'm dogfood, Jimmy?
I'm just curious. How you gonna do
it this time? Piano wire or a
stiletto in the back, like your
last little number?

The room is now pin-drop silent. Lots of stares. Bursting with impotent rage, Jimmy takes Ramona by the arm and leads her away. Burt stands there, in the center of the floor.

Ernie comes up to him.

ERNIE
What the hell are you doing?

BURT
Mingling.

Ernie takes Burt by the arm and leads him to the door, past Jimmy's table. Just as they pass the table, Burt struggles free from Ernie's grasp long enough for...

BURT
(loudly)
Don't forget to report to your
parole officer, Jimmy.

Ernie pulls Burt to the door. Jimmy MOTIONS to Vito to follow them.

EXT. ANTHONY'S - DUSK

Burt and Ernie walk down the gangplank. Vito comes up behind Burt and grabs his shoulder. Burt leans into him with his shoulder and shoves him INTO THE HARBOR. Vito disappears underwater for a second, then comes up covered with slime...

Nonplussed, Ernie stops and stares at Burt. Burt casually walks toward the valet station. Shaking his head, Ernie follows.

ERNIE
Are you outta your mind?

BURT
Just having a little fun.

ERNIE

This is your idea of fun? First you go out of your way to make Eddie Kilcoyne cranky, then you humiliate Jimmy Scalisi? Jimmy Scalisi puts a contract out on his dry cleaner if he uses too much starch.

BURT

You worry too much.

ERNIE

You're damn right I do. We're business partners, Burt. We gotta look out for each other.

BURT

I don't need anybody to look out for me. I can take care of myself. You got that?

ERNIE

Sure, Burt. Whatever you say.

ON GANGPLANK

Jimmy approaches as Vito climbs out of the water.

JIMMY

That guy needs something to think about. Capish?

VITO

My pleasure, Boss. You want me to kill him or just break some bones?

JIMMY

Just break some bones. It hurts more.

INT. CAR

Burt's driving. Ernie looks nervously behind.

ERNIE

By the way, how'd you get her to kiss you?

BURT

I told her you bet me two hundred dollars she wouldn't do it. She took pity on me.

ERNIE

Uh huh. Pity. Right. Look, uh,
Burt, can you drop me off at the
sta--

Just then, a MERCEDES tears around a corner at 80 m.p.h., heading in the opposite direction. Burt watches it race by, then hits the accelerator and whips the wheel around. The tires burn as the unmarked car does a 360, skids over the sidewalk and takes off after the Mercedes.

ERNIE

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

Burt picks up the radio mike.

BURT

That was Hector Escobar!

(into mike)

This is Car 243. Request sheet on
Mercedes, Mass license TR453L.
Over.

He hangs up. The Mercedes takes a hard turn around a corner. Burt floors the accelerator and knocks over a row of garbage cans as his car fishtails.

ERNIE

ARE YOU NUTS! YOU'RE GONNA GET US
KILLED!

The radio crackles on...

DISPATCHER

Mass license TR453L reported
stolen. Over.

EXT. CHASE - DUSK

The stolen MERCEDES turns onto Mass Ave. and heads north towards the Charles. Burt SCREAMS around the corner after him.

ERNIE

He's going over the bridge! Burt,
slow down. It's Cambridge's
problem now.

BURT

Screw that! He's mine.

The MERCEDES guns it across the bridge and turns onto Memorial Drive parallel to the Charles River. He heads upriver. Burt hangs in there.

There is a TRAFFIC JAM on the Drive. The MERCEDES slows and turns off towards the Harvard Boathouse on the river. It SCREECHES to a stop and HECTOR jumps out. He runs to the dock, where an eight-man scull is preparing to launch.

Burt maneuvers the car across two lanes of traffic and towards the RIVER.

EXT. DOCK

HECTOR pulls a gun and points it at the COXSWAIN.

HECTOR

OUT!

Coxswain leaps out of the boat. Hector jumps in, almost swamping the scull. He points the gun at the college boys.

HECTOR

ROW!

Eight men from Yale couldn't make them move faster. The scull is propelled out into the Charles.

Burt pulls into the lot, sees Hector getting away. He STANDS on the brakes, the car does a 360 and BURNS RUBBER back up towards the Drive.

BURT AND ERNIE'S POV

The SCULL heads down river. Burt frantically follows in the car on Memorial Drive, AGAINST TRAFFIC and using the berm when he can. Other DRIVERS HONK as Burt forces them off the road. A massive jam-up occurs. It's a race and the SCULL is winning.

HECTOR sees Burt and Ernie gaining. He fires his gun over the heads of the oarsmen - they are beginning to wish someone was clocking them. All Burt can do is keep them in sight.

The scull is heading for the Longfellow Bridge close to the Boston side of the river. As the scull passes under the bridge HECTOR leaps up and grabs a support, The scull overturns, dumping the crew into the Charles. HECTOR scrambles up onto the bridge and runs towards the backside of Beacon Hill.

Burt RACES the car across the bridge, tries to make the turn onto Acorn Street. He sees HECTOR ahead of him and guns the engine up the narrow street. A mail truck suddenly pulls out of a side street. Burt hits it and tries to squeeze around but the truck now effectively blocks the street. Burt opens the door and gets halfway out of the car when Ernie leaps across the seat and grabs Burt's ankle.

BURT

Are you outta your mind!

ERNIE

Let him go, he's not worth it!

Ernie hangs on like an angry dog. Burt drags him out of the car and onto the street. Ernie loses his grip and Burt takes off after HECTOR on foot. Ernie jumps up, starts to run after Burt then runs back to the car and grabs the radio mike.

