

6

Archie
Harry

TOUGH GUYS

by

James Orr
and
James Cruickshank

Revised By

Timothy Harris
and
Herschel Weingrod

FINAL DRAFT

December 23, 1985

TOUGH GUYS

OVER BLACK: HARD DRIVING ROCK GUITAR RIFF - Bluesy, tough, mean rock n' roll. THE RIFF BUILDS into the TITLE SONG and we CUT TO:

Title Sequence: a MONTAGE of BLACK AND WHITE STILLS depicting "Harry Doyle and Archie Long Strike Again! - Police Stumped!" "Doyle and Long Net Biggest Take Ever!" "Gold Coast Flyer Robbed! Bandits Grab \$450,000!"

The TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS with this last headline as the MUSIC ENDS and the PICTURE DISSOLVES TO:

1 INT. ROOM - DAY

1

IN CLOSE-UP, we SEE the same headline from the LA Times, announcing: "Gold Coast Flyer Robbed! Bandits Grab \$450,000!" It is now framed and yellowing. We PAN ACROSS to FIND another--this one announces: "Train Bandits Get 35 Years!"

In CLOSE-UP, we SEE a record turning on a turntable. A hand holding the tonearm gently drops the stylus onto the record. We HEAR a SCRATCHY RECORDING of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" begin to PLAY.

In CLOSE-UP, a hand comes INTO FRAME and removes the framed headlines from the wall. We PAN ACROSS AND HOLD on a black and white photograph of Harry Doyle in his early 30's, leaning proudly against a brand-new Cadillac circa 1946. Then the photo is removed from the wall.

We PULL BACK TO SEE that we are in a prison cell at the Correctional Facility at Terminal Island, California.

HARRY DOYLE, now a dignified man of 73, dressed in prison denims, is standing in a cell, looking fondly at the photo. He takes a billfold from the cot and puts the photo carefully into it.

The record starts to SKIP on the lyric "...Don't get around much...Don't get around much...Don't get around much...". Harry reaches down and lifts the needle off the record.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

FROM OFF-CAMERA, we begin to HEAR the sound of HARD DRIVING ROCK MUSIC.

In CLOSE-UP, we SEE the face of ARCHIE LONG, now a vital man of 67. His teeth are bared in a vicious grin. His face is beaded with sweat. A towel is draped around his neck. With a GRUNT of effort, Archie curls a heavily-weighted barbell up to his chest in rhythm to the ROCK MUSIC. He exhales and curls the barbell down.

We PULL BACK to REVEAL that Archie is also in a prison cell. He is dressed only in sweatpants and a leather back support. We can SEE that Archie is in extremely good shape for a man his age. At one end of his cot, there is a small radio.

We CONTINUE PULLING BACK TO REVEAL that Harry and Archie occupy the same prison cell. A white line is painted down the center of the large cell, dividing it exactly in half. Harry's side is neat and tidy: His bed is made, his clothes hang neatly from a steam pipe in the back. Archie's side of the cell is a mess: His bed is unmade, his clothes are balled up in a corner; the walls are plastered with pin-ups.

Archie finishes his curls and drops the barbells onto the floor with a CLANG.

Harry winces at the sound of the CLANG.

Archie takes the towel from around his neck and begins drying himself, constantly moving to the rhythms coming from the radio. As he moves, he turns and SEES Harry packing. He starts across the cell.

IN CLOSE-UP: the framed headline, lying on Harry's cot, which reads "Train Bandits Get 35 Years!" Archie's hand comes INTO FRAME and lifts it off the cot.

WIDE: Archie stares at the headline and shakes his head remorsefully. Harry is beside him.

ARCHIE

(sighing)

You know if I had to do it all over again...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

HARRY
 (cutting him off)
 You'd steal the whole damn train
 and ride it clear to Mexico.

ARCHIE
 Have I mentioned that before?

Harry looks over at Archie. He reaches out and takes the headline away from him.

HARRY
 Every day, for 30 years.

Harry puts the headline on his bed. Archie finishes drying himself and absently drops the towel on the floor. Harry leans down, picks it up with two fingers and deposits it on Archie's side of the cell.

2 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

2

Harry and Archie stand before the PROPERTIES DESK where an impassive GUARD hands each a cardboard box containing his personal effects. The boxes are coated with a thick layer of dust which flies as Harry opens his and removes a vintage 1940's Fedora and Timex watch.

ARCHIE
 We could have been South of the
 border, livin' like Kings all
 this time, Harry.

HARRY
 (ignoring Archie
 while winding his
 watch)
 How do you like that, Arch?
 Takes a licking and keeps on
 ticking.

Archie sees that Harry is feeling too good to argue right now. He smiles, picks up his cardboard box and both men exit.

3 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

3

Harry and Archie walk TOWARDS CAMERA with purpose and determination and in perfect synchronization.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

HARRY

First think I want to do...is
walk on grass. I ain't walked
on grass in thirty years. Then
I wanna sit under a tree and
listen to a bird sing.

ARCHIE

I wanna party! I wanna bop till
I drop! I wanna try Chicken
Mc Nuggets! And I wanna hold a
woman...for about five years!

They walk past a YOUNG BLACK CONVICT who is mopping the
floor.

CONVICT

You best not be talkin' about
holding my old lady, man.

ARCHIE

Are you' kiddin'? I never paid for
it in my life.

The convict laughs...they exchange "High Fives" and we

CUT TO:

4 INT. PRISON STAIRWELL - DAY

4

Harry and Archie descend the staircase.

HARRY

Respect, Arch, that's the ticket.
We're gonna live useful and
productive lives...be respected
members of the community.

ARCHIE

Damn right!

A CONVICT passes and calls out.

CONVICT

Good luck, guys...you'll need it.

Archie's smile slowly fades.

ARCHIE

That guy's got a point, Harry!
Maybe it ain't gonna be as easy
as we think.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

HARRY

That guy's doing 35 years for shoplifting. What the hell does he know?

ARCHIE

But we don't even know where we're gonna sleep tonight!

HARRY

Probably in a bed! Now, don't be negative!

They turn a corner, still in perfect synchronization.

5 EXT. PRISON - DAY

5

A Buzzer SOUNDS releasing the electric bolt on the door that leads to the prison exterior. Harry and Archie step out into the daylight. They are now dressed in the clothes they wore into the prison thirty years ago. Ironically, their suits, which were spiffy in the fifties are stylish in the eighties. Each carries a small suitcase.

HARRY

It'll be great to get back to the old neighborhood, won't it?

ARCHIE

Yeah. I can't wait to see the old gang again.

HARRY

Think they'll recognize us?

ARCHIE

Why not? We ain't changed.

HARRY

The best things never do.

ARCHIE

Damn right!

They come to a stop in front of a heavy barred gate. They look over at the OLDER GUARD who is on the other side. Harry and Archie wait a moment. The Guard doesn't do anything.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED (2)

5

HARRY

You got two men in a hurry to start their new lives. Mind opening this door.

GUARD

What the hell for? You're never gonna make it! You guys'll violate your parole in a week!

HARRY

Correct me if I'm wrong, Arch... but do I detect a note of pessimism from this man?

ARCHIE

To tell you the truth, I think he's being downright hostile.

The guard LAUGHS derisively. He unlocks the door and slides it open.

Archie gestures politely for Harry to go first.

ARCHIE

After you.

HARRY

No, no, after you.

ARCHIE

Age before beauty.

HARRY

(smiling as he walks through the door)

Pearls before swine.

Archie smiles: "Touche", then follows Harry through the gate.

The guard watches them go.

GUARD

See you guys in a week!

GUARD'S POV: Archie puts his hand behind his back and gives the guard "the finger".

6 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

6

Harry and Archie are at a bus stop near the prison, their suitcases at their sides. Behind them is a row of newspaper boxes. Archie is bending down, trying to read the headlines. Harry takes a deep breath, beaming.

HARRY

I feel re-born, Arch! Like a new man! Smell that air! That air is free!

ARCHIE

So's this newspaper.

Archie glances around quickly to make sure no one is watching, then takes the handle on one of the boxes and yanks it open, cleanly and quietly, then pulls out a newspaper. He turns to SEE Harry looking at him sternly.

ARCHIE

I just wanted to see if I still had it.

HARRY

Respectable citizens don't steal newspapers.

ARCHIE

Jesus, Harry...it's only a lousy two-bits!

HARRY

That ain't the point. You can't put a price on honesty. Now put a quarter in the box!

Harry takes the newspaper from him.

Archie sighs and reaches into his pocket. He drops a quarter into the newspaper box.

Harry looks at the front page of the paper.

HARRY'S POV: The Headline reads: "Gold Coast Flyer Retires After 50 Years!"

HARRY

(reading; over
headline)

Look at this, Arch. "The Gold Coast Flyer retires after 50 years".

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Archie leans over and glances at the front page.

ARCHIE

What does it say about us?

HARRY

It says here it's making its
final run a week from today...
San Francisco to San Diego.

(smiling; remembering)

What a great train that was.
They don't make 'em like that
anymore.

ARCHIE

Doesn't it say anything about us?

Harry skims down the article quickly.

HARRY

Just says it was robbed. Don't
say by whom.

ARCHIE

Can you beat that? The last
guys in America to rob a train...
and they don't even mention our
names.

HARRY

Thirty years is a long time.
Might be nobody remembers us.

ARCHIE

They'd remember us if we'd gotten
away with it!

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

They both turn and look and SEE a PREPPY-LOOKING YOUNG
MAN walking toward them, beaming.

YOUNG MAN

Harry Doyle...and Archie Long?

Harry and Archie glance at each other in surprise: "maybe
we were wrong!"

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

ARCHIE

Maybe.

HARRY

Who wants to know?

YOUNG MAN

I'm Richie Evans. I've been looking forward to meeting you for a long time.

ARCHIE

(puzzled)

You've been lookin' forward to meeting' us?

HARRY

Why is that son?

RICHIE

I'm your probation officer.

Harry and Archie's smiles fade. They glance at each other.

HARRY

(very surprised)

Did you say...probation officer?

Richie nods, smiling.

ARCHIE

(straightening up)

Well...it's a...thrill for us too..uh...sir.

HARRY

Do you always meet parolees right at the prison gate?

RICHIE

Not ordinarily...but then you guys aren't ordinary parolees.

ARCHIE

We ain't?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

RICHIE

Not as far as I'm concerned.
You're the best there was! I
know everything there is to know
about you guys. In college, my
masters thesis was on "The Great
Outlaws of the Twentieth Century"
--John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd,
Willie Sutton -- all the greats!
When I heard you were coming up for
probation, I actually asked for your
cases!

ARCHIE

You did?

RICHIE

Sure, you're the last of your kind.

Harry and Archie start a "routine."

HARRY

That's all in the past. We're
fully rehabilitated now.

ARCHIE

That's right...We've learned our
lesson...We don't even think about
that stuff anymore!

RICHIE

That's great! Anyway, I thought
you guys might need a lift. That's
why I came out here.

ARCHIE

That's...uh...real nice of you...
Mr. Evans.

RICHIE

Call me Richie. You guys wait
here. I'll get the car and be
right back, okay?

Richie turns and starts off toward the parking lot.

HARRY

This is a great beginning, Arch.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

ARCHIE

Things are lookin' up already.

Just then, an old Buick, kicking a cloud of blue smoke from its exhaust pipe, pulls up to the bus stop.

The driver climbs out and looks across the car at Harry and Archie. This is LEON ETKES, 66, wearing a cheap suit and raincoat and very thick-lensed glasses.

LEON

Are you two gomers Harry Doyle and Archie Long?

Harry and Archie glance at each other again in surprise!

ARCHIE

We got a fan club, Harry.

HARRY

(turning back to
Leon)

That's us, friend. And who might you be?

LEON

I might be the guy's been waitin' thirty years to blow your heads off!

He brings a sawed-off pump shotgun out from under his coat and aims it at Harry and Archie.

Harry and Archie drop to the ground, just as Leon FIRES TWICE. The slugs TEAR into one of the newspaper boxes, BLOWING IT TO PIECES and sending a SHOWER of quarters onto the pavement.

The recoil causes Leon's glasses to fly off his face and CLATTER to the pavement.

LEON

Dammit!

Leon begins feeling around on the pavement for his glasses, like a blind man.

Harry picks up his suitcase and starts to run. Archie starts picking up the loose quarters.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (5)

6

HARRY
(turning back)
Archie!

ARCHIE
(still picking up
quarters)
Okay, okay...

Archie picks up his suitcase and starts after Harry.

7 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

7

Harry and Archie are hurrying across the lot, looking around for Richie.

ARCHIE
Who the hell was that?

HARRY
I don't know! I never saw him before!

ARCHIE
We must have done somethin' to piss him off.

HARRY
A man holds a grudge for thirty years it must have been something pretty bad.

ARCHIE
Well I ain't about to go back and ask him!

8 EXT. PARKING LOT - ELSEWHERE - DAY

Richie is standing by his VOLVO, just about to put the key into the lock. Harry and Archie hurry up beside him.

RICHIE
I was gonna pick you guys up!

HARRY
(quickly)
We thought we'd save you the trip.

Archie glances over his shoulder, then turns back and takes the keys out of Richie's hand.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ARCHIE

(quickly)

You don't mind if I drive, do ya?

RICHIE

Well, I don't know...I just
bought this car...

Harry puts his arm around Richie and leads him quickly
around to the other side of the car.

HARRY

(quickly)

Don't worry. Archie ain't had
a traffic accident in thirty
years!

9 INT. VOLVO - DAY

9

Archie throws his suitcase into the back, jumps into the
driver's side and starts the car.

The car has a synthesized voice generator, with a SOFT
FEMALE VOICE.

CAR VOICE

(softly)

Please fasten your seat belts.

Archie looks around in surprise.

ARCHIE

(to himself)

My God! This car talks!

10 EXT. VOLVO - DAY

Harry holds the back door open for Richie.

RICHIE

Are you in a hurry?

HARRY

We're in a hurry to get started
on our new lives, Richie. And
we want to leave the past behind us.

Harry gently pushes Richie into the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ARCHIE

Way behind.

Archie hits the gas as Harry jumps into the passenger side. The car SCREECHES AWAY...

VOICE OF CAR

You are about to exceed the legal speed limit...Fuel economy is maximum at 55 MPH.

11 INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

11

In CLOSE-UP, WE SEE MUG SHOTS ON A COMPUTER SCREEN with the following printed information below them reading:

"Doyle, Harold N. - #1426783 - Armed Robbery - PAROLED 6/13/86 - Expiration of Parole 6/13/89"

"Long, Archibald T. - #2338749 - Armed Robbery - PAROLED 6/13/86 - Expiration of Parole 6/13/89".

VOICE

(over the above)

Harry Doyle and Archie Long.
Amazing! I thought those guys's
be dead by now!

WIDE ANGLE: We SEE DEKE YABLONSKI, 64, sitting at the computer console. He looks at the screen and smiles. Suddenly the smile fades as he SEES the reflection in the screen of someone standing behind him. He turns and SEES a WOMAN OFFICER, mid-20's, watching him. He rolls his eyes, impertinently: still a delinquent school boy at 64.

YOUNG WOMAN

What are you doing, Sergeant?

YABLONSKI

I was exploring the exciting new world of computer technology.

YOUNG WOMAN

Then perhaps you wouldn't mind calling up the payroll file we're supposed to be working on.

YABLONSKI

(a wise guy)

Payroll? I thought you said Parole.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

YOUNG WOMAN

You're going to have to pay more attention, if you want to learn how to do this properly.

YABLONSKI

I don't want to learn how to do this properly.

YOUNG WOMAN

You have to. It's part of your job.

YABLONSKI

My job is to catch crooks. And I've got a couple of major ones right here.

The Young Woman leans down closer to the screen.

YOUNG WOMAN

(reading from the screen)

Harry Doyle and Archie Long. Never heard of them.

YABLONSKI

They're the best bank robbers in the whole goddam country, at least they were. I busted 'em thirty years ago...got a medal, and a promotion...and now I'm stuck in this shit job...and they're back on the street...

We SEE Yablonski's face reflected in the computer screen over Harry and Archie's records.

YABLONSKI

(to himself)

Where I oughta be.

12 INT. BANK - DAY

12

Harry and Archie stand on separate TELLER LINES. Each holds a piece of paper in his hand.

HARRY

You remember how to do this, Arch?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

ARCHIE

Not without a mask on.

Archie notices the security camera on the wall.

ARCHIE

Look, Harry. They got cameras now.

Harry looks up at the camera.

HARRY

So we get our pictures taken.

13 INT. BANK - TELLER'S WINDOW - DAY

13

Archie steps up to the window and slides a slip of paper across to the TELLER.

ARCHIE

I'd like it all in small bills,
please.

The teller, a young woman in her early 20's and quite pretty, looks at the slip of paper. Then she turns it over.

HER POV: The check is from the "Federal Bureau of Prisons", in the amount of \$785.63.

The Teller looks up at Archie. Archie smiles, turning on the charm.

TELLER

Federal Bureau of Prisons? Are you
a convict or something?

ARCHIE

Just finished a thirty-year stretch!

TELLER

Really? What were you in for?

ARCHIE

Running a red light.

TELLER

They gave you thirty years for
running a red light?

ARCHIE

Well...I was leaving a bank at
the time.

14 INT. BANK - ENTRANCE - DAY 14

Richie is sitting in a chair near the door.

15 INT. BANK - ANOTHER TELLER'S WINDOW - DAY 15

Harry is standing at the window of a SECOND TELLER.
This one is a prissy YOUNG MAN, early 20's.

SECOND TELLER

This driver's license has expired,
sir. Twenty-five years ago! I'll
need to see some current identification.

