BAD BOYS

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MIAMI LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

The sun might be down, but the city is baking. Waves of heat ascend into the sky while an unmarked van navigates ACROSS the SCREEN.

2 INT. UNMARKED VAN - IN MOTION - NIGHT

The driver is EDDIE DOMINGUEZ. And riding in the passenger seat is a man dressed in black, called FOUCHET. He looks to the rear.

FOUCHET
What's taking so long back there?

CUT TO:

REAR

Where the rest of the gang waits. NOAH, KUNI, FERGUSON, and CASPER. All dressed in black like Fouchet, except for ANDY. He stands and shows off his Miami PD uniform. His English is poor, yet he's got a big, happy-to-be-along grin on his face.

ANDY
How do I look? Like the real thing, yeah?

FOUCHET
Step back and lemme get a good look at you.

CLOSE SHOT - REAR VIEW MIRROR

THROUGH which Eddie can watch the action. Andy steps further to the rear, almost to the door, facing the front.

FOUCHET
Tell me again about your assignment, Andrew?

ANDY
I'm the decoy.

FOUCHET
Right you are.

Over the seat Fouchet reveals a SHOTGUN. BOOM!
3

EXT. VAN IN MOTION

Andy's body is blown through the rear doors as the van turns a corner.

4

INT. VAN - FOUCHET

He dials 911 on his cellular phone. Fouchet sounds distressed.

FOUCHET
Please help! I just saw a policeman shot! Send help.
Hurry! I'm at the corner of...

5

EXT. NEAR DOWNTOWN - VAN - NIGHT

A stream of PD CARS haul past, lights blazing and SIRENS on full.

6

EXT. COLONY HOTEL (SOUTH BEACH) - NIGHT

Crowds moving up and down Ocean Blvd. Beautiful people walking. Beautiful people watching. MUSIC BLENDS from nightclub to nightclub. A POLICE RADIO, holstered to the hip of a street cop. It CRACKLES with:

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)

Slipping by the street cop: Intro MARCUS BURNETT and MIKE LOWREY. They shimmy through the hotel doors.

A7

INT. COLONY HOTEL - NIGHT

Where the buffed DESK MANAGER gets off the phone to greet the effeminate pair.

LOWREY
Good evening. I'm Mike --

BURNETT
-- And I'm Marcus.

LOWREY
We're lookin' for a couple of our Latin friends who checked in a little while ago. You might remember them?

(CONTINUED)
3.

CONTINUED:

BURNETT
No chest hair. And packin'.

DESK MANAGER
I'm sorry. But our guest list is private.

LOWREY
Oh, didn't they say? There's going to be party! It's B.Y.O.B.O. --
(leans in close)
The B.O. stands for baby oil.

BURNETT
Maybe you can come. Get off after you get off?

All three of them laugh.

DESK MANAGER
Well, now that you mention it. They were kinda cute. Suite 202.

INT. COLONY HOTEL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Lowrey and Burnett clip on their shields and unholster their guns. The posing is over. This is business.

INT. COLONY HOTEL - SUITE 202 - NIGHT

On the table are two briefcases. Each opened. One containing cocaine. The other, cash. A pistol next to each.

REVEAL the dealers. Two young Dominicans seated across from the TV, getting high, drinking beer and laughing out loud at the Spanish language version of Time Traxx. Then --

BANG! The door's kicked in and Lowrey's first through. Burnett on backup.

LOWREY
Police! On the floor!

But the dealers split, rolling out of their chairs. One goes left and the other, right.

CUT TO:
Lowrey tackles the first dealer to the floor. A LATINA girl screams. Lowrey unfortunately looks and takes a hard fist across the ear from the dealer. Angered, Lowrey swings his pistol up underneath the perp's jaw and knocks him through the bathroom door. Lowrey cuffs him to the sink. Meanwhile... Back to:

Burnett's in trouble. He's still got his gun in hand. But the other dealer has him pinned underneath the legs of a chair.

BURNETT

Lowrey!

Burnett stomps the bad guy's instep. The guy buckles. Burnett rolls away and stands in front of a window, just in time to see the angry Dominican heading straight for him.

Burnett and the other dealer come crashing out onto the balcony, then over onto an awning, rolling off onto some occupied cafe tables. Patrons scatter. Uniformed cops move in to assist.

appears soon after, walking down the hotel steps, leading the Latina in his cuffs, and wearing his jacket.

BURNETT

(scraped, bruised, pissed)

Nice backup.

LOWREY

What?

We TILT UP as POLICE HELICOPTER flies overhead.

As OPENING TITLES RUN and MUSIC POUNDS -- we FLY OVER the causeways, waterways and hotels that line the beach. Something is happening in the balmy city as we CRUISE downtown and ZERO IN ON...
The helicopter roars low over the rooftops toward the causeway bridge.

As the helicopter passes over, he appears from behind a large exhaust port. Casper, Ferguson, and Noah behind him, all wearing high-tech miner's helmets with built-in radio headsets, and an array of high-tech tools.

FOUCHET

It's time.

The team crosses the roof to a huge air conditioning unit. They climb inside, carrying a six-foot-long metal case and what looks like a black scuba tank.

Though it's windy and cramped in here, at least it's cool. From a prone position, Fouchet puts on his night vision goggles and reveals a palm top computer. Quickly he scrolls through the labyrinthine schematics loaded onto the unit. Tilt down to see the various ducts. Endless. Bottomless. But clearly, Fouchet's a man who knows his way.

Seemingly empty. From squad rooms to locker rooms to booking.

OFFICER BILL O'FEE, 50s, reads a magazine and drinks coffee. Video monitors in front of him show the different lockers inside the evidence room. We see one room with stacks upon stacks of heroin.

The team, attached to cables, slide into the building's guts and disappear. Static crackles:

FOUCHET

We're in. Start the video.
Kuni finds the conduit he's looking for, splices it, cuts into it with a Makita battery-powered circular saw, then attaches a handheld high-8 video machine and starts the video feed. The unit is strapped to the conduit.

The MONITORS FLUTTER, then STABILIZE. Turning the page, O'Fee sugars his coffee.

An air vent smashes to the floor. Two guys pull the metal case inside the room.

BANG! Another air conditioning vent grate crashes to the floor. Their headlights blazing, two men clamber into the cavernous room, Fouchet along with Casper. This is the special Drug Holding Room: The lock cuts like butter and the steel door is yanked open. One hundred million dollars in heroin. Each kilo brick is stamped with a distinctive octopus logo.

FOUCHET

(into mic)
Where's Deputy Dog?

FERGUSON (V.O.)

(over radio mic)
He made us.

FOUCHET
Then do him, now!

Sure enough. As O'Fee stands from his desk --

CUT TO:

Where Ferguson is waiting with an air-powered tranquili-zer gun. He cuts loose a silent round that strikes O'Fee at the base of the neck. O'Fee stops. But before he can think to reach back at what hit him, his knees buckle and he drops to the linoleum. Out cold.
23 INT. POLICE STATION - QUICK SHOTS - FERGUSON - NIGHT

One by one he moves backwards through the various levels of locks, torching each to look as if they'd entered the evidence room from inside the PD station.

Meanwhile --

24 TRACH CHUTE ROOM

Noah removes what looks like a flattened bobsled with large urethane wheels from the metal case and places it inside the air shaft.

Ferguson attaches the black "scuba tank," labeled "NITROUS OXIDE," to a valve. This is connected to a metal-cased cable system that is piston-gunned into the floor.

CUT BACK TO:

25 HEROIN LOCKER

Fouchet and Casper moving the stacks of heroin, placing them in the air duct on the bobsled. Once they're done, we hear RADIO GARBLE, then the sled is cabled to the contraption. A button is pushed -- and the sled is pulled at breakneck speed through the duct.

26 EXT. POLICE STATION ALLEY - NIGHT

Bag after bag drops down the trash chute and tumbles into an open-roofed van where the last of the gang, Eddie Dominguez, waits with the ENGINE RUNNING.

27 IN AIR DUCT

The sled rockets by again -- WHOOSH -- loaded with more bags.

28 INT. HEROIN LOCKER

Casper and Fouchet throw the last of their gear down the chute and ride the sled out.

29 EXT./INT. VAN - POLICE STATION - ALLEY

One! Two! Three! Four! They all land atop the bags. Eddie GUNS the VAN, which rolls up the ramp and out the garage.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FOUCHET (O.S.)

Haul ass!

EXT. POLICE STATION - ALLEY - NIGHT

On the ledge the tape runs out and RECORDER EXPLODES. Pieces scatter.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The van drives off into the golden sunrise of Miami. TITLES END.

EXT. LUXURY HIGH-RISE (COCONUT GROVE) - MORNING

One of those expensive condo buildings on Brickell Avenue with a circular driveway and a uniformed doorman.

INT. CONDO - MORNING


CAMERA STALLS ON -- a perma-plaqued newspaper clipping with a photo depiction of Lowrey and Burnett in front of a giant pile of black heroin, thumbs up to the camera. The headline reads: MIAMI PD RECORDS RECORD HEROIN BUST.

INT. LOWREY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Where Lowrey wakes up in a king-sized bed. The pain on his face and empty, scattered bottles tell us he's nursing a world-class hangover. He sits up, carefully, holds his aching head. Hearing BREATHING, Lowrey lifts the sheet next to him.

REVEAL THE LATINA

The one from the Colony Hotel. He drops the sheet back over her head, reaches over to his nightstand and grabs an industrial-sized bottle of Excedrin. Empty. He opens the nightstand drawer, extracts another bottle. Empty.
INT. BATHROOM

All marble and brass. Lowrey opens up his medicine cabinet. Locating a new bottle of aspirin... he suddenly realizes that the SHOWER is RUNNING. Confused, he pulls open the shower curtain slightly. From the back, it's an incredible body, then she turns around and it's --

THE LATINA

Yes. The very same as the one he just saw in bed. What?

LATINA TWIN

'Morning.

Lowrey closes the curtain on her. Frowns at this impossibility. He steps back into the doorway and peers over at his bed. Yep, same face. Twins?

LOWREY
(shaking his head)
Oh man...

He tears open the bottle of aspirin. Chug-a-lugs.

INT. BURNETT HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Burnett and his young wife, THERESA, are jarred awake by the CLOCK RADIO BLARING on the night stand. Theresa gropes for RADIO, shuts it OFF. Burnett playfully gropes for her.

THERESA
Marcus, what are you doing?

BURNETT
We're always saying we should spend more quality time together. Well, I got the time... and you got the quality...

She laughs. He kisses her.

BURNETT
I can remember when we used to do it every morning.

THERESA
That was how we got a three bedroom house filled with little Burnetts.

She crawls from bed.

BURNETT
Been over a week since I've had some quality time!
INT. BURNETT'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Pandemonium. There's the two-and-a-half-year-old, MEGAN, who's taking bites of food and spitting it back out, looking at it, then putting it back in. Six-year-old JILL, who is playing refrigerator magnet games on the fridge. And Marcus in the middle of it all, deftly side-stepping his eight-year-old boy, QUINCY, who appears on roller blades whizzing through with a hockey stick and ball. He body-checks Jill against the ice box.

JILL
Mom, Quincy pushed me.

QUINCY
Uncle Mike showed me that move.

THERESA
Quincy, never-you-mind. And take those things off in the house! Jill, stop with the book and eat your breakfast.
   (then, exasperated)
Marcus, why do I always have to discipline the kids? You play bad cop for a second.

Alongside the kitchen screen door we see Lowrey's PORSCHE ROAR to a stop in the driveway.

BURNETT
Kids, knock it off... or your momma's gonna whoop your butts!

Theresa laughs in spite of herself as the kids continue to fight. Into this craziness enters Mike Lowrey...

LOWREY
Ah, family life. Reminds me why I stay single.

JILL & QUINCY
Uncle Mike! Uncle Mike!

LOWREY
Hiya, kids. Mornin', Theresa.

Lowrey pecks Theresa on the cheek. She recoils.

THERESA
Don't kiss me, Lowrey. I don't know where those lips were last night.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

QUINCY
Tell us some stories, Uncle Mike. You know, the one about the stewardess?

THERESA
Don't go tellin' my son about your sleazy sex life?

LOWREY
I promise, Theresa. I only tell your husband about my sleazy sex life.

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

THERESA
I don't want him knowing about it either! Gives him ideas. (answers the phone) Hello? Oh, sure. Which one of them do you want?

Lowrey accepts the phone from Theresa and talks.

LOWREY
You're live with Lowrey. (listens for a long beat) 'Scuse me, Captain. I think you mean to say, 'Get the fuck down here, please?'

Burnett automatically pulls on his jacket, hugs the children as Lowrey hangs up.

THERESA
Not so fast. You were going to take the kids to school today, remember, hon? I have a job interview...

Lowrey rolls his eyes.

EXT. BURNETT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Burnett's following Lowrey and the kids out his front door when his neighbor, DICK, accosts him from across the hedge.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DICK
Hey, Marcus. Did you know we got busted into again last night? When are you gonna do something about this?

BURNETT
Hey, Dick. How many times I gotta tell you? I don't work robbery. I'm in Narcotics.

Meanwhile, Lowrey's holding the car door open as the kids pile into the jump seat in the back.

LOWREY
Don't get your sticky fingers all over my windows... and keep your feet off the seats, I just had the leather conditioned.

The kids ignore him, gleefully continuing to squirm around. Before Burnett can get into the car, Theresa runs out.

THERESA
Marcus... I need you to stop at Save-More on the way home and pick up exactly what's on the list.

She hands Burnett a long list.

BURNETT
Oh, baby. Damn.

Lowrey shakes his head.

EXT. MIAMI P.D. - DAY
Lowrey and Burnett pull up in Porsche.

INT POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY
Lowrey and Burnett walking.

BURNETT
Twins?

LOWREY
If I'm lyin' I'm dyin'. Her sister came down and posted the girl's bail. And later? Man, talk about special effects.

BURNETT
What special effects?
INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

LOWREY
Tell you later -- Mornin',
Francine. Where's the smile?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FRANCINE, a civilian employee of the narcotics unit. She's got pictures of her children parked around her computer desktop. And though dowdy would be a compliment, she's usually got a pleasant smile for the boys. Except today...

FRANCINE
Evidence room. Howard's waiting for you.

BURNETT
Your kids are lookin' sharp, Francine.

She smiles.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Burnett and Lowrey know there's big problems when, at the bottom of the stairwell, the first thing they see is a yellow police tape and fingerprint team dusting a torched lock. Problem is, the building is nothing but cops and it looks as if the entire department is stomping all over the evidence room.

(CONTINUED)
INTRO - SANCHEZ AND RUIZ

SANCHEZ
Let's see. There's Sleepy, Grumpy, Sneezy, Happy, Bashful... Now, who could we be missin'?

RUIZ
Could it be... Dopey?

Both laugh hystereically, while:

LOWREY
If it ain't the leftovers from Miami Vice. Fashion casualties, lost somewhere in the eighties.

BURNETT
And the women really go for that. Really, they do.

As Burnett and Lowrey duck the tape, they note a very groggy O'Fee over in the corner being attended by a paramedic team. He's still out cold. An oh shit look passes between the two partners.

INT. HEROIN LOCKER - DAY

Another torched lock noted as Burnett and Lowrey enter with Sanchez an Ruiz behind them. The room is emptied. Captain HOWARD appears. He's short, has a military haircut, and has a minor Napoleon complex and a major in paranoia.

HOWARD
Nice of you to roll in. And nothing particular is going on around here except, maybe, your dope is gone. That's right. The biggest dope bust in the history of this department up and walked out of this locker, along with maybe my job and the two of yours if we don't get the shit back.

BURNETT
This can't be happening.
CONTINUED:

HOWARD
So here's what we're gonna do. Since it was originally your case, you two guys are on point. Sanchez and Ruiz, you back them up with whatever they need.

Groans all around.

LOWREY
So I guess we should start with the C.I.s and the perps from the original case. But hell if I know any dope dealers with the balls to pull this off. They're either dead or in the lock-up pending trial.

BURNETT
How's O'Fee?

SINCLAIR (O.S.)
Oh, he'll be just fine.

From the side appears a cigar-chewing Internal Affairs suit named SINCLAIR. He circles close to Burnett and Lowrey, waving his cigar as he speaks.

HOWARD
Name's Sinclair. Internal Affairs. He's our new proctologist.

SINCLAIR
You see, what's got me confused is, why risk leaving a witness? Why not kill O'Fee instead?

BURNETT
Because maybe this guy knows if you kill a cop the whole department'll get up his ass hard and fast.

SINCLAIR
And who knows that better than anybody else? Cops.

BURNETT
You're not sayin' this was an inside job. Cops wouldn't pull this shit.

(CONTINUED)
SINCLAIR
Not just cops. Narcotic cops. For example, the S.N.D. You've got access. You've got wherewithall. And most importantly, you've got the connections. Who else would know how to unload a hundred million dollars worth of heroin?

LOWREY
Hey, fuck you and your cheap, off-the-rack suit.