HECTOR sprints up narrow cobblestone streets, past residences built 150 years ago. Burt is right behind him. Down Charles Pinckney, down Chestnut. He's slowing, he looks around to see Burt right behind him. HECTOR falls to the ground in exhaustion. As Burt stumbles up, BREATHING HARD, HECTOR turns his gun on him and PULLS the trigger. Nothing.

Burt falls on top of him, YANKS him to his feet and shakes him in frustration.

BURT

(furious)

No bullets! You dipshit! Ever hear of re-loading?

Burt cuffs HECTOR, then leans over with his hands on his knees, GASPING. Ernie drives up, gets out of the car and stalks angrily over to his partner.

ERNIE

You wanna tell me what all this was about please?

BURT

Law enforcement.

ERNIE

Law enforcement? Two days left on the Force and you're talking to me about law enforcement?

BURT

That's what they pay us for.

ERNIE

You trying to arrest every crook in town tonight? We're not even on duty for Christs sake. You wanna play Dirty Harry, ride with Clint Eastwood. I'm leaving, goodbye.

Ernie starts off on foot. Burt grabs Hector and shoves him into the back seat of the unmarked car.

BURT

Wait. I'll give you a lift.

ERNIE

No thanks. I'll take a cab. Safer.

Ernie walks toward the street. Burt shouts after him...

BURT

You can drive.

Ernie thinks about it a beat, then nods. They head for the car.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Ernie's driving. Slowly. Burt is gazing out the window. The silence is deafening. Hector leans forward.

HECTOR

You guys wanna make a deal?

BURT

With you?

Burt laughs.

HECTOR

Laugh if you want to man, but maybe I know who blew those two cops away the other night. Then again, maybe I don't.

Burt turns, interested.

BURT

Who?

HECTOR

Hey, make me an offer.

BURT

Okay, I'll make you an offer.

(to Ernie)

Pull over.

Ernie pulls the car over and stops abruptly. Burt climbs out of the car, opens the back door and yanks Hector out. None too gently, he slams Hector against the hood and points a gun at his head.

BURT

Here's my offer. You got three seconds. One...

Ernie gets out of the car.

ERNIE
Jesus, Burt. Cut it out.

BURT
...two...

ERNIE
Burt.

BURT
...three.

HECTOR
Okay, OKAY. Word on the street is
it was....Eddie Kilcoyne.

Burt puts the gun away and tosses Hector back in the car. Then he gets into the passenger seat. Ernie is staring at him, dumbfounded.

INT. UNMARKED CAR

It's cruising along. Ernie's still staring at Burt.

ERNIE
What's come over you Burt? You
used to do everything by the book.

BURT
Hey, it worked didn't it?

Ernie shakes his head in wonderment.

Suddenly, several Black-and-Whites pass by, sirens blaring.

BURT
I wonder what's up.

ERNIE
Don't even think about it.

BURT
Humor me.

ERNIE
Not a chance.

BURT
Come on. I promise I won't do
anything.

ERNIE
The answer is still no.

BURT

Okay, then let me off at the corner. I'll walk.

Ernie looks to see if Burt's serious. He is. Sighing wearily, Ernie tears out off after the B&W's.

EXT. ALL-NIGHT DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

The area is roped off. Police sharpshooters are crouched behind black-and-whites, their rifles aimed at the building. A few TV REPORTERS are trying to convince a LIEUTENANT to let them through the barricades.

Burt and Ernie's car pulls up. Burt gets out and approaches the Lieutenant. Ernie reluctantly follows.

BURT

What's up, Harry?

HARRY

Some loony tune's holding five people and a pharmacist hostage. Got himself wired up with a bomb. Something about protesting the drug companies use of animals in experiments. Says he wants to talk to the President.

BURT

Of a drug company?

HARRY

Of the United States.

Burt nods and strolls right past the barricade, towards the drugstore.

ERNIE

Oh geez, not again.

INT. DRUGSTORE

Five customers and a pharmacist in a white gown are lying on the floor. Standing over them is a NERDY TYPE with an elaborate vest on. The vest is completely covered with sticks of dynamite. His hand is clutching a cord.

Burt comes in.

NERD

Stop right there fella or this whole block is Hiroshima.

Burt looks at the people on the floor and stops. He slowly removes his gun from its holster and places it on the floor.

BURT

Don't get excited, pal. My name is Burt Doyle. I'm a police officer. I want to help you get out of this mess.

NERD

I don't need your help.

BURT

What's your name, son?

NERD

Harold.

BURT

Okay Harold, why don't you make life easier for all of us and let these people go?

HAROLD

No way.

BURT

You don't need six hostages, Harold. One is enough. I'm offering to trade myself for them.

Harold looks at his hostages, then at Burt.

BURT

You don't have any grudge against these people, Harold. Your grudge is with the government. And I am a representative of the government.

HAROLD

You better not be trying to trick me.

BURT

Hey, you got the bomb, Harold. You think the idea of getting splattered all over town appeals to me?

Harold thinks about it, succumbs to the logic.

HAROLD

Okay, they can go.

The five customers and the pharmacist get up and rush out the door.

Burt watches, waiting until they are safely out of danger. As soon as they are, he walks right up to Harold.

HAROLD

Hey! You better stop or I'm gonna pull the cord!

Burt keeps coming.

HAROLD

Stop!

Burt keeps coming. Harold gathers all his nerve, closes his eyes and PULLS.

Nothing happens.