HARRY

I don't have anything current.

SECOND TELLER

Then how am I supposed to know
who you are?

HARRY

Because I'm telling you. My
name's Harry Doyle.

SECOND TELLER

That's very charming, Mr. Doyle,
but do you have anything with
your picture on it?

Harry thinks a moment. Then he reaches into his bill-fold
and takes out the photograph we SAW of Harry and his new
car, circa 1946. He holds it up to the Second Teller.

HARRY

See the resemblance? That's me!
With a brand new Cadillac car!
Cost me two thousand bucks!

Suddenly, OFF-CAMERA, we HEAR a WOMAN SCREAM. Harry turns
around quickly, startled.

TWO YOUNG PUNKS, wearing ski-masks and waving guns, are
standing at the entrance.

The Second Punk has Richie around the neck, a gun up to
his temple. Richie appears very frightened.

The First Punk starts across the floor waving his gun at
the customers.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

1ST PUNK

(shouting)

Okay! This is a hold-up!

A FEW OTHER CUSTOMERS SCREAM; they all look scared.

2ND PUNK

Everybody down on the floor! NOW!
Move!

The customers start to lie down on the floor. Harry and Archie don't move. They look at one another.

The 1st punk rushes up to Harry. He is nervous and fidgety.

1ST PUNK

What'sa matter? You don't speak
the language, asshole?Harry's face tightens; he looks mean.

HARRY

Don't curse me, boy.

The 1st Punk sticks his pistol in Harry's face.

1ST PUNK

Curse you, pops? I'll blow your
damn head off!

HARRY

And don't wave that gun in my
face!

1ST PUNK

Who's gonna stop me, grandpa?

The 1st Punk looks over to his partner and smiles. Harry moves quickly, twisting the gun out of the 1st Punk's hand, grabbing a fistful of shirt, and lifting him off the floor.

HARRY

I am, you little piece of shit!

1ST PUNK

Hey! Lemme go!

The 2nd Punk shoves Richie to the floor and starts running over toward Harry.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

2ND PUNK

Let him go or I'll blow your...

Before he can finish his sentence, a FIST comes INTO FRAME and SMACKS him hard in the face. The 2nd Punk drops like a rock and doesn't move.

Archie steps INTO FRAME, smiling. He reaches down, picks up the punk's gun and quickly slips it into his pocket.

Harry is still holding onto the 1st Punk, who is squirming and trying to break free. Harry points the Punk's own gun at him. The Punk stops squirming, terrified.

Archie comes over beside Harry. They start to do a "routine".

ARCHIE

What're you going to do with him, Harry?

HARRY

I'm gonna blow his head off!

Richie watches wide-eyed.

ARCHIE

You don't wanna do that, do ya Harry?

HARRY

He was disrespectful to me!

ARCHIE

But you just had your suit cleaned
You'll get brains all over it!

The Punk GASPS.

HARRY

This Punk don't have any brains!

ARCHIE

Yeah, Harry, but there'll be
blood...it'll be all red and
sticky...It's gonna be a mess!

Archie is loving every minute of it.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

HARRY

So get a mop!

Harry cocks the gun and points it at the Punk's face. The Punk's eyes widen, and he faints from terror. Harry lets him fall to the floor in a heap; he pockets the gun.

HARRY

(to Richie)

They don't make crooks like they used to!

Richie smiles.

Harry slowly turns to face the 2nd Teller, who is staring at him in wide-eyed shock.

HARRY

Now how about cashing that check for me?

16 INT. PROBATION OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY

16

Harry and Archie are sitting in the cubicle. Richie is behind his desk in front of them, smiling. There are FRAMED HEADLINES on the wall behind him like the ones we saw in the prison cell.

RICHIE

That was amazing! I mean you actually saved my life. I can't believe the way you handled those punks! You guys are incredible!

ARCHIE

Thanks, Richie...

HARRY

Just doing what comes naturally.

RICHIE

Now...I've made some preliminary arrangements...

He opens a file, takes out some papers, and slides them across to Archie.

RICHIE

Archie, I've got a job placement for you. It doesn't pay much, but it'll get you started.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

ARCHIE

You mean I got a job already?

RICHIE

And here's a welfare ticket for one of the hotels in the area.

ARCHIE

A welfare ticket?!

RICHIE

(reassuringly)

It's just till you get working and drawing an income.

(turning to Harry)

And Harry, you have a very nice room at the Golden Sunset Retirement Home...

He slides a piece of paper across to Harry.

RICHIE

...and, as soon as you sign that, \$435 a month in Social Security.

Harry looks at the paper.

HARRY

Social Security? But I wanna work too! I want my own job!

RICHIE

(sympathetic)

I understand, Harry ...but...it's just not possible...After 70...retirement is mandatory.

HARRY

Ronald Reagan is as old as me and he's got a job.

ARCHIE

He's got you there.

RICHIE

That's true...

HARRY

I wanna be useful and productive. I can't sit around no retirement home.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

RICHIE

I know you'll like it, Harry.
Think of it this way: you'll
have time to relax and enjoy life...
Do things you always wanted to do.
Believe me it's for the best...
Give it a chance, okay?

A beat as Harry controls his frustration.

RICHIE

Okay, Harry?

HARRY

I'll do whatever is necessary.

ARCHIE

(reassuring)

It won't be so bad Harry. I'll
be visitin' you all the time,
we'll have some laughs maybe go
out and pick up some broads...

HARRY

...And there's always "Mickey's."

RICHIE

(sheepishly)

About that...uh, I'm afraid that's
not going to be possible either.

Harry and Archie stare at him.

RICHIE

According to the terms of your
probation...because of your past
relationship...you won't be allowed
to associate with each other...for
three years. I'm sorry, guys, but
those are the rules.

Harry and Archie turn and look at one another, stunned.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

17

Harry and Archie exit the building. They try to mask
their real emotions about their separation as they walk away.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

ARCHIE

Are you going straight to the home?

HARRY

Like the kid said I'm going to relax and enjoy life.

ARCHIE

I guess I'll go straight to my hotel. Hell, after thirty years in one cell I'm finally going to get a good night's sleep...without listenin' to you snore.

HARRY

I snore?

ARCHIE

I never told you before cause I didn't want to hurt your feelings.

HARRY

Well you grind your teeth all night. I'm surprised you haven't worn them down to stumps.

ARCHIE

Oh yeah? Well, I sure won't miss your scratchy old records...

HARRY

Well I can live without your damn barbells clanking all day.

They reach a corner, stop...almost shake hands...then just wave goodbye.

HARRY

So long Arch.

ARCHIE

See you around Harry.

18 INT. RICHIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Richie is sitting at his desk. He looks uncomfortable. His supervisor, ABNER BENNETT, a barrel-chested man in his mid-50's, is standing behind him looking at the headlines.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

BENNETT

I don't want you playing favorites
with these guys, Evans. Understand?

RICHIE

Yessir!

BENNETT

I don't give a shit how great you
think they are..they're felons.
Scum. You treat 'em like any
other case. Got it?

RICHIE

Yessir, I do.

Bennett turns from the framed headlines and leans over
Richie, imposingly.

BENNETT

First sign of trouble...you violate
the bastards! Send 'em back to the
pen! Understand?

RICHIE

Yessir, Mr. Bennett!

BENNETT

Good! And get rid of those
headlines! This is a probation
office...not a goddam shrine!

He leaves.

19 EXT. PARK - DAY

19

CLOSE UP on a PATCH OF GRASS... and a PAIR OF SHOES we
PAN UP to find Harry, looking up into a tree and smiling.
He starts to WHISTLE...improvising a "birdcall".

A POLICEMAN, comes up beside him and Harry smiles.

HARRY

Mornin', officer.

COP

Mind telling me what you're doing,
Bud?

HARRY

Just standin' on grass...under a
tree...waitin' for a bird to sing.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

COP

You see that sign over there?
It says no loitering.

Harry remains staring up into the tree.

HARRY

Loitering is lingering without
a purpose. I got a purpose.

COP

Are you gonna give me trouble,
mac?

HARRY

No sir...I'm just waitin' for
a bird to sing. Is there a law
against that?

COP

Yeah, there's a law...It's called
dickin' around. Now move it
before I arrest you and the bird.

Harry turns, looks at the cop for a beat, then backs away.

COP

And if I see you around here
again, you'll be doin' your
bird watchin' from inside a cage!

His line is punctuated by a glob of birdshit landing on
his shoulder.

20 EXT. "MICKEY'S" - DAY

20

On a corner in downtown Los Angeles Archie has arrived
at Mickey's, the favorite watering hole for the Doyle
gang in the fifties.

21 INT. "MICKEY'S" - DAY

21

What used to be a "hangout" for toughguys has become a
Yuppie Fern-bar, chrome, neon, mirrors, and plants.

Archie looks puzzled...lost...as he crosses to the bar.

BARTENDER

Good afternoon, sir. How are you
today? My name's Denny.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ARCHIE

(looking around)

What happened to this place?
You got more plants in here than
a Tarzan movie.

DENNY

What can I get you? We have a
special on Mai Tai's this
afternoon. Two for one.

ARCHIE

No thanks. I'll have a scotch.

DENNY

Are you sure I can't talk you
into a Mai Tai?

ARCHIE

Nope, I've got my mouth all set
for scotch.

DENNY

Want anything in it? Lemon
juice, or some papaya?

ARCHIE

In scotch?

DENNY

A little Perrier on the side,
perhaps?

ARCHIE

(annoyed)

Scotch. Straight.

Denny walks over to the AUTOMATED DRINK DISPENSER, a push-
button control panel.

DENNY

Um...that's a problem. There's
no button for straight scotch.

ARCHIE

What's there a button for?

DENNY

Kir Royale. Sidecar. Cuba Libre.
Orange Blossom. Long Island Ice
Tea. Banana Daquiri. Strawberry
Margarita. Alabama Slammer. Sloe
Screw.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

ARCHIE

Slow Screw? Wouldn't mind one
of them? What is it?

DENNY

I don't know. I just push a
button and it comes out pre-mixed.
I don't think I can get you a
plain scotch.

ARCHIE

Look, kid. Ya' take a bottle
of scotch. Ya take a glass.
Ya' pour the scotch into the
glass. You hand it to me, I
drink it. It's simple.

DENNY

We don't have bottles.

ARCHIE

(frustrated)

Alright forget it, just give me
a beer.

DENNY

Dark? Light? Draft? Stout?

ARCHIE

No ordinary beer?

Denny shrugs his shoulders apologetically.

ARCHIE

(beaten)

Alright give me a coke.

DENNY

Classic? New? Diet? Cherry?
Caffeine-free?

Archie looks at him for a beat in quiet resignation.

ARCHIE

Forget it, I ain't thirsty anymore.

22 EXT. "MICKEY'S" - DAY

Archie exits, disgusted and bumps into Harry who is on
his way in.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

ARCHIE

Harry' I thought you were going straight to the home!

HARRY

I thought you were going straight to your hotel! I guess we both had the same idea. Come on, I'll buy you a scotch.

ARCHIE

Forget it, Harry, they don't have scotch.

HARRY

They don't?

ARCHIE

And they don't have beer either.

HARRY

What do they have?

ARCHIE

Plants, Harry. Lots of plants.

VOICE (O.S.)

And I'm going to plant you, sucker.

Harry and Archie turn to see Leon behind them clutching his shotgun inside his raincoat.

LEON

Don't turn around, wormfood...Just start walkin' and don't try nothin' stupid or you die right here.

23 EXT. STREET - DAY

23

Harry and Archie enter frame walking side by side with Leon several paces behind.

HARRY

Where are we going, friend?

LEON

We're all goin' into that alley up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

ARCHIE

And then what?

LEON

And then I'm comin' out...
alone.

Harry and Archie look at each other, then straight ahead.

(CU) An OPEN MANHOLE in the sidewalk at the mouth of the alley.

We TILT UP to find Harry and Archie walking directly at us, Leon just a step behind them. As they approach CAMERA, Harry and Archie split off left and right... Leon continues straight ahead...then DROPS OUT OF FRAME... and into the manhole.

LEON

Whoa-hoohoo!

We HEAR A SPLASH and TILT down on the hole.

LEON

(echoing)

Come back, you bastards! Let's
finish it once and for all!

Harry and Archie continue up the street.

HARRY

Finish it, finish what?

ARCHIE

You sure you don't know that
guy?

HARRY

No...You think we're losing our
memories? ---

24 EXT. STREET - DAY .

24

Harry and Archie are walking down a street in a rough, downtown neighborhood. The area is very run-down. Many of the buildings are boarded over. DERELICTS lie in doorways; STREET-CHARACTERS lean against buildings and parked cars.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

HARRY

(looking at the
buildings)

What the hell happened? This
used to be the classiest street
in the neighborhood!

ARCHIE

Damn right! I used to live on
this street!

FOUR ROUGH-LOOKING TEENAGERS are leaning against the side
of a building next to a vacant lot. As Harry and Archie
approach, the Four Teenagers move onto the sidewalk,
blocking their way.

ARCHIE

(politely)

Excuse me, fellas.

The four gang members don't budge an inch. Harry starts
to move forward.

HARRY

Just ignore 'em, Arch, and they'll
go away.

The LEADER OF THE GANG steps in front of Harry.

LEADER

Where you goin', gramps?

Harry stops, looks at the Leader, then steps around him
and keeps walking. Archie follows.

The Gang Members move after Harry and Archie and surround
them. Harry and Archie stop.

LEADER

I asked where you were going,
man.

HARRY

(calmly)

We're going down this street,
son. And we don't want no trouble,
so I suggest you let us pass.

GANG MEMBER II

This street, bro?

(CONTINUED)

ARCHIE

Yeah...this street. There a law against it?

LEADER

Well, the fact is...this happens to be a private street, man.

GANG MEMBER II

It costs a sawbuck to walk down this street.

HARRY

Then we'll go back.

LEADER

But you already on it, man. Once you on the street...you gots to pay the tax.

GANG MEMBER II

That's right.

The Leader smiles and holds out his hand for the money. Harry looks at him a moment, then at Archie:

HARRY

You know, Arch? I never met so many stupid people in one day.

ARCHIE

Ugly ones, too!

The Leader's smile fades. He pulls a switchblade from his pocket and FLICKS it open. The Three Others produce knives and brass knuckles.

LEADER

Okay, pops...I don't know how old you is...but you ain't gettin' no older!

HARRY

Wait a minute! This ain't a fair fight.

ARCHIE

There's four of you..and two of us.

HARRY

You got knives...and we got nothin'.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

LEADER

But that's how we win, man!

ARCHIE

When we lived around here...there were rules to streetfighting.

GANG MEMBER II

Rules???

LEADER

(sucked in)

Like what kinda rules?

Archie approaches the Leader quickly.

ARCHIE

Well...for one thing...you couldn't do this!

Archie quickly kicks the Leader in the balls. The Leader GROANS and doubles over in pain.

ARCHIE

Or this!

Archie "rabbit-punches" the Leader on the back of the head, knocking him down. The Three Other Teenagers stare in disbelief.

HARRY

But you could do this!

Harry quickly punches Gang Member II in the face, knocking him unconscious.

Harry and Archie turn to the Two Other Teenagers, their fists clenched.

ARCHIE

Now! Has everyone got the rules straight?

The Two Teenagers look at one another. Then back away slowly. Then turn and run off down the street.

ARCHIE

Those guys don't know shit about street fightin'.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

HARRY

(rubbing his fist)

You know...It never used to hurt like that.

ARCHIE

Things sure have changed in the old neighborhood.

25 EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

25

A three-storey, non-descript building with chairs lined up along the front porch. A GROUP of OLD MEN sit in the chairs, watching the steady flow of traffic on the busy street in front. Establish OLD FACES looking out vacantly, or nodding off, or just smiling to themselves.

We PAN OVER and FIND Harry and Archie on the sidewalk, studying Harry's new home.

ARCHIE

(optimistically)

It doesn't look so bad, Harry!

HARRY

(forcing a smile)

At least it ain't got no guard towers.

ARCHIE

And ya got a saloon right down the street. We never had anything like that in prison, Harry.

They turn to each other. It is an awkward moment.

HARRY

It sure ain't what I expected... but I guess we got to make the best of things.

ARCHIE

That's the spirit, Harry! It'll be a whole new experience. They've probably never had a guy like you in this place before... you'll be running the joint in a week!

Harry nods and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

ARCHIE

And look at me! I've never had
an honest job in my life! And I'm
lookin' forward to it!

Harry looks at Archie, knowingly.

HARRY

Sound real good, Arch.

ARCHIE

It sure does!

HARRY

Well...I guess this is...goodbye...

ARCHIE

It's only for three years, Harry...
we can do that much time standing
on our heads.

Harry smiles sadly and nods.

HARRY

Yeah...

He extends his hand to Archie.

HARRY

Well, so long Arch.

They shake hands.

ARCHIE

So long, Harry.

Archie turns and starts to walk away. We stay with
Harry, who starts slowly up the walk towards the home.

ARCHIE

(calling from
off-screen)

Hey, Harry.

Harry turns and SEES Archie, who has stopped 20 feet down
the street. (When he speaks this time, his voice is tinged
with sadness.)

Archie

You take care of yourself...
okay?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

Harry smiles and nods.

HARRY

You too, Arch.

Archie smiles, turns and walks away. Harry stands watching him a moment, then turns back towards the home.

26 INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

(CU) A file folder is opened. We SEE recent PHOTOGRAPHS of Harry and Archie, alongside their original MUG SHOTS.

(WIDE) DEKE YABLONSKI, is walking through the busy squadroom with WATCH COMMANDER, CAPT. RALPH JARVIS, 40. Jarvis is studying the file.