HOWARD
Enough. I.A.'s in it and there's nothing we can do about it. If any of this leaks, the shit's gonna hit our biggest fan. Remember him? The mayor? He created us and you can bet your jobs, boys, he'll rip us into little cop pieces. I figure we got seventy-two hours to find the dope and keep our jobs.

LOWREY
Nothing like a little old-fashioned incentive.

CLOSE ON BURNETT

He walks to the center of the room and kneels to those four bolt holes in the floor. He fingers the paraffin filler, then looks above to the air conditioning grate.

BURNETT
What about the air conditioning?

HOWARD
So what about it?

BURNETT
(to Lowrey)
What do you think?

LOWREY
I think you should go ahead, crawl up and give it a good look.

BURNETT
Why me?

(CONTINUED)
LOWREY
For one, it was your idea. Two,
while my suit's fresh, you're
dressed for the occasion.

BURNETT
Don't say nothin' about my
clothes. I paid for these.

LOWREY
And I don't?

BURNETT
Not on a cop's salary.
INT. HEROIN LOCKER - INSIDE SHAFT - BURNETT

Burnett crawls up with some help from Lowrey below, stalling the oscillating fan with his cuffs and crawling through. The first thing Burnett notices are the track marks from the bobsled cutting through a coating of dust.

LOWREY

Anything?

BURNETT

Yeah. I got some weird track marks in here.

Then Burnett notes a manufacturing stamp at the joint. It reads: ORONA AIR CONDITIONING SYSTEMS, INC.

INT. HEROIN LOCKER ROOM - ON HOWARD

Who appears from below, framed in the vent shaft.

HOWARD

Nice and cool up there, Burnett? Comfy? Maybe there's a new career for you in building maintenance.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Lowrey and Burnett with their desks opposite each other. The CAMERA CIRCLES while they lay the arm on some informants.

BURNETT

There's gonna be a lotta cash when the dope hits the street. We want you to put the word out through your bank and hustle the account. You help us, maybe we can see about getting those R.T.C. auditors off your ass.

LOWREY

Listen, Cedras. You and I both know you're the number one importer for the Simona Brothers. And I'm tellin' you there's a buttload of H on the move and someone's gonna wanna stick their dick in it. So it better not be yours. You hear something? You call us. You hear nada? You better get the fuck outta town.
INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Lowrey's driving, no seatbelt, doing his usual speed-weaving. Burnett's hanging onto the handle above the door.

BURNETT
Not a fucking lead. So now that we've done the obvious, we need a shortcut.

LOWREY
Okay. So we talk to Max.

BURNETT
Huh uh. Not this time. I'm tired of you working pussy into everything we do.

LOWREY
You got a better idea?

EXT. CONGRESS GYM - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Lowrey and Burnett arrive in the unmarked car.

INT. CONGRESS GYM - DAY

Once-colorful stucco, fading and crumbling. Scrappy Cuban fighters spar and work out on the aging equipment while, at the same time, a remarkable amount of amazing-looking women work out on weight bags, shadow box with trainers. Curves and sweat, any way you look.

BURNETT AND LOWREY

enter. And while Lowrey cruises amongst the sweaty flesh as if it were a day in the park, Burnett lags. Maybe he has been married too long.

CLOSE ON MAX LOGAN

she's doing sit-ups on an incline bench. She notices Lowrey.

MAX
Hi, Mike. You come to work-out?

LOWREY
Raincheck, darlin'. Gotta talk. Anyplace we can go?

(CONTINUED)
46 CONTINUED:

MAX
Equipment room. Hiya, Marcus.
How's your wife?

BURNETT
Huh?

MAX
That's what I thought.

47 INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - DAY

This room isn't enclosed. It's walled by wire mesh.
Private enough, though. Max shuts the door.

LOWREY
Sorry to come around only when
I need something.

MAX
Forget about it. I owe you the
rest of my life, Mike.

Lowrey just gives her an "oh please" look.

MAX
Don't be lookin' at me like I'm
getting all sentimental.

LOWREY
Hey, I didn't open my mouth.
Listen, there's some major, major
ill shit happening down at the
P.D. Lotta heroin involved. There's
gonna be a lotta cash involved, too.
Gonna be some happy motherfuckers
around that wanna party.

MAX
So you want me to check around?

LOWREY
Just make a coupla calls. See what's
what. Don't be doin' no wild shit.
Just call me if you hear something.

48 INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Burnett is surrounded by beautiful, sweaty women. One of
them is a fabulous BLACK WOMAN with legs so long and
toned, they're not just legs, they're weapons. Burnett
can't help but stare.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BLACK WOMAN
Who's Max's friend?

BURNETT
A cop.

BLACK WOMAN
Oooh. I love cops.

The other girls are suddenly interested, too. Burnett swallows and...

BURNETT
You know? I'm a cop. I shot somebody just last week. Didn't kill him, just shot him in the ass.

Stone cold looks from them all. They walk away with Burnett giving a "what did I say" look. Lowrey appears.

LOWREY
You know, that was really smooth. Think you could do that again?
(as they start walking)
Ohh. I'll tell you, when the wife gets meaner, the grass gets greener.

BURNETT
Green ain't the color I was thinkin' of. More of a coco puff. Just real shiny, thick...

EXT. BOXING GYM

As they head toward their car, Burnett's BEEPER SOUNDS. He switches it OFF.

BURNETT
Damn! The woman's got fuckin' radar on my ass. Sensed me lookin' at another woman. Bet she wants me to pick up Huggies 'stead of those baby Garanimals that they wear.

LOWREY
I don't think anybody could be that married.
Burnett drives cautiously while both he and Lowrey bob to Ice-T's "COP KILLER." They get a kick out of the song.

LOWREY
(complies)
Miami's the perfect town for you, Burnett. You drive like a one-hundred-seventy-year-old lady with her turn signal on.

BURNETT
And I plan on living to be old just like 'em. Rubbin' Ben Gay on my joints and everythin'.

An old guy passes them even though his car is pulling an Airstream camper behind it. Lowrey can't believe it.

LOWREY
You gonna let every old motherfucker pass you? Or just the ones with big-ass trailers draggin' behind? A-c-c-el-er-ate.

BURNETT
I don't have a death wish like you. I got a family that counts on me. A mortgage to pay. And I'm not sayin' it's me, but most of the guys in the station think you're some rich kid playin' cop.

LOWREY
Who said that?

Burnett mumbles an answer.

LOWREY
If somebody's talking about me, I wanna know... Man, I'm so sick of this. I don't apologize for nothing I do. I get up early and take it to the max every day. I'm always the first guy through the door. And the last guy to leave a crime scene. So fuck 'em all. I could give a shit what those boot lickin', brown-nosin', ass kissin' motherfuckers think of Mike Lowrey.

What can Burnett say to all that, but...

(CONTINUED)
I love you, man.

He lets loose a big grin.

Oh, fuck you, Marcus.

The RADIO CRACKLES.

(over radio)
Two-one? I got that address for you on the air conditioning company. Oh, and Theresa called, she added something to your grocer list: Muppets toothpaste. Bubble gum flavor. She says Quincy doesn't like mint.

Lowrey rolls his eyes, glances at Burnett, who's embarrassed.

Yeah. Roger that. Gimme the address.

Orona's been working out of his house. He's at...

Burnett and Lowrey step from their unmarked car and start up the steps to this stony, estate-sized house.

The air conditioning business has been good to Orona.

Lowrey rings the bell. They wait. No answer.

Well, we can leave a note or we can break and enter --

Wait. Hear that? I thought I heard Orona beating his wife.
Lowrey kicks the door in.

LOWREY
Uh oh. No alarm.

BURNETT
Aw, man. Did you cut one?

LOWREY
No, man. Musta been you.

Not me.

Lowrey and Burnett look at each other and draw guns.

LOWREY AND BURNETT
Dead guy.

The door is unlocked and swings open easily to reveal Lowrey and Burnett in an instant, repulsed reaction to Orona's body which sits upright in his office chair, the body grotesque and bloated.

LOWREY
Now what?

A sickened Burnett goes over to the body, speaking to Orona as if he were alive.

BURNETT
Where are the drugs?
(no answer)
Where... are... the... drugs?
shrugs
He ain't sayin' nothin'. He must be guilty of somethin'.

Meanwhile, Lowrey's got no problem with the dead body. He tries opening a desk drawer, but Orona's rigor mortis-stiffened knee is in the way. So Lowrey gives it a shove and the chair swivels. Orona's dead arm sweeps the lamp off the desk.

BURNETT
Whoa. Watch where you're swinging them dead arms, Orona. You're gonna fuck up your own crime scene.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Lowrey braves the body and gingerly pokes around his pockets.

BURNETT
Watch what you touch. That's evidence.

BURNETT
Not touching. Browsing... Mr. Orona. You've got the right to remain silent. Anything you say'll surprise the shit out of us.

Anything?

LOWREY
(finds small notepad)

BURNETT
Lemme guess. Guy does the air conditioning contract for the P.D. He'd have the plans.

LOWREY
He trades the plans for his paper and gets popped by the perps.

BURNETT
Works for me. Now can we go? I'm gonna puke.

EXT. LOIS FIELD'S MANOR - SUNSET

A Palm Beach styled antique.

INT. LOIS FIELD'S MANOR - SUNSET

As antique as the exterior. Well-tended. Lots of potted ferns amongst rattan and craftsman era furniture.

Enter --

LOIS
Matronly, in her flowered dress and bare feet, she carries a tea tray toward the kitchen. Max is following.
MAX
Please, Lois. Make some calls.
That's all. I'm looking for a
party with fresh cash.

LOIS
I'm not doing any favors for
Mike Lowrey.

MAX
Then call it a favor for me.
Please?

LOIS
Okay, then. I'll make the calls.
But you have to talk to Julie.

MAX
I'll talk to her but she's not
into it.

LOIS
All you have to say is that
she'll be getting paid for what
she already does for free.

(CONTINUED)
MAX
And she'll say, 'There's one big difference. I do it for fun. I don't ever have to blow anyone I don't like.'

CUT TO:

FRONT DOOR
It swings open to reveal JULIE MOTT, 24, just as beautiful as Max and dressed to be undressed. She drops one of those big, model's shoulder bags to the floor and gazes curiously back at Lois and Max. Her ears are burning.

JULIE
Okay. So what'd I miss?

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL (MIAMI BEACH) - MAGIC HOUR

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - COURTYARD - DUSK
As Max and Julie walk through...

MAX
George?

JULIE
Bad moods after a bad round of golf... I had blonde hair, then.

MAX
What about Ronny?

JULIE
Sex addict. Coke addict. Redhead.

MAX
You were a redhead?

JULIE
Only for two days. It wasn't even a phase.

MAX
Okay. Mark.

(CONTINUED)
JULIE

Max laughs.

JULIE
But that's my point. I remember my hair phases more than I remember the men.

(playful, sarcastic)
So, a party in a Biltmore Hotel suite? Yeah, that'll really rock.

MAX
It's a favor for a friend. If it sucks after a half-hour, we'll split and head to South Beach.

A favor?

MAX
You know, my friend Mike Lowrey.

JULIE
(rolls her eyes)
Mike Lowrey. Not again. Will you just have sex with the man and get it over with.

MAX
He's just a friend.

JULIE
Yeah, right. You're in love.

MAX
It's never gonna happen. I'm great at turning lovers into friends. But turning friends into lovers, I can't do.

JULIE
Well, I don't date cops. They never have enough money and they're always too tired to screw.

MAX
Well, I've told you before, my Mike isn't like that. If I were in real trouble, Mike Lowrey is the only person I'd call.
INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - AL CAPONE'S SUITE - DUSK

Upon arrival, the door is opened to Max and Julie by Eddie Dominguez, instantly recognizable from the heist. Eddie's pouring champagne into a glass.

EDDIE
Max, my little carina. It's been a long time. And who's your friend?

MAX
Eddie. Julie.

Julie sizes him up. Good taste. His suit. Bad taste. His personality.

EDDIE
Come on, Julie. Come in, Max.
Welcome to the Al Capone suite.

They're stepped into a grand, opulent suite. High arched ceilings. Magnificent antique furniture. Killer view. No party guests.

EDDIE
I'm not kidding. Capone had the place fixed up with secret passages and hidden stairways. Can you dig it? People were actually killed within these walls.

He's moved behind them and reveals a concealed staircase that rises into darkness.

CLOSE ON JULIE

Not happy. Stuck at the Biltmore with a Scarface wannabe. She looks over at Max. Let's get outta here.

JULIE
Excuse me? I need to use the bathroom.

Julie crosses to the bathroom.

EDDIE
Wow, Maxi. I thought you dropped off the edge of the earth and died. Either that or you moved to California.

(CONTINUED)
MAX
So, Eddie. Looks like we're way too early. How's about we come back later?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

EDDIE
No. Don't go yet. We can party. Just us three. Look at what Eddie's got to play with.

From underneath the couch Eddie reveals a single key of heroin. Max tries to hide the recognition that she just hit paydirt on the very first try.

INT. BATHROOM - JULIE

Where she's silently cursing Max for getting her into this lame-ass party when she hears MUFFLED VOICES outside the bathroom. Instinctively, Julie peers through the louvered shades.

JULIE'S POV - THROUGH SHADES

She sees Eddie opening the door to Fouchet. Casper and Noah follow him inside.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. AL CAPONE SUITE

Eddie is instantly nervous in the presence of Fouchet.

FOUCHET
Who's the girl, Eddie?

EDDIE
Just a hooker --

MAX
My name's Max.
(outstretched hand)
I'm just a friend.

FOUCHET
I could use a friend who looks like you. Turn around. Lemme get a good look.

Max tries to size this man, then chooses to submit. She does her best model's turn. Slowly giving him a view of the rear when --

Fouchet draws a PISTOL -- BAM BAM!!

Max tumbles forward and CRASHES through a GLASS TABLE.
INT. BATHROOM - JULIE

Instant horror. Julie saw Max killed and retreats to the opposite side of the bathroom in total fright.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAPONE SUITE

Now, Fouchet swings the gun onto Eddie.

FOUCHET
You're a fucking idiot. Hookers talk. Now, is that my dope?

EDDIE
(freaked)
Our dope... That was the deal, yeah? Right. Until we got the money --

BAM! Fouchet SHOOTS Eddie in the knee. Eddie screams!

EDDIE
You fucker... fucker fucker fucker!!!

FOUCHET
I have four more days until I make the deal. When it's done you get your money. Now, what part don't you understand?

EDDIE
Hey, man. You need me.

FOUCHET
I don't need anybody. I got three little angels looking over my shoulder.

REVERSE SHOT - EDDIE'S CHAIR

Fouchet UNLOADS THREE MORE SHOTS. BAM BAM BAM!!! Blood spatters onto Casper.

CASPER
Aw, man. You got blood on my new suit.

FOUCHET
Ever hear of dry cleaning? Now, shut the fuck up, check for the rest of my dope.
Half-panicked, half-trying to keep her head. There's no way out of the bathroom. All she can do is switch off the light. And now she sees Casper's shadow as he approaches.

CLOSE ON DOORKNOB

As it turns. Julie suddenly reaches for it and pulls open the door with a surge. Casper stumbles in, his face hitting the hard tile with a crunch.

INT. CAPONE SUITE - JULIE

Making her move, she hauls as fast as she can across the room. Aiming for that secret fireplace door.

FOUCHET

Wheels with his PISTOL, unloads the clip. BULLETS are catching up, ripping up the couch and the rest of the suite. Julie dives right into the secret door.

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY - SAME TIME

Dark. Twisting. We MOVE WITH Julie as she races through it, heart in her throat. She comes upon some old metal stairs, a sliver of light at the top, and clambers up...

EXT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

High atop the Biltmore, this is where the passageway leads out to. A door flies open and Julie appears. Panicked. Wind whipping all around her. A bird flies by, startling her. Hearing the APPROACHING THUGS, Julie sprints as best she can across the Spanish-tiled roof. Turns to see --

EXT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

Noah and Casper appear in the Bell Tower. Noah scans the roof, takes aim and FIRES, but he's too far away -- and Julie disappears behind a rise in the roof.

EXT. BILTMORE - ROOFTOP - JULIE - NIGHT

She steps towards the edge of the roof. Quickly peers over. A huge swimming pool, five stories down.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She weighs the options. Jump or die.

NOAH AND CASPER

As they try running across the harsh-tiled roof...

CASPER
Now look. My fuckin' shoes. My fuckin' Italian shoes!

Then Julie prays silently, takes a running start and leaps from the roof. SLOW-MOTION as Julie flies through the air like some glamorous angel.

EXT. BILTMORE POOL - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

as Julie breaks the surface with a huge splash. The water swirls as her aching body struggles to the surface.

EXT. BILTMORE POOL - SURFACE - NIGHT

Julie breaks water like a dolphin, gasping for breath. She's dazed and confused, but alive -- for the moment.

INT. AL CAPONE SUITE - NIGHT

Fouchet reaches down and picks up Max's purse, then flicks it across the room to the defeated pair of Casper and Noah.