BURT

A dud! It's a goddam dud!

HAROLD

It can't be! I followed the directions!

Burt is now right in front of Harold. With one hand, he grabs the vest and yanks it off Harold's chest.

EXT. DRUGSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Ernie, the cops, the TV reporters and the six former hostages all watch as Burt exits the store with Harold. He hands him over to the Lieutenant.

A CHEER goes up from the crowd. Two of the customers embrace him and kiss his cheek. The pharmacist shakes his hand.

Ernie is looking at him with extreme disbelief as Burt approaches.

BURT

Something wrong?

ERNIE

Wrong? What could be wrong?

(building anger)

Two days left on the force and
SUDDENLY YOU'RE SUPERMAN! Ten more
seconds in there and they mighta
been looking for your eyebrows in
Connecticut.

BURT
You worry too much. You really
think a wimp like that was gonna
wire himself to a real bomb?

Ernie shrugs and they both get into the car. The car moves away
from the curb. HOLD on DRUGSTORE as it suddenly EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Ernie and Burt enter with a handcuffed HECTOR. The Captain
strides over all smiles.

CAPTAIN
Heard about the rescue, Burt.
Well done.

BURT
Thanks, Captain.

CAPTAIN
And I thought you guys were gonna
cluck your way to retirement.

Captain pats them on the back.

BURT
Has Kilcoyne been arraigned yet?

CAPTAIN
Yeah, but he made bail two hours
ago.

BURT
Shit. You let him go?

CAPTAIN
Yeah. Why?

BURT
Hector here says he killed Murphy
and Gibbs and hijacked that armory
truck.

CAPTAIN
Kilcoyne?

Burt nods.

CAPTAIN

I'll put every available man on it. You guys only have 24 hours left. Consider yourselves retired as of now.

BURT

No way. It ain't over til the fat lady sings. Long as I'm on the payroll for twenty-four more hours, the taxpayers are gonna get their money's worth. Besides, I brought Kilcoyne in once, I can find him again. He's mine.

Captain stares at Burt with curiosity.

CAPTAIN

Are you feeling all right, Doyle?

BURT

Never felt better.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Burt and Ernie are changing their clothes. Ernie's seething...

ERNIE

Are you gonna tell me what's up or do I hafta keep playing twenty questions?

BURT

Nothing's up, Ern. Just doing my--

Ernie grabs Burt by the shirt and SLAMS him against a locker.

ERNIE

Don't give me that "just doing my job" crap, Burt.

Burt shoves Ernie away.

BURT

What do you want from me?

ERNIE

The truth.

BURT

Look, why don't you go home.
According to the Captain, you're
retired. I can handle Kilcoyne. I
don't need you. Fact is, I never
did.

Ernie looks at him in disbelief. Burt looks away.

Silently, Burt goes back to changing. Ernie slams his locker
door shut and storms off.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON HUMAN HEART

It's not beating. It's sitting in the palm of a gloved hand.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Cardiac tissue slightly enlarged
about the left ventricle. Weight,
approximately six ounces.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - NEXT MORNING

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a CORONER performing an autopsy. This is
Ernie's brother BOBBY, about 30, a better-looking later model
of Ernie.

ANGLE - ERNIE

waltzes in.

ERNIE

I'll take a half pound of chopped
sirloin, extra lean.

BOBBY

Hey, Ernie! How's it going?

ERNIE

So so, Bobby. Jesus, what happened
to him?

BOBBY

He died.

ERNIE

Looks like he died twice.

Bobby places the heart in a jar and labels it.

BOBBY

Seen Ma lately?

ERNIE
Yeah, she's fine.

BOBBY
So what brings you to this neck of
the woods?

ERNIE
I need to talk to a shrink.

BOBBY
Why, you crazy?

ERNIE
It's not me, it's Burt. He's been
acting a little funny the last few
days.

Bobby re-attacks the cadaver.

BOBBY
So?

ERNIE
Could you recommend somebody?

BOBBY
Freudian, Jungian, or Gestalt?

ERNIE
The cheapest one.

BOBBY
Gestalt. When do you need to see
him?

ERNIE
Today. It's an emergency.

BOBBY
I'll see what I can do. Hold this
a second willya?

He hands Ernie a vital organ.

ERNIE
What is it?

BOBBY
You don't want to know.

Ernie looks at the object in his hand with disgust.

CUT TO:

INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE

Ernie's sitting across the desk from DR. MILLIKEN, a middle-aged psychiatrist wearing thick glasses.

MILLIKEN

What you've described to me seems perfectly normal, Mr. Kruger.

ERNIE

Come on, Doc. It's normal to go around pissing off street scum?

MILLIKEN

In this case, yes. Your friend is simply experiencing a last surge of power. Soon he will lose his badge and therefore his authority. For some, this is a difficult transition, characterised by this intense final need to demonstrate who is boss, so to speak.

ERNIE

You mean he's on a power trip?

MILLIKEN

In a manner of speaking, yes. Can you pinpoint exactly when his behavior changed?

Ernie thinks about it.

ERNIE

A few days ago, I guess. I'm not sure. He suddenly took a day off in the middle of a work day. Pretty unusual for Burt. It was right after that life insurance physical...

Ernie seems lost in thought.

MILLIKEN

Well, whenever it began, I wouldn't worry about it, Mr. Kruger. He'll be content just to flirt with danger in an indirect way. Believe me. He's not going to do anything destructive.

SMASH CUT TO:

A MAN FLYING OUT OF A BAR WINDOW

EXT. TAM O' SHANTER - DAY

The man lands on the sidewalk, scrambles to his feet and takes off.