JARVIS

So, they're out. So what?
That's a problem for the parole
system, not the police department.

YABLONSKI

I busted these guys, Captain. I
know how they think...and believe
me, they think crime.

JARVIS

(looking through
the file)

Give me a break, Yablonski.
That was thirty years ago. You
gotta guy here...72...and another
one...67! They don't think crime...
they think Geritol!

YABLONSKI

You're wrong, Captain. You're
very wrong. Don't underestimate
these guys.

JARVIS

You're in Records now...it's a
nice, soft job. Why bother with
two hoods who're way past their
prime?

YABLONSKI

Just let me tail 'em for a while...
Put me back on the street! I
know I can nail these guys!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Jarvis stops and looks at Yablonski, clearly frustrated.

JARVIS

Look, Yablonski, take my word for it. These guys won't be committing any crimes! So stop botherin' me with this shit, okay?!

Jarvis exits.

YABLONSKI

(smiling to himself)

They'll go back to crime. I guarantee it. All they need is a little motivation.

27 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - APARTMENT - DAY

A medium-sized, one-bedroom, furnished to very spartan tastes; gray walls, a bed, a table, two chairs and a sofa.

The door opens and a WOMAN, mid-40's, enters, followed by Harry and a muscular, uniformed attendant named HOWARD. This is GRACE BUMBRY, the Administrator of the Home. She speaks very precisely.

GRACE

Now, this is our deluxe single, Mr. Doyle. Perfect for a gentleman such as yourself.

Harry glances around at the drab room. He goes over and sits on the bed to test it: it is very hard.

GRACE

There is no cooking allowed in the rooms, of course. All meals will be taken in the cafeteria. Breakfast is at eight, lunch at noon, dinner at five, lights out at ten. Any questions about that, Mr. Doyle?

HARRY

No, ma'am. This kind of routine is quite familiar to me.

HOWARD

(under his breath)

I'll bet it is...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

GRACE

Good! Now, we have an excellent selection of craft and hobby workshops...leatherwork, basket-weaving, macrame...Is there anything in particular you like to make, Mr. Doyle?

Harry turns and looks over at Howard, smiling.

HARRY

Just...trouble.

28 EXT. CHEAP HOTEL - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

An ambulance is parked in front of the hotel. Its red lights are ON and REVOLVING.

Archie is standing on the sidewalk, his suitcase in his hand.

29 INT. CHEAP HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

An overweight CLERK with two days-growth of beard is sitting behind the front desk watching CARTOONS on a small television set and MUNCHING from a bag of Pork Rinds.

Archie comes up to the desk.

ARCHIE

Excuse me.

The Clerk doesn't respond.

ARCHIE

Excuse me!

The clerk looks over lazily.

ARCHIE

I understand I can get a room here.

CLERK

(slowly)

Got a reservation.

ARCHIE

No, I don't.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

There is a NOISE behind Archie. He turns to LOOK. He SEES two paramedics wheeling a stretcher. There is a dead body on it, covered by a sheet. Archie turns back.

CLERK

Well, you're in luck. We just got a vacancy. Cash, check or credit card?

ARCHIE

I...uh...have this...welfare ticket.

CLERK

(shaking his head
in disgust)

Great...another ex-con. Don't you guys ever keep any of the money ya steal? Room 12...top of the stairs.

The Clerk goes back to watching television. Archie stands there a moment, expecting something.

ARCHIE

Excuse me? Don't I get a key?

CLERK

What for? There ain't no lock.

Archie bends down to pick up his suitcase and go upstairs. He turns back to the clerk.

ARCHIE

By the way, pal, what makes you think I did time for stealing?

CLERK

OK, wiseguy, what's your claim to fame?

ARCHIE

I killed a bunch of people... with an axe...just like that one.

The clerk turns to see the FIREAXE mounted on the wall behind him...then back to Archie, who is now smiling reassuringly.

ARCHIE

But don't worry...the doctors say I'm much better now.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

Archie backs slowly away, not breaking eye contact.

30 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - CAFETERIA - DAY

In the center of the room an ancient PIANIST serenades the old folks as they are served what passes for lunch. Harry is sitting at a table with a GROUP of OLD FOLKS. He is looking down at his lunch tray: something that looks like a TV dinner that's been put into a blender. He pokes at the food with his fork. He leans down and sniffs it; then he pushes it away in disgust.

Suddenly, a HAND comes INTO FRAME and pushes the tray back in front of Harry.

Harry looks up to SEE Howard, the Male Attendant standing over him with one of those bright, institutional smiles on his face.

HOWARD

You are going to eat your lunch now, aren't you, Mr. Doyle?

HARRY

No, I ain't.

He pushes the tray away; Howard pushes it back.

The OLD PEOPLE around Harry stop eating and watch the exchange.

HOWARD

But it's very nutritional, Mr. Doyle.

HARRY

It's pig slop! Not fit for human consumption!

Harry pushes the tray away; Howard pushes it back.

The Old Men are watching intently now, and smiling.

HOWARD

If you don't eat your food, Mr. Doyle...I'll be very upset.

HARRY

Yeah? So what are you going to do about it?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Harry FLIPS the tray over onto the floor. The stewed meat and mashed potatoés splatter Howard's white shoes. He looks down at his shoes, back up at Harry, glaring. Harry glares back, daring him to do something.

HARRY

Tell the cook, me and the boys
ain't satisfied with our supper.
It's crud! We want some real
food!

Suddenly, OFF CAMERA, we HEAR the SOUND of ANOTHER TRAY being flipped over. Howard looks over, startled. One by one, the other Old People flip over their lunch trays.

Howard's eyes bug out in fury. Harry looks up at him and beams defiantly. He picks up his plastic coffee cup and starts to pound it on the table.

HARRY

(n rhythm)

Real food; Real food! Real
food! Real food! Real food!

The Other Old People also begin POUNDING their coffee cups and CHANTING: "Real Food!".

Howard slowly backs out of the Cafeteria.

As the CHANTING CONTINUES, ONE OLD MAN, slightly deaf, cups a hand behind his ear, trying to make out the words.

OLD MAN

What? What are they saying?

31 INT. "HUMPHREY YOGURT" - DAY

We SEE a large sign which reads: "Humphrey Yogurt". Under this, we SEE a list of the Frozen Yogurt, and Tofutti being offered: "Vanilla, Chocolate, Strawberry, Raspberry, Amaretto, etc." as well as a list of toppings: "M&M's, Oreo Pieces, Hershey Hunks, Sprinkles, Fresh Fruit, walnuts, cashews, almonds, etc.

We PAN DOWN from the sign to FIND Archie standing behind the counter, dressed in a clean, white uniform, apron and cap. He is smiling. On the front of his apron are the words: "Here's Looking At You, Kid".

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

A FAT AND OFFICIOUS-LOOKING YOUNG BOY, about 9 years of age, wearing horned-rimmed glasses is standing on the other side of the counter, looking up at the sign.

ARCHIE

So, what'll it be, sport?!

YOUNG BOY

~~I think I'll have...~~strawberry yogurt.

Archie picks up a paper cup and turns away from the counter.

YOUNG BOY

No! Chocolate!

Archie stops.

YOUNG BOY

No! Strawberry!

Archie turns back to the Young Boy.

ARCHIE

Look, kid...ya wanna make up yer mind or what?

YOUNG BOY

I have made up my mind.

ARCHIE

Which is it? Strawberry or chocolate?

YOUNG BOY

Amaretto.

Archie rolls his eyes, then goes over to one of the freezers and starts scooping gelatti into the cup.

YOUNG BOY

Hey, I asked for yogurt! That's gelatti, ya boob!!

Archie looks at the gelatti in the cup.

ARCHIE

Looks the same to me. What's the difference?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

YOUNG BOY

Gelatti is made outa cream!
 Yogurt is made outa bacteria
 culture! Where've you been?
 In a cave?

Archie glares at the kid. Then he drops the cup into the trash can takes a fresh cup and puts it under the yogurt machine. He fills it quickly. He turns and hands it to the kid. Behind Archie the yogurt machine is still belching out its contents.

ARCHIE

That'll be a buck-fifty.

Archie turns and sees the mess behind him and frantically attempts to stop the malfunctioning machine.

YOUNG BOY

What about my toppings?! You're sposed to ask me what kinda toppings I want on it! Don't you know anything!?

The machine stops and Archie, seething, steps over to the "topping bar".

ARCHIE

What kinda damn toppings ya want on it?

YOUNG BOY

Do you have peanut M&Ms?

Archie takes a spoonful of peanut M&Ms and sprinkles them on the yogurt.

YOUNG BOY

I didn't say I wanted M&Ms! I just asked if you had any!

Archie is clearly struggling to control his anger. He picks the peanut M&Ms out of the yogurt and puts them back into the dish.

YOUNG BOY

Do you have Oreo Pieces?

ARCHIE

Is that what you want?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

YOUNG BOY
 (impertinently)
 That's why I asked!

Archie begins putting Oreo pieces on the yogurt.

YOUNG BOY
 And walnuts, too. And some
 peppermint bits.

Archie adds the toppings.

YOUNG BOY
 (changing his mind)
 No! Hershey hunks! Not peppermint
 bits! Hershey hunks!

Archie starts removing the peppermint bits from the
 yogurt and begins putting on Hershey hunks.

YOUNG BOY
 And gimme almond slices instead
 of walnuts.

Archie starts picking out the walnuts. His fingers are
 covered with yogurt and topping bits; the yogurt cup
 is a mess. He takes a handful of almond slices and
 shoves them into the yogurt.

YOUNG BOY
 No, no! Never mind. I think
 I'll just have it plain.

Archie stops and looks up the kid, anger quietly building.

ARCHIE
 (smiling)
 Are ya sure ya still want it?

YOUNG BOY
 (patronizingly)
 Course I do! What d'ya think I
 came in here for? My health?

The kid puts his money on the counter and holds out his
 hand for the yogurt.

YOUNG BOY
 Now lemme have it!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

The kid sneers. Suddenly, a GLOB OF AMARETTO YOGURT comes flying from OFF-CAMERA, hitting him square in the face.

32 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry comes out of Gladys Bumbry's office. She is behind him. He turns back.

HARRY

Me and the boys want real food from now on...not that pig slop you can suck through a straw!

GRACE

Our dietary program is none of your concern, Mr. Doyle!

HARRY

We want steaks! And chops! We want roast beef, blood-rare!

GRACE

Don't be ridiculous! Some of these people don't even have teeth!

HARRY

Oh yeah? What do ya call these!

He grins viciously, baring all his teeth. Then he slams the door. He turns, looking very upset.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Just can't stay out of trouble, can you?

Harry looks around to SEE an attractive WOMAN, 60, dressed in a sweatsuit and sneakers.

WOMAN

Same old Harry Doyle.

He thinks a moment, trying to place the face, then begins to smile.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

HARRY

Well, I'll be. Belle Burgess.
I don't believe my eyes! What
the hell is a dame like you doing
in a dump like this?

BELLE

Earning a living.

HARRY

You work here?

BELLE

(nodding)

Room, board and one-twenty a month.
And all I have to do is teach a
couple of aerobics classes every
week, a tap class--if anyone shows
up, and twice a year I stage the
variety night...

HARRY

You mean you quit show business?

BELLE

Quit nothin'. I'm between
engagements. There's not that
much work for a 60-year-old
showgirl.

HARRY

I'd hire you in a minute.

BELLE

(smiling warmly)

Thanks Harry, you're sweet. But
for now, this is okay. I mean it
isn't perfect...but it beats the
hell outa standing behind a
lingerie counter at J.C. Penney's.
What are you doing here, Harry?

HARRY

I live here...unfortunately. But
I don't know for how long. They
got too many damn rules to suit me.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

BELLE

(smiling)

Since when did that ever make
a difference?

She smiles coquettishly and saunters over to the door of
Bumbry's office. She turns before going in.

BELLE

I'm in Room 321. Why don'tcha come
up and visit. We could relive
some old memories.

She winks at Harry playfully, then goes into the office.

Harry smiles and shakes his head in amusement.

HARRY

Same old Belle.

33 EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

33

Archie approaches the doorway of an older building in
downtown Los Angeles. The sign above the door reads
TUNNEY'S Gym.

34 INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

34

We PAN ACROSS a veritable "jungle" of gleaming stainless
steel gym equipment of the most sophisticated variety:
advanced nautilus units, Questar Water units, etc...
The gym is populated with a variety of young, good-
looking people, mostly women. Archie stands at the
reception desk looking lost, as a beautiful woman
approaches. This is SKYE FOSTER, 34, wearing a very
sexy leotard which accentuates her well-developed body.

SKYE

Can I help you sir?

ARCHIE

Where's the gym, Miss?

SKYE

This is the gym.

ARCHIE

I mean the men's gym.

SKYE

It's the eighties, we're totally
co-ed now.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

ARCHIE

Even the showers?

SKYE

Well almost totally. Are you here to work out?

ARCHIE

I don't know, this place looks kind of expensive.

SKYE

No sweat, the first session is free.

ARCHIE

Great!

We begin A MONTAGE of short scenes in which Archie tries to master the wonderful world of Questar...in vain. As he struggles with a particularly complicated piece of equipment, SKYE passes by.

SKYE

How's it going?

ARCHIE

Fine, but I'm not used to working out with stuff that has more moving parts than I do.

SKYE

Oh, you like to do it the old-fashioned way. Come with me.

35 INT. THE FREEWEIGHT ROOM - DAY

35

Two 24 pound weights slide onto a bar with a CLANG and in rhythm to the MUSIC. Skye falls back onto a bench. Her hands grasp the bar; she presses the weight with a dramatic BREATH-OUT. Archie watches: he raises his eyebrow - impressed.

Two 40 pound weights slide onto another bar with a CLANK. Archie falls back on the bench. He grits his teeth and pushes. The barbell goes up, then down, revealing Skye watching, also impressed.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

THE MUSIC BUILDS. Two 50 pound weights slide onto a bar. (CU) Skye looking up at the barbell from the bench with fierce determination; she pushes. (CU) Her arms outstretched, hard and glistening under the weight. She brings the weight down very slowly and with an almost sexual GROAN. Archie reacts, partly to the lift, partly to the groan.

THE MUSIC BUILDS FURTHER. Two 75 pound weights slide onto a bar. Archie falls back onto the bench with a mean look on his face. Skye watches, expectant. Archie takes a deep breath. His hands grasp the bar, feeling around for the best grip. Sweat is beading on his brow. He looks up at the barbell. The MUSIC is coming to a CRESCENDO. Archie's eyes dart to the side to make sure Skye is watching. Skye is smiling in anticipation. The CRESCENDO BUILDS. Archie pushes hard. The barbell lifts an inch off its yoke. Then it falls back with a LOUD CLANK. The MUSIC STOPS. Archie lets his breath out in defeat. END MONTAGE.

Skye gets up from her bench and comes over to Archie. She stands behind his head, looking down.

SKYE

Want me to help you get it up?

ARCHIE

Thanks, but I don't need no help.

Archie grabs the bar again, getting ready to try the lift one more time. Skye positions her hands over the bar to "spot" the lift. He pushes hard; the barbell goes up this time. His arms begin to shake and buckle. Skye grabs the barbell and lifts it easily onto the rack. Archie sits up, breathing heavily.

ARCHIE

(trying to cover
his failure)

Thanks, I...uh...haven't been
feelin' too well lately...probably
a virus or something...you know
how it is? Guess it took more
out of me than I thought!

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

SKYE

Well, it's good to have a real man in here for a change. Usually there're only gays.
 (beat--realizing she may have insulted him)
 You're not gay, are you?

ARCHIE

Are you kidding? I just lost my job. If anything, I'm miserable.

Skye laughs.

ARCHIE

No, of course I'm not gay.

SKYE

I know, you're miserable...that's funny, you're a funny guy.
 (extending her hand)
 I'm Skye. Who are you?

The shake hands.

ARCHIE

Archie Long. Pleased to meet ya', Skye!

She sits down on the bench beside him.

SKYE

I'm pleased to meet you, too. You're pretty good with the weights, Archie Long.

ARCHIE

Thanks. You're pretty good yourself. You come here a lot?

SKYE

I have to...I run the place. Maybe you and I should work out together sometime.

ARCHIE

Sure. Anytime you say.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

SKYE

How about tonight?

ARCHIE

Fine with me. I didn't think
the gym was open at night!

SKYE

It isn't. But there are other
ways to work up a sweat.

ARCHIE

I remember.

Skye jumps up and heads for the door.

SKYE

(calling back)

Meet me at Chainsaw on Vine
Street...nine o'clock, okay?

ARCHIE

Chainsaw? What do you do there?

SKYE

You dance.

ARCHIE

Oh...What should I wear?

SKYE

(teasingly)

Just look...hot!

36 INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

36

We are in a very trendy uni-sex clothing store...^a
sparse, alienating space...open in the center...walls
lined with racks of the latest styles. There are VIDEO
MONITORS, strategically placed around the store displaying
fashion vidoes set to rock music.

Archie enters, looks around, finds himself alone in the
store, and gravitates to one of the monitors. He watches
the screen with great interest as a series of beautiful
women parade by. The images of the models are suddenly
replaced by the face of a weird-looking young man, DEREK...

DEREK

Can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Archie turns around startled searching for the person who is addressing him. Finding no one else in the store he turns back to the screen.

ARCHIE

Are you talking to me?

DERKE

Yes...I am. I'm Derek. Can I help you?

ARCHIE

(uncomfortable talking
with a T.V. screen)

Uhh. I need something to wear.

DEREK

I need more information.

ARCHIE

Like what?

DEREK

Color...Style...Function?

ARCHIE

I got a date.

DEREK

Male or female?