FOUCHET
She's a hooker. Find out who she works for. Find out where she lives.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - HALF-HOUR LATER

Several police cars, an ambulance and a coroner's van are now parked in front, the lobby awash in strobing red and blue lights. CAMERA PANS PAST the crime scene personnel to find Burnett and Lowrey pulling up to the scene. They get out and thread their way through the growing chaos.

INT. BILTMORE - AL CAPONE SUITE - NIGHT

The place is a mess. Homicide detectives are already on the scene, drawing chalk circles around casings on the floor.

(CONTINUED)
On the far side of the commotion, the two bodies have been photographed and are covered. Chief Howard is conferring with a technician who's dusting for prints.

BURNETT AND LOWREY enter.

But Sanchez and Ruiz are already on the scene.

RUIZ
You guys watch where you're walking or you'll fuck up the crime scene.

BURNETT
Looks like you're already doing that.

Burnett's quick to point out the trail of bloody footprints Ruiz just tracked across the carpet.

CLOSE ON CHAMPAGNE GLASS

Which Julie left on the fireplace mantel. Lowrey's quick to note the two separate shades of lipstick.

HOWARD
Two dead. A hood registered as Eddie Dominguez and some Jane Doe. But the table over there's covered in high-grade dope. Sound familiar?

LOWREY
I think we got us a witness. Over here I got two different shades of lipstick on one champagne glass.

Meanwhile --

BURNETT
He drops the sheet on Eddie's body, then moves over to Max's. He doesn't know it's her until --

BURNETT
Jesus, no...

LOWREY
Whatcha got?

(CONTINUED)
Burnett drops the sheet, turns and puts a protective shoulder between Lowrey and the body.

LOWREY
What? Who is it?

Lowrey instinctively pushes past his partner and kneels at the body. He pulls back the sheet. Right now he could kill the shooter, then himself. In that order. Lowrey's eyes well up.

LOWREY
I shoulda told you to be careful.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and out step Burnett and Lowrey into a lobby full of cops. Lowrey goes straight to the front desk.

LOWREY
Eddie Dominguez. I want his phone calls.

He flashes a badge.

HOTEL CLERK
You pay the bill you can see his phone calls.

LOWREY
I'm sorry. Maybe I wasn't polite enough.

With a flashing right jab, Lowrey pops the snooty Clerk. After the Clerk finds his feet, eyes peering over the counter...

BURNETT
I wouldn't fuck with him right now.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

Walking down the steps toward their car, Lowrey passes the phone sheet off to Burnett.
LOWREY
Three calls to Lois Fields.
I'm going to stop by her place
and tell her a bedtime story.
You can catch a ride with Howard.

Lowrey jumps in the car.

BURNETT
Uh oh... Alright, you check out
Lois, then check in --

INT. LOIS FIELD'S MANOR - MASTER SUITE - NIGHT
Replete with balcony and billowy curtains, the old-styled
madame LOIS FIELDS sits up on her bed covered in pillows
and exotic stuffed animals. She thumbs an old, leather-
bound looseleaf binder full of modeling photos and
resumes.

LOIS FIELDS
I'm sorry, Jimmy. But you can't
have her. Shelly only models and
that's all... That's right. Like
I always say, some girls do, some
girls don't, and the rest you
can't afford --
(line cuts out)
Hello? Jimmy... Jimmy?

Suddenly, the power is cut.

INT. LOIS FIELD'S MANOR - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT
CRASH! The front DOOR breaks down. Noah appears.

EXT. LOIS FIELD'S MANOR - NIGHT
Lowrey parks the Porsche.

INT. LOIS FIELD'S MANOR - NIGHT
The door is open and the deadbolt looks smashed with
something heavy like a sledgehammer. Lowrey pulls a
radio with one hand and his pistol with the other.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LOWREY
(enter)
This is twenty-one two. I'm
gonna need back-up at 614 Reach
Road.

Lowrey eases inside the darkness of the doorway. He
checks the lights, but the power is off. Slipping the
radio into his coat pocket, he returns with a mini-
flashlight and begins to clear a path, doorway by
doorway, then moving up a wide stairwell.

INT. MIAMI PD - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Howard is sitting at the edge of the desk while Burnett
is on the phone with Theresa.

HOWARD
Did you check parole? How about
F.B.I. or D.E.A.? They're
supposed to be compliant with our
requests? And where the hell's
Lowrey?

BURNETT
(hand over phone)
Following this Lois Fields lead.
I just paged him.

HOWARD
The madame? What's it with this
guy? It's always girls, girls,
girls.

BURNETT
(as Theresa screams)
No, Theresa... No, he wasn't
talking about you.

INT. LOIS FIELD'S MANOR - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

MOVING THROUGH the doors of the master suite where a light
breeze blows through balcony of sheer curtains, Lowrey
turns ever-so-slowly with his flashlight following a beat
behind. The beam comes to rest on a bludgeoned body
laying on the bed amongst huge pillows and exotic stuffed
animals. The telephone cord is wrapped around her neck.

Lowrey's closer inspection reveals --

(CONTINUED)
LOIS'S CLIENT BOOK

Where an obvious page and photo have been ripped out. Julie's. Lowrey goes for the phone. Picks it up with his handkerchief. No dial tone. So he drops the receiver and heads out of the room. But just as he reaches the doorway --

Suddenly -- Lowrey's BEEPER SOUNDS.

He jumps. Reaches down to switch it off when --

From out of those billowing curtains -- Noah!

Sledgehammer in hand, he swings at Lowrey, who instinctively blocks and ducks as the hammer misses and crushes the bannister railing. It gives under Lowrey's weight, who reaches over and traps the sledgehammer, only to find one of Noah's hammy fists battering him behind the ear until --

The rail finally gives way.

Lowrey falls and crashes onto a Craftsman table covered in antique picture frames. It collapses underneath him. Then --

CLOSE ON LOWREY'S RADIO

Laying next to him. It SQUAWKS LOUDLY...

BACK-UP COPS (V.O.)
(over radio)
Pulling up now, twenty-one-two.
Give us your twenty in the residence... twenty-one-two. Do you copy. Twenty-one-two...

The CAMERA LIFTS to reveal that Noah has vanished.

INT. MIAMI PD - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Howard can't believe his ears. Is every cop's wife such a pain in the...

BURNETT
Theresa, I know it was my idea. I know I was the one who wanted a little quality time. It's just that this can't wait. Can't I just wake you up when I get home?

(CONTINUED)
Lowrey's PHONE RINGS. But Howard's close so he picks it up.

HOWARD
It's about fuckin' time.
(answers)
Howard here.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - JULIE

This small place is a typical, party girl pit stop. Very little furniture, but closets overflowing with clothes. Magazines, beer bottles, unmade bed. Wet and frightened, Julie scurries around with a cordless phone at her ear, locking all the doors and windows.

JULIE
I need to talk to Detective Lowrey!

HOWARD
He's not here. How can I help you?

JULIE
You can get me Detective Lowrey!

HOWARD
This isn't another paternity case, is it?

JULIE
No. It's another murder case.

HOWARD
Did this happen at the Biltmore Hotel?

JULIE
Listen! I just saw my best friend murdered. I'm soaking wet. I'm alone, I'm scared and I'll only talk to Mike Lowrey!

HOWARD
Don't hang up. Lemme find him.
(hand over phone)
Page Lowrey. Find out where he is!

BURNETT
Theresa. I gotta go.

Burnett hangs up and redials Lowrey's pager.
EXT. LOIS FIELD'S MANOR - NIGHT

Lowrey, battered and barely conscious, is loaded into an ambulance. His BEEPER SOUNDS.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - JULIE

She's so frustrated she's about to hang up.

(CONTINUED)
JULIE
I don't want to come downtown! I
don't want police protection! If
you can't gimme Detective Lowrey
I'm just gonna blow town!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - HOWARD AND BURNETT

HOWARD
Don't leave town. Please, and
don't hang up. I've got Lowrey
right here. He just walked in.
  (holds the phone
to Burnett)
Be Lowrey.

BURNETT
I can't be Lowrey.

HOWARD
Shut up and listen! She'll only
talk to Lowrey. She says she's
our witness. That means she's our
only link to the dope, not to
mention my pension plan, so get on
the phone.

Burnett accepts the phone. Hand over the receiver, he
does a quick Lowrey impression that starts as lame and
ends pretty damn convincing.

BURNETT
  Yo, you are live with Lowrey...
  (then into phone)
  Yo, you're live with Lowrey.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Burnett's Volvo turns onto the block. He pulls over on
the opposite side of the street and parks, his car
blending in with others in the residential neighborhood.
He gets out, crosses to the lobby of her building.

EXT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Burnett knocks on the door.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He notices his gold wedding band, hastily removes it. Just as he drops it into his jacket pocket --

JULIE (O.S.)
Who's there?

BURNETT
Mike Lowrey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT

She stands on the other side of the door with a baseball bat, cocked and ready to fly.

JULIE
How do I know it's Detective Lowrey?

BURNETT
... 'Cuz I'm Mike Lowrey. I'm a cop. Wanna see my badge?

JULIE
Yes! I wanna see it now! I'm not letting you through the fucking door until I do. Hold it up to the peephole!

Burnett shows his shield. Holds it up to the peephole.

JULIE
Anybody can get one of those.

BURNETT
(annoyed)
Hey, lady. You called me, remember...? 'On the mike with Mike.'

After a beat, the door swings ajar.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

But as Burnett enters the house, all he notices are that two DOGS start YAPPING HYSTERICALLY. He can't see her. But she can see him. From behind the door, she comes out swinging a bat. Burnett ducks and Julie smashes the hat stand instead.

(CONTINUED)
What the fuck was that for?

You're not Mike Lowrey!

What do you mean I'm not Mike Lowrey? You never even met him! Me.

The way Max described you was different.

I'm undercover.

She doesn't believe him and swings the bat.

Okay. I'm way undercover.

Prove it!

I knew her from way back. From time to time, you know... We'd get together. Mess around, you know?

Wrong.

Julie swings for real, nearly taking Burnett's head off.

Okay. Okay. So I exaggerated. It's a man thing.

She swings again, but he's had enough, he moves quickly, catching the bat with his hand and ripping it away from her.

You know what? You don't wanna believe me? That's fine with me! Go it alone.

Burnett heads toward the open door. Julie's veneer drops as she shrinks to the floor.

(CONTINUED)
JULIE
I saw it all... I watched him shoot her. Like she was nothing.
(trying to hold it together)
Please shut the door.

BURNETT
You don't got any more golf clubs or bats, do you? Nothin' that you can swing at me, do you?

She shakes her head. He carefully steps forward.

BURNETT
Then lemme introduce myself. I'm Mike Lowrey. And I'm here to help you.

JULIE
You're not what I expected.

BURNETT
Yeah, well neither are you. You swing like Barry Bonds.

Burnett nods and crosses over to help Julie to her feet.

BURNETT
Alright. Look here, I need to know if you've called anybody. Or if you told anybody else where you are?

JULIE
No. Nobody.

BURNETT
Good. You got a back door?

Julie nods, scoops up one of her dogs and grabbing another modeling bag off the table.

JULIE
Where are we going?
(as she stuffs the dog into the tote)

Duke!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

BURNETT
Protective custody.

JULIE
(pulls away)
Whoa! Fuck that. I'll only deal with you. Otherwise, I'll take my chances.

Burnett's getting a "not again" look on his face when --

KUH-BOOM!

A SHOTGUN BLAST blows the front door open. Clutching the bag, Julie races around the living room.

BURNETT
Let's go!

JULIE
Luke?! Where's my other dog?!

BURNETT
Fuck the dog!

Burnett sees the second dog cowering in the corner. So he lunges over, scoops the dog up.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

FRONT DOOR

As the remaining parts are kicked in from the outside. It's Casper, Noah and Kuni!

BURNETT AND JULIE

Racing through the apartment toward the back door, Burnett wheels with the GUN and FIRES just as Kuni rounds a corner with the SHOTGUN. The room ERUPTS with plaster spray and NOISE. Julie shrieks, and Burnett shoves her through the back door, then spins and FIRES. Kuni tumbles and dies from multiple hits.

EXT. JULIE'S BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Julie leads him down a metal stairway. BULLETS RICOCHET left and right.

(CONTINUED)
A96 EXT. ALLEY BESIDE JULIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

FOLLOW Burnett and Julie as they race through the grungy alley to his station wagon --

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The cafe is between Julie's front door and the Volvo. Casper appears, FIRING his GUN. People scatter and scream. BULLETS RIP all about.

CUT TO:

VOLVO

Burnett STARTS the ENGINE and lurches out into the street.

NOAH'S POV

The plates on Burnett's Volvo.

INT. VOLVO - IN MOTION

One DOG starts to BARK.

BURNETT

Fine time to bark. Where were you when they were comin' up the walk?

(beat)

Shit. Bet they got a look at my license plates. If you saw him again, would you remember the guy who shot Max?

JULIE

All I remember is one of them had really bad hair. Where are we going?

BURNETT

I told you, I'm putting you into protective custody...

JULIE

(cuts him off)

No way. Listen, no offense, but I don't trust anybody.

BURNETT

Yeah. I noticed.

(CONTINUED)
JULIE
Believe me, it's not a new thing. Especially when my life is at stake. I read the newspaper you know, people disappear all the time.

BURNETT
(exasperated again)
Fine. So what do you want to do? Where will you feel safe?

JULIE
I didn't really think about it. I guess it's your place or a plane ticket. Your place is cheaper. So you choose.

BURNETT
My place? Okay, good. No, wait. My place is wrong.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JULIE
Wrong?

BURNETT
I mean right. As in good. My place is good. We'll go there first.
(confirm)
My place.

EXT. LOWREY'S BUILDING - NIGHT
Burnett's Volvo pulls into the circular driveway of Oceanview Terrace.

INT. VOLVO - CONTINUOUS ACTION

BURNETT
Wait here.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT
Burnett walks over to CHET, the doorman, a shifty little guy who's always got his hand out. He's sitting on a folding chair reading Penthouse Forum.

CHET
Detective Burnett... Mr. Lowrey is out...

BURNETT
He told me I could use the place tonight...

CHET
Didn't mention it to me.

Chet holds out his hand. Burnett slips him ten. Chet sneaks a peek over at the car, sees Julie putting on lipstick.

CHET
Say. How's that Mrs. Burnett?

Burnett realizes this is going to cost him more. Gives him another ten. But for Chet it's still not enough.

CHET
Your children good? Mr. Lowrey says you got a regular baby factory goin' over there.
101 CONTINUED:

BURNETT
(all his money)
Here. And if that's not enough,
I'm gonna run you in for extortion.

CHET
Now that I think about it, Mr.
Lowrey did mention something
about giving you the key.

102 INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - NIGHT

The door opens, Burnett gropes awkwardly in the dark
for the light switch. Finally finds it.

BURNETT
I forgot I had those switches moved.
Welcome to Casa del Lowrey.

Julie enters, looking left and right, cautious but
impressed by the stylish digs.

JULIE
Nice... very nice. All this on a
cop's salary?

BURNETT
I uh... I invest.

JULIE
Right. What was your last pick?
A horse in the number two race at
Pimlico? Or did a bookie give you
an inside tip.

CLOSE ON WINE RACK

Which Julie runs her hands across labels. All French.

BURNETT
-- My father invests... Listen.
You must be tired --

JULIE
I'll ask you this only once, Mike.
Are you on the take? And if you
say no and I discover you're lying
to me, I'll walk. Are we clear?

(CONTINUED)
**BURNETT**

Fair enough. I'm not on the take. Satisfied? Good. So... why don't you make yourself at home? Here's the T.V. remote. Watch yourself some 'Gilligan's Island' reruns or somethin'.

 Hits "ON" button. Instead of TV, the room immediately becomes a seduction den: lights dim, romantic music.

**BURNETT**

Heh -- all these damn things look alike.

(switches it off)

Well, gotta run... There's probably a couple of good steaks in the fridge for the dogs. Help yourself to whatever.

(starts to go)

I'll check on you in the morning.

**JULIE**

Where are you going?

**BURNETT**

Uh, back to the P.D. I got paperwork back on my desk to go through that's about this high.

(to his armpits)

And now there's you, so that makes it this high.

To his neck.

**JULIE**

You mean, you're going to leave me alone? In your place. With all your stuff?

**BURNETT**

Why shouldn't I? Are you a thief or a vandal?

**JULIE**

Of course not. And I'm not a call girl, either.

**BURNETT**

I didn't ask.

**JULIE**

I know you didn't. I just thought you should know.

(CONTINUED)
BURNETT
Okay. Important lesson. Julie's not a call girl. Can I go now?

JULIE
Just one more thing.

Julie steps forward and wraps her arms around Burnett. It's a one-way hug. Uncomfortable, Burnett doesn't reciprocate other than a palsy pat on the back.

JULIE
Thank you. For everything.

BURNETT
Don't mention it.

Burnett tries to break toward the door when the PHONE RINGS. Burnett stares at the phone, not knowing what to do.

JULIE
Aren't you going to --

LOWREY'S MACHINE (V.O.)
Hi. You're live with Lowrey.
Leave it at the beep.

The PHONE BEEPS.