INT. TAM O'SHANTER

Burt's got ten Shamrocks assuming the position against the bar.

BURT

All right, I'll ask you again.
Where's Kilcoyne?

No answer. Burt puts his hand on one of the Shamrocks -- SEAN.

SEAN

Screw off, Doyle. You just
arrested him yesterday.

BURT

That was yesterday. Today, he's
wanted for killing two cops.
Now where is he?

SEAN

Beats me.

Burt grabs a whiskey bottle off the bar, smashes it, and holds the broken half to Sean's throat, pushing just hard enough to draw a bead of blood.

SEAN

All I know is he spent the night
with his girlfriend.

BURT

Keep talking...

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY

Burt steps off an elevator and walks down the hall. He stops at a closed door marked, "United Telecommunications, Inc." He opens the door and walks in.

INT. UNITED TELECOMMUNICATIONS OFFICE

Burt's greeted by a chorus of groans, moans and X-rated conversations, emanating from a group of eight women all seated at desks, talking into phones.

Burt scans the room, then heads for a cheap-looking REDHEAD at one of the desks.

REDHEAD
(husky, into phone)
...oh, baby, oh baby, oh baby,
oh...

Burt grabs the receiver out of her hand.

BURT
(into phone)
Just hold it a sec, pal.

He puts down the phone, faces the redhead.

BURT
Hi Dolores.

DOLORES
Who are you?

Burt flips open his badge.

DOLORES
Whaddaya want?

BURT
Eddie Kilcoyne.

DOLORES
We broke up.

BURT
Congratulations. How do I find
him?

DOLORES
Try the Yellow Pages.

BURT
Does your parole officer know
about this, uh, job Dolores? I
don't think telephone pandering is
on the approved list.

DOLORES
(sighs)
Look. I don't know where he is,
okay?

BURT
Have it your way, Dolores.

Burt takes out a pair of handcuffs. Dolores sighs.

DOLORES
He's usually at the Beacon Health
Club at four every day. He and
Roscoe Moran like to work out
together. Okay?

Dolores picks up the phone again.

DOLORES
(into phone)
Still holding, doll?

Burt looks hard at her, decides she's telling the truth. He
nods, then turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. DREXLER'S OFFICE

Ernie sits across Drexler's desk.

DREXLER
I'm sorry, Detective Kruger, you,
of all people, should know that a
patient's history is privileged.

ERNIE
Yeah, yeah... Listen, Burt's been
my partner for twenty years. He's
my best friend. I have to know
what's goin' on!

Drexler shakes his head.

ERNIE
(resigned)
Okay, just tell me one thing. Did
he get the insurance policy?

DREXLER
Why don't you ask him?

Ernie gets up, angry.

ERNIE
Thanks a lot, Doc. You've been a
big help.

He storms out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACON HEALTH SPA - DAY

The gym is on the first floor of a seedy twenty story building. Burt's car pulls up at the curb. He gets out and approaches the entrance.

INT. HEALTH SPA LOBBY

Burt strides up to a desk manned by a RECEPTIONIST who bears a resemblance to Lou Ferrigno.

BURT
Eddie Kilcoyne around?

RECEPTIONIST
Haven't seen him.

BURT
How about Roscoe Moran?

The hulk points up to a second story glass-enclosed room. Burt looks and sees about 40 men and women jumping up and down to a BEAT which we can faintly HEAR through the glass. Burt heads for the stairs.

INT. AEROBICS ROOM

The MUSIC is thunderous. Lots of people jumping up and down, absorbed by their own reflections in the mirrored walls. ROSCOE MORAN - spiffy in green tights - is doing jumping jacks, absorbed in his reflection in the wall-size mirror. Suddenly, he and we see Burt's reflection as he comes in the door. Moran reacts and bolts through the group heading for a door at the rear.

Burt tries to make his way to the back of the room through a barrage of flying limbs, getting smacked a few times in the process.

Suddenly Moran is out the door. Burt knocks a few bouncing bodies out of the way as he follows.

INT. HALLWAY

Burt's in an empty hallway with three closed doors. He goes to the first one and yanks it open. He's greeted by a cloud of steam and the SCREAMS of several women.

BURT'S POV - STEAM ROOM

Naked women scramble to cover themselves as Burt scans the room. Nobody in green tights.

HALLWAY

Burt closes the door and runs to the next one. Pulls it open - and a mop falls over on him. Just a closet. He steps to the last door. Hesitates, then opens it to reveal...

INT. WOMEN'S WEIGHT ROOM

A large well-lit room filled with women working a variety of Nautilus and free weights. Burt cautiously enters and scans the room. There are no other exits. He begins to stroll from station to station, enjoying the scenery. Finally he spies a woman with four legs - two of them green. He walks over. Roscoe is hiding behind a tall, muscular woman working with a couple of dumbbells.

BURT

Not bad. Three dumbbells.

Moran's face falls.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - FROM TWENTY STORIES UP - DAY

A vertigo-inducing view. Pedestrians look like ants.

MORAN (O.S.)

This ain't cool, man.

BURT (O.S.)

For you it ain't cool, Roscoe. For me, it's dinner and a show.

ANGLE - BUILDING ROOFTOP

Moran is standing on the ledge. Burt's sitting nearby, a hotdog in one hand, his gun in the other.

BURT

Hey Roscoe, you know how to twist?

MORAN

No man, it's the eighties... don't know how to twist.

BURT

It's back in style. Improvise.