ARCHIE

(insulted)

I got a date with a gorgeous broad.

DEREK

Thank you. Evening? Morning?
Formal? Casual? Please be as
specific as possible.

ARCHIE

Chainsaw, Vine Street, 9 P.M.
She said look hot. How about
something in blue.

DERKE

Blue is cold sir, Red is hot.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

ARCHIE

All right, red then.

DEREK

We don't carry red, sir.
Our colors are: taupe, teale,
cerise, mocha, almond, mustard
and avocado.

ARCHIE

Jesus, I don't want to eat the
damn suit, I want to wear it.

DEREK

(not amused)

Ha...Ha...Ha... One moment, sir.

MONTAGE: We now create a fashion video of our own as we see Archie dressed in a series of outfits...each more outlandish than the one before. Derek is always nearby watching from his monitor and reacting. They finally agree on an outfit.

ARCHIE

What do you think, Derek, do I
look hot?

DEREK

You're practically on fire, sir.

37 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BELLE'S ROOM - EVENING

There is a KNOCK at the door. Belle comes over and opens it. Harry is standing there, dressed in his suit and tie, his hair neatly combed. He is holding a bouquet of brightly-colored flowers. He hands them to Belle.

BELLE

Oh, Harry! They're beautiful! I
haven't been given flowers in 10
years.

HARRY

Whatd'ya say we get outa this
joint? Paint the town. Have us
a real blowout. Get our old
table at Ciro's!

Belle's smile drops.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

BELLE

Ciro's is gone, Harry. It's a comedy club now.

HARRY

The Derby then...

BELLE

Torn down.

HARRY

What about Romanoff's? Earl Carroll's?

BELLE

Gone, too. Sorry.

HARRY

There's gotta be something left!

38 INT. VARIETY ARTS SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

IN CLOSE-UP, we SEE an old-fashioned cardboard megaphone. We HEAR someone singing: "My Time Is Your Time". The megaphone SWINGS AWAY FROM CAMERA to REVEAL the singer is RUDY VALLEE. Behind him, we SEE A SIX-PIECE ORCHESTRA.

Harry and Belle are sitting at a table close to the stage. Harry is beaming. Beside them, a magnum of champagne is chilling in a bucket of ice. On the table in front of them, are two plates of food.

HARRY

This place is wonderful. Swell food...swell entertainment...

(he looks at Belle)

...and swell company. The best things never change.

Harry and Belle raise their champagne glasses in a toast. We PULL BACK to REVEAL the club: a cavernous room decorated in the style of the 30's and 40's.

The room is empty except for Harry and Belle.

39 INT. CHAINSAW - NIGHT

39

A warehouse that has been converted into a new wave club.

The CROWD is a mixture of punkers, mods, artists, and gawkers.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

CUT TO a CLOSE-UP, of the lead singer of the RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS who SCREAMS into the microphone. Behind him, we SEE THREE MEMBERS of the group, all dressed in outrageous costumes, gyrating wildly as they play.

Archie and Skye are dancing.

The Lead Singer upends a bottle of whiskey into his mouth, then spits it out onto the crowded dance floor. Archie can't believe what he sees. None of the dancers seem to mind.

Archie and Skye have to SHOUT to be heard over the MUSIC.

SKYE

I love your suit, Arch.

ARCHIE

(shrugging)

This old thing? Just something I had lying around. What's the name of this band anyway?

SKYE

The Red Hot Chili Peppers. You like 'em?

ARCHIE

Yeah! I have all their albums.

A PUNKER with a PURPLE MOHAWK slams into him from behind. Archie turns, angrily.

ARCHIE

Hey! Watch it!

Jumping up and down in a trance-like state of movement-nirvana, the Punker obliviously slams into Archie again.

ARCHIE

I said...watch it, Chingachgook!

PUNKER

It's cool, man! Slam me! Slam me!

Archie looks at the Punker jumping up and down beside him and shrugs. Then he cocks a fist and drives it into the Punker's face. The Punker falls flat on his face, unconscious.

Archie turns and looks at Skye who is dancing in a world of her own.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

ARCHIE

Dancing is more fun than I remember!

A SECOND PUNKER slams into Archie. Archie turns and jabs an elbow into his gut. The Second Punker goes down. Archie WHOOPS joyfully and looks around, waiting for the next dancer.

40. INT. VARIETY ARTS SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

40

The orchestra is playing "I've Got A Crush On You."

Harry and Belle are slow-dancing in the center of the ballroom.

HARRY

You remember the last time we danced together?

BELLE

July Fourth, 1955. On Mickey Cohen's boat...going over to Catalina for the weekend.

HARRY

(smiling; remembering)

You wore a blue dress. You were the prettiest-lookin' gal in the bunch.

BELLE

I didn't think you'd remember.

HARRY

There ain't been a day in the last thirty years I ain't thought of that weekend.

BELLE -

(smiling)

Me neither.

HARRY

Sometimes I think we should have done the right thing back then... you know, settle down...get married...

BELLE

Married? Us? It wouldn't have worked, Harry.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

HARRY

Not then, maybe.

Belle looks up at Harry and smiles. He smiles back and nods. She puts her head on his shoulder and they continue dancing.

41 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

41

Archie and Skye approach her apartment...he weaves drunkenly as he walks.

ARCHIE

What were those things we were drinking?

SKYE

Kamikazes.

ARCHIE

They oughta put more booze in 'em. I can hardly feel it.

He smiles...leans against the door...and his head lolls forward, unconscious.

42 INT. SKYE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

42

Skye enters, an unconscious Archie over her shoulder. She crosses to the bed.

ARCHIE

(protesting)

Hey...What're you doing...I'm the guy, you're the broad...I'm supposed to carry you.

SKYE

You have to save your strength. You're going to need it.

43 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

43

Harry is lying in bed, half-covered by a sheet, his head propped up by pillows.

The door opens and Belle comes into the room. She is dressed in a housecoat. She looks radiant. She is carrying a tray with two glasses, filled with an orange liquid, and a bowl of raw vegetables. She sits down on the bed beside Harry. She hands him one of the glasses filled with orange liquid.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

HARRY

What's this?

BELLE

Carrot juice.

HARRY

I used to have a scotch after we made love, remember?

BELLE

Scotch is poison, Harry.

HARRY

Not to me it ain't.

BELLE

You probably still eat red meat, don't you? And dairy products. I eat nothing but roughage.

HARRY

Roughage?

BELLE

It's like Drano. It keeps the pipes clear. Have some.

She offers Harry some "roughage": a bowl filled with raw vegetables. Harry takes it and looks at it in disgust.

HARRY

But I don't want no Drano. I want scotch.

BELLE

I take 20 different vitamin and mineral supplements a day, Harry.... and aerobics five times a week.

HARRY

I know about aerobics. That's where you jump around in your underwear to loud music, right?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

BELLE
(ignoring Harry's
joke)

If you want to think young,
Harry, you have to feel young.
I'm 60 and I feel like 42. By
next month, I should feel like
36. With any luck, I'll feel
like a teenager before I'm 70.

HARRY
If you make it to 80...you'll
probably disappear!

BELLE
That's not funny, Harry. Staying
young is a serious business.

HARRY
You know, Belle...I'm beginning
to think that old is a dirty
word.

BELLE
Nobody likes being old, Harry.

HARRY
I don't mind it.

Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on the door. The door opens
and Grace Bumbry peers into the room.

GRACE
How we doing, Mr. Doy...

She SEES Harry and Belle in bed together and GASPS. Her
eyes begin to widen in anger.

GRACE
And what do you think you're
doing?

HARRY
Nothing at the moment...but you
shoulda been here fifteen minutes
ago.

Grace Bumbry leaves in a huff, SLAMMING the door behind her.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

BELLE
Welcome to Old Age, Harry.

44 INT. SKYE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

44

Archie is lying on Skye's bed. He is wearing a bathrobe and talking on a cordless phone.

ARCHIE
(whispering)
Harry? Hey, Harry, you're not gonna believe this! I met a girl and she's crazy about me!
(he listens)
No...I didn't have to pay her anything!

SKYE (O.S.)
(sing-song)
Arch-ee!

Skye moves slowly into the shot. All we see initially is part of her back. She's dressed in a robe that matches Archie's.

ARCHIE
Just a second, Harry.

Archie turns and looks up at Skye, who lets the robe slip from her shoulders. Archie's expression changes to a hint of panic.

ARCHIE
Again?
(into the receiver)
I gotta go, Harry. Bye.

45 EXT. STREET - MORNING

45

Richie and Archie are walking down a street in a very trendy district.

RICHIE
I just wish you'd come to me before you left that other job. I'm sure we could've worked something out with your boss.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

ARCHIE

Well, I offered to wash the kid's face and give him a free yogutti or whatever the hell it is...but his mother came in and started yellin' about a lawsuit...

RICHIE

You're going to have to learn to control your temper, Archie. A lot of people in this world are gonna rub you the wrong way. You can't shove yogurt in all their faces!

They come to a trendy-looking restuarant called "Cafe Panache" and enter.

Across the street, we SEE Yablonski pull his car to the curb and stop.

46 INT. CAFE PANACHE - LUNCHTIME

The restaurant has a lunchtime crowd. Archie and Richie stand just inside the door.

Archie looks around at the decor of the cafe: the stark white walls, the chromium and glass pedestal tables, the oddly-shaped chairs.

SANDY, 28, the owner of the cafe, comes over. She is all smiles, her hands already outstretched to meet Richie.

SANDY

Richie, darling. How marvelous to see you.

RICHIE

Hi, Sandy.

They embrace quickly, kissing each other on the cheek.

SANDY

And you must be Archie. Richie has told me all about you.

ARCHIE

Likewise.

They shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

RICHIE

Well, I gotta run. I'll leave
you two to work out the details.
Good luck, Arch.

Richie turns to leave.

ARCHIE

Thanks, Richie.

SANDY

Ciao, darling! Call...we'll do
something soon!

Richie waves as he goes out.

ARCHIE

I really appreciate this,
Sandy...

Sandy's smile drops from her face. She turns to Archie.

SANDY

Okay, Long. Let's get one thing
straight. I wouldn't have let
you in here as a customer, let
alone as an employee, but I owe
Richie a favor. I don't like
ex-cons. If I see you anywhere
near the cash register, I'll cut
your balls off! Got that!?

Archie looks at her a moment; then he nods.

SANDY

Now get a mop. The toilet's
backed up again!

She turns and walks away.

47 EXT. STREET - DAY

Harry is walking along, lost in thought. He comes to a
street corner where there is a traffic light. The light
turns green. He is about to step off the curb.

VOICE (O.S.)

Okay, Mister, let's go.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Harry looks down. There is a 12 year-old BOY SCOUT standing beside him. He takes Harry's arm and pulls.

HARRY
What are you doing?

Harry pulls his arm back.

BOY SCOUT
I'm helping you across the street.

The Boy Scout pulls again; Harry pulls back.

HARRY
I don't need no help.

BOY SCOUT
C'mon, Mister. This is my job.

The Boy Scout pulls hard, straining.

HARRY
I know you're just a kid...but
if you don't get your hands off
me...I'm gonna break your arm!

The Boy Scout lets go. He looks at Harry in disgust. Then he turns and walks away.

BOY SCOUT
(calling back)
I was just trying to do a good
deed...ya old fart!

48 INT. PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

48

Harry is sitting across from Richie in his office. Richie is clearly uncomfortable.

RICHIE
I got a call from Grace Bumbry
at the Home today, Harry...She
said you're being a...disruptive
influence. She said you refused
to eat your lunch and that you
made love to a woman. Is that
right, Harry?

HARRY
Don't you make love to women,
Richie?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

RICHIE

Well...yeah...sure.

HARRY

How come when you do it, you're a stud? When I do it...I'm a disruptive influence?

RICHIE

Because...I'm twenty eight, Harry! I understand you feel young at heart. But not everybody else understands. If you want to fit into society, you're going to have to behave in a way that's accepted. That's what you want, isn't it, Harry... to be accepted?

HARRY

Lemme get this straight...I'm supposed to stop doin' what comes natural...just so I'll be accepted?

Richie answers with a look that says: "I'm afraid so."

Harry looks very unhappy.

49 INT. CAFE PANACHE - KITCHEN - LATER

Archie comes into the kitchen, carrying a mop and a bucket. He puts them down in a corner. He takes a deep breath, then picks up a tub of dirty dishes and carries them to a sink in the back. He is sweaty and tired.

WAITERS hurry in and out, brushing Archie aside as they pass, shouting orders to the COOKS.

Archie starts to take the dirty dishes out of the tub and stack them next to the sink.

VOICE (O.S.)

How's it goin', Arch?

Archie turns around and sees Yablonski standing in a corner of the kitchen. Archie's eyes widen with recognition. He continues stacking dishes as he talks.

ARCHIE

Well, well...if it isn't Deke Yablonski. Ain't you dead yet?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

YABLONSKI

I heard the great Archie Long
was workin' as a busboy, but I
didn't believe it!! I hadda to
come in and see for myself!

(looks around)

What d'ya make here, anyway...
two...three bucks an hour?
That's a nice piece of change,
Arch!

Archie stops stacking dishes and tenses.

ARCHIE

It's a temporary job, Yablonski.

YABLONSKI

Of course it is...a guy with your
talents...shit...they'll be movin'
ya up to dishwasher before ya know
it.

Archie takes a deep breath, trying to maintain his
composure, and begins to stack the dishes again with a
renewed vigor.

ARCHIE

I'd love to stand around and chat,
Yablonski, but I'm busy. So get
lost!

YABLONSKI

Oh sure, sure, you probably got
lots of dishes to scrape...ketchup
bottles to fill...napkins to fold...
I wouldn't want to keep ya from
such important work.

Yablonski starts to leave. He turns back.

YABLONSKI

(mock sincerity)

I'm prouda ya, Arch. There's
nothin' like seein' a man...
rehabilitated.

Yablonski smiles snidely and leaves. Archie's eyes
narrow and his jaw tightens.

(CONTINUED)

50 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GAME ROOM - DAY

CLOSE-UP. A metal cage, spinning round and round, filled with numbered ping-pong balls. The cage stops spinning, and the door at the top is opened. A hand reaches in and takes out one of the balls.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL it is Howard, the Male Attendant. He leans into a microphone next to the cage.

HOWARD
(into the microphone)
Under the I...fourteen.

VOICE (O.S.)
(calling)
What'd ya say?

HOWARD
Under the I...

VOICE (O.S.)
What?

HOWARD
(into the mike;
shouting)
Under the I! Fourteen! I!
Fourteen! I! Fourteen!

CUT TO:

Harry is sitting at a table at the back of the game room. Many of the OTHER RESIDENTS are in attendance, playing along, CHATTING happily.

Harry is not paying attention. He is staring off into space, troubled. AN OLD MAN is sitting next to him, leans over and looks at Harry's card.

OLD MAN
Hey! You got that one!

HARRY
Pardon?

OLD MAN
I-Fourteen. You got it!

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

HARRY

Oh. Thanks.

Harry continues staring off into space.

OLD MAN

Ain'tcha gonna mark it on
your card?

HARRY

Nah. Don't feel much like
playing.

OLD MAN

But you could win a prize!
Last week, I won a ball-point
pen!

HOWARD (O.S.)

(over the speaker)

Under the G...thirty-four...

The old man doesn't have that number; he frowns and
looks over at Harry's card.

OLD MAN

Hey...you got that number too.

HARRY

(smiling)

You can play my card, if you
like.

OLD MAN

(delighted)

Can I?' That's real nice of
ya!(he takes Harry's
card)This could be our lucky day!
We'll split the prize if you
win. Okay?

HARRY

Deal.

HOWARD (O.S.)

(over the speaker)

Under the Oh-Sixty.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

VOICE (O.S.)

What?

HOWARD (O.S.)

Oh-sixty! Oh-sixty! Didja
hear that? Oh-six-zero!

VOICE (O.S.)

Thank you.

The Old Man doesn't have the number on his card. He looks at Harry's. His card has the number. The Old Man marks it, then sits up suddenly.

OLD MAN

Bingo! We got it! Bingo!
We're winners! Over here!

Harry smiles at the Old Man; he's getting into it a little.

OTHER PEOPLE in the room turn and look at the Old Man and Harry, also smiling and nodding at the winners.

HOWARD (O.S.)

(over the speaker)

We have a winner...

OLD MAN

(excited)

I told you this was our lucky
day, didn't I?

HARRY

You sure did, friend. You
called it.

Harry extends a hand in congratulation. The Old Man takes it, laughing, and pumps it hard. Then he PITCHES FORWARD onto the table with a THUD.

The smile drops from Harry's face. He bends to help the Old Man, shaking him, trying to rouse him.

An ATTENDANT rushes over to the table. He lays a hand on the Old Man's neck, feeling for a pulse. Harry looks up at him; the attendant shakes his head. The Old Man is gone.

51 INT. CAFE PANACHE - DAY

51

IN CLOSE-UP: WE SEE a garbage can almost completely full of food scraps. More food scraps are being scraped off a plate into the can.

WE PULL BACK TO FIND Archie standing at a Bus-Boy station scrape-cleaning a tub full of dirty dishes. He does not look happy.

SANDY comes up behind him.

She continues by him. Archie glares after her and continues scraping.

ARCHIE
 (to himself; speaking
 like Harry)
 Now just calm down, Archie...and
 don't hit nobody.

He finishes the last dish, lifts the tub and begins to carry it towards the kitchen at the back.

The restaurant is very crowded during the lunch hours.

As Archie passes through the restaurant, VARIOUS CUSTOMERS are YELLING at him.

CUSTOMER #1
 Hey! Are you on a break or something?
 I need a clean steak knife over here!