YVETTE (V.O.)
Miiike... it's Yvette... I know I told you I don't date cops. And I know I told you I wouldn't sleep with a man I wasn't going to marry. But I've been thinking -- and I remember when you said thinking was a dangerous thing -- so I started feeling... well, lonely. Remember when you gave me that key --

Burnett charges over and shuts OFF the MACHINE.

BURNETT
It's uh... It's uh...

JULIE
You don't have to explain.

Finally, they've reached consensus. Burnett grins and is out the door.

BURNETT
Lock the door. Don't open it for anybody.
INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

As Burnett is racing back through to the car, he sees Chet behind the desk and stops.

BURNETT
Listen, Chet. The girl? She's a witness. I'm gonna be gone for about an hour. Do me a favor. Keep your eye out, okay?

CHET
You know, Mr. Burnett. I'm getting off in just a few minutes, so... I could watch the door if you like. You know. In a chair. I could just sit in it. Outside the door like cops do when they're guarding shit.

BURNETT
Just keep an eye out.

Heads for the door.

CHET
Yeah, I was gonna be a cop, you know? Just didn't work out. You know? Politics.

INT. BURNETT HALLWAY

As Doris storms toward her bedroom, Burnett trails her, apologetically --

DORIS
Don't you 'Honey Baby' me --

BURNETT
-- I swear, baby, it's nothing. I was on the job --

As she gets to the bedroom, Doris wheels around --

DORIS
And you just happened to lose your wedding ring -- 'on the job?!

He looks down at his ringless finger --

BURNETT
No! No! I got it right here...

(CONTINUED)
He hastily fishes into his jacket pocket, but too late -- Doris slams the door in his face, LOCKS it.

OFF Burnett's pained expression --

INT. MIAMI PD - HALLWAY - DAY

Burnett and Lowrey on the move.

(CONTINUED)
If you were a real partner, instead of some no-backup, hot doggin', car chasin', skirt sniffin' motherfucker, I would be gettin' down to business with my wife instead of stuck in this situation.

LOWREY
Yeah. Thanks for the get-well card.

INT. POLICE BASKETBALL GYM

Howard is in sweats, awkwardly shooting free throws as his morning workout. Parked on either side of the hoop, Lowrey and Burnett patiently retrieve each missed ball and send it back to him.

BURNETT
Chief. I tried to set the girl up with a sketch artist but she won't. I tried to get her to come in and look at the mug books and she won't come in.

HOWARD
She'll only deal with Mike Lowrey.

He tosses a brick.

BURNETT
That's right. So let her deal with the real Mike Lowrey! Who, I might add, shoulda been there to take the call instead of runnin' off like a hot dog without any backup.

Howard fires another missed shot. He's so bad, it's all Burnett and Lowrey can do to keep from spiking the ball.

LOWREY
Hey. I'm not the one who left a strange hooker alone in my apartment. You know, she's probably on the street sellin' all my shit as we speak.

BURNETT
I had to stash her somewhere! She's scared shitless... just like her dogs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LOWREY
Dogs, too? I got Persian rugs, man. I'm going home... explain the whole thing, take her to the Motel Six, she'll understand...

HOWARD
Not a good idea.

(brick)
Until she I.D.s the shotters, he's Mike Lowrey. Could take a coupla hours. Could take all day. You got a computer with a modem?

BURNETT
Big computer. Expensive --

LOWREY
Yeah, I got a computer and you shouldn't touch it. It took me weeks to get it set up the way I want it and I don't want amateurs messing with it.

HOWARD
(brick number four)
Burnett. I'll have Francine give you the user code for the computer files and you can run pictures for the girl on Lowrey's super duper computer.

BURNETT
So what about me? I can't tell my wife I'm shacked up with a female witness! Besides, I think they made my car last night... I gotta stay close to home, just in case.

HOWARD
Easy. Lowrey moves into your house. And you're on special assignment.

Another brick.

LOWREY
No way! I'm not living in that zoo.

BURNETT
My house ain't no zoo!
HOWARD
Enough! You're him, he's you! Until she makes the shooters and we get the dope back, I don't care what you have to do, just make it work!

Lowrey and Burnett feel hammered by Howard. Upon retrieving his final brick, Lowrey passes to Burnett, who feeds back Lowrey with a heel kick to the rim. And Lowrey slams the ball home. They exit with Howard simply staring.

INT. BURNETT BEDROOM - DAY

Burnett's tossing some things into an overnight bag. Theresa watches him, concerned.

THERESA
You never had to go to Cleveland on police business before.

BURNETT
Cleveland's where they collared the dealer. And that's where I gotta go to testify.

THERESA
But what about us? The neighborhood's had all break-ins. I won't feel safe if you're --

BURNETT
Honey. I wouldn't go if I didn't have the most trustworthy man I know to look after my family...

THERESA
Oh, no, Not Lowrey. Not in my house.

BURNETT
Yes, Lowrey. I trust him with my life and, I most certainly trust him with yours.

THERESA
Why don't they send him to Cleveland?

BURNETT
Baby. It's a Federal subpoena. I'm the witness. I'm the one who has to testify. Case closed. I'm the one going to Cleveland. Lowrey's staying here.
Theresa stands at the door with arms crossed. Meanwhile, Burnett throws his bag in the trunk of the Porsche. He and Lowrey trade car keys, the Porsche for the Volvo.

**BURNETT**
Don't forget to put Snail Guard on my lawn.

**LOWREY**
Just leave Cleveland the way you found it.

Burnett climbs in, waves out the window.

**BURNETT**
Bye-bye, Theresa. Be good, kids.

Lowrey joins Theresa on the porch. Mockingly he puts his arm around her and waves.

**THERESA**
Why's he taking your car?

**LOWREY**
(seething)
He's dropping it off at the mechanic on the way to the airport. The engine needs an overhaul... or will by the time he gets there.

The Porsche heads down the block with a GRINDING of GEARs. Lowrey winces and heads for the Volvo when Theresa gets in his way.

**THERESA**
Where you think you're going? I got a list here of things that Marcus was supposed --

**LOWREY**
-- that Marcus was supposed to do. That's right. Marcus. Not Mike. 'Cuz Mike's a cop on a case with no time to waste.

Lowrey's in the Volvo and pulling away as fast as he can.
111  EXT. BOATYARD - ESTABLISHING - DAY

One of Miami's famous canals, derelict ships are docked and rusting. One such ship, an old freighter called the Mariana.

112  INT. FREIGHTER - LAB - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Noah THROUGH a maze of tight corners and stairwells INTO a single, massive hold converted into a drug-processing lab. Huge, bakery-sized mixing BOWLS CHUG on one side of the room while lab workers form the doughy, cut heroin into pizza-sized forms, and shovel them into tractor ovens on the other side of the room. When the pies come out, more lab assistants re-form the pies into keys.

ON FOUCHET

He's dealing with his 26-year-old chemist named ELLIOT.

    FOUCHET
    Okay. Explain it to me, Elliot.
    Why are we behind?

    ELLIOT
    The cutting agent is highly volatile. You can't cook it like you would a pizza. I had to gear the ovens down to half-speed.

    FOUCHET
    We already accounted for that, Elliot. It's in our fucking timetable. So what else?

Elliot is uncomfortable. He looks back at WALLY, his stoned-looking assistant, before forging ahead.

    ELLIOT
    There's too much moisture down here. The pies are taking longer to cook than we originally planned.

    WALLY
    Yeah. It's totally fucked.

    FOUCHET
    You. Shut up.
    (back to Elliot)
    Now, listen, you little pussy.
    We're not making pizza.

    (MORE)

    (CONTINUED)
FOUCHET (CONT'D)
We're making money. I gave you a
deadline. If you succeed, you're
a millionaire. If you fail,
you're a fuckin' corpse. And so
help me God, Elliot. If you give
me a fuckin' ulcer, I'll dig up
your dead mother and fuck her with
your severed dick, do you
understand? Christ --
(calls out)
Noah?! Bring me something for my
stomach! A fuckin' Snapple or
somethin'.

OMITTED

INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - DAY
Burnett enters and instantly those DOGS of hers are
YAPPING.

BURNETT
Shut up before I step on you...
Julie?

He drops his bags and heads into bedroom where...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION
Julie's fresh from a shower, towel about her and drying
her hair.

BURNETT (O.S.)
Julie!

JULIE
That you, Mike?

BURNETT (O.S.)
Yeah. It's me. Mike.

JULIE
At least your timing's good.
Can you bring me the lotion on
the nightstand?

Burnett enters. Julie has a towel wrapped around her
body.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JULIE

Thanks. So I was thinking...

Julie, obviously free with her body, suddenly drops the towel and starts applying lotion. Burnett averts his eyes, turning around a full one-eighty, but finds himself facing a mirror. Oops. Looks left, another shiny surface. Shit.

BURNETT

(to himself)
Crazy fuckin' woman.

He steps from the bathroom and stands outside the door.

JULIE

The guy who killed Max. Now, he was looking for the heroin that Eddie stole from him... Max went to the party as a favor to you. You're a dope cop, right?

BURNETT

Special Narcotics Division.

JULIE

So this isn't about Max's death at all. It's about dope.

BURNETT

We find the dope, we find our shooter, too.

JULIE

There's some powder in there, too. Can you hand that to me? (waits for an answer) Mike? Mike?

Burnett has disappeared into...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET

Burnett is going through Lowrey's extensive and meticulously coordinated wardrobe, shaking his way all the way through.

(CONTINUED)
116 CONTINUED:

BURNETT
Man, when this is over, I'm gonna get me somethin' better than quality time. It's gonna be me'n Theresa on a boat --

JULIE (O.S.)
Mike? I borrowed a T-shirt and some boxer shorts until we can somehow get back over to my place to pick up some clothes.

117 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Burnett exits the closet to find Julie brushing out her wet hair, wearing nothing but what she described, a T-shirt and pair of Lowrey's boxers tied up with a shoe string. This ensemble never looked so good.

BURNETT
Mug shots. We got mug shots to look at. 'Scuse me, I gotta hook into the P.D. computer.

He heads out of the bedroom.

JULIE
Hey, Mike. Who's the guy in all the pictures?

Burnett turns. And there behind Julie is a wall full of photos that he's never, ever noticed. Nearly all of Lowrey. All ego.

BURNETT
That guy? Well, that's Marcus Burnett, my partner.

Burnett gets closer and must look around until he finds the singular photo of the two of them. It's in a shitty frame, too.

BURNETT
There's the two of us, see? Me'n'...
(gestures to photos)
... My partner.

JULIE
Listen, Mike. I've known a lotta guys. And I've seen a good number of their bedrooms, okay? But I've never seen... I mean, look at it. It's like a shrine to him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BURNETT
Yeah. Okay. Sure, I can see how it looks that way. But you see... you see... It's uh... a cop thing.
(then it comes)
That's because I've put a picture up there for every time Marcus has saved my life.

JULIE
Saved your life?

BURNETT
I save his life. He saves mine. He's got the same thing in his house. Pictures of me. More, even. Good family man, that Marcus.

JULIE
Okay, but Mike. This is like a lot of pictures. I mean, this isn't something by the bedstand. This is a whole wall... And I know Max said you were just friends. That's why I was thinking, maybe... you could be... gay.

Burnett reacts, then recovers with...

BURNETT
Me? Gay? Are you outta your mind?

JULIE
I didn't mean to offend you.

BURNETT
It's a good thing that I'm secure in my manhood to see that you don't mean that. You know how many women I've had in that waterbed? Check the waves as they go by. Count 'em.
(turns back to living room)
Now, mug shots?

INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Burnett and Julie are sitting at the computer looking at mug shots dialed in from the police database. She fiddles with, but does not eat her salad, while stealing sideways glances from the computer screen to the nasty, bologna sandwich Burnett is eating.

(CONTINUED)
BURNETT
The shooter said four days until he makes the deal. What else did he say?

JULIE
Somethin' weird. Sounded like three angels... He wasn't worried because he had three little angels on his shoulders tellin' him something. I didn't get the rest.

(back to the mug shots)
I'm getting tired of looking at ugly people.

BURNETT
Just a few more and we can take another break.

JULIE
I don't wanna take a break. Then we'd have to talk and I got nothing to say to a cannibal.

BURNETT
A what?

JULIE
That was a living, breathing consciousness. It felt joy. Sadness. Maybe it even had a name.

BURNETT
What had a name.

JULIE
That flesh you're shoveling into your mouth.

BURNETT
(stops chewing)
It's just bologna.

JULIE
It was alive. Some farmer fed it. Got it to trust him. Then blew its brains out, dumped it in a cement mixer with a ton of carcinogens and now you're eating it.
Burnett never looked at it that way. He starts to put it down.

JULIE
No. At least finish it so I won't have to look at it.
(back to the screen)
Let's look at some more ugly people.

ANGLE - COMPUTER SCREEN
It's a photo of Noah along with his extensive rap sheet.

JULIE
Wait. Hold it. Go back...
That's him! That's one of 'em.

BURNETT
You sure?

Julie nods. She's certain.

OMITTED

INT. BURNETT HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT
Lowrey is on the phone.

LOWREY
Captain Howard, please. It's Lowrey.

MEGAN (O.S.)
Uncle Mike --

Lowrey looks down to find little Megan pulling at his leg. She shows a picture book.

MEGAN
But I have to go now!

INT. BATHROOM - LOWREY AND MEGAN
Lowrey is standing just outside, portable phone in hand. He's trying to keep his voice low.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LOWREY
I just talked to Marcus. The
girl just I.D.'d one of the
shooters --

MEGAN
Uncle Mike!

LOWREY
Okay... Hang on, Cappy.
(starts reading
from the book)
This is Prudence and she has to
go potty. This is a potty.
Everyone has to poop and when they
do they use the potty.
(turns page)
Mommies poop.
(turns page)
Daddies poop.
(turns page)
Captain Howard poops. Even
doggies poop.

INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Burnett is cleaning up dog shit from one of Lowrey's
Persian rugs. The stain won't come out. So Burnett
tries a can that he's grabbed. It foams. Julie appears
with a pile of clean laundry in hand.

BURNETT
Your dog took a shit.

JULIE
And you used Pledge to clean it up?

BURNETT
(looks at can)
Lemon Pledge.

JULIE
Well, that makes a big difference.
You just varnished that into the
fabric. I'm sure it works great.

Burnett doesn't quite know what to do with the wad of
dog poop in paper towels still in his hand. Julie
snatches it from him and heads for the bathroom. Burnett
follows. He suddenly realizes that the clean clothes are
his.

(CONTINUED)
BURNETT
You cleaned my clothes?

JULIE
I just threw them in with mine.

BURNETT
You cleaned my clothes?

He's all appreciative until he notices something disturbing. A shirt of his has a large bleached area on it.

BURNETT
What's this??

JULIE
(shyly)
I had a little accident.

BURNETT
This is my favorite shirt. My lucky shirt.

JULIE
Sorry.

As Burnett starts to walk away...

JULIE
Listen, Mike. I don't have any of my clothes. I wanna go back to my place to get some.

BURNETT
Not going to happen.

JULIE
I need apparel. That and I need some food that's something more than a cold, slab of fear.

BURNETT
Slab of fear?

JULIE
All you got in the place are frozen steaks.

BURNETT
Alright. I left my wallet at the office so I'll give you some cash tomorrow.
INT. KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quincy and Jill are rapt as Lowrey does a quick security sweep, checking closets and window locks as he tells a bedtime story.

LOWREY (O.S.)
... so your daddy and I are trapped in this crack house in Little Havana. These dudes were real mean mothers... and they start coming at us with knives... Now I'm scared, thinkin' I'm out for the count when in comes your daddy like a Miami hurricane --

THERESA

Standing in the doorway. Hands on her hips.

LOWREY
Oh, hi, Theresa. Just tellin' the kids about --

THERESA
Thank you, but I'll tuck the kids in. Say good night to Uncle Mike.

QUINCY
But we want to hear the rest of the story...

Theresa silences Quincy with a look. Sensing his cue, Lowrey kisses the kids.

LOWREY
G'night, gang.

QUINCY AND JILL
G'night, Uncle Mike.
Lowrey is seated on the couch, loading clips and dressing his weapon on the coffee table. As he pours a Coke, Theresa appears at the bottom of the stairwell.

THERESA
If you were my husband, I'd poison that.

LOWREY
If you were my wife I'd drink it.

THERESA
Twelve years I'm married, Michael. And I never let Marcus bring his work home.

LOWREY
Just a harmless bedtime story. Thought the kids deserved to know about the hero they have for a dad.

THERESA
We don't need any violence in this household and we certainly don't need any more heroes. What we need is a father and a husband.

LOWREY
Husband? Theresa. He's your personal errand boy. You beep the poor S.O.B. every hour on the Goddamn hour? And why is it always about some useless bullshit that can wait until later. I mean, the guy's gotta job to do.

THERESA
You wanna know why I page him? Because until that phone rings, I don't know whether he's dead or alive. And lemme tell you. Those three minutes I'm waiting for him to call back? Those are the hardest three minutes for a cop's wife.

LOWREY
(toasts with the Coke)
Touche, Theresa.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

THERESA
Sheets and pillows are in the hope chest. I'll see you in the morning.