MORAN

Say what?

BURT

Shake a leg, scumface.

Moran starts doing a cautious dance.

BURT
Come on, Roscoe, put a little
spirit in it. Sister Teresa could
do a better twist.

MORAN
Come on man, give me a break.

BURT
You want a break, tell me about
the hijacking you and your pal
Kilcoyne pulled off.

MORAN
I told you, I don't know nuthin'
about it.

BURT
You know what I'd like to see? I'd
like to see a little mashed
potato.

MORAN
So go to a restaurant.

BURT
Don't you watch MTV? It's a dance,
Roscoe. Watch me.

Burt leaps up onto the ledge, grabs Moran and giving him an
Arthur Murray Class.

MORAN
Man, you crazy! Leggo a me!

BURT
That's right, Roscoe. One, two,
three, one, two, three.

ON BURT AND MORAN

as Moran's foot slips. Burt holds onto him. They nearly lose
balance, teetering on the ledge.

MORAN
Okay, okay, you win.

BURT
I'm all ears.

MORAN

It was Eddie's idea. Stealin' the stuff from the army, sellin' it to those I.R.A. guys. Those nut cases'll buy anything and they pay top dollar. But you gotta believe me, I didn't have nuthin' to do with blowin' away those two cops. That was Eddie's kick.

BURT

So where is he now?

Roscoe hesitates. Burt grabs his shirt.

MORAN

Okay, okay. The ship comes in tonight. I'm supposed to meet him at ten sharp, Cambridge Fish Market, Shipping and Loading.

Burt slips his handcuffs on Roscoe and drags him toward a roof door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Ernie's at his desk, dialing the phone. He cups his hand over the receiver as he talks.

ERNIE

(sotto voce, into phone)

Annie, it's Ernie....Listen, I've got a theory about why Burt's been acting weird but I need your help to prove it. Can you meet me in an hour?...Great. Bye.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON DOOR LOCK

A gloved hand picks the lock. The door opens. As it does we see the sign "DR. F. DREXLER, M.D."

ANNIE (V.O.)

You stay out here.

ERNIE (V.O.)

Okay.

INT. DREXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It's completely dark. Shining a penlight, Annie comes in, walks carefully over to a file cabinet. She opens it, flips through the files. Pulls one out.

INSERT - FILE

The name on the lip says "DOYLE, BURT"

BACK TO ANNIE

She flips through it, starts reading. A look of shock comes over her face. She drops the file to the ground.

Ernie pops his head around the door.

ERNIE

What's up?

Annie doesn't answer. Ernie sees the file on the floor. He comes over and picks it up, starts reading.

ERNIE

Holy shit.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Burt comes in with Roscoe, leads him to the booking desk.

BURT

Book him for...robbery, resisting arrest. Keep him on ice for at least 24 hours.

The booking Sarge nods. Burt walks away.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Burt's hanging his street clothes in his locker. He peels off his undershirt. Ernie comes in with Annie.

ANNIE

Hello Burt.

Burt looks up.

BURT

You must be lost. This is the men's locker room. No women allowed.

ANNIE
I'm not lost. We've been looking
for you.

BURT
What for?

Burt takes out a bar of soap and wraps a towel around his
waist. Ernie and Annie look at each other.

ANNIE
Listen, Burt... we know all about
your, uh...problem.

BURT
What problem?

ANNIE
Why didn't you say something? Why
are you keeping it to yourself?

BURT
I don't know what you're talking
about.

ERNIE
Come on, Burt. I've known you for
twenty years. We're best friends,
we're partners. Why didn't you
tell me?

BURT
Tell you what?

ERNIE
(voice rising)
Cut the crap, Burt. You know damn
well what I'm talkin' about.

Burt faces him.

BURT
(angrily)
Yeah, I know what you're talkin'
about, but what the hell are you
gonna do? What's anybody gonna do?
Feel sorry for me? Send flowers? A
condolence card? Who needs that?
It's my problem and I gotta deal
with it, okay?

ERNIE
How? By gettin' yourself whacked
by some lowlife scumbag?

BURT
That's my business.

ANNIE
Oh really? What about us? We were happy. We were going to get married. I still love you Burt, no matter what. Nothing's changed.

BURT
Everything's changed, Annie.

ERNIE
(quietly)
Come on, Burt. Isn't there anything we can do to help?

BURT
Yeah, you can lend me your shampoo.

Ernie SIGHS, reaches into his locker and hands Burt the shampoo. Burt heads for the showers. Ernie and Annie exchange a sad look.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - LATER

Burt exits the building, his hair wet from showering, and heads for his Mustang. He gets in, starts it up and pulls out into the street.

ANGLE - PARKING LOT

An old red Corvette pulls out. It's Ernie in the driver's seat, Annie next to him. He follows Burt's Mustang.

INT. BURT'S MUSTANG - EVENING

Burt checks the rearview. He and WE see Ernie's Corvette three cars back. He smiles and makes a sharp left. He checks the rearview again. Ernie has followed. Burt turns on his radio and picks up the mike.

BURT
Attention all cars. Stolen red
Corvette, Mass license...
(glances in the rear
view)
KISS68, heading north on...
(glances at street
sign)
School Street.

INT. ERNIE'S CORVETTE

He continues to follow Burt. We HEAR a police siren. Ernie checks the mirror, sees a black and white approaching, its red light blinking.

INT. BURT'S MUSTANG

Burt slows and checks the mirror. The black and white pulls over the Corvette. Burt smiles and hits the gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. MALACHY'S CATHEDRAL - EVENING

Burt's Mustang pulls up in front. He gets out and walks to the door.