ARCHIE
 Be right with ya.
 (talking to himself; imitating
 Harry)
 Just ignore 'em, Arch, and they'll go
 away.

CUSTOMER #2
 (at another table)
 I could use some water. You know,
 H-Two-Oh! If it's not too much trouble.

ARCHIE
 In a minute
 (to himself; like
 Harry)
 Keep ignorin' 'em, Arch.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

CUSTOMER #3

(at another table)

Hey! Old-timer! Where's that bread
we asked for...twenty minutes ago?

ARCHIE

It's on the way!

(to himself; like Harry)

Remember, Arch, respectable citizens
don't go around punching people out.

He gets to the back of the restaurant and puts down the
tub of dirty dishes. Sandy approaches again, looking
annoyed.

SANDY

Have you cleaned table five yet?
I've got people waiting!

ARCHIE

I was just gettin' to it.

SANDY

Then go, go! This isn't a rest
home! You've got a job to do!

Archie stands trying to control himself; but he's reach-
ing his boiling point. He forces a toothy smile. Sandy
SNAPS her fingers.

SANDY

Well, move it! Move it!

Archie glares.

ARCHIE

(to himself)

I'm sorry, Harry...I tried...but
I can't do it.

He picks up a basket of bread, a pitcher of water and
a clean steak knife. He looks defiantly out towards
the Customers in the restaurant. He starts forward.

He approaches customer #3

ARCHIE

Here's your bread!

CUSTOMER #3

Well, it's about ti...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

Before Customer #3 can finish his sentence, Archie takes a roll out of the basket and shoves it in his mouth.

He approaches Customer #2.

ARCHIE

Here's your H-2-Oh!

He empties the pitcher of water over Customer #2's head, flattening his trendy hairdo.

He approaches Customer #1.

ARCHIE

And here's your steak knife!

He grabs Customer #1's tie, pulls his head forward, then JABS the knife down hard through the tie and into the table.

He walks over to a table full of dirty dishes.

ARCHIE

(calling back to Sandy)

Clearing Table 5!

He pulls the table cloth. The dishes and cutlery and glassware CRASH to the floor.

All the conversations have STOPPED. EVERYONE is staring at him.

He turns and glares at everyone in the room, his fists clenched, his jaw tight.

ARCHIE

Now! Does anyone else want anything?!

There is SILENCE. No one says a word.

52 INT. SKYE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - EVENING

52

The mirror on a medicine chest. Archie's face comes up into it. He splashes some cold water on his face and stares at his reflection; he looks more worn than we've ever seen him.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

ARCHIE
 (shaking his head;
 to himself)
 You look like shit!
 (pause)
 It's your own damn fault. Trying
 to act like a kid.

SKYE (O.S.)
 Archie...
 (sing-song; seductively)
 I'm wait - ing.

53 INT. SKYE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT 53

Archie is lying on his side across the couch. He is still in his bathrobe. One arm is draped over his eyes. The TELEVISION is ON: a FEMALE NEWCASTER is reading the day's news in the background.

Skye comes out of the bedroom. She is dressed to go out.

SKYE
 I thought you were getting dressed,
 Archie. We don't want to be late.

ARCHIE
 You go ahead without me.

SKYE
 But you gotta come, Arch. You're
 the life of the party.

ARCHIE
 Not tonight, Skye. The life of
 the party...is dead!

SKYE
 Are you all right, Archie? Is
 there anything I can do?

ARCHIE
 No, no, I'm just tired, that's
 all. You go on. Have a good
 time. I'll be fine.

SKYE
 You sure?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

ARCHIE

I'm sure.

Skye opens the door to leave, then stops and turns back.

SKYE

(softly)

Will you be here when I get
back?

Archie looks at her as if he is about to say "Of course I will." Then he stops and thinks a moment. He lowers his head and slowly shakes it "no."

SKYE

Why?

ARCHIE

Look, Skye. You're a swell kid...
but this kinda life ain't for me...
I gotta start acting my age again.

SKYE

I wish I could act mine. I just
don't want to miss anything.

(beat)

We did have fun though, didn't we?

ARCHIE

(smiling)

I wouldn't have missed it for the
world.

Skye smiles awkwardly, then leaves, closing the door behind her.

Archie looks over at the television.

NEWCASTER

This weekend will mark the end of an
era as the Gold Coast Flyer, the pride
of the Southern Pacific Railroad, makes
its final journey into the pages of
history.

Archie is watching. He SEES historical footage of the Gold Coast Flyer in its heyday: impressive and mighty. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

NEWSCASTER

For most of you, now used to the convenience of air travel, a piece of Americana like the Gold Coast Flyer may not mean much. But to those of us who remember a less-hurried time....

54 INT. "THE FROLIC ROOM" - NIGHT

54

IN CLOSE-UP, we SEE a TV Screen: the same newscast is playing.

NEWSCASTER

(on the TV)

...a ride on the flyer was the thrill of a lifetime...something to be cherished for...

A hand comes INTO FRAME and changes the channel. The image is replaced with that of a sports event.

HARRY (O.S.)

(drunkenly)

Hey! Don't turn that! That's the Gold Coast Flyer. Me'n Archie robbed that train.

We SEE that the TV set is over a bar in a dimly-lit neighborhood saloon.

Harry is leaning forward on the bar, a glass and a half-empty bottle in front of him. THE BARTENDER, in his mid-30s, is standing by the television. Harry is VERY VERY DRUNK and slurring his words.

BARTENDER

Sure ya did, pal.

HARRY

Goddammit we 'did'! July 23, 1955! That was the day! Last time anybody in this country ever robbed a goddam train! So what if we didn't get away with it.

BARTENDER

Don'tcha think you've had enough there, Pop?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

HARRY

You think just any guy can rob
a train? Nosir! Takes guts!
Nerve! Planning! Split-second
timing!

Harry tries to snap his fingers on "split-second time-
ing" but misses.

The Bartender looks over at Harry, who's still trying
to snap his fingers.

BARTENDER

Take it easy...I believe ya,
old-timer!

HARRY

Old-timer? Why you young punk,
I'll show you who's old...wanna
arm-wrestle?

BARTENDER

Relax, Pop - you'll have a heart
attack.

HARRY

(as he puts his elbow
on the bar)
C'mon. I dare ya.

V.O. (O.S.)

Mind if I try?

Harry turns and SEES Yablonski standing there. Harry
leans closer, drunkenly, squinting and trying to place
the face. Then slowly he begins to grin.

HARRY

Well, I'll be a son-of-a-bitch!
If it ain't another son-of-a-bitch!
Hiya, Yablonski! Howya doin'? You
still a patrolman?

YABLONSKI

Sergeant.

HARRY

Well, well, well...
(to the bartender)
Hey kid! Get this guy a dirty
glass! He's a big-shot sergeant
now!

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3)

54

Yablonski waves a hand at the Bartender telling him not to bother.

YABLONSKI

I'm on duty.

HARRY

On duty, huh?

(leaning closer)

What are you gonna do? You gonna bust me again, Yablonski? Are ya? Well...forget it! I ain't done nuthin'!

YABLONSKI

Not yet, maybe...but you will. I know your kind, Doyle. Sooner or later, you'll make your move...and when you do, I'm gonna be all over you like flies on a turd!

HARRY

Still talkin' shit, aren't ya? It's good to know some things haven't changed!

Harry pours himself another drink and downs it quickly.

HARRY

(sneering)

Go away Yablonski, ya bother me.

YABLONSKI

Oh...you're real tough, Doyle. You scare me. Maybe you wanna take a sock at me? Is that it? Is that it, Doyle? Or maybe ya haven't got the guts without your fag friend around.

At the words "fag friend" Harry's eyes widen. He turns to face Yablonski in anger.

HARRY

All right, Yablonski, you asked for it!

YABLONSKI

The great Harry Doyle. Nothin' but an old, dried-up piece of shit.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (4)

54

Someone grabs Yablonski by the shoulder and whirls him around: it is Archie!

ARCHIE
(grinning)
Lights out, asshole.

Yablonski's POV: Archie's fist COMES FLYING INTO CAMERA.

Archie's POV: Yablonski stumbles backward and CRASHES down on a table, knocking it over and rolling onto the floor.

Harry has regained his balance.

ARCHIE
Let's go home, Harry.

Harry comes charging forward blindly. Thinking it's Yablonski, he swings with all his might.

HARRY
Take that ya sonuvabitch...

Archie easily ducks under the punch, catching Harry over his shoulder.

HARRY
(mumbling)
I can still handle a guy like you,
Yablonski...

ARCHIE
(softly)
You can handle a hundred guys
like him...

Harry MUMBLES something incoherent as Archie carries him out.

A moment after they leave, the Bartender comes over and kneels beside Yablonski just as he regains consciousness. He sits up, feeling his jaw, and shaking his head. He looks around.

YABLONSKI
Who hit me?

BARTENDER
Some old guy!

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUE: (5)

54

Yablonski smiles knowingly.

YABLONSKI

(softly)

Perfect...

He picks himself up, takes Harry's unfinished drink off the bar and downs it quickly.

YABLONSKI

(to himself)

It's only a matter of time now, guys.

55 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

55

The door opens.

Archie carries Harry across the room and lays him down on the bed.

Archie takes a blanket and carefully lays it on top of Harry. Then he sits down in a chair by the window: it is dark outside.

CROSS-FADE TO:

56 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HARRY'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

56

Archie is still sitting in the chair, turning slightly, looking out the window: it is light out now. He HEARS Harry stirring in bed, and turns around.

Harry props himself on one arm and winces in pain. He puts a hand to his temple. He appears badly hung-over.

ARCHIE

How ya feelin'?

Harry looks up at Archie.

HARRY

Lousy! I guess I just ain't got the stomach for real booze anymore.

Archie gets up out of the chair and walks around the room, looking at the meager furnishings, the pictures on the wall.

ARCHIE

So this is it, huh? Nice.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

Harry throws the blanket aside and sits up, very gently.

HARRY

It stinks. What happened last night anyway? How'd I get home?

ARCHIE

(realizing Harry doesn't remember)

I don't know. You walked I guess. I just came in a few minutes ago.

HARRY

Aren't you supposed to be at work or something?

Archie continues looking around casually.

ARCHIE

I quit. I couldn't take it anymore, Harry! People been treatin' me like shit ever since I got outa prison! They got me sweepin' out toilets...scraping crud off dishes. My girlfriend's trying to kill me with sex...and I'm dressin' like Bozo the clown, just to fit in. Well, I don't wanna fit in anymore.

A beat as Harry listens, and then...

HARRY

Well, that makes two of us. I got little kids trying to help me across the street. I got more rules in here, than there ever were in prison. And I got people checkin' on me in the middle of the night...to make sure I didn't die!

ARCHIE

Maybe we should go back to doin' something we really enjoy...

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (3)

56

HARRY

(beginning to smile)

You mean robbing and stealing?

Harry thinks a moment.

ARCHIE

We could put the old gang back together. It'd be just like old times! What d'ya say?

Harry PAUSES, then breaks into a broad smile.

HARRY

By God, that's a damn fine idea!

STRONG UPBEAT MUSIC BEGINS.

57 EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

57

MUSIC CONTINUES as we SEE Harry and Archie come out of the home, walking in perfect synchronization TOWARDS CAMERA, full of purpose and vigor: Tough Guys again!

Across the street we SEE Yablonski sitting in his parked car watching them, smiling...he's got them now.

58 INT. THE PANTRY - DAY

58

MUSIC BEGINS TO FADE as Harry and Archie enter, full of energy. BERNICE THE CASHIER comes up to them.

BERNICE

Two for lunch?

HARRY

No time for lunch. We're lookin' for Jimmy Ellis. He around?

She points to a table at the side of the restaurant.

JIMMY ELLIS, a bald little man in his 80's, is sitting at a table. With him is another MAN, VINCE, also in his 80's.

Harry and Archie approach. Jimmy looks up, recognizes them immediately and smiles.

JIMMY

Harry Doyle! Archie Long! Son of a bitch!!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

HARRY
(smiling warmly)
Hello, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Jesus, how long has it been?

ARCHIE
Too long, Jimmy.

JIMMY
You guys know my bodyguard,
Vince!

Vince continues eating and doesn't acknowledge Harry
and Archie.

JIMMY
So? Is this business, or pleasure?
Or what?

Archie leans forward, conspiratorially.

ARCHIE
(whispering)
Business, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Vince! Blow!

Vince picks up his lunch and shuffles off across the
room. Harry and Archie sit down.

JIMMY
You want lunch? They make a
decent club!

Harry leans close to Jimmy.

HARRY
(whispering)
We need to find the guys, Jimmy.

JIMMY
The guys! Which guys! I know
lotsa guys!

ARCHIE
Three-finger Brown...Monk Donovan...
Philly The Mouse...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

Jimmy screws up his face, thinking. Then he realizes what they mean.

JIMMY

Oh! Oh! Ya lookin' for the gang! Whatcha got? A stick-up? Ya need pieces?!

Jimmy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a .44 Magnum pistol. He drops it on the table with a heavy THUD. Archie looks around nervously, and drops a napkin over the gun.

HARRY

No, no, Jimmy...just the gang.

Jimmy thinks a moment.

JIMMY

(shouting)

Hey! Vince!

Vince is sitting across the room. All heads turn toward Jimmy.

VINCE

(shouting back)

What?!

JIMMY

Where's Philly!?

VINCE

Pennsylvania!

JIMMY

No, no! Philly the Mouse!
Harry and Archie need him for
a stick-up!

By this time Harry and Archie have their heads down, hoping not to be noticed.

VINCE

He's in the back!

59 INT. THE PANTRY - ELSEWHERE - DAY

59

PHILLY RITZIK, 68, is sitting in a booth at the back of the restaurant sipping a cup of coffee. He looks up as Harry and Archie come over.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

PHILLY

Well, I'll be god-damned! Harry Doyle and Archie Long! When didja get out?

HARRY

A week ago, Philly.

PHILLY

Didja crash out?

ARCHIE

Paroled.

PHILLY

Nice. You guys want lunch? They make a decent tuna-melt!

HARRY

No, thanks. We have some business to discuss, Philly.

PHILLY

Oh, business. Sure. Sure.

Harry and Archie slide into the booth across from Philly.

HARRY

How'd you like to go back to work, Philly?

Philly's eyes widen.

PHILLY

Would I? Jesus! Would I ever! What's the score?

ARCHIE

Bank.

Philly says the word "nice" with great relish.

PHILLY

Nice. You guys been inside?

HARRY

Yeah.

PHILLY

Gimme numbers.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (3)

59

HARRY

Fifteen, twenty grand. Maybe more.

PHILLY

Nice! How we goin' in?

Harry and Archie glance at one another, getting excited.

ARCHIE

Heavy.

Philly grins and rubs his hands together, gleefully.

HARRY

We figure three minutes, end
to end.

ARCHIE

You and me hit the cash drawers.
Harry takes the vault.

PHILLY

Nice. Who's the wheelman?

ARCHIE

Gotta be Eddy Musante.

PHILLY

(shaking his head)

He's got the artharitis. Dick
Schultz is better.

HARRY

Is the Kraut still alive?

PHILLY

Oh, sure, sure. I talk to him
all the time. He's got a room
over at the Piedmont Hotel.

VOICE (O.S.)

Here ya' go, Philly.

Harry and Archie look up to BERNICE approaching the booth. She is pushing a wheelchair. Harry and Archie stare in stunned silence. BERNICE pushes the chair over beside Philly.

BERNICE

Your cab's outside.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (4)

59

PHILLY

Thanks, toots.

BERNICE very gently lifts Philly out of the booth and into the wheelchair.

PHILLY

Yeah...so, anyway, guys...that thing we were discussing? Nice!

He smiles at them. Harry and Archie smile back at him, weakly. BERNICE wheels Philly away.

ARCHIE

So what d'ya think, Harry?
Is he nuts?

HARRY

Nah, he just ain't ready to give up.

60 INT. PAROLE OFFICE

60

Richie is sitting in his cubicle, glancing through a file. OFF CAMERA, we HEAR the DOOR OPEN. Richie looks up, smiling.

RICHIE

Good morning.

The smile drops from Richie's face and his eyes widen in shock.

Leon Etkes steps forward and presses the barrel of his shotgun against Richie's throat.

LEON

Where are they?

RICHIE

Where are who?

LEON

Harry Doyle and Archie Long, ya little piece of bat-shit!

RICHIE

...uh...I...don't know who you're talking about.

LEON

Don't gimme that crap, Gomer! You're their p.o.! Now where're they at?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

RICHIE

I can't tell you. It's privileged information. What do you want to know for, anyway?

LEON

No particular reason. I'm just gonna make dogmeat out of 'em, that's all! Now where are they?

Leon growls and cocks the shotgun. Richie straightens up and takes a deep breath: a tough guy.

RICHIE

(his voice shaking)

You can kill me if you want...but I won't talk. Harry and Archie are my friends.

He closes his eyes in anticipation of the shotgun blast. Leon thinks a moment, then he glances over at the file cabinet and begins to smile. He lowers his shotgun and steps over to the cabinet.

Richie opens his eyes. He SEES Leon at the cabinet, going through the files. Richie eases out off his chair and starts toward the door, hoping Leon won't notice.

LEON

(without turning)

You'll never make it, dipshit.

Richie stops in mid-step. Leon continues pawing through the files, tossing some onto the floor.

Leon finds Harry and Archie's file. He takes out the folder and begins reading through it, eyes widening.

LEON

You put Harry Doyle in a retirement home!? Ain'tcha got any respect for the old bastard?

RICHARD

(sarcastically)

I'm not the one who's trying to kill him.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

60

LEON

You're not, huh? The only difference between you and me, puke-bag...is my way's quicker'n yours.