OMITTED

A127 EXT. BURNETT HOUSE - NIGHT
Noah's car is parked down the block.

INT. NOAH'S CAR - CASPER AND NOAH - NIGHT
With night vision goggles they glass the house.

INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - NIGHT
The camera starts on a beautiful shot of Julie sleeping in the bedroom, then pulls back and swivels to reveal Burnett on the couch. Gun laid across his chest. He lays awake while Luke and Duke sniff at his feet.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY
Lowrey unhappily pulls into the parking lot driving Burnett's dilapidated Volvo. Ruiz and Sanchez, walking from the cars, spot him and laugh as he climbs out of the wreck.

SANchez
Ooh, mean machine, Lowrey...

LOWREY
You should recognize trunk. It's the one you came to America in.

RUIZ
You don't come from Cuba by car, asshole.

Lowrey walks by his own cherished Porsche on the way in.

OMITTED

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY
Lowrey and Burnett on a roll.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BURNETT
I'm tellin' you, I've had it with this witness. I wanna go home and get back to my life as it was. I got married so I could stop lyin'.

LOWREY
Oh, please. Big fucking deal. You know what I had to do? I drove your kids to school this morning. Your son forgot his homework. So I had to drive him all the way back in that junker of yours --

(as if looking at Burnett for the first time)

What's that you're wearin'? Is that my new silk shirt? Is that my shirt?

BURNETT
Yeah. I know, it's a little big on me. But cool. I figure, what about it? If I'm gonna be Mike, might as well dress like Mike!

(singing)

I wanna be, I wanna be like Mike. Swish.

Lowrey's BEEPER SOUNDS. He checks out the number.

LOWREY
Ugh. I gotta call the wife.

BURNETT
The wife?

Lowrey finds the nearest phone and dials. Burnett is thinking Theresa?

LOWREY
Yeah, what's up, baby. Uh-huh.

(pulls out notepad)

Yeah. Okay. What else? You want me do what?

Lowrey glances over at Burnett who's clearly loving the fact that it's Lowrey's turn at errand boy. So Lowrey...

(CONTINUED)

Lowrey turns to block the phone, depressing the switch, but acting as if he's still on with Theresa.

LOWREY
Say, why don't you rent a movie or somethin'? Uh-huh.
(teasing laugh)
You're so silly.

Burnett's burning now.

LOWREY
So, baby. What you wearin'?

BURNETT
Gimme that phone.
(grabs it)
Hello, Theresa? Theresa!

LOWREY
Man, it's off. It was a joke.

BURNETT
Hey, man. Don't mess with me! That's the mother of my children. Don't break up a happy home.

A132 INT. SAVE-MORE DRUGS - MORNING (Formerly Sc. 207)

Lowrey is annoyed. He holds the list Theresa just gave him as they walk down the aisle.

LOWREY
Marcus, this is crazy. We are five minutes away from picking up this asshole and returning to our lives. And we're here doin' this shit. Where the fuck is it?

BURNETT
Hey. Don't ask me to find it for you. You're the expert on my wife.
LOWREY
You know, this is like some really bizarre shit that you're on right now. Your wife asked me to do this, and I'm doin' it. Besides, I'm you, remember?

BURNETT
You don't even know where you're going. You're in the wrong aisle.

Lowrey follows Burnett to the next aisle, where Burnett gestures to the wall of feminine hygiene products.

BURNETT
You think you know what Theresa needs, man, but I do this every month.
(challenges)
Just look for 'Fresh Days.'

Lowrey moves ahead. There's too much to look at.

LOWREY
You're unbalanced. Listen, I read the parole jacket on this guy Noah. Armed robbery. Attempted murder. He's a violent offender somethin' like nine times. Sweet guy. Not a single drug bust on his sheet.

BURNETT
So? He's a new recruit. Keep looking, will ya? 'Fresh Days.'

LOWREY
You know, it is a damn shame she makes you buy this stuff.

BURNETT
Hey, this what husband's do.

LOWREY
Terrible fuckin' job.
(examining shelves)
It's like shaving cream. They're all the same. Fresh. Free. Confident. Secure.
(grabs a box)
Super wide? What the fuck? We're takin' this one.

(CONTINUED)
Burnett snatches Lowrey's box and puts it back on the shelf.

**BURNETT**
Hey, man, look! You're not even reading. These are panty liners, okay?

A woman chooses this moment to walk by.

**BURNETT**
That's a whole 'nother category of thing! Man, for a guy that spends all his time chasing pussy, you sure don't know much about the woo woo.

(beat)
Here it is. Fresh Days. You pay for it.
EXT. GRUNGY TRAILER PARK - DAY

Burnett and Lowrey park and pop the trunk. Inside are guns and uniforms.

BURNETT
What are we gonna be today? Postal Inspectors or Water and Power?

LOWREY
Water and Power.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Approaching are Burnett and Lowrey, but now they're dressed in shorts and T-shirts with bright orange vests and caps reading "Water and Power." And as Lowrey knocks on the door.

CLOSE ON HEAVY LINK CHAIN

Wrapped around a pink refrigerator. It moves.

BURNETT
What do you think the chain's for?

LOWREY
I dunno. Maybe some kind of hurricane anchor.

They knock again. The chain jerks slightly.

BURNETT
Well, the anchor just moved.

Both turn and look. And the chain is moving. At first, it simply sways back and forth, then it pulls taut and the FRIDGE JOLTS! A deep, GUTTURAL NOISE sounds. From around the corner, a shadow grows large. Lowrey and Burnett instinctively withdraw their guns and aim just as a LION rounds the corner, teeth bared, claws tearing at the deck.

The door swings open.

Burnett pushes Lowrey inside just as the big cat lunges.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Lowrey and Burnett are holding the door against the GROWLING LION.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WOMAN (O.S.)
Who are you?!

Lowrey and Burnett heave, then turn. They're equally shocked to find a huge, three-hundred-pound WOMAN in nothing but her underwear.

BURNETT
AAAAAAAAAAAA-Animal Control!

WOMAN
But your uniforms say Water and Power!

LOWREY
We're undercover! Now, we're lookin' for the owner of that animal.

WOMAN
Listen. The cat don't belong to me. It belong to my brother. And I don't know where he is.

BURNETT
That's too bad. Because his lion's tied to your trailer. So you gotta move the beast. Or move the trailer.

WOMAN
Move the trailer? Move it to where?

LOWREY
Everglades. Only part of South Florida that's zoned for Wild Kingdom shit. 'Course, the crocks down there'll probably eat your brother's cat.

WOMAN
But he loves that lion! Raised him from a little kitty!

BURNETT
Well, little kitty's gonna be gator bait 'less you suddenly remember where your brother is.

By the look on her face, her memory is coming back.
EXT. LOWREY'S BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Lowrey and Burnett pull up in the unmarked police car. Chet is there to help with the door.

CHET
(to each of them)
'Morning, Mr. Lowrey. 'Morning, Mr. Lowrey.

Burnett grabs Lowrey and yanks him toward the elevators.

INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Keys in the door and Burnett and Lowrey enter the apartment. Julie's DOGS run up to them, YAPPING.

BURNETT
It's me, Julie...

Julie enters from the bedroom, dressed in something hot with the tag still hanging from a sleeve.

JULIE
I'll be ready in just a minute. I thought I'd have you tell --

She stalls at the sight of Lowrey, a little spark of interest passes between them.

JULIE
Hi. I'm Julie. You must be Marcus.

(hand outstretched)
I recognize you from all the photographs. Nice to meet you.

(turns around for Burnett)
What do you think?

LOWREY
Very nice. The occasion?

JULIE
He said we were going to a club tonight.

BURNETT
Yes. We were going to a club. As in me and my partner. 

(CONTINUED)
JULIE
Oh, that's fuckin' swell! And you
call this protective custody? I'm
here all day. I'm alone and scared.
And all I got to protect me is Chet
the doorman --

LOWREY
What's that on the rug? Looks
like... a stain?

Teeth grit.

JULIE
It was my babies, Luke and Duke.
They get nervous in new
surroundings. I offered to pay
for the cleaning, but Mike
wouldn't hear of it --

Lowrey spots rings from glasses on the table.

LOWREY
And have you ever heard of a new
invention called the 'coaster'?

As he tries buffing the table with his sleeve.

CLOSE ON JULIE
She might be catching on here.

JULIE
Marcus, you act like it's your
place.

BURNETT
What?

LOWREY
No. It's not my place. My wife.
She's a designer. She decorated
the whole place at a discount just
for Mike. And when she hears about
how he's been taking care of --
(glares witheringly
at dogs)
Off the couch!

Lowrey chases the dogs into the bedroom. One of the dogs
runs out with a Cole Hahn loafer in his mouth. They both
follow him into the bedroom.
INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM

Where the lock on the front door turns. The door opens. A mysterious WOMAN in an overcoat, sunglasses and spiked heels enters.

WOMAN

Mike?

The Woman strips off the overcoat -- under which she's breathtakingly naked, save for a garter belt and stockings. She drapes the coat over the nearest chair.

WOMAN

I'm feeling really nasty right now.

Burnett is first to appear from the bedroom -- and his expression goes off the charts. Startled, the woman shrugs back into her coat.

WOMAN

Who the hell are you?

Burnett charges her, instantly ushering her to the door.

BURNETT

How did you get in here?

Julie and Lowrey return from the bedroom.

WOMAN

I have a key. But, Mike...

BURNETT

(whispers)

Maybe you should call first next time. What's your name?

WOMAN

Yvette!

BURNETT

You don't quit stalking me, Yvette, I'm gonna place your ass under arrest! -- 'Bye!

Burnett slams the door. She's SCREAMING on the other side, POUNDING the door with her fists, and cursing in mad Spanish. Finally she stomps off down the hall.

LOWREY

'The hell's going on out here??

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BURNETT
Just that crazy Yvette, stalking me again.

Lowrey could kill.

LOWREY
Yvette!? You didn't just send away Yvette?

BURNETT
That woman's into some weird shit.

Julie's confused, to say the least.

JULIE
(to Burnett)
So, Mike. Any other spontaneous naked women with keys, that we should know about?

BURNETT
We, as in Marcus and I, are going to Club Hell. We're gonna nail this Noah guy and get him to give up Max's shooter. Anyone got a problem with that?

JULIE
I feel safer now.

She turns and exits back into the bedroom. Burnett's about to follow when Lowrey swings him outside the doorway and gets into his face.

LOWREY
You are ruining my life!

BURNETT
Yeah, well this case is messin' with mine, too.

OMITTED

A139
EXT. CLUB HELL - NIGHT

The ultimate Miami night scene. A long line of local and Hip and cool couples are waiting. Lowrey and Burnett appear at the front of the line, coolly flashing their badges to a hipster couple.

(CONTINUED)
Hey, man. Got some bad news. Your car got busted into. There's some uniformed boys in the parking lot wanting to ask you some questions.

Pissed and panicked, the hipster pair head for the parking lot, while Lowery and Burnett take their place near the front of the line.
INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Julie, still dressed for the evening, paces back and forth. Frustrated, she rips the tag from her dress, and sits back down at the computer. She plays with the keyboard and Noah's mug shot pops back into view. She stares at it a little too intently. Images flash in front of her, the sights and sounds of Max's death replaying itself in her mind.

Snapping out of it, determined, she gathers her bag and exits.

INT. CLUB HELL - NIGHT


INT. CLUB HELL - OFFICE - NIGHT

High above the room, Fouchet looks out upon the dance floor with both Noah, Casper, and Ferguson behind him.

FOUCHET
My three little angels told me I'd get a visit from the cops tonight and there they are.
(turns and orders)
When they split up, we'll drop the tall one and get the other one to lead us to the girl.

INT. CLUB HELL - NIGHT

Lowrey and Burnett move to the bar. There's a huge fishtank behind it.

LOWREY
I say we split the room in half. Make our own moves. Hook back up at the bar in twenty minutes.

BURNETT
Sounds good to me.

Lowrey moves off and Burnett turns to the female BARTENDER.

BURNETT
Gin and tonic...
(smiling, with Lowrey's platinum card)
... And add twenty for yourself.
EXT. CLUB HELL VALET - LATER

Julie pulls up in Lowrey's Porsche. Before the valet can get to the door, she's opening Lowrey's glove box. In it there's a pistol. Julie mulls it over before removing it and stuffing it in her purse.

INT. CLUB HELL - NIGHT

Lowrey meets Burnett back at the bar.

LOWREY

Anything?

BURNETT

Bartender says he works here. But she hasn't seen him all night.

(finishing his drink)

I gotta make a pitstop.

INT. CLUB HELL - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

And, believe it or not, the other side of the fishtank behind the bar. Burnett's at the urinal, blissfully relieving himself when Casper appears at his side. There's that awkward men-don't-talk-at-the-urinal moment until Burnett leans over...

BURNETT

Oh, man. Budweiser...

CASPER

Excuse me?

BURNETT

Musta drank about a million Budweisers tonight, waitin' for my ol' friend Noah to show. Wouldn't know him, would ya? Guy practically raised me up from nothin'.

CASPER

Sorry. Never heard of him.

BURNETT

Too bad.

Burnett shrugs, zips and reaches to flush when --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON GARBAGE BAG

Which Casper wraps around Burnett's head. Burnett gags.

\[145\]

CASPER
Okay, hardon! Tell me where the girl is!

Casper slams Burnett into the mirror. Burnett struggles, reaching for anything, he comes up with the towel dispenser, rips it from the wall and starts pounding over Casper's head.

INT. BAR

Lowrey sips on a beer, totally unaware of what's happening on the other side of the fishtank.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Burnett rips the bag off his head, reaches for his gun. But Casper's there, lunging into him and lifting him up and into the fishtank.

INT. BAR - LOWREY

He's been watching the fish in the tank, but turns back toward the bar just at the moment of Burnett's impact. The tank cracks on the bathroom side and water begins draining, unbeknownst to Lowrey.

OMITTED

\[149\]

\[150\]

INT. MEN'S ROOM - BURNETT AND CASPER

Burnett's gun lays amongst the flapping carp and seaweed on the floor. Both Burnett and Casper go sliding across the wet floor and into a stall -- both reaching for the gun. Burnett's there a second too late. Casper's got the gun. He swings it onto Burnett and squeezes the trigger. But nothing happens. Burnett in turn, grabs Casper's ears and hammers the big guy's head into the toilet until he falls unconscious. Burnett picks up his gun.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BURNETT
Next time, learn how to work the
safety with your punk ass.
(as he cuffs Casper
to toilet)
Now where's my no good, no back-up
partner?

Through the busted fishtank, Burnett catches sight of
Lowrey, standing at the bar and making conversation with
one of the club beauties.

A152 INT. CLUB HELL - OPPOSITE BAR

Ferguson and Noah split wide and start their move on
Lowrey.

152 LOWREY AT BAR

He sees Julie charging across the dance floor. She's
heading right for him.

153 INT. CLUB HELL OFFICE - FOUCHET

He's watching Ferguson and Noah moving in for the kill
when Fouchet's POV SHIFTS from the dance floor TO Julie.

CLOSE ON FOUCHET

as he recognizes Julie. There's an instant "oh fuck"
look on his face as he realizes that the rules have
changed.

154 INT. CLUB HELL - DANCE FLOOR

Lowrey meets Julie halfway. He's got her by the arm and
is shouting over the loud music.

LOWREY
What the hell are you doing here?

JULIE
The guy who killed Max. I remember
something he said!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LOWREY
(starts moving her toward exit)
Well, whatever he said, you remember to tell me later.

SPLIT SHOTS - NOAH AND FERGUSON
Each moving through the crowd toward Lowrey and Julie. Guns with silencers held tight to their sides.

ON JULIE AND LOWREY

JULIE
Three little angels! The guy who killed Max said 'three little --

Julie sees Noah and freezes.

LOWREY
The music's too loud. What you say about angels?

Noah closes the gap. Through the crowd he draws down on Lowrey.

INT. CLUB OFFICE - NIGHT
He pounds on the window.

FOUCHET
Forget the cop. Kill the girl!

INT. CLUB DANCE FLOOR
Julie pulls the gun from her purse, shuts her eyes and starts FIRING wildly.

BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM!

The gun bucks and each shot goes wildly high. Noah dives for the floor.

INT. CLUB OFFICE - FOUCHET
He hits the deck as the WINDOW is SHATTERED by a random bullet.
INT. CLUB DANCE FLOOR - BACK TO SCENE

The room clears around Julie. Noah is back on his feet, once again with the gun. But...

LOWREY

Launches himself off a nearby table, soars over the frightened crowd and comes crashing down upon Noah. Both Lowrey and Noah tumble to the floor. Noah's gun skitters into the crowd. Noah chases for it, but can't find it. But --

FERGUSON'S

got a clear shot at Julie. He raises his gun, only to find Burnett's pistol at his ear.

   BURNETT
   Don't even think about it.
   (realizes)
   Julie?

   JULIE
   as she grabs Lowrey.

   JULIE
   That's him!

   LOWREY
   No shit!

Meanwhile, Noah's on his feet and hauling ass out of the club.