INT. ST. MALACHY'S CATHEDRAL

Old neo-gothic Boston church. Burt walks down a side aisle until he spots a confessional. He opens the door, goes in and sits.

INT. CONFESSIONAL

BURT'S SIDE

PRIEST (V.O.)

May the Lord be in your heart and
on your lips as you may humbly
confess your sins.

BURT

Bless me Father, for I have
sinned.

PRIEST (V.O.)

How long since your last
confession?

Burt pauses.

BURT

About twenty-one years.

There is a SIGH from the Priest's side.

PRIEST

Take your time, son.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. MALACHY'S - NIGHT

Burt exits and heads for his car. Before he gets there, VITO pops out of the shadows and holds a gun at Burt's back.

VITO
I got a message from Mr. Scalisi.

BURT
Uh huh. What's the message?

VITO
He wants you to think about what you done to him the other night.

Burt glances at his watch.

BURT
Spell it out for me, Vito. Are we talking about broken legs or are we talking about death here?

VITO
We're talking about contusions and lacerations, busted teeth, broken bones.

BURT
Forget it. Either kill me or get lost.

VITO
Huh?

BURT
Make up your mind, Vito. I got an appointment across town. Kill me or scram.

Vito's confused.

VITO
I ain't killin' no cop.

BURT
In that case, goodbye.

Burt casually gets into his car, leaving Vito standing there helpless. He pulls out. Vito looks on, totally confused.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

Bobby is arranging jars on a shelf. Inside the jars are human organs. Ernie waltzes in with Annie.

ERNIE

Working late again, huh?

BOBBY

Can't let corpses stack up for too long.

(notices Annie)

Well, hello there.

ERNIE

Annie, meet Bobby. Bobby, Annie.

ANNIE

Hi.

BOBBY

Hi.

Bobby extends his gloved hand, then realizes its covered with blood and retracts it.

BOBBY

Sorry. So, what's on your mind Ernie?

ERNIE

I need to pick your brain.

BOBBY

I oughta start chargin' you for consultations. What is it this time?

BOBBY

What do you know about a disease called Myelo.....Myeloento-something-or-other.

BOBBY

Myeloentonitis? Rare blood disorder. Genetically transmitted. Terminal.

ERNIE

No cure?

BOBBY

Nope. But hey, only one in a million people have it.

ERNIE

If it's so rare, how come you know
so much about it?

BOBBY

Hey, just cause I went to med
school on Grenada doesn't mean I'm
stupid.

(beat)

Actually, we just had a case in
here yesterday. Here, I'll show
you.

Bobby goes over to the bank of DRAWERS, scans the labels.

BOBBY

Here we are. "Spivak, D."

He pulls open the drawer.

BOBBY

Bus driver. No family. Left a
hundred grand in life insurance to
his cat. You believe that?

CLOSE ON DRAWER

as it reveals the corpse. It's the BUS DRIVER from Dr.
Drexler's waiting room.

ON ERNIE

as the shock of recognition registers.

ERNIE

That's the guy who...HOT DAMN!

ANNIE

What is it Ernie?

ERNIE

I'll explain later.

(to Bobby)

I need to use your phone.

Bobby gestures toward the phone. Ernie picks up the receiver
and dials. As he waits, he kisses Annie on the cheek.

ERNIE
 (into phone)
 I need an address for a Dr. F.
 Drexler. Residence....yeah I know
 its unlisted. This is a police
 emergency. My badge number is...
 (flips badge)
 ...8765987PH6....fine...thank you.
 (hangs up, redials)
 Dr. Drexler? Hi, this is Ernie
 Kruger....

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Ernie comes in leading Annie and heads for the Dispatch Desk.

ERNIE
 (angry)
 Doris, put an APB out for Burt
 Doyle.

DORIS
 But-

ERNIE
 Just do it.

Ernie starts pacing. Annie fidgets nearby.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

It's dark, quiet. Burt's Mustang drives slowly down the alley.
 It's headlights go off. It pulls up in front of a WAREHOUSE
 ENTRY and stops, blocking the closed doors. Burt gets out and
 walks around the building. Once he's O.S. we HOLD ON CAR and
 hear Burt's police radio crackle on with Ernie's APB.

EXT. LOADING DOCKS

As Burt rounds the corner, we see a sign saying: "Cambridge
 Fish Market" over the loading docks. No signs of life. Burt
 approaches a door.

INT. FISH MARKET WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A huge glass Lobster tank takes up one whole wall. In the
 center, facing the huge doors, a motorcycle is parked next to a
 VAN. The van's back doors are open. Pat and Eddie are loading
 boxes into the back of the van.

EDDIE
That's it. Let's roll.

Pat gets into the cab and starts it up. Eddie hops into the rear of the van and grabs an M-16. He's just about to close the doors when...

BURT

suddenly appears in front of the lobster tank.

BURT
Goin' somewhere, Eddie?

The van jolts forward just as Eddie lifts the M-16 and showers bullets in Burt's direction. Burt just stands there, unarmed. The M-16 fire misses Burt and shatters the lobster tank, sending a deluge of lobsters onto the floor.

BURT
Nice shot, ya dumb shit.

The Van takes off straight for the closed doors.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Van comes crashing through the doors and knocks Burt's Mustang out of the way. The Van takes off down the alley.