Leon throws the file on the floor in disgust.

61 EXT. PIEDMONT HOTEL - DAY

61

Harry and Archie enter the hotel. We pan across the street and find Yablonski sitting in his car eating a falafel.

62 INT. PIEDMONT HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

62

Harry and Archie stand in the hallway in a cheap, run-down hotel. After a moment, the door opens a crack, the chain-lock still in place, and a FACE peers out at them. This is DICK SHULTZ, 67, the "wheelman" that Philly referred them to.

HARRY

Kraut?

SHULTZ

Who wants to know?

HARRY

Harry Doyle and Archie Long.
Remember us?

Shultz looks them up and down a moment.

SHULTZ

Yeah. Sure. Just a sec.

The door closes. We HEAR the chain-lock drop. Then the door opens again. Harry and Archie enter the apartment.

63 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

63

The room is dimly-lit. The blinds are drawn, but no lights are on. In a corner of the room is a birdcage that houses Kraut's roommate, an aging MACAW named RALPH. Harry and Archie walk in. Shultz closes the door. He turns to face them, a gun in his hand.

SHULTZ

Get 'em up!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

RALPH

(parroting)

Get 'em up!

Harry and Archie stare at him, stunned.

SHULTZ

Up, I said!

Harry and Archie slowly raise their hands.

RALPH

Get 'em up!

Shultz glares at the bird.

SHULTZ

Relax, Ralph! So you coppers
finally tracked me down, huh?

HARRY

Coppers? Kraut, it's Harry
Doyle and Archie Long...

SHULTZ

(cutting him off
sharplyWhat d'ya take me for? A mug?
Them guys're dead!Shultz takes a step forward and raises his gun. He
cocks the hammer.

SHULTZ

You cops're so dumb, it's almost a
crime to kill ya. Turn around!

They don't move.

SCHULTZ

I said, turn around!

RALPH

Turn around! Turn around!

HARRY

Sorry Kraut, Harry Doyle and
Archie Long don't take it in
the back.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

SHULTZ

Have it your own way, tough
guys.

He aims the gun at Harry's face and pulls the trigger. The gun "Bangs", and a little flag with the word "POW" pops out of the barrel. There is a moment of stunned silence. Then Shultz starts LAUGHING.

Harry and Archie look at one another. They slowly lower their hands.

SHULTZ

You guys! You guys! The look on your
faces! You shoulda seen it!

(he pauses, catching
his breath)

Philly calls me! He tells me...he
says you're comin' over! I gotta
pull a gag! I gotta!

(starts laughing
hard again)

...when I said...I was gonna kill
ya! Jesus! Jesus! I thought...I
was gonna...gonna...

(trying to catch his
breath)

...gonna...gonna

Suddenly he stops LAUGHING and starts GASPING for air. The toy gun drops from his hand. He grasps his chest in pain.

SHULTZ

(gasping)

...gonna die!

His eyes are wide with panic. He sinks to his knees. Harry and Archie look down at Shultz, then at one another.

ARCHIE

How dumb does he think we are?

SHULTZ

(gasping painfully)

Help....me....

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (4)

63

ARCHIE
(whispering to Harry)
C'mon, Harry. The guy's cracked.
We can't use him.

HARRY
(sternly)
Last chance, kraut!

SHULTZ
(painfully)
Heart...attack...

ARCHIE
Are you on the level?

SHULTZ
Yes...help me...please...

HARRY
Archie! Call an ambulance!

With a final GASP, Shultz crumples to the floor and lies still. Harry rushes over and lifts his head. Archie is picking up the phone.

ARCHIE
(panicked)
Don't worry, Kraut. We'll save you.
Hang on.

Shultz SNORTS once, then starts LAUGHING.

Harry realizes that Shultz is joking again. He lets his head drop to the floor. Archie hangs up the phone.

Shultz is rolling around on the floor, LAUGHING uncontrollably.

SHULTZ
(barely able to speak)
Gotcha again! Gotcha again! You
guys! Your guys!
(trying to catch
his breath)
You...you...shoulda seen the looks
on your faces!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (5)

63

Harry and Archie are not amused. They turn and go out, closing the door behind them.

Shultz continues LAUGHING and SLAPPING the floor.

RALPH

Gotcha again, Gotcha again!

64 EXT. PIEDMONT HOTEL - DAY

64

CLOSE ON Yablonski, smiling to himself. Suddenly, his police RADIO crackles to life.

RADIO

Car 54, Car 54, please respond.

YABLONSKI

Car 54 here, Yablonski speaking.

Captain Jarvis' voice now intrudes.

JARVIS

Yablonski, this is Jarvis.
Where the hell are you?

YABLONSKI

Eatin' lunch, Captain.

JARVIS

Bullshit, Yablonski, I know what you're doing. And if you're not back here in ten minutes you'll be eating your retirement dinner tonight!

YABLONSKI

Yes, sir.

(angrily clicking off
the radio)

You son of a bitch.

He starts his car and pulls away just as Harry and Archie exit the hotel.

ARCHIE

Crippled back-up guys...wacked-out wheelmen...What the hell happened?

HARRY

Everybody got old all of a sudden!

(CONTINUED)

65 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

65

Harry and Archie sit dejectedly on a bench.

HARRY

This ain't workin' out too good,
Arch! We can't rob a bank without
a gang.

ARCHIE

So we'll try something else.

HARRY

Yeah, like what?

An ARMORED TRUCK passes across the frame...Archie's eyes follow.

ARCHIE

(pointing)

Like that!

Harry looks and SEES the Truck parked half-way down the block in front of a Merrill Lynch building. Archie starts walking purposefully down the street towards the truck. Harry grabs him by the arm and stops him.

HARRY

Wait a minute...wait a minute. We never
robbed an armored truck before!

ARCHIE

It's just like a bank, Harry...only it's
got wheels!

HARRY

And the tellers carry guns!

ARCHIE

So what? I'll kick the guard in the
shins, and you knock him over the head.
Piece of cake!

Archie starts walking again. Harry grabs him again.

HARRY

That's the dumbest idea I ever heard.

ARCHIE

No, it ain't!

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

HARRY

Yes it is and I ain't doin' it!

ARCHIE

I'll do it alone, then.

HARRY

You'll get your head blown off!

ARCHIE

You got a better idea?

Harry looks down at the armored truck. He shakes his head and sighs.

HARRY

Okay. Just follow my lead. And don't kick nobody in the shins!

Harry starts ahead of Archie. Archie smiles knowingly: he's sucked Harry in.

ARCHIE

Anything you say, Harry.

66 EXT. MERRILL LYNCH BUILDING - DAY

66

Down the street, we SEE the GUN GUARD climb out of the truck, holding an Uzi submachine gun. Then we SEE the MONEY GUARD get out of the truck, carrying large bags of money. He crosses the sidewalk and enters the Building.

Harry and Archie approach the truck. The Gun Guard doesn't even notice them.

HARRY

I don't feel too good, Arch.

ARCHIE

What's the matter?

HARRY

I got a pain in my chest.

The Gun Guard glances over at them.

ARCHIE

You serious?!

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

HARRY

(wincing sharply)

I can't breath, Arch.

They stop right in front of the Gun Guard. He barely looks at them.

Harry grimaces and holds his chest. Archie takes him by the arm; he looks around anxiously for help.

ARCHIE

I think my buddy's having a heart attack!

Harry drops to his knees right in front of the Gun Guard. Archie catches Harry as he falls back, cradling him in his arms. Harry closes his eyes wincing in pain.

ARCHIE

(panicking)

For Chrissake, do something!

GUN GUARD

What do you want me to do, pal,
I ain't a doctor?

The gun guard leans over, as he speaks.

ARCHIE

(smiling)

You can start by handing me
your gun!

GUN GUARD

(confused)

What...

The Gun Guard looks at Archie, then down at Harry.

Harry's eyes pop open. He smiles. He quickly brings his gun up into the Gun Guard's face.

HARRY

Just do like he says!

Archie smiles and very gently takes the Uzi out of the Guard's hands.

ARCHIE

Now tell the driver to open up.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3)

66

GUN GUARD

He...won't. Not until Pete
comes out of...

HARRY

You tell him you got a heart
attack victim out here. You
got an old man dying.

GUARD

You guys are makin' a mistake.
There isn't anything in...

ARCHIE

Shut up! Just do it!

The Guard looks at Archie. Archie GROWLS and points
the Uzi at him. The Guard very quickly RAPS on the door
of the truck.

Harry and Archie look at each other and smile: "nice
routine!"

67 EXT. STREET - DAY

67

We SEE the Armored Car come SCREECHING around a corner,
two of its wheels almost leaving the ground.

68 INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

68

Archie is behind the wheel. Harry is beside him.
Archie looks over at Harry and grins.

ARCHIE

And you said we couldn't do it!
We can do anything.

HARRY

I ain't too proud to admit it was
your idea, Arch.

(he begins to smile)

Or too modest to remind you it
was my plan.

ARCHIE

That's the way it always is,
Harry.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2) 68

A small transistor radio is hanging by its strap from the mirror.

ARCHIE

What d'ya say we have a little
travelin' music?

He turns the radio on. Driving ROCK MUSIC begins to play as the truck accelerates.

69 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LOBBY - DAY 69

Leon and Richie enter and cross the lobby of the home. Leon prods Richie with the barrel of his shotgun which is concealed inside his raincoat. They are greeted by a smiling old lady with a walker.

LADY

Good morning.

RICHIE

Good morning.

LEON

(to Richie)

It's afternoon, nose pick.

Leon growls and pulls Richie towards the staircase.

RICHIE

You're hurting my arm...

LEON

So what?

70 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - DAY 70

They come to an open door; it's Harry's room. Leon peers into the room. Bell Burgess is doing deep knee-bends to an aerobics tape.

LEON

Hey, Jane Fonda. You know
Harry Doyle?

BELLE

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

LEON

I'm his brother.

BELLE

He doesn't have a brother. Who
are you?

Leon smiles and shoves Richie into the room. He steps in after him, and closes the door.

Belle straightens up and assumes a fighting stance.

BELLE

I warn you...I know Karate.

Leon brings the shotgun out from under his raincoat.

LEON

Big shit. I know Winchester.

71 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - "THE HIDEOUT" - DAY 71

The truck is parked in the corner of the warehouse. The back of the truck opens; Harry and Archie climb out.

Harry looks defeated. He sits down wearily on the step at the back of the truck. Archie looks angry. He is tossing a wrapped roll of coins in his hand. The transistor radio is playing faintly in the background.

ARCHIE

A roll of quarters! Can you believe it? One lousy roll of quarters!

HARRY

Musta been a hole in one of the bags.

(pause)

Let's face it, Arch. We blew it.

ARCHIE

No we didn't. We stole the truck pretty good, didn't we?

HARRY

We swiped an empty truck.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

ARCHIE

So? Anbody coulda made that mistake! How were we supposed to know?

HARRY

Thirty years ago, we woulda known!

ARCHIE

This was a dry run, Harry. Next time we'll know better.

HARRY

Forget it, Archie. There ain' gonna be no next time.

ARCHIE

Are you sayin' we quit? We just got started.

HARRY

We're kiddin' ourselves, Arch. Our time has passed. We're dinosaurs. Let's just go home and pretend it didn't happen.

Harry starts to walk away. He stops and turns back.

HARRY

Well? Are ya comin'?

ARCHIE

(genuinely)

We got nothin' to go back to, Harry. We tried goin' straight...and it didn't work!

HARRY

So we'll try again! We made a mistake last time. We thought the world owed us a respect just because we used to be a couple big shots. Well, it don't owe us nothin'.

There is a PAUSE. Archie thinks about Harry's point.

VOICE

(over radio)

...Here's more on that armored truck robbery in the MacArthur Park area this afternoon...

(CONTINUED)

71. CONTINUED: (3)

71

ARCHIE

Hey! They're talking about us
on the radio!

VOICE

(over radio)

...according to the truck guards, the
two bandits acted with such speed and
agility that police now believe they
were young men disguised as senior
citizens...

ARCHIE

Disguises?! We didn't wear no
disguises!

VOICE

(over radio, laughing)

However, despite their agility,
the bandits came up empty-handed...
it seems they stole...an empty truck.
Better luck next time, guys. Now
back to KROQ.

ARCHIE

They're laughing at us, Harry!

HARRY

Who cares!

ARCHIE

I care. We can't quit now.

Harry reacts to the implication that he's giving up.

HARRY

(snapping back)

I ain't quittin'! I'm just facin'
the facts! I ain't Harry Doyle the
bank robber anymore. I'm Harry Doyle,
the 73 year old man!

(pause)

I only got a few years left, and I
ain't gonna spend 'em chasing a memory!

ARCHIE

It sounds like you're giving up to me.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (4)

71

HARRY

The only thing I'm givin' up
is a pipe dream!

Archie thinks a moment. Harry can see that he is still
not convinced.

HARRY

Look, Arch...you remember
Muhammad Ali?

ARCHIE

Of course I do.

HARRY

Remember when he tried to make a come
back...when he was way past his prime?
His timing was off...he was out of
shape. His trunks didn't even fit.

ARCHIE

Yeah, so what?

HARRY

It was embarrassing! He should have
retired the great champion he was...
like Marciano did. Instead he
looked like a fool!

Archie thinks a moment.

ARCHIE

Maybe you feel foolish Harry, but
I don't!

HARRY

(impatiently)

Then what the hell do you suggest
we do? Steal another empty armored
truck? Maybe start a collection?
That sounds pretty damn foolish to
me!

ARCHIE

No, no, no...We gotta do something
big... something really big...some-
thing they won't laugh at!

HARRY

Forget it! We ain't doin' nothin'.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (5)

71

ARCHIE

Well I am!

HARRY

All right then, you're on your own!

ARCHIE

That's fine with me!

72 EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

72

Yablonski's car pulls up in front of the home and parks.

73 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

73

Leon is pacing the room. Belle and Richie are sitting on the bed.

LEON

How could anyone live in a
shit-hole like this!? I'd kill
myself in an hour!

BELLE

(deadpan)

I'd be glad to see if they have
a vacancy.

Leon looks at Belle, sneering, as if to say "That's
real funny."

LEON

(pointing the shotgun
at her)

Maybe I'll just create my own
vacancy.

Suddenly, the doorknob jiggles. Leon reacts to the
sound.

Richie leaps up from the bed, thinking it's Harry.

RICHIE

(shouting)

Harry! Look out...!

Leon drives the butt of his shotgun into Richie's stom-
ach. Richie doubles over, the wind knocked out of him.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

The door opens and Gladys Bumbry barges in.

BUMBRY

How are we doing, Mr. Doy...

She SEES the shotgun. Her eyes bulge out, she SCREAMS. She slams the door.

LEON

Dammit!

Belle kneels down beside Richie, comforting him. She glares up at Leon.

BELLE

You didn't have to do that!

LEON

Get him on his feet!

Belle lifts Richie to his feet. Richie GASPS for breath. Leon shoves them toward the door.

74 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LOBBY - DAY

74

Yablonski enters the lobby just as Grace rushes towards the office shouting as she runs:

GRACE

Howard! Call the police! There's a maniac upstairs with a gun!

YABLONSKI

(drawing his gun)

I'm a cop, lady... Where is he?

Grace points to the stairwell.

GRACE

He's upstairs. Hurry! Room 210.

Yablonski moves quickly over to the stairwell and disappears just as... the door of the elevator opens revealing Leon, Belle and Richie and we

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

75 EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

75

Harry and Archie are walking up the street towards the home. Archie is trying to get a reaction out of Harry.

ARCHIE

I never thought I'd see the great
Harry Doyle turn into a gutless wimp!

Harry stops and wheels angrily around to face Archie.

HARRY

Keep it up, Arch...and I'll punch
another hole in your goddam chin!

ARCHIE

(sarcastically)
Before or after you take a nap,
grampa!

HARRY

(taking a fighting
stance)
All right, put 'em up! I've wanted
to do this for forty years!

Archie SEES Leon push Belle and Richie out of the entrance. Harry doesn't, his back being to the entrance.

An elderly man with a WALKER is inching his way past them up the walk towards the home.

Leon SEES Harry and Archie and stops. He swings up the shotgun.

Archie tackles Harry to get him out of the way. They both drop to the grass, just as Leon FIRES.

The elderly man, terrified by the shot, abandons his walker, and, propelled by the will to survive, heads for cover.

Leon pumps another round into the shotgun. But before he can get another shot off, Richie swings and SMACKS him hard across the face. Leon's glasses go flying across the pavement.

LEON

(shouting angrily)
Ow! That hurt!

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

Richie looks at his fist in amazement.

Belle turns and races into the HOME to call the police.

Leon bends over and starts searching for his glasses.

LEON

(muttering to
himself)

Not supposed to hit a guy with
glasses...goddammit...could've
put my eye out!

Richie races over to Harry and Archie who are now back
on their feet.

RICHIE

Let's get out of here...that
guy's a psycho!

In the distance, we HEAR the SOUND of a POLICE SIREN
approaching.

ARCHIE

Harry! Let's go! The cops are
coming!

They scramble towards Yablonski's car.

76 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LOBBY - DAY

76

BELLE rushes into the lobby and crosses towards the
office.

BELLE

Somebody call the police!

Out of the corner of her eye she sees a man with a gun
emerging from the stairwell. It's Yablonski, but for
all Belle knows it's Leon's accomplice. She runs at
him, still shouting over her shoulder.

BELLE

Call the police, hurry!

She executes a beautiful karate chop, knocking the gun
from his hand.

YABLONSKI

Goddamn, it lady, I am the police!!!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

Through the glass doors we can SEE Archie and Harry pull away in YABLONSKI'S CAR.