BURNETT AND FERGUSON

Burnett sees that Noah's on the run. So he cold-cocks Ferguson with the butt of his pistol and joins the chase.
EXT. CLUB HELL - LOWREY, BURNETT, AND JULIE - NIGHT

Appear at the door, charging down the steps toward the valet and commandering a Taurus that just pulled up. All three dive in. Burnett behind the wheel.

LOWREY
Lemme drive!

BURNETT
I'm driving. Buckle up.

Burnett hits the gas, the CAR SCREAMS around in a tight circle just as -- SLAM! -- Noah's sedan backs wildly across the road and crunches them. Noah throws a SHOTGUN over the back seat of his car and FIRES through the rear window. BLAM! Everybody ducks. Safety glass flies before Noah shifts gears and drives on.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - NOAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Noah's already up to 70 MPH, races through a yellow light, hangs a left. As the light turns red --

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

LOWREY
You're gonna drive through that, aren't you?

Burnett does, hauling through the light. Meanwhile, Lowrey has the bubble light in hand, reaches out the window to stick it on the roof, but it simply slides off. He reels it back in the car and hands it off to Julie.

LOWREY
Hold that.

INT. NOAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Noah is waving a SHOTGUN out the back -- FIRES --

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

rocks as one HEADLIGHT EXPLODES --

LOWREY
C'mon, lemme drive --

BURNETT
Do I backseat drive when you're trailing a hitman?
Both speeding cars, side by side. Then Noah cranks the wheel and slams the Taurus, sending it to the left of the divider. But --

NOAH

His wheels catch the island and the snaps, and rolls right into --

CLOSED GAS STATION

Noah's car clips the pumps. A geyser of gasoline sprays into the sky. Noah recovers from the roll. Throws his weight into the jammed door. It opens on the second shove.

CLOSE ON OVERHEAD CAR LIGHT

which ignites automatically.

WIDE SHOT - GAS STATION

It erupts in flames.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI STREET - GAS STATION - BURNETT, LOWREY AND JULIE

Just getting out of the car as the station blows. They shield themselves against the explosion.

BURNETT

There goes our only lead to the dope. We better call Howard.

JULIE

That's it. That's it. You're both crazy.

Julie takes a few steps away before she decides to give them the other barrel.

JULIE

Protect and serve. Sound familiar? Isn't that what you're supposed to do? 'Cuz I'd like to know whose butt you're protecting.

(CONTINUED)
LOWREY
I think we protected your uninvited butt pretty good back there.

JULIE
All you care about is getting your dope back. No, that's not all, you care about getting it back in a way that shows how fucking macho and tough you are. It's all some big testosterone contest. Well, fuck that.

As Julie walks in one direction, Burnett blows off in the other.

BURNETT
No more. Fuck this. I'm not goin' with it... No, I'm out. I'm out. Somethin's wrong with her. Crazy woman!

LOWREY
Chill, I'll handle it. (starts after Julie)

JULIE
Julie! Just wait a minute!

Burnett keeps moving and grousing while Lowrey chases Julie down and snags her by the arm.

LOWREY
Hey, hey. Just relax!
(looks for words)
Okay. It's true this whole thing started with missing drugs. But somebody I cared about. A lot. She got killed. And I'm not gonna lay down until this guy is dead or put away... And I promise you, we'll take care of you.

JULIE
That's what I'm afraid of.

Once again, Julie pulls away. But Lowrey's got her tight... and close. He digs deep.

LOWREY
Hey. What do I gotta say? I need you, okay? (then for real)
I need you.

Magic words. Julie's swayed, despite herself.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE
Do they teach charm at the academy?

LOWREY
Nah. Some smooth shit I got on my own.

He puts his arm around her and they walk back.

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERMATH - NIGHT

Police units surround -- flashing lights. Julie is shaken, waiting in the back of a police unit. Meanwhile, Ruiz and Sanchez join Burnett and Lowrey at the trunk of the toasted car. The fire crew crowbars open the lid. The trunk gives way to a ghastly, toxic smell. Everyone gags.

BURNETT
Jesus. What kinda shit was in there?

LOWREY
Smells like some kinda chemical.

BURNETT
We'll get a sample and drop it back at the lab. Meanwhile, why don't you two go on back to Club Hell and see what you can dig up on these bad guys.

INT. BURNETT HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

As Lowrey is checking the upstairs, he finds himself staring in on the sleeping kids.

LOWREY
One day, bro. Gotta get yourself some of them.

Lowrey hears SOBBING. He gently shuts the kids' door and heads down the hall to the:
Where Theresa sits amongst boxes of new clothes. Lowrey gives a polite rap on the door.

LOWREY
Hey, hey. That's not cryin' I hear.

THERESA
(wipes tears)
Oh, it's nothing... I just bought some clothes. It's been so long since I bought anything nice... I just wanted something to wear for Marcus when he got home. But nothing looks right...
(starts crying again)
He's slipping away from me, Mike. I can feel it.

LOWREY
(sits next to her)
Theresa. Listen to me. Nobody's slipping away from you. Especially not Marcus. You can take my word on that... As for the clothes...

Lowrey pulls a random item out of a box. It's hideous.

LOWREY
Okay. Just a minor fashion faux paux. Those cappuccinos at lunch can do that to you... See what else we got here.

181 INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Burnett is preparing the couch with a pillow and blanket when he sniffs at the air. Something foul. Burnett lowers his nose to the cushions. The smell gets worse.

182 INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Burnett crawls into the bed, fully clothed. This is awkward. Julie calls out from the bathroom.

JULIE (O.S.)
I'm really sorry about the dog pee. They must be traumatized by the new surroundings. I'll pay for new cushions.

(CONTINUED)
That's perfectly alright --

Julie suddenly flops on the bed, wearing a gorgeous nightgown.

JULIE
So, Mike. Can I ask you something?

BURNETT
Sure.

JULIE
Do you always come to bed with your clothes on? Or just when there's a woman in it?

BURNETT
I'm on protective duty. And I want you to feel... protected. So I'm dressed and ready. It's okay. I've done it before.

JULIE
Really. You think Marcus would wear clothes to bed while on protective duty?

BURNETT
Sure he would. It's a cop thing.

JULIE
Oh, I definitely have a cop thing, too.

BURNETT
You do?

JULIE
Well Marcus. He's very something... sexy. And the way I came in tonight, he was throwing everybody this way and that and he took control.

BURNETT
Well, I drove.

JULIE
I know. You drove well.

BURNETT
I shot the gas tank on the car.

(CONTINUED)
JULIE
That's right, you did. And it was exciting... But Marcus...
(bites her lip)
Something about him... His wife. What's her name?

BURNETT
Theresa. Why?

JULIE
I'll bet Theresa is takin' care of business right now.

BURNETT
What's that supposed to mean?

JULIE
You know, relieve his tension. A woman'll do anything to keep a man like that. You know what I mean? Tonight... made me a little bit horny, I guess. I think, maybe. It was the car chase. Or the guns and everything. I've never shot a gun before. Maybe it's the steel or something. I'm feeling a little... funny.

BURNETT
Funny?

JULIE
I don't know. Do you feel a little funny?

BURNETT
Yeah... I feel a little funny.

JULIE
Not that kind of funny.

BURNETT
What kind of funny?

JULIE
You know... (rubs him) Funny.

BURNETT
I gotta call Marcus.

Burnett's out of bed like a shot and headed for the living room.
A184  INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT  A184

Lowrey is admiring his work.

LOWREY
That's right. Turn around.

Theresa turns, looking transformed in the outfit put together by Lowery.

THERESA
You think he'll like it? I mean, I want him to, you know, want to...

The PHONE RINGS. Lowrey is talking and picking up the phone at the same time.

LOWREY
Want to? Baby. Someone I know's gonna burn you right to the ground. Get ready!
(then, into phone)
You're on the mic with Mike...
Hello?

184  INT. LOWREY'S LIVING ROOM  184

CAMERA is TIGHT ON Burnett's face. He's angry as he stares at the phone. His worst fears have been confirmed. He hangs up.
185 INT. LOWREY'S LIVING ROOM

An angry Burnett, pulling on a jacket, he throws some clothes at Julie.

JULIE
Usually the guy throws me out after he fucks me.

BURNETT
I'm different. I'm a cop. And now I gotta kill a guy.

186 INT. BURNETT HOUSE - NIGHT

From the top of the stairs we see and hear...

KIDS
G'night, Uncle Mike.

THERESA
Yeah. Good night, Uncle Mike.

LOWREY
G'night, everybody.

Lowrey's at the window. Parked just down the street is the same sedan. He goes for the phone and dials. Waits for an answer.

LOWREY
Hey, Sanchez. It's me Lowrey... Yeah? Same to you, pal. But listen. I got something you'll want a piece of.

187 INT. PORSCHE (BURNETT'S NEIGHBORHOOD) - NIGHT

GRINDING GEARS, Burnett stops around the corner from his house. He turns OFF the IGNITION and turns to Julie.

BURNETT
I got some jewelry for you.

Before Julie can respond, Burnett's cuffing her to the steering wheel.

JULIE
You prick! First you don't want me. Then you drag me out...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JULIE (CONT'D)

(then she gets it)
Oh, wait. I get it. You're one of those post-adolescent assholes who didn't get any car sex in high school --

BURNETT
Just shut the fuck up. I won't be long. Try and keep out of sight.

Burnett's out of the car with the keys. Julie yanks on the handcuffs, then goes for the glove box. But this time it's empty.

INT. SEDAN - FERGUSON AND CASPER - NIGHT

Casper spots Burnett nearing the house.

CASPER
There's our guy. Watch him.

INT. BURNETT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lowrey climbs under blanket on sofa, the back of which faces the window. Exhausted, he turns off light and closes his eyes. A beat. Burnett's face pops up furtively in window, his nose pressed against the glass, looking for evidence of adultery. He can't see Lowrey asleep on the couch. His head drops below the window frame, only to reappear in another window. Seeing nothing, he moves on.

EXT. BURNETT HOUSE - NIGHT

Burnett skulks into the side yard.

EXT. THERESA'S BEDROOM WINDOW - BURNETT'S POV

The light in Theresa's bedroom is on. He sees her silhouette against the curtain getting undressed.

EXT. SIDE YARD - BURNETT

He climbs the trellis to second story; boosts himself onto ledge, inches along. Stops to peer into a window when the ledge under his feet crumbles and...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BURNETT

falls. Landing flat on his back on the awning. His eyes close with a look that says "saved." But then as he moves. Something CREAKS.

INT. THERESA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Theresa hears SOMETHING and runs to the door and calls out.

THERESA

Mike!

In a heartbeat, Lowrey charges into Theresa's room in his underwear.

LOWREY

What's the matter?

THERESA

I heard a noise... I think someone's outside...

EXT. AWNING - BURNETT

Seemingly stuck, once again, he attempts to move. Another, even LOUDER CREAK, then --

AWNING

gives way. And Burnett crashes loudly into the garbage cans underneath. Lids and cans go every which way.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A lid rolls down and into the street.

INT./EXT. CASPER'S CAR - NIGHT

Casper and Ferguson look curiously as the lid rolls into the street.

EXT. UNDER AWNING - BURNETT - NIGHT

He crawls to his feet and as he looks up at the damage he's done --
195  EXT. THERESA'S BEDROOM WINDOW - BURNETT'S POV

He sees Lowrey in his underwear and Theresa in her nightgown as they part the curtains and look out.

196  EXT. SIDE YARD - BURNETT

In the bushes. He assumes the worst.

197  INT. THERESA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LOWREY
Go into the kids' room, turn the lights out and wait there until I come get you.

198  INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lowrey takes gun from holster, slams in clip.

199  EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Lowrey switches off the porch lights as he exits house, gun ready. Without warning, Burnett leaps from the bushes onto Lowrey's back.

LOWREY'S GUN

Tumbles into the flower bed. Lowrey reels with an elbow, dropping Burnett to the lawn. But Burnett rolls and clips Lowrey's legs. Lowrey falls. Crawls for his gun. Gets hold of it, turns and is ready to fire when --

CAR
drives past. The headlights, revealing Burnett.

LOWREY
Marcus! What the fuck --

BURNETT
... You doin' Theresa? Theresa!

LOWREY
What? Me and Theresa?

BURNETT
I hope you used protection... 'cause I don't want a fourth kid that looks like you!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Lowrey hauls back and belts him. Burnett tears into Lowrey and the two roll around on the lawn.

INT. SEDAN - FERGUSON AND CASPER

They can't believe their eyes.

FERGUSON

Wanna explain what this shit's about?

EXT. FRONT LAWN - BURNETT AND LOWREY

LOWREY

This whole deal has turned you stupid. You're seeing things that aren't there.

(CONTINUED)
BURNETT
(picks up a snail)
And I suppose this isn't here? You were going to put Snail Guard on the lawn, remember?

THERESA (O.S.)
Mike? Are you okay?

LOWREY
I'm fine, Theresa!
(whispers)
Will you get the hell out of here before she sees you! You're supposed to be in Cleveland.

BURNETT
Yeah, I wouldn't want to spoil your little arrangement!

LOWREY
And where's Julie? You didn't leave her again.

BURNETT
She's in the car. Got her cuffeed to the steering wheel.

Lowrey could kill now. He's on his feet, grabbing Burnett by the collar and shoving him up against the front door.

LOWREY
(through grit teeth)
Now, listen to me. Look over my right shoulder. What do you see ... I said look!

BURNETT
(looks)
Late model Ford. Two occupants.

LOWREY
Good. So who do you think's in there? Ed McMahon come to tell us we're sweepstakes winners?

BURNETT
Okay. What are we doing about it?

LOWREY
We're doing nothing. I've got it handled. In the meantime, you better get back to where you belong before I shoot you myself.

(CONTINUED)
Lowrey holds and watches Burnett run off to the Porsche, keeping the sedan in his periphery the entire time.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - PORSCHE - NIGHT

It pulls out and drives right past the sedan. Julie in full, animated view.

INT. SEDAN - FERGUSON AND CASPER

Casper sees the girl.

CASPER
Sonofabitch! There's the girl!

But just as they start the car. KUH-THUNK -- the CAR lurches.

FERGUSON
What the fuck?

EXT. BURNETT'S STREET - NIGHT

A tow truck has pulled up to the sedan and hooked it. Sanchez operates the winch and Ruiz GUNS the ENGINE.

SANCHEZ
Let's go!

The tow truck hauls away Ferguson and Casper stuck in the sedan.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURNETT HOUSE - FRONT YARD - LOWREY

On the front lawn. Satisfied grin on his face, he returns to the house.

EXT. ORANGE BOWL STADIUM - NIGHT

The tow truck wheels into the stadium and stops. Ferguson and Casper try to make their break, but the scene suddenly ignites as the Orange Bowl lights go on. Squad cars and about ten cops surround with guns and batons. Ruiz and Sanchez step from the tow truck.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RUÍZ
This oughta teach you not to fuck with a cop's family.

Then the lights go out.

INT. LOWREY BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

Burnett enters with Julie in tow. He looks defeated, grass stains on his clothes, mussed hair. And here comes Chet.

CHET
'Evening, Mr. Lowrey. May I have a word with you?
(pulls him aside)
I was thinking that... maybe I could see your gun. See, we don't allow guns up in the apartments. Mr. Lowrey usually checks his, here, at the desk with me... You want me to check yours?

Burnett pulls his gun. But doesn't hand it to Chet. He sticks it in Chet's face.

CHET
Oh, okay. It's just an option.

Burnett grabs Julie's hand and heads for the elevators.

A207 INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

A cigar-smoking Sinclair supervises the lock-down of the Special Narcotics Unit. Desks are being locked by IA suits.

BURNETT AND LOWREY

enter. Just as file cabinets are hand-trucked by them.

BURNETT
Hey. What's goin' on here?

LOWREY
Wait a minute. That's my desk!

Lowrey's going to make a move on Sinclair when Howard appears.

(CONTINUED)
Yeah, yeah. It's exactly how it looks. I.A.'s shutting us down. We're all being reassigned until their investigation is over. In here.

Howard pushes them into --

HOWARD'S OFFICE

Where Ruiz and Sanchez wait with one of last night's Henchmen. His face is horribly bruised.

SANCHEZ
He says he wants his lawyer.

RUIZ
Yeah, but we told him we were desperate men without no fuckin' jobs, so...
(prods the guy)
So?

HENCHMAN
Okay. All I know is his name. Foo-shay, I think. Got this heavy French accent. The word was he offs drug dealers. And there was quick cash for whoever had the balls enough to hook up with him. I swear, man, watchin' your house was my first gig for the guy.

Burnett stands over the Henchman and lifts his defeated chin to face him. Burnett has it in him to give the guy one more hard whack for good measure, but that bruised face proves punishment enough.

BURNETT
Yeah. I guess you're tellin' the truth.

HOWARD
I also got the lab report from the stuff you picked up in Noah's trunk.

He hands it off.

(CONTINUED)
LOWREY
(reading)
Insert substance... Highly volatile drying agent? The greedy motherfucker! He's cutting the dope.