BURT

goes to the door, spots his smashed up Mustang and hops aboard Eddie's HARLEY motorcycle. He tears out, through the debris, after the VAN.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET - NIGHT

The VAN races through sparse traffic towards the Charles River Dam Bridge to Boston. Burt takes the HARLEY over sidewalks and through alleys in pursuit.

ANGLE - THE CHASE

Coming out of an alley, the HARLEY suddenly appears about 20 yards behind the VAN. Eddie aims the M-16 at Burt just as Pat swerves around a corner. The M-16 fire misses Burt, but hits a nearby truck filled with PROPANE TANKS. The Truck EXPLODES.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE - NIGHT

A few people are fishing off the side of the bridge. One guy is pulling in his line. He looks to his right.

FISHERMAN'S POV

He sees Burt's HARLEY speeding straight toward him in the bike lane, parallel to the VAN. Eddie's leaning around the rear doors, trying for a clear shot.

ON FISHERMEN

as they all dive off the bridge and into the water to avoid impact. Burt hits the fish bucket and is momentarily blinded by a 3 pound flounder. Burt slows and the VAN races ahead.

ON EDDIE

He fires the M-16 at a stalled Burt, but after a few shots it jams and he throws it off the truck in disgust.

Burt tears out in pursuit as the VAN comes to the end of the bridge and turns left.

ANGLE - STREET

A parked POLICE CAR spots the action and gives chase, sirens wailing. Through the window, we see one of the cops is talking into his police radio mike.

INT. POLICE CAR

One of the COPS is calling it in.

COP

Request back-up. Charles and Elm,
heading east toward the Common.

(to other Cop)

Isn't that Burt Doyle on the bike?

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - NIGHT

The VAN turns off Charles Street and races over the lawn of the Common. Burt has now caught up again. The POLICE CAR is behind him.

ON EDDIE

He picks up a ROCKET LAUNCHER and aims it at Burt.

ON BURT

as he steadies the HARLEY to give Eddie a clean shot.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CHASE

Eddie fires just as the VAN flies over a HILLOCK. The ROCKET slams into an abandoned BANDSTAND, exploding it into smithereens. Fragments of folding chairs come crashing down around Burt.

BURT
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DISPATCH DESK

Ernie's pacing in front of the Dispatcher. Annie sits at a desk sipping coffee.

DORIS
Weren't you looking for Burt Doyle
before?

Ernie goes to the dispatch desk.

ERNIE
Yeah?

DORIS
We just got a ten-thirteen. It's
Doyle. High speed pursuit on
Charles Street heading for the
Harbor.

ERNIE
Come on.

Ernie and Annie run out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREET - NIGHT

The VAN careens around a corner and hits a straightaway. Burt tears over sidewalks to follow, smashing through a sidewalk rack of ladies' bikinis..

ANGLE - CHASE

Burt peels a bra off his face. Eddie aims the ROCKET LAUNCHER at Burt and fires. The ROCKET whizzes by Burt's head, flies over him and demolishes a sign saying "Harbor Cruise - Boston Harbor," with an arrow pointing down the straightaway.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

A FERRYBOAT has just pulled out of dock and is about 4 feet from its mooring.

ANGLE - THE VAN

Pat floors the accelerator and heads the Van straight for the ferry.

The VAN flies off the loading platform, over the water and lands with a crash on the ferryboat platform.

ANGLE - THE HARLEY

Burt speeds toward the dock, realizes he can't make it and slams on the brakes, skidding to the ground and sliding to the water's edge.

Burt picks himself up, looks desperately around for something that floats. Twenty yards away, he spies a FISHERMAN starting up a BOSTON WHALER with outboard engine. He runs for it, leaps in and flashes his badge.

BURT
Police emergency!

He pushes the guy out, grabs the tiller and speeds off after the ferryboat.

ON FERRYBOAT PLATFORM

Pat jumps out of the cab. Eddie takes as many weapons as he can hold. They both run up stairs toward the wheelhouse, pushing frightened passengers aside.

ON BOSTON WHALER

Burt steers the boat alongside the ferryboat.

INT. FERRYBOAT WHEELHOUSE

Eddie and Pat barge in. Pat bashes the Captain over the head with a gun butt and takes the wheel. Eddie totes his weapons out to the deck and aims the ROCKET LAUNCHER at Burt's WHALER.

EXT. WHALER

Eddie misses. The geysers caused by the missiles soak Burt as he tries to maneuver his small craft to the side of the ferryboat.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT - ERNIE'S CAR

It rockets around a corner, sideswiping a grocery cart, tears down an alley, knocking through a pile of tin garbage cans and flies into a congested street, fishtailing around a stalled motorcycle. Annie is being thrown around the front seat.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRYBOAT WHEELHOUSE

Pat's at the wheel, maneuvering the ferry at full speed down a channel toward a bridge. As we see the bridge get closer and closer...

ANGLE - DECK - EDDIE

He's got a clear shot at Burt. He aims...

WHEELHOUSE - PAT

He's been watching Eddie. He turns to look ahead. The ferryboat is at the bridge. The BRIDGE passes over the bow, but it's TOO LOW for the wheelhouse.

ANGLE - BRIDGE AND FERRY

The bridge shaves the WHEELHOUSE OFF the ferry, carrying Pat and the wheel away with it. The ferry is now rudderless.

ANGLE - DECK - EDDIE

The jolt from the impact throws Eddie to the deck, his rocket shot going wild in the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBORSIDE - NIGHT

Police cars line the docks. Suddenly, Ernie's car skids to a stop nearby a COASTGUARD CUTTER with SWAT guys in it about to leave. Ernie and Annie pile out and hop aboard the Cutter. Ernie approaches a LIEUTENANT.