YABLONSKI

(continuing)

...and that's my Goddamn car.

77 EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

77

Leon finds his glasses. He puts them on.

His P.O.V... We see Yablonski's Car moving away... We PAN QUICKLY to find Yablonski emerging from the home, then PAN AGAIN just as a SQUAD CAR SCREECHES to a stop in front of the home.

LEON

Uh-oh!

He quickly hides the shotgun under his raincoat... stands up... grabs the empty WALKER... and totters off down the street.

78 INT. YABLONSKI'S CAR - DAY

78

Yablonski's car is racing through the the streets. Archie is driving fiercely.

Richie is sitting in the back, excited and completely unaware of where he is.

RICHIE

Who was that guy?

ARCHIE

We have no idea.

RICHIE

(excited)

I tried to stop him, guys, but that son of a bitch forced me to go along...

HARRY

You did just fine, Richie. You're a stand-up guy. I'm proud of ya.

RICHIE

We make a pretty good team don't we?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

ARCHIE
 (Looking over pointedly
 to Harry)
 It's nice to have someone around
 who's got guts!

Archie sneers. Harry ignores him.

Richie is glowing at the idea of being "one of the
 guys."

RICHIE
 Hey where'd you guys get this car?

ARCHIE
 (proudly)
 We swiped it!

Richie's smile drops.

RICHIE
 You swiped it! As in stole it?

Archie turns around smiling.

ARCHIE
 That's our job. We steal things!
 (pointedly; to Harry)
 Don't we Harry?

Harry and Archie glare at one another.

Richie sits back wide-eyed with shock. He looks around
 the car.

79 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - "THE HIDEOUT" - DAY 79

Yablonski's Car is parked next to the Armored Truck.
 Richie is sitting on the running board at the back of
 the truck; he is devastated. Harry and Archie are con-
 soling him.

RICHIE
 I can't believe you guys stole
 an Armored Truck.

ARCHIE
 It was empty if that makes you feel
 any better.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED (2)

79

RICHIE

(to himself)

It's all my fault. I failed. This wouldn't have happened if I'd been a better probation officer.

HARRY

It wasn't your fault, Richie. You're the best p.o. we ever had. You treated us square and decent.

RICHIE

(shaking his head)

I'm bat-shit!

HARRY

(to Archie; angrily)

You see what you'll be doin' to this poor boy if you try to rob somethin' else? Don't you think we caused him enough trouble already?

Archie glares at Harry.

RICHIE

(panicking again)

What? What're you talking about?

ARCHIE

I'm goin' back to crime... Just like the old days..

RICHIE

(stunned)

You can't be serious!

HARRY

And he's gonna get himself caught, too! Just like the old days!

Archie dismisses Harry with a look and turns slowly towards Richie.

ARCHIE

Why don't you join me, Richie?

RICHIE

(looking up)

What?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED (3)

79

ARCHIE

Sure! It'd be a cinch for a coupla young guys like us. Like you said... we make a pretty good team. We'll be in the history books! Think of it, Richie..."Archie Long and Richie Evans!" on the cover of People Magazine! We'll be a goddam Movie of the Week.

Richie has been listening to Archie's persuasive proposal, fascinated.

RICHIE

(looking at Harry)

Does he mean it?

HARRY

You never can tell with a mental deficient.

RICHIE

(his reverie broken)

Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I couldn't do that. I'm a crimonologist ...not a criminal.

HARRY

(triumphantly)

You see? No one wants to participate in your moronic schemes!

ARCHIE

That's it, Harry! I've taken your shit for the last forty years, and I've had it!

Archie heads for the driver's side of the car. Harry follows.

HARRY

Fine with me! I was gettin' tired of carryin' you anyway!

ARCHIE

Carryin' me!? If it wasn't for me, you'd still be sitting around with your thumb up your ass, plannin' to rob something...sometime...maybe...if it didn't look too dangerous!

There is a pause. They glare at one another for a moment, like two bratty kids.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED (4)

79

HARRY

I'll tell you one thing...I ain't
comin' to your funeral.

ARCHIE

You ain't invited!

Archie opens the door of the car and climbs in.

Harry turns and begins walking away, angrily. Behind
him, we SEE Archie drive away.

80 INT. ARCHIE'S HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

80

Archie is at the desk...the overweight clerk is stuffing
his face as usual, and watching T.V. The movie playing
on the T.V. is WHITE HEAT.

ARCHIE

I'll be checkin' out in the morning.

CLERK

Gee I'm all choked up. Place won't
be the same without you.

Archie places the roll of quarters from the stolen truck
on the desk.

ARCHIE

Can you give me a five for this?

CLERK

What'd you do, knock over a piggy-bank?

Archie doesn't respond, because he is now staring at
the T.V. screen upon which he sees a TRAIN ROBBERY in
progress. Archie is transfixed...he begins to smile.

CLERK

What's your forwarding address...
Alcatraz?

ARCHIE

Nope. Mexico.

81 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

81

The Gold Coast Flyer comes THUNDERING PAST CAMERA at
full speed.

(CONTINUED)

82 INT. ENGINE CAB - DAY

82

Archie jumps down from the Tender into the Cab, a pistol in his hand. He is smiling, confident. He cocks the pistol and aims at the ENGINEER.

The Engineer turns around: it is YABLONSKI!

Archie's mouth drops open and he stares at Yablonski in shock.

Yablonski smiles. He quickly swings up a shotgun and, in the same motion, pulls the trigger. The SHOTGUN BLAST REVERBERATES.

HARD CUT TO:

83 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BELL'S ROOM - NIGHT

The SHOTGUN BLAST BREAKS SUDDENLY. Harry sits bolt upright in bed. He is sweating profusely, breathing rapidly. He looks around anxiously, reassuring himself that it was just a bad dream. Belle is sleeping soundly beside him. He leans forward and puts his head in his hands.

DISSOLVE TO

84 INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BELLE'S ROOM - DAWN

84

We SEE Belle sleeping in the bed. The place beside her is empty.

We PAN OVER to the closet to FIND Harry in the final stages of dressing. He is putting on his jacket very QUIETLY. He reaches into his pocket and takes out the gun. He looks at it, making sure it is loaded. Then he tucks it into his belt, buttoning his jacket to cover it.

He moves quietly toward the door. Just as he is about to open it, he turns to look at Belle again. He stops suddenly.

HIS POV: Belle is lying in the bed with her eyes open, watching him intently.

Harry is embarrassed at having been caught trying to leave.

HARRY

(awkwardly)

I'm sorry, Belle...this is somethin'
I gotta do...I didn't want to wake
you...

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

Belle interrupts his explanation.

BELLE
(smiling warmly)
It's okay, Harry. I understand.

Harry does not know what else to say.

HARRY
Well...so long.

Harry hurries out of the room, not wanting to prolong the painful goodbye.

We HOLD on Belle's face a moment: bittersweet.

BELLE
(to herself)
Take care of yourself, Harry.

85 EXT. TRACKS - DAY

85

A High School Band plays "I've Been Working on the Railroad" as a crowd of RAILFANS wait beside the tracks for the Gold Coast Flyer. We PAN OVER as the massive locomotive speeds TOWARDS CAMERA and ROARS past.

86 EXT RAILROAD CROSSING - DAY

86

YABLONSKI'S CAR is parked on a railroad crossing in a built-up Industrial Area south of the city. It is parked facing in the direction the train will come. We can HEAR the train approaching in the DISTANCE.

87 INT YABLONSI'S CAR - DAY

87

We SEE Archie in MEDIUM SHOT behind the wheel. He is trying to talk himself out of a bad case of nervous uncertainty.

ARCHIE
I'ts broad daylight...the Engineer can see for two hundred yards...he's gonna stop. I got nothin' to worry about!

88 EXT. TRACKS - DAY

88

The Train goes WHOOSHING by CAMERA at very high speed. We HEAR the TRAIN HORN BLOW LOUDLY.

(CONTINUED)

89 INT. ENGINE - DAY

89

The ENGINEER is at the throttle. The BRAKEMAN is checking the pressure gauges on the boilers. He LOOKS INSIDE a small plate of glass to SEE FLAMES BURNING in the boiler.

The Engineer looks down the track. He SEES the car in the distance.

ENGINEER

(yelling to the Brakeman)

Holy Shit! There's something on the track.

The Engineer pulls down on the HORN. The Brakeman reaches for the brake and pulls back hard and the Engineer throws the throttle into REVERSE.

90 EXT. ENGINE - DAY

90

The giant drive-wheels of the engine begin to REVERSE. A JET OF STEAM BLOWS OUT OF THE BRAKE VALVES. We HEAR a SCREECHING, SCRAPING SOUND as the brakes are applied. The drive-wheels grab the rails. SPARKS FLY.

91 INT YABLONSKI'S CAR - DAY

91

Archie is getting more nervous as the train gets closer.

ARCHIE

The guy'd have to be blind not to see this car! And I know they don't let blind guys drive trains!

Archie reaches down and grabs the "Cherry"... The revolving light that detectives use to identify their cars... He places it on the roof of the car and switches it on.

92 INT. ENGINE - DAY

92

The Engineer SEES the flashing light coming closer and closer. He realizes there is going to be a collision. He grabs the brake lever and helps the Brakeman lean on it.

93 INT. YABLONSKI'S CAR - DAY

93

The huge engine is LOOMING UP in front of him, gradually slowing down. Archie closes his eyes in anticipation of a crash.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2) 93

ARCHIE

Maybe I shoulda got something bigger!

94 EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY 94

The engine slides very slowly up to the car. The cow-catcher touches the front of the car gently pushing it several yards down the track, and finally comes to a stop.

95 INT. YABLONSKI'S CAR - DAY 95

Archie slowly opens his eyes. He sees that he is all right and that the train has stopped.

ARCHIE

(snorting confidently)

Piece of cake!

He picks up the UZI taken from the armored car guard... opens the door and jumps out ready for action.

96 EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY 96

Archie walks towards the engine.

The Engineer pokes his head out of the cab.

ENGINEER

What's the trouble, officer?

ARCHIE

Looks like your train's being robbed.

ENGINEER

Are you crazy? Nobody robs trains anymore!

Suddenly a Pistol is raised to the Engineer's head and cocked. Then we SEE Harry move INTO FRAME beside the Engineer.

HARRY

(smiling)

I'd say you been misinformed!

Archie is elated at seeing Harry...but covers up.

ARCHIE

Harry! I thought you weren't comin'?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

Harry "understates" his return, not wanting to admit that he was worried.

HARRY

I changed my mind.

ARCHIE

(to himself)

Well, it sure took ya long enough!

HARRY

(smiles)

Come on...we got us a train to steal...

ARCHIE

Anything you say, Harry.

97 INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

97

A lavish lunch has been in progress in honor of the Flyer's retirement. On the buffet table we see a gold-plated SCALE-MODEL of the locomotive. Next to it is a bowl of caviar on ice. A meaty hand using a cracker as a shovel plunges into the bowl. HYRAM SYMS, A FAT GENTLEMAN, 53, the President of the Railroad, shoves the cracker into his mouth and walks to the window chewing and speaking to A DOZEN REPORTERS AND DIGNITARIES.

SYMS

I assure you, this is an unscheduled stop. We'll be on our way momentarily.

REPORTER #1

Maybe we've got a flat tire.

REPORTER #2

Maybe we're being robbed.

The OTHER REPORTERS LAUGH at the suggestion.

SYMS

(chortling)

That's no joke, I'll show you the bill for this caviar.

HARRY (O.S.)

Good afternoon, gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

SYMS and THE OTHERS turn to see the ENGINEER AND BRAKEMAN at the far end of the car. Their hands are raised and they are followed by Harry and Archie whose guns are drawn.

HARRY
(continuing)
I'm Harry Doyle.

ARCHIE (O.S.)
And I'm Archie Long.

SYMS
What do you want?

ARCHIE
We're taking this train.

Syms and the others GASP in shock.

HARRY
You gentlemen of the press get them names right.

ARCHIE
This here is a major story. Front page all the way!

The reporters take out their notebooks and begin scribbling furiously.

ARCHIE
(proudly)
He's 73...and I'm 67. And these ain't disguises..

HARRY
Feel free to take pictures. We ain't modest.

SOME PHOTOGRAPHERS step forward and begin to snap pictures.

98 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

98

A GROUP OF POLICE OFFICERS are gathered. Yablonski's watch commander, Ralph Jarvis, is standing at his desk speaking.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

JARVIS

This is nuts! It's 1986...
nobody robs trains anymore.

YABLONSKI (O.S.)

Well, somebody did.

The Officers turn to find Yablonski standing in the doorway. He is smiling confidently.

YABLONSKI

And I know who!

JARVIS

Oh really? And who's that, Yablonski?

YABLONSKI

Same guys that robbed it thirty years ago.

99 INT. PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

99

IN CLOSE UP, WE SEE the framed headline which reads:
"Train Robbers get 35 years!"

Richie is sitting at his desk, back to the door, holding the headline and looking at it, sadly.

VOICE (O.S.)

And they'll get another 35 years
this time!

Richie turns, startled. His supervisor, Bennett, is standing in the doorway.

RICHIE

What?

BENNETT

It just came over the radio.
Your two heroes have hijacked
a goddam train!

RICHIE

Oh, shit...

BENNETT

First sign of trouble, I said! First
sign of trouble...you violate the
bastards! That's what I told you!
Send 'em back to the pen!

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

RICHIE

They're basically good guys, sir.
They just got off to a bad start!

BENNETT

Bullshit! They conned you, Evans!
They're bums!...crooks...the worst
kind of low-life crud...

Richie is getting angrier as Bennett talks.

RICHIE

And they might have made it, too, if
they'd been given a better break!
But they weren't! They never even had
a chance! They came out of prison
looking for help and we gave them
rules! We told them where to live...
where to work...who to see...how to
behave!

BENNETT

That's how the system works, Evans.

RICHIE

Then the system sucks!

Richie walks angrily out of the office, SLAMMING the
door as he goes.

100 INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

100

Harry and Archie are standing at the center of a semi-
circle of eager reporters.

REPORTER #1

Mr. Doyle, could you tell us why
you're robbing this train? It
isn't carrying anything of value.

HARRY

You're wrong, son. This train's
carrying memories.

ARCHIE

That's why we're takin' the
whole damn thing.

LEON (O.S.)

Nobody's takin' nothin' nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

They turn to FIND LEON standing in the doorway, aiming his shotgun at them.

ARCHIE

Not again.

LEON

Lose the iron, shitheads!

Harry and Archie drop their guns to the floor. Hiram Syms steps forward, smiling.

SYMS

You'll get a reward for this, my good man. As President of the...

LEON

Zip it, bee-barf.

Syms steps back, the smile dropping from his face.

ARCHIE

Just who the hell are you, anyway?

LEON

I'm Peter Pan. I come to take you to Never Never Land, okay? You won't be comin' back.

Leon LAUGHS.

HARRY

Look, friend...we don't know who you are...or why the hell you want to kill us!

Leon's smile drops.

LEON

I'm Leon J. Etkes!

ARCHIE

Yeah...so?

LEON

Leon J. Etkes. Don't that name mean nothin' to you?

Harry and Archie shake their heads "no".

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (3)

100

LEON

Shit! I thought you guys knew me!

ARCHIE

Sorry.

LEON

Where ya been for Chrissake!? Do you at least know Vinnie Mendelman?

HARRY

Sure we do.

LEON

(to himself)

Thank God they know somebody!

(to Harry and Archie)

Well, Vinnie gave me twenty-five large to snuff you guys.

Harry and Archie stare at Leon in disbelief.

ARCHIE

But Vinnie's been dead since 1956!

LEON

Yeah? So?

HARRY

And we've been in prison since 1956!

LEON

And I've been waiting for you to get out, okay?

ARCHIE

Thirty years?!

LEON

When Leon Etkes takes a job...he sees it through. That's my reputation and I'm very proud of it.

He smiles proudly.

In the distance, we HEAR the SOUND of a HELICOPTER approaching. Harry cocks an ear.

HARRY

Well, if you're gonna kill us, Leon...you'd better do it quick.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (4)

100

LEON

What're you rushin' me for? I
waited a long time for this...I
want to enjoy every second of it.

Suddenly, we HEAR the helicopter THUNDER overhead.
Leon looks up, startled.

LEON

What the hell is that?

He goes to a window and looks out.

LEON

Uh-oh!

HE SEES:

101 EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY

101

Police cars coming to a SCREECHING halt in the parking
lot of the factories surrounding the railway crossing.
YABLONSKI gets out of one.

HEAVILY-ARMED OFFICERS leap out of cars and vans. They
take up positions, aiming their weapons at the train.

A Helicopter lands in the parking lot.

FLAK-JACKETED SWAT OFFICERS position themselves in the
factory rooftops.

102 INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

102

Leon turns away from the window. He glowers at Harry
and Archie.

LEON

There's a goddam army out there!
(shouting to the
passengers)

All right, line up against the
windows! Come on! Move! What're
ya waitin' for...an engraved
invitation?

Leon waves his shotgun. The passengers get up and be-
gin to line up against the windows like a human barri-
cade.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

LEON

Let 'em shoot through that! Hah!

ARCHIE

There ain't gonna be no killin', Leon.

HARRY

Harry Doyle and Archie Long never killed nobody their whole careers.

ARCHIE

You reporters, take note of that.

LEON

Well I did! Twenty-six guys!
Take note of that!

HARRY

Killing people ain't gonna do us no good, Leon. I suggest we call a truce for the time being and start working together.

Leon looks out at the heavily-armed police officers surrounding the train.