BURNETT
Yeah, but Julie told me his ship comes in on Friday? You wanna tell me who can cut a hundred mil worth a dope in five days? You'd need whole lotta time cards to make that kinda date.

LOWREY
Or one really smart sonofabitch.

HOWARD
We're in the shit, boys. And there ain't gonna be any more time cards for this unit unless somebody pulls a miracle out of their ass.

EXT. UNMARKED CAR OUTSIDE TIRE EMPORIUM - DAY
Julie's handcuffed to the steering wheel again, semi-draped in the front seat. She can't believe it.

JULIE
I'm getting really tired of this shit!
Two old codgers are trading stories in front of JOJO, a white boy with rasta dreadlocks.

BURNETT

Hey, Jojo.

Through the office window, Jojo sees Burnett and suddenly bolts out the rear door and runs smack dab into Lowrey, who body checks him back up against the office door.

LOWREY

Good runnin' into you, Jojo.

Now Burnett has pushed Jojo up onto the sink. Lowrey hangs back, vibrating with anticipation.

BURNETT

Hey, calm down. A little rap, that's all. We're lookin' for someone who can step on a shitload of heroin. And do it real fast, and real well. We're lookin' for a pro.

JOJO

I'm in the rubber business now.

BURNETT

We're not playin' around with you, Jojo. You know what we want.

JOJO

I'm tellin' you straight up, like a straight fuckin' arrow, okay? I'm straight as a board. I'm so straight it's fuckin' sick.

BURNETT

Now there's a lotta dope, Jojo. Who can cut it quick?

JOJO

You mean, cut it... cut it up, yeah. I don't know anything about anything.

Lowrey's had it. He pulls his gun and pushes in.

(CONTINUED)
JOJO
Hey, man. I can't believe you're puttin' a gun on me. You're a cop. I turn you into 'Hard Copy,' man. Put you on the T.V. set.

BURNETT
What are you doin', man?

As Burnett tries to intercede, they talk over each other.

LOWREY
We don't got time for this. Jojo, I'm gonna kill you, man. I've got fifteen bullets and I'm gonna fill your rasta ass fulla some hot shit...
(reaches behind his back)
Wait. Wait.

BURNETT
Mike. Chill with that. No. Don't do it! This is illegal! He's just a white ganja-smokin' motherfucker. He ain't worth it.

Wait. Wait.

Burnett pushes in one last time and tries to talk Lowrey back. Lowrey acts like he lost it. He pulls another gun and points it at Burnett.

LOWREY
Back up. I'm gonna bust your fuckin' ass too.

BURNETT
Right on. Jojo, you're on your own.
(as he walks away)
I'm sorry for you, Jojo. I was on your side. I'll just be over here. I don't want no skull fragments or brain shit on me. When that shit flies, it don't wash off.

CLOSE ON JOJO
scared shitless. He's gonna die. These are some crazy motherfuckers.

BURNETT
(chimes in again)
Remember, partner. He's no good to us if you splatter his ass.

(CONTINUED)
JOJO
Okay, okay. I definitely don't know for sure. But I know a little for sure. Three guys... well, two guys and one of them's dead. Crazy rocket-scientist, Einstein fuckin' guy. Got some rich mommy and daddy. Tell you where he's at.

LOWREY
(holsters guns)
Man, it's a good thing you got your memory workin'. Cuz that dead man paperwork is a bitch.
Staked out around the corner are Burnett and Lowrey. Each is clearly tired of the other. The silence is deadly until Julie breaks the silence.

JULIE
So where's the coffee and donuts?

BURNETT
What?

JULIE
I thought that was the usual menu when cops were on stakeout. A little caffeine for the heart. Some sugar-coated dough fried in day old grease.

LOWREY
Man. Will you get off this? You're making me sick.

JULIE
Oh, I'm sorry, Marcus. All these hours on the case, you must miss Theresa's home cooking.

(near Lowrey's ear)
Bet last night she fixed you up something yummy and left it in the microwave for you.

Burnett starts to steam.

LOWREY
Yeah. Somethin' yummy.

JULIE
I imagine there was something yummy waiting for you when you finally made it to bed --

BURNETT
(wheels)
Listen, lady --

But Burnett's face ignites with headlights at their rear. Doors open. Lowrey checks the rear-view mirror. He sees two private security cops named DE SOUZA and TOWNE. They split and approach either side of the unmarked sedan.

LOWREY
Oh, man. It's the fuckin' pretend police.

(continues)
BURNETT
Be nice. After tomorrow we might need 'em for a job reference.

Lowrey rolls down his driver's window in time to hear...

TOWNE
Well, what do we have back here? Looks like we got us two pimps and a hooker.

DE SOUZA
Hey, fellahs. Maybe if she does us both we'll let you leave with your pride intact.

LOWREY
Excuse me. One moment. (rolls up the window) Let's fuck with these bozos.

Burnett nods his approval. Lowrey lowers the window.

LOWREY
Now, where were we?

TOWNE
Outta the car. Hands where we can see 'em. Feet spread.

Both hobby cops open the doors for Lowrey and Burnett respectively. Looks pass between them as they step out and assume the positions. And Towne starts by frisking Burnett's shoulders.

BURNETT
Oh, that's not how you frisk a potential lawbreaker. You gotta start at the waistband. See if he's carrying a piece.

Towne stalls a beat, then self-consciously goes to Burnett's waistband where he feels a --

TOWNE
Gun!

Both hobby cops instantly withdraw, their own pieces drawn and leveled on Burnett and Lowrey.
LOWREY
Whoah. You better watch it, fellahs!
(very slowly)
You know, it would be very bad if you shot and killed two helpless pimps and a call girl...
But it would be even worse if you shot two policemen and their witness on a stakeout.

Looks pass between the hobby cops.

LOWREY
(slowly turns)
Now I'm reaching slowly for my shield... very slowly... here it comes... just about got it...
(reveals his badge)
Ooh, look at that. It's a detective's shield! All gold and shiny. A smart fellah wouldn't fuck with somebody who had one of these in his pocket. So... Let's see. I guess that makes us policemen. And you...

BURNETT
Not.

He shows his shield. Both hobby cops lower their guns, unsure about what's next. Burnett moves in.

BURNETT
Now, some rent-a-cops have licenses to carry weapons, where others do not. Which might you be? You wouldn't happen to have those permits handy, would you?

From the looks on the hobby cops' faces, Julie can see that they don't.

JULIE
Guess we know the answer to that one.
210 EXT. UPPER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT (LATER)

De Souza and Towne lay face down and cuffed on the pavement while the CAMERA LIFTS BACK TO the car.

BURNETT
I bet you miss your wife, kids...
I bet you miss them a whole lot.

LOWREY
I don't worry. They're in good hands.

211 INT. BURNETT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Theresa gives a peek out the window. There's another suspicious car on the street.

212 EXT. BURNETT'S STREET - UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Sanchez and Ruiz are on protective duty in front of Burnett's house.

SANCHEZ
Are you kidding, man? Desi was the brains behind the whole operation. That's why they called their company Desilu. Desi was first. Lucy second. Get it? Desi-Lu?

213 INT. LOWREY AND BURNETT'S CAR - DAWN

Coral Gables stakeout. Julie's passed out and, once again, sleeping in the rear of the car. In the glow of the faltering streetlights and the approaching dawn, she couldn't look more beautiful. And from his post in the driver's seat, he's looking at her with a longing that goes well beyond lust. Then Burnett breaks the silence.

BURNETT
Two o'clock. The red Civic.

214 EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - BURNETT'S POV - TELEPHOTO ANGLE FROM STAKEOUT CAR - DAWN

Elliot shutting the door to his little red Civic, jangling keys as he's hurrying up the walk to the front door. He looks like he hasn't slept or showered in days.
INT. STAKEOUT CAR - DAWN

BURNEWT
Let's just hope he didn't come home for a nap.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Elliot exits the house in a hurry. Hair wet from a shower and fresh change of clothes. He fumbles with the keys to his Civic, gets in and drives.

INT. STAKEOUT CAR - MORNING

LOWREY
I'm on him.
(to Julie)
Hey, buckle up back there.

JULIE
Wha...?

Lowrey has the keys in the ignition and is stomping on the gas.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - MORNING

Tailing scene as Lowrey and Burnett tail Elliot through morning traffic.

EXT. BOAT YARD - MORNING

Lowrey and Burnett's unmarked sedan stops about two hundred yards from the freighter.

EXT. BOAT YARD - DRUG FREIGHTER - TELEPHOTO POV - MORNING

Elliot's out of the car in a flash and crawling aboard the ship. But as he disappears, Casper appears with his own pair of binoculars.

INT. STAKEOUT CAR (BOATYARD) - MORNING

BURNEWT
They've made us. Let's move.

Lowrey FLOORS it.
INT. LOWREY AND BURNETT'S CAR - EN ROUTE - MORNING

Lowrey's driving in his typical, pedal to the metal style while Burnett talks on the radio.

BURNETT
Yeah. Tell Howard to assemble the troops. We just made the dope lab. We'll be at the P.D. in one hour.

JULIE
So what am I gonna do?

LOWREY
You're gonna keep your sweet ass nice and quiet back at my place.

JULIE
What?

LOWREY
Mike's place. I said Mike's.

Lowrey rolls his eyes. He can't wait for this to end.

INT. BURNETT KITCHEN - MORNING

Typical pandemonium. Theresa is making/serve breakfast while the TV BLARES. Quincy is channel surfing on the TV when he comes up with the news footage of the explosion, followed by more footage of Lowrey, Julie, and Burnett at the scene.

QUINCY
Hey, it's Dad and Uncle Mike.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
In our continuing report on police violence, the most recent incident involving two Miami P.D. officers remains unexplained by department spokesmen. This high-speed chase was captured two nights ago by our Live Copter 9 news team. And while the driver was killed, both police officers involved in the incident seemed to escape without injury.

THERESA
Kids, you go over to the neighbors' house. I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JULIE
Where you going?

THERESA
Mommy's going to Cleveland.

INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - LOWREY, BURNETT, AND JULIE - DAY
Bang, they're through the door. Grubby and tired from the all-night stakeout.

INT. LOBBY - MORNING
Theresa enters building, ignores Chet and heads straight for bank of elevators.

CHET
Lady, all visitors must be announced.

THERESA
Announce this!

In a motherly flash, she's got Chet by the ear and she's dragging him over to the elevator. He yowls the whole way until he sticks his master pass-card in the elevator lock. Theresa lets go.

INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - DAY
Julie is framed in the bedroom doorway, somewhat sadly watching Burnett and Lowrey scramble to get ready for the bust.

JULIE
So, I guess when you get back, it's gonna be over.

LOWREY
That's the plan... So, Mike. Loan some of those ass kicking clothes.

BURNETT
Third drawer down.
(as doorbell rings)
Hey, Julie. Do me a favor and see who that is.
INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julie looks through the peephole, then opens the door. And there's Theresa. Julie's hip.

JULIE
Which one do you want? The tall one or the short one?

THERESA
Oh, I got plenty in me to kill 'em both. But it's the short one I'm gonna divorce.

She pushes past.

JULIE
Thought so.

Julie watches Theresa charge headlong into --

INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

Burnett's stripped to his pants and T-shirt. While Lowrey's down to his white boxer shorts. He's talking and wiping down his gun with a rag.

LOWREY
Man, I can't wait to see the look on Howard's face when we tell him...
(seeing Theresa)
Holy shit! Hi, Theresa... honey.

THERESA
Save your crap, Mike.

LOWREY
Mike what? What'd he do?

BURNETT
Theresa. It's not how it looks.

THERESA
It ain't Cleveland, neither.

LOWREY
Where's Julie?

Lowrey pushes past Theresa into --

INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Where Julie is gone! The front door is wide open.
INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - ELEVATORS - DAY

Julie's inside. She hits the close door button. But Lowrey's there to catch it.

LOWREY
Julie. We wanted to tell you...
I especially wanted to tell you --

JULIE
You think I didn't know? God, you are so stupid! And to think I let you use me like you did, Max. Why?

LOWREY
Julie --

JULIE
Wait. I know why. Because you said you needed me. Jesus, who's the stupid one now?

LOWREY
We still need you.

He reaches for her.

JULIE
Fuck you!

Julie slams a fist into Lowrey's face. The elevator doors shut. Then Burnett comes hauling down the corridor with Theresa at his heels. He pounds the elevator button.

THERESA
You stayed away from home just one night too many, Marcus.

BURNETT
Theresa. She's a material witness! It was orders!

INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - LOBBY - DAY

The elevator doors open and Julie makes for exit. She sees a cab parked outside, slips back on her spiked heel and starts to run for it when --

FOUCHET
enters, with Casper and Ferguson to either side.

(CONTINUED)
They sweep into the lobby, stalling just inside the doorway when they realize that their target is right there in front of them, frozen like a deer caught in the proverbial headlights.

To the right and left, people at the mailboxes. Chet on the phone behind the desk. But he's looking at Julie. Then...

FOUCHET
Grab her.

But the doors to the second elevator open.

(CONTINUED)
Burnett and Lowrey step out in time to see Julie looking to them and the bad guys about to make their move.

WIDE SHOT FROM ABOVE

Fouchet and his henchmen LEFT. Burnett and Lowrey to the RIGHT. And Julie in the MIDDLE. Fouchet is the first one to draw down.

LOWREY
Julie! Drop now!

Pandemonium.

GUNS drawn and BLAZING. All three villains, plus Burnett and Lowrey, diving and FIRING.

PEOPLE IN LOBBY

Scream and duck for cover. Smoke and plaster fill the air.

BURNETT

Pushes Theresa back into the elevator, making her lay on the floor as BULLETS CUT above.

LOWREY

Slips behind a pillar as BULLETS WHIZ past.

JULIE

On floor. In the middle. Crawling for cover when --

FOUCHET

With balls the size of Pennsylvania. Two GUNS in hand, walks forward with barrels fixed and FIRING. Clips out on one, tosses the gun aside, then, with his free hand, reaches down and grabs Julie by the hair and lifts her until she stands.

FOUCHET
Let's go!

(CONTINUED)
With a gun in her side, he backs away and shoves her through the exit. Casper and Ferguson follow.

LOWREY

Swings around the pillar, gun leveled and running after them.

LOWREY

Julie!!!!

Meanwhile --

INT. LOWREY LOBBY - ELEVATOR - BURNETT AND THERESA

Into the open elevator, Burnett slides his gun over to her.

BURNETT

Go upstairs. And don't let anybody in but me... Do it!

Burnett presses the close door button. The doors close just as Theresa reaches for him, calling --

THERESA

Marcus, I love you.

EXT. LOWREY'S CONDO - DAY

Fouchet shoves Julie into a waiting car. All three bad guys pile in and the CAR PEELS RUBBER just as Lowrey makes the doorway. Lowrey doesn't stop. He doesn't even wait for traffic. In nothing but his underwear, he appears from the building, turns the corner out the door, launches into traffic like a shot, spinning off bumpers, chasing Fouchet's car on foot.

EXT./INT. FOUCHET'S CAR (INTERSECTION) - DAY

Fouchet's car slides into the intersection and stalled traffic. To the right: a footbridge. The car swings a hard right.

EXT. FOOTBRIDGE

Where a male nurse pushing an old man in a wheelchair are in the way. SLAM! The nurse tumbles up and into Fouchet's windshield.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WHEELCHAIR

Empty and spinning.

EXT. OTHER END OF FOOTBRIDGE

Metal pylons imbedded in concrete.

FOUCHET

Out of the car!

The doors fly open and all three are out in the middle of the stalled traffic, Julie being drug along with them. The gang cuts down an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - LOWREY

Turns the corner, running up over car roofs and hoods. He lowers his gun and tries to draw a bead on Fouchet and the gang. They've got Julie and now they're running.

EXT. ALLEY - BURNETT

Appears behind Lowrey. Lowrey waves him in another direction. Burnett hauls one way. Lowrey the other.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

MUZAK. Old ladies getting their hair blued and curled when -- BANG! Fouchet and the gang enter. Curlers fly. Screams!

LOWREY

enters. He dives to the floor as Casper stops and FIRES. BULLETS RIP through the salon walls and mirrors. Lowrey ends up under an old lady's dress.

EXT. OCEAN BLVD. (SOUTH BEACH)

Exiting the beauty salon and stumbling through a crowded cafe runs Fouchet and the gang, mauling their way through tables and patrons. Lowrey, only moments behind, pushing his way through the same path.
Fouchet stops right in the middle. Picks the first car that's headed for him. Levels a GUN on a taxi cab and FIRES two quick rounds -- BAM BAM!! The driver of the car instantly slumps. Ferguson's seen this before. He's around to the driver's side of the car, pulling the dead man out and leaving him on the street. Casper and Fouchet shove Julie inside and they're off again.

But here comes Burnett. Crossing traffic. He's got no gun. So he jumps aboard Fouchet's car just as it gets into gear. The WHEELS SPIN. The CAR LURCHES ahead.

Ferguson aims his pistol upward. He's about to fire into the roof when Julie shoves him. GUNSHOTS RING out sideways.

Bullets RIP to either side of Burnett. Then Fouchet stomps on the brake and Burnett tumbles forward and onto the pavement.

CLOSE ON BURNETT
He rolls, makes it to one knee. But his other leg gives way.

FOUCHET
He sees his chance and GUNS the ENGINE. The cab barrels at Burnett, who's stuck in the middle of the boulevard, about to become instant roadkill.

Then --

From out of nowhere, here comes Lowrey. Dashing out across the boulevard and snatching his partner from the deadly grille of the cab.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

TAXI CAB

hails on by. Leaving Burnett and Lowrey in a heap of their own, both trying to catch their breath.

LOWREY

Don't ever say I wasn't there for you.

EXT. MIAMI PD - MOTORPOOL - DAY

TAC teams and uniform cops swarm around their cars. All waiting as Burnett and Lowrey arrive in their unmarked car. Howard approaches.

HOWARD

It's about fuckin' time.

BURNETT

We lost the girl.

HOWARD

But you found the dope, right? So let's go get it back.

A bicycle BELL RINGS. Heads turn. And here comes a BOY on his bike, serpentining his way through the maze of cars and cops until he gets to Lowrey, Burnett, and Howard.

BOY

Which one of you's Lowrey? I got somethin' for him.

LOWREY

At least I'm me again.

(hand out)

I'm Lowrey.

From his back pocket, the boy extracts a cellular flip PHONE. He hands it to Lowrey. He presses the power button and, almost instantly, it RINGS.

LOWREY

(presses send)

Yeah. This is Lowrey.

INT. FREIGHTER - DOPE LAB - DAY

While dope is lifted and loaded from the open hold, Fouchet is revealed at the other end of the cellular call.

(CONTINUED)
Fouchet lifts his PISTOL and FIRES a single shot. BAM!

INTERCUT WITH --

He jolts at the sound of GUNFIRE.

Where the CAMERASWISH PANS ACROSS TO a very dead Elliot.

That bullet just killed the chemist. Now, I have but four hours left to make my deal. Fuck with my timetable and the next bullet kills the girl.

Julie is gagged and sitting on the floor, scared shitless.

He's in a vice. Duty or the girl. Then --

You twisted motherfucker...

Jojo, you sonofabitch. When I get my hands on you, I swear, I'm gonna kill you.

The snitch who tipped us to the dope lab? Turns out to be a bogus address.

Bogus address?

How's this? I'll kill the little prick for you. That's cuz you're already dead.

Okay, you guys. Put 'em back in the lockers.

(CONTINUED)
En masse, all the cops act as if the wind had been knocked from their sails.

INT. LOW-DOWN BAR – DAY

Empty, save for the daytime regulars at the bar and Burnett and Lowrey in a rear booth.

BURNETT
How'd he know we were gearing up to go? It's like he's known all along where we're gonna be and when.

LOWREY
You know that once he sells the dope, he's gonna kill her just like he did Max.

BURNETT
Three little angels. Julie kept talking about his three little angels.

A barkeeper appears with two beers. Burnett automatically reaches for his wallet.

CLOSE ON BURNETT'S WALLET

Where out pops a picture of his three children.

LOWREY
If she dies, I'm done with it. The whole cop thing.

BURNETT
(looking at his kids)
Three little angels.

INT. SQUAD ROOM – DAY

Francine is at her file desk. Looking pretty much the same as always. Same smile. Same easy manner. Then the CAMERA REVOLVES AROUND her and SETTLES ON those pictures on her desk. Her three little boys -- including the one in uniform. The CAMERA TILTS TO --

LOWREY AND BURNETT

standing over her desk.  

(CONTINUED)
Neither of them smiling.

FRANCINE
Hey, fellahs. What's the joke.
(as she gets nothing back)
Really. I want to know.

Soon, though, the facade fades. Francine knows she's been caught.

INT. LADIES' ROOM - DAY

Burnett holds the door while Lowrey holds Francine. She's broken, crying, and giving up the ghost of her past.

FRANCINE
It was a birthday party... You know, after hours. Just the civilian staff... We were drinking. And everybody. They all had boy friends or their husbands.

LOWREY
So you were alone?

FRANCINE
He was so nice to me. He said I was beautiful, too. I guess I wanted to believe him...
(then ashamed, starting to shake)
He took some horrible pictures of me. I don't remember any of it. I'd had too much to drink. I wondered if he'd drugged me. Later... he threatened to show them to my boys... my little angels. Said he'd pin the pictures up on the grade school bulletin boards for all their classmates to see if I didn't do what he wanted.

BURNETT
He wanted someone inside the P.D.?

FRANCINE
At first, it was about drug busts. Dealers under surveillance.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
FRANCINE (CONT'D)
He'd steal from them before we could make the case. And then when the department gave the air conditioning to Mr. Orona...

BURNETT
Anything you can tell us about him?

FRANCINE

(beat)
He's the scariest man I ever met.

LOWREY
Yeah. But does he still trust what you tell him?

EXT. BOATYARD - DAY
Fouchet is supervising the loading of the dope onto three canvas-backed, military-styled trucks when his CELLULAR PHONE RINGS. He answers.

FOUCHET
Yes?

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE - DAY
Francine is on the phone with Howard on another extension.

FRANCINE
I have some more information for you, Mr. Fouchet.

EXT. FLORIDA POWER PLANT (MIAMI) - DAY
A Florida Power van. Inside...

INT. ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY
Burnett and Lowrey wearing headsets, listening in on the conversation between Fouchet and Francine.

INTERCUT WITH:
257  EXT. BOAT YARD - DRUG FREIGHTER - FOUCHET

He's surprised to hear from Francine.

    FOUCHET
    Yes, Francine... What is it?

    FRANCINE
    Miami P.D.'s called in the D.E.A. task force. They know the deal's going down in just two hours. So they've deployed agents to every point of entry, airports, marinas, etc...

    FOUCHET
    Is that all?

    FRANCINE
    Yes.

    FOUCHET
    I'm very pleased, Francine. You're the best pet I've ever had.

He hangs up.

258  INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

Back in the van Lowrey turns to Sanchez.

    SANCHEZ
    Got him! Ma Bell says as long as he keeps his cellular phone turned on, we can track him.

    BURNETT
    Call Howard. Tell him we're gonna need lotsa back-up.

259  EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT POV - FLYING OVER DOPE CONVOY

Three trucks making their way through Miami.

260  INT. REAR CABIN OF MIDDLE DOPE TRUCK

Ferguson is seated and staring across at Julie. Across his lap is a shotgun. She may be bruised and abused. But she's still got some bite.

   (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JULIE

INT. FORWARD TRUCK - FOUCHET

The camera zeroes in on his cellular phone. The power light is green.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Sanchez gives the update.

SANCHEZ
They're turning north onto the Orange Highway.

BURNETT
We can make better time if we cut across the Biscayne Bridge.

EXT. BISCAYNE BRIDGE - DAY

The van cuts across traffic, barely making the ramp which swirls up onto the bridge.

EXT. ORANGE COAST HIGHWAY NORTH - DAY

The dope convoy rolls over the camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COAST HIGHWAY NORTH - HELICOPTER POV SHOT - DAY

As the convoy makes a right turn off the highway onto an old tar and gravel track.

EXT. ORANGE CITY AIRFIELD - CLOSE ON SIGN: ORANGE CITY AIRFIELD

The trucks roll toward an old airport which consists of a small, pilot's terminal and four or so hangars spread out over the ten acre site.
EXT. HANGAR 3 - DAY

Two henchmen for the buyer open the yawning doors of this massive, five-story hangar to reveal a C-123 cargo aircraft. The convoy of trucks enters.

EXT. ORANGE HIGHWAY - DAY

The surveillance van is parked at the side of the road.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

THROUGH a floor-mounted SPOTTING SCOPE we see the last of the trucks roll into Hangar 3 and two of the buyer's henchmen shut the doors.

BURNETT
That's it. That's where they're making the deal.

Burnett swivels the spotting scope.

EXT. ORANGE CITY AIRFIELD - SCOPE'S POV

PANNING LEFT AND RIGHT ACROSS the landscape of tall reeds and distant buildings. Finally he STALLS ON a garbage truck and its four-man crew rolling dumpsters.

INT. HANGAR 3 - DAY

Fouchet shakes hands with the BUYER. Upon which time one forklift begins to drive pallets full of cash from the open cargo door of the aircraft while another drives pallets full of dope.

BUYER
Three hundred million and very, very fresh. Too much to count, eh?

ON JULIE

As Casper pulls her from the rear of a truck and handcuffs her to the door of a cab.

BUYER
Who's the bimbo?

FOUCHET
Simply part of another transaction.

(CONTINUED)
The operation moves swiftly. Dope pallets for cash pallets. Smooth, just like the original heist. Two fuel trucks are moved in to gas up the aircraft.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Rounding the corner from Hangar 3 -- here comes the garbage truck. CLOSER INSPECTION REVEALS Ruiz and Sanchez at the helm with both Lowrey and Burnett hanging from the sides. All of them wear dirty white jumpsuits and protective masks.

EXT. HANGAR 3 - DAY

The two Buyer's henchmen stiffen at the sight of the oncoming truck. Their hands slip inside their coats to MP5-Ks slung under their armpits. But --

EXT. HANGAR 3 - GARBAGE TRUCK - DAY

It veers and swings over toward two nearby dumpsters. With Sanchez keeping a wary eye on the two bad guys and Ruiz to operate the hydraulics, Burnett and Lowrey drop from the truck and do their best working-for-the-city amble over to the dumpster. Business as usual. They wheel it over and position it in front of the two lifting forks where the garbage appears to be expertly lifted and dumped into the truck.

CLOSE ON DUMPSTER

As it lowers, the gearing seems to get hung up. The hydraulics' arms won't work, leaving the dumpster stuck in the air.

RUIZ AND SANCHEZ

Begin speaking Spanish, one blaming the other for this fiasco. Angry words. Finally, Ruiz has had enough. He tosses down his gloves and hat and begins stomping off as if he's just quit his stinking job. He's headed right for the henchmen, his mouth moving and spewing and moving and spewing. The henchmen look to each other, not knowing what to think. Ready for anything when --

CLICK CLICK -- GUNS COCKING.

Both Burnett and Lowrey are right behind the henchmen with guns at the base of their necks.

(CONTINUED)
Mouths shut, feet moving. Now, walk.

As it lifts once again to the air, this time dumping the two henchmen into the truck.

As the human garbage is deposited.

The Buyer buckles himself into the pilot's seat of the C-123. His crew shuts the cargo hatches and he gives a pleased salute to Fouchet. The ENGINES TURN OVER and the propellers move. Meanwhile --

START. Loaded with cash, they're ready to go. Fouchet gives the signal to open the doors.

Move to open the doors. They give a good shove. Still nothing. So they bang and shout.

Hey! Wake up out there! Open it up!

One of the dumpsters is parked in front of the doors. No exit.

Just as Casper and Ferguson give a helpless look to Fouchet...
The garbage truck barrels through the rear wall, instantly colliding with the left wing section of aircraft. The wheel assembly buckles and the aircraft twists onto one wing. Fuel spills.

Tossed from his seat and thrown across throttle. The ENGINE ROARS!

The tarpaulin rips and a pallet of cash busts open. Money swirls inside the hangar.

Open. Henchmen ready to kill. Then --

Pop up Burnett and Lowrey. MP5-Ks in hand. They BLAZE the cargo doors and CUT DOWN the rest of the Buyer's henchmen.

Casper and Ferguson charge. GUNS BLASTING.

RIP across the dumpster, moving up into the truck cab. Ruiz and Sanchez dive and roll to either side. Meanwhile, the sparks ignite the spilled fuel.

LOWREY
Move it or lose it!

Burnett and Lowrey climb from the dumpster and run. Casper and Ferguson have a clear shot. They level and aim, but...

KUH-WHOOM!

The FUEL TANK on the aircraft EXPLODES. The truck drivers dive for cover. Charging for the open hole in the wall.
INT. AIRCRAFT (HANGAR 3)
Inside the aircraft the precious dope catches fire.

INT. HANGAR 3 - ON CASPER AND FERGUSON
Looking through the flames. Shielding their eyes. Ruiz and Sanchez appear from behind.

SANCHEZ
Remember us?

The two bad guys turn with their guns. The flames igniting their already battered faces. But they don't turn fast enough. Both cops FIRE in unison. Ferguson and Casper fall. PULL BACK --

INT. HANGAR 3 - WIDE ANGLE
One aircraft ENGINE still ROARING. The money swirling and burning, falling from the roof like a fiery rain. And --

INT. HANGAR 3 - LOWREY AND BURNETT
Easing through the wreckage, ever-so-cautious.

LOWREY
Julie!

JULIE (O.S.)
Michael!

Her VOICE ECHOES.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR 3 - FOUCHET
He's handcuffed himself to Julie, dragging her deeper and deeper into the hangar. The smoke is getting thicker and swirling with the burning cash.

INT. HANGAR 3 - BURNETT AND LOWREY
Signals between the two. They split wider. Moving toward those locked doors.

INT. HANGAR 3 - BACK ON FOUCHET
At the locked doors. He shoves against them in a futile rage. Julie begins to choke on the fumes.
INT. HANGAR 3 - SEPARATE SHOTS - BURNETT AND LOWREY

Each placing their faces against their own sleeves. The smoke is thicker, swirling in waves.

INT. HANGAR - DOORS - FOUCHET

Shoving the doors. Pushing and pushing. Then --

FROM HAIL OF SMOKE AND BURNING CASH

Appear Lowrey and Burnett. Twenty yards apart and closing. Guns carefully aimed. Fouchet pulls Julie close.

FOUCHET
I was going to fuck her, then kill her. Now it looks like I'm only going to do the latter.

LOWREY
Either we O.D. on the air or the whole place blows. We're dying anyway.

BURNETT
Let her go and you'll walk. You can keep the dope and the money. (coughs) Just the girl and we all get out of here.

FOUCHET
What if I don't have the key.

JULIE
He threw it in the --

FOUCHET
(yanks her) Shut up! It's gone. She's dead. Unless you move aside.

Burnett eases further right. Gun carefully aimed. His eyes are stinging. Lowrey goes left. But he's lowering his gun.

FOUCHET
Pulls Julie closer. Gun at her head. Looking to Burnett. While Lowrey is nodding to Julie. Nodding for her to --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LOWREY

Drop, Julie!

She drops. Burnett has a clear shot when --

HANGAR DOORS


QUICK SHOTS

Fouchet, Julie, Lowrey, Burnett. All with the same idea. They bolt for daylight as fast as they can go because --

HANGAR

EXPLODES in such a concussion it knocks all four of them to the dirt. The hangar crumbles.

EXT. HANGAR - CLOSE ON BURNETT

As he looks back on the conflagration.

BURNETT

Sanchez and Ruiz...

Then --

FOUCHET WITH JULIE

He yanks her back up onto her feet, wild-eyed. He's still got the gun on her.

LOWREY

(hands up for all the cops to see)

Don't shoot!!! Hold your fire!!!

FOUCHET

Twisting Julie for all to see. The cops' rifle sights, all glinting in the sun.

FOUCHET

I'll kill the girl!!!

(CONTINUED)
Fouchet raises Julie's hand high in the air to show all of them the handcuffs when -- KA-POW! -- a SHOT RINGS OUT.

CLOSE ON CUFFS

The link is snapped in two by the bullet. Julie falls to the ground. While --

BURNETT AND LOWREY

UNLOAD their CLIPS in a CRESCENDO of GUNFIRE. Fouchet crumples in a heap.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR - HOWARD

The eye behind the smoking sniper rifle. He reveals a pleasured smile.

HOWARD

Swish.

Then he turns to Sinclair, who stands only feet away.

HOWARD

Investigate that, asshole.

EXT. HANGAR - JULIE

She finds her feet and runs to Lowrey. Right into his arms. He holds her tight, but she winces from a nasty cut on her shoulder.

JULIE

Ow. This shit really hurts.

LOWREY

Stick around. I'll give you a bullet to bite.

Finally --

SANchez AND RUIZ

They appear. Alive and well. Big grins, helping Burnett to his feet. Brushing him off.

BURNETT

Hey, hey...

(then with a smile)

Let's go get our jobs back.
The front door opens and all the little Burnetts come screaming out...

   BURNETT KIDS
   Daddy Daddy Daddy the hero!!

... into the arms of their father. He gathers them all into one big hug.

   BURNETT
   Daddy's home!

Behind Burnett appear Lowrey and Julie, arm in arm. The kids run to...

   BURNETT KIDS
   Uncle Mike, Uncle Mike.

Then...

   BURNETT
   Baby!

Theresa framed in the front doorway, looking smashing in the outfit Lowrey picked out for her. Burnett ambles up the walk into her arms. They hug and kiss, Theresa tossing a wink Lowrey's way.

   LOWREY
   Manana, partner. Peace. Okay, kids. Pile in. And watch the leather and windows this time?

   JULIE
   You got a real way with kids, Lowrey.

   LOWREY
   You see anybody complaining?

   BURNETT
   Hey. Where are the kids goin'?

   THERESA
   Didn't you know? We got us a new babysitter.

She kisses him