ERNIE

Where are they?

LIEUTENANT

In the channel. Some nut with a rocket launcher's hijacked a ferryboat. Your partner's out there in a whaler tryin' to chase him down alone. Unarmed.

ERNIE
Jesus Christ! How fast can we get
there?

LIEUTENANT
In this baby? Two minutes.

The CUTTER pulls out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FERRYBOAT AND WHALER - NIGHT

The ferry is sailing on its own, full speed ahead. Burt's maneuvered the whaler to the rear of the ferry. He hops aboard and begins to make his way to foredecks.

ANGLE - BOW

Eddie spots Burt coming, picks up an M-16 and pulls the trigger. Nothing. It's jammed. He throws it overboard.

ANGLE - BURT

He's walking calmly toward Eddie. No gun in hand.

EXT. - COASTGUARD CUTTER

It's approaching the runaway ferryboat. Ernie and Annie are at the bow.

EXT. FERRYBOAT DECKS

Burt approaches Eddie. Eddie picks up a .45 and aims it at him. Burt continues on, his hands in the air.

BURT
Do me a big favor: Take your time.
Aim. Keep the hand steady. Try not
to miss this time.

Eddie steps back a foot or two and assumes the police firing position to steady his trembling hand. The gun is pointed at Burt's heart.

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS

On Burt's face, as he closes his eyes and smiles. Finally....

On Eddie's face as he stares down the barrel

On the gun as Eddie cocks the hammer back.

On Eddie, looking determined.

On Burt, mouthing a last prayer. We HOLD ON Burt as...

ERNIE'S VOICE
(over bullhorn)
BURT, THIS IS ERNIE. LISTEN
CAREFULLY. YOU'RE NOT SICK. THE
DOCTOR MADE A MISTAKE. YOU'RE
OKAY!

Burt's eyes pop open.

BURT'S POV

Over Eddie's shoulder, he sees that the FERRY is headed at full speed straight for the glass wall of a HARBORSIDE RESTAURANT.

ON BURT

He mouths the words "Oh Shit."

INT. HARBORSIDE RESTAURANT

Two DINERS - a young couple - sit at a table by the huge picture window. They clink glasses, then look up and see the FERRYBOAT no more than two feet from the window. They scream and run as the FERRYBOAT CRASHES THROUGH the glass window and continues through the restaurant, reaching its final mooring in the kitchen.

SOMBER VOICE (V.O.)
Dearly beloved, we are gathered
here, to mourn a man, a friend to
those who knew and loved him...

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON REVEREND

standing at a podium, delivering a eulogy.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR CHAPEL - DAY

As the Reverend's eulogy continues, we PAN over the faces of those gathered to mourn the deceased.

ON DOUGIE

in a dark suit, shifting restlessly. He's got a black eye.

ON DENISE

in sunglasses.

REVEREND (O.S.)

...a man who served this city
well...

ON ANNIE

wiping away a tear.

REVEREND (O.S.)

...a man who wore his uniform with
pride...

ON ERNIE

standing rigid.

ERNIE

(sotto voce)

Don't you think he could condense
it just a little.

ON BURT

standing next to him in a sling and neck brace.

BURT

Shhhh. Have a little respect for
the deceased.

CLOSE ON COFFIN

Inside is MR. SPIVAK in his BUS DRIVER UNIFORM.

BACK TO BURT

Hold on his face as he hears the following....

REVEREND (O.S.)

...no man is an island, entire
unto himself...What John Donne was
saying is that we all need
friends, family, people we can
depend on in times of crisis. This
poor soul to whom we pay tribute
today had no family. And those of
us who do must be thankful...

As this message sinks in, Burt glances around at his friends
and family and chokes back a tear.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR RECEPTION ROOM - LATER

A party is going on. People are drinking and laughing.

ON BURT AND ERNIE

as the guests step by to offer congratulations.

ERNIE

(sotto voce, to Burt)

You think we should tell them now?

BURT

Nah. They're having too much fun.

They clink glasses and sip.

EXT. SHADY REST FUNERAL HOME

The last of the celebrants are leaving. Ernie and Annie stand in front of the funeral home waving goodbye.

Burt is at the curb, waving goodbye. Annie looks at Burt suspiciously.

ANNIE

All right, Burt, what's going on?
You guys have some secret you're
not letting on about?

BURT

No more secrets, Annie. I promised
you that.

Burt looks at Ernie.

ERNIE

Now?

BURT

Now.

Ernie enters the funeral home, emerges seconds later with a sign which he plants on the front lawn -- "FOR SALE."

Annie looks at them quizzically.

BURT

Black isn't a good color for me.

ERNIE

And I'm allergic to formaldehyde.

BURT
Looking at corpses all day, who
needs it? Life's too short.

ANNIE
Thank God. So what are you gonna
do?

BURT
The only thing we know how to do.
Be cops.

The three of them walk toward the curb, where a BLACK HEARSE is
waiting.

ANNIE
To tell you the truth, I'm glad
I'm marrying a cop and not an
undertaker.

Burt holds the door open for Annie. She climbs in. Suddenly,
Burt's WATCH starts BEEPING. He takes it off his wrist and
tosses it over his shoulder, then climbs in after her. Ernie
gets in the driver's side.

EXT. HEARSE

It pulls away from the curb.

ERNIE (O.S.)
I still say we coulda made a
bundle on this business. What with
my genius for marketing.

CLOSE ON REAR LICENSE OF HEARSE

It reads: "THE END"

FADE OUT

THE END