LEON

Well...okay...but as soon as this is over, you guys're dead meat!

HARRY

You got a deal.

103 EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY

103

Yablonski is standing near the barricade of police cars. He picks up a bullhorn.

YABLONSKI

Harry Doyle and Archie Long! This is Yablonski! Hold your fire! I'm coming aboard!

104 INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

104

LEON

(calling back)
Kiss my ass, Yablonski!
(turning to Harry)
Who's Yablonski?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

ARCHIE
 (to Harry)
 How did that bastard get here?

LEON
 Who's Yablonski?

HARRY
 (to Archie)
 I guess he's got a good memory!

ARCHIE
 (to Harry)
 Let's let him aboard.

LEON
 No way!

HARRY
 (to Archie)
 Why not? Let's hear what the
 son of a bitch has to say.

LEON
 Who's Yablonski?

105 EXT. ENGINE - DAY

105

WE SEE a flak-jacketed, helmeted police officer sneaking along the side of the train and quietly boarding the engine.

He climbs up the ladder, enters the cab and we

CUT BACK TO:

106 INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

106

Yablonski enters. Leon grabs him and "frisks" him.

LEON
 He's clean!

Yablonski turns to Harry and Archie, smiling.

YABLONSKI
 (smiling confidently)
 This is getting to be a habit
 with us. You rob a train...I arrest
 you...

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

HARRY

You ain't arrested us yet, Deke.

YABLONSKI

There's fifty cops outside.

ARCHIE

Is that all you brought?

Yablonski looks at Archie.

YABLONSKI

You can't get away. If you try,
they'll cut you to pieces.

There is a pause.

Harry LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW at the police surrounding
the train.

HE SEES police officers poised silently, aiming high-
power rifles, automatic weapons, shotguns and pistols
at the train.

YABLONSKI

Well, what's it gonna be?

ARCHIE

I don't know about you, Harry,
but I sure as hell don't feel
like going back to jail.

Leon jumps in.

LEON

Yeah! Surrendering's for wimps.
I vote we die!

Harry looks over at Yablonski.

HARRY

Sorry, Deke...this time you ain't
gonna take us without a fight.

YABLONSKI

You know what that means, don't you?

HARRY

We know exactly what that means!

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

ARCHIE

And we don't give a damn.

Leon COCKS his shotgun. Harry COCKS his pistol. Archie SLIDES BACK the bolt on the Uzi.

HARRY

(gesturing to the
passengers)

You can take these people off the
train, Deke.

ARCHIE

We wouldn't want ya to kill no
innocent bystanders by mistake.

Yablonski steps down from the train and begins walking
toward the police lines, waving his arms in the air.

YABLONSKI

(calling out)

Hold your fire! The passengers
are coming out! Hold your fire!

107 INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

107

Harry is standing at the top of the stairs leading down
from the car. Archie is beside him. The Passengers
are filing out past them quickly.

Leon is beside them, busily loading shells into his
shotgun.

LEON

I'm gonna get a hunnerd of those
bastards.

HARRY

There"s only fifty, Leon

LEON

So I'll shoot 'em all twice!

Leon LAUGHS. Harry and Archie look at one another:
"This guy's nuts!"

108 EXT TRAIN - DAY

108

The last of the Passengers steps down from the car and
hurries away from the train.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

The Police Officers surrounding the train take aim with their weapons.

YABLONSKI

(calling back)

I'm gonna give you guys one more chance. Come out now, and nobody gets hurt?

Suddenly the giant drive-wheels spin on the rails, then grab and begin to turn. With a thunderous "CHUG", the train starts moving.

109 INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

109

The sudden movement of the train jostles Harry who is standing in the doorway. He looks back at Archie in shock.

ARCHIE

Who the hell is driving this train?

Then, OFF CAMERA, he HEARS THE HORN BLAST.

CUT TO:

110 INT. ENGINE - DAY

110

We SEE a hand pulling the horn cord. We PAN DOWN just as the person turns TOWARDS CAMERA; it is the flak-jacketed police officer...he removes his helmet... It is Richie! He has his other hand on the throttle. He is glowing with the moment of victory.

111 EXT. ENGINE - DAY

111

The Engine pushes YABLONSKI'S CAR down the tracks and then off to the side.

112 EXT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

112

Yablonski is running toward the train, out of breath.

YABLONSKI

(shouting)

Doyle, you goddam son of a bitch...

Harry is standing in the doorway, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

HARRY
 (shouting back)
 Sorry, Deke...looks like we just
 ain't ready to die!

Harry disappears back into the car. Leon replaces him at the top of the steps, laughing loudly.

LEON
 (shouting)
 So long...duck-fart!

He FIRES a shotgun BLAST over Yablonski's head. Yablonski dives to the ground, getting a face-full of dirt.

Police officers begin shooting at Leon. Bullets SMACK into the car close to him. Leon ignores them, LAUGHS LOUDER, and FIRES more shotgun BLASTS. The Police Officers take cover.

113 EXT. INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

113

Harry starts for the front of the car heading for the engine.

HARRY
 (shouting)
 Come on, Arch!

ARCHIE
 (shouting back)
 I'm gonna throw a little scare
 into 'em.

Archie swings the Uzi up and fires a prolonged BURST out the window.

114 EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY

114

The bullets from Archie's machinegun SLAM into the Cruiser parked by the crossing. The Officers jump for cover. The Cruiser is riddled: tires BLOW OUT, windows SHATTER, the flashing lights EXPLODE, the hood POPS UP, and steam SHOOTS OUT of the radiator. The Cruiser is totally destroyed.

115 INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

115

Archie stares at the Uzi in awe, amazed by the power of the weapon. He then runs in a low crouch to join Harry at the front of the car.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

As he passes the buffet, without breaking stride, he plucks the gold-plated locomotive from the table.

He's holding it in his hand when he reaches Harry.

HARRY

What's that?

ARCHIE

(sheepish)

Souvenir?

Harry's look says "You'll never change, but I love ya."

116 EXT. FOOTBRIDGE - DAY

116

A POLICE SHAPRSHOOTER, crouched on a footbridge over the tracks takes aim with his rifle.

SHARPSHOOTER'S POV: Through the rifle-scope, we SEE Harry and Archie on top of the TENDER. Just as the cross-hairs of the scope center on ARCHIE the SMOKE from the engine totally obscures him.

The SCOPE PANS searching for a target...and as the smoke clears we SEE ARCHIE'S HAND pop up between the tender and the engine in a classic one-fingered salute.

117 EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT - DAY

117

Yablonski hurries over to the helicopter which is about to lift off from the lot. A PILOT and an OBSERVER are inside. Yablonski ducks under the rotors and yanks open the door.

YABLONSKI

Take me up!

OBSERVER

There isn't room!

Yablonski grabs the Observer and pulls him out of the helicopter.

YABLONSKI

There is now!

He climbs into the Helicopter and SLAMS the door.

The Helicopter begins to lift off.

(CONTINUED)

118 INT. ENGINE - DAY

118

Richie turns around, smiling at Harry and Archie.

ARCHIE

What the hell are you doing here?

RICHIE

I'm part of the team, aren't I?

Harry and Archie exchange a glance, concerned about involving an innocent in their life of crime.

HARRY

Sure you are, kid.

ARCHIE

We owe you one.

Richie smiles. He looks over to the rear of the cab and SEES Leon climbing down the ladder from the tank car.

RICHIE

(reacting quickly)

Harry! Look out!

Richie leaps on top of Leon, quickly, knocking him down.

HARRY

No! Richie!

LEON

What the...?!

Before anyone can act, Richie wrestles the shotgun from Leon's grasp and jumps to his feet, pointing the shotgun at him.

RICHIE

I got him! I got him!

HARRY

It's okay, Richie. Leon's on our side now.

RICHIE

Huh?

Leon struggles to his feet, GRUMBLING angrily.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

LEON

Yeah! I'm on your side! Temporarily!
Now gimme my gun or I'll jam it up
your ass!

Leon grabs the shotgun away from Richie. Richie shakes his head in amazement.

119 EXT. TRAIN - DAY

119

The train is hurtling down the tracks. Yablonski's helicopter is flying overhead parallel with the engine.

120 INT. ENGINE - DAY

120

(CU) The two-way radio in the engine compartment.

YABLONSKI

(over radio)

Train 4449...Doyle, Long...this
is Yablonski. Do you read me?

HARRY

(into mike)

Deke! How nice to hear from you
again.

YABLONSKI

You can't get away, Harry...you've
got no place to run!

HARRY

We're runnin' to Mexico, Deke!

Richie looks up from the charts he is studying at the mention of the word "Mexico".

Archie is at the throttle.

Leon is at the back trying to get a good aim at the helicopter with his shotgun.

ARCHIE

Tell him to open the switches all
the way, Harry. Or we'll wreck
the whole goddam train!

HARRY

(into mike)

Open all the switches, Deke...or we'll
wreck the whole goddam train!

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2)

120

LEON

Let's wreck the whole goddam
train anyway. What d'ya say?

There is a pause. Harry looks at Archie, smiling. It
looks like they have the upper hand now.

YABLONSKI

(over the radio)

Harry...the tracks don't go to
Mexico!

Richie comes over beside Harry, holding a chart and
pointing to a spot.

RICHIE

It's true, Harry. They end right here.

Harry takes the map and looks at it very carefully, the
smile fading from his face.

AN OMINOUS SYNTHESIZER NOTE BEGINS TO BUILD:

IN CLOSE-UP, we SEE Harry's finger tracing a line of
track down the map. It comes to a thick bar at the end
of the line, just before the Mexican Border.

121 EXT. BORDER - THE END OF THE TRACKS - DAY 121

THE SYNTHESIZER NOTE CONTINUES to a CRESCENDO, then
RINGS OUT:

In CLOSE-UP, we SEE a concrete barricade, six feet thick:
The end of the line.

We PULL UP TO REVEAL, fifty yards beyond the barricade,
the high, cyclone fence of the U.S.-Mexican Border.

We PULL UP AND BACK TO REVEAL a small army of POLICE
and BORDER PATROL OFFICERS, arriving at the barricade.
They are all heavily armed.

122 EXT. TRAIN - DAY 122

The train is hurtling along. Yablonski's helicopter
is flying even with engine.

123 INT. ENGINE - DAY 123

Harry is still looking at the chart, thinking. Then,
he tosses the chart out of the window.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

123

HARRY

We didn't come all this way just
to be stopped by no technicality!

Archie smiles.

ARCHIE

Damn right! Nothin's gonna stop us!

RICHIE

But...but how can we run a train
without track?

ARCHIE

Just watch us!

HARRY

How we doin' with the boilers?

Richie turns to the pressure gauges.

RICHIE

The pressure's up but we'll need
more speed! We have to get rid of
some of our dead weight!

Harry and Archie look at one another. Then they look
over at Leon who is still trying to get a bead on the
helicopter overhead.

124 EXT. ENGINE - DAY

124

WIDE: Leon comes flying off the moving engine, feet
first.

LEON

WHOA-HO!

He lands, with a SPLASH, in a shallow pond near the
tracks.

MEDIUM: Leon picks himself out of the water. He is
drenched. The water comes up to about his waist. He
looks after the disappearing train and shakes his fist.

LEON

(shouting)

I'm gonna get you guys for this!
Even if it takes another thirty years!

(CONTINUED)

125 INT. ENGINE - DAY

125

Harry and Archie are looking back at Leon, as his "...another thirty years!" ECHOES AWAY. They turn back inside, smiling.

Richie is smiling too.

RICHIE

I really don't think that helped a whole helluva lot!

ARCHIE

But we sure had fun doin' it!

Harry looks from Archie to Richie...then back...his eyes tell us there's a hidden message in his words.

HARRY

Archie...take Richie back and uncouple the rest of the cars... We don't need any excess baggage.

ARCHIE

(getting the message)

Right, Harry. Let's go, kid.

126 TENDER - DAY

126

Archie and Richie scurry across the top of the TENDER and down the ladder to the platform at the back.

Archie gestures for Richie to cross to the Passenger Car. Richie does...then waits for further instructions.

RICHIE

What should I do, Archie?

ARCHIE

Just hold on!

Archie pulls on the coupling lever... It's stuck.

He tries again with all his might and this time IT GIVES!

The TENDER and PASSENGER CAR begin to separate...Richie reaches out to Archie.

RICHIE

Archie give me your hand!

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

ARCHIE

Sorry, kid. You're a criminologist
not a criminal.

The cars continue to separate.

ARCHIE

(continuing)

Tell 'em we kidnapped ya'. You're
a stand-up guy, Richie, don't let
anyone tell you different!

Richie waves goodbye, sadly as he watches his heroes
moving further and further away.

127 INT. ENGINE - DAY

127

Harry is at the throttle as Archie re-enters the cab.

HARRY

Did ya do it?

ARCHIE

Yeah.

HARRY

Kid didn't belong with a couple
of old farts like us anyway.

ARCHIE

I know, but I'm gonna miss him.

HARRY

So will I.

128 EXT. ENGINE - DAY

128

LOW ANGLE: The Engine comes THUNDERING down the track,
directly AT CAMERA.

Yablonski's helicopter is flying right overhead.

(CU) The giant drive-wheels pounding over the rails.

(CU) The pennants and flags on the Engine stretched
tight by the rushing wind.

(CU) The smokestack belching out dense clouds of BLACK
SMOKE.

(CU) The horn BLASTING out a fierce JET OF STEAM and
a terrifying SCREAM.

(CONTINUED)

129 INT. ENGINE - DAY

129

The Engine is now flying along at TWICE THE SPEED. In CLOSE-UP, we SEE the needle on the boiler pressure guage approaching the red "DANGER" zone.

Harry leans on the throttle...looks out of the cab, the wind blowing through his hair, and SEES the Army of Police gathered at the end of the track:

HARRY

Looks like we got a welcoming committee!

Archie looks out his side of the cab.

ARCHIE

Toc bad we can't stop and say hello.

Archie has the throttle wide open. He reaches down and yanks on the horn cord. WE HEAR a LONG, LOUD HORN BLAST.

They look over at one another and smile.

130 EXT. BORDER - DAY

130

The pot-bellied Border Police Captain SEES the train approaching. He raises his arm.

CAPTAIN

On my signal...commence firing!

The officers COCK their weapons and take aim at the approaching Engine.

The Engine is coming CLOSER and CLOSER.

The Captain drops his arm. A THUNDEROUS FUSSILADE erupts from the Officers' guns.

131 EXT. ENGINE - DAY

131

In CLOSE-UP, we SEE the bullets SLAM into the boiler plate of the Engine, KICKING UP SPARKS as they RICHOCHETT OFF, punching holes through the steel causing tiny JETS OF STEAM to burst out.

132. INT. ENGINE - DAY

132

Harry and Archie are crouched low in the cab. We HEAR the SOUND of the BULLETS STRIKING all around them.

(CONTINUED)

133 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 133

Yablonski looks down on the scene, his eyes wide with amazement.

YABLONSKI

Jesus Christ!

Yablonski smiles to himself.

YABLONSKI

Go for it, guys. Go for it!

134 EXT. BORDER - DAY 134

The Engine is coming CLOSER and CLOSER to the end of the track.

IN SLOW MOTION: The Engine SLAMS into the barricade. The concrete barricade DISINTEGRATES.

The Engine continues on through the huge cloud of flying metal and concrete dust. It becomes momentarily airborne, lands on the ground, and begins to PLOW a deep furrow. The cow-catcher THROWS OUT a wide FANTAIL OF DIRT AND DUST.

The Engine continues on across the ground, the momentum carrying it up to the border fence. It hits the fence, TEARING a huge section free, and continues PLOWING a furrow into Mexico. A CLOUD OF DUST RISES in the air.

Gradually, it begins to slow down. It bounces once, then comes to a stop, resting at a slight angle. The boiler SIGHS HEAVILY.

135 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 135.

Yablonski is LAUGHING, enjoying Harry and Archie's triumph.

YABLONSKI

Son of a bitch! They did it! Did you see that?

Yablonski looks over to the pilot. The pilot looks at him, surprised by his exuberance. Yablonski's smile drops. He recovers, straightening up and getting serious again.

YABLONSKI

Okay, kid...take me home.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED) (2)

135

The helicopter banks away from the scene.

136 EXT. BORDER - DAY

The Police Officers begin walking slowly toward the border surveying the incredible damage, and shaking their heads in amazement. They stop at the smashed barricade.

137 EXT. BORDER - MEXICO - DAY

137

A huge CLOUD OF DUST begins to settle down around the engine.

Harry and Archie climb down from the cab. They are COUGHING and waving through the dust...but they are exhilarated!

Harry and Archie look at the engine, smiling.

ARCHIE

That was some ride!

HARRY

I think we wrecked their train.

ARCHIE

So? They weren't gonna use it anymore, anyway.

They HEAR THE SOUND OF JEEPS approaching.

They turn around to SEE becoming VISIBLE through the settling CLOUD OF DUST: a HALF-DOZEN, HEAVILY-ARMED FEDERALES, their weapons pointed straight at them.

The Federales close in around them. A CAPTAIN steps forward, his gun pointed at them.

CAPTAIN

Put up your hands, senors! You are under arrest!

Harry and Archie exchange glances: Here we go again!

HARRY

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.
This ain't fair.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

137

ARCHIE

There's twelve of you and only
two of us.

HARRY

You got guns...and we got nothin'.

CAPTAIN

But that is how we arrest you,
senor.

ARCHIE

Where we come from, they got
rules about makin' arrests!

CAPTAIN

(sucked in)

Rules? What kind of rules?

Harry and Archie look at each other and begin to smile.

FREEZE FRAME

MUSIC UP TAIL CREDITS

END.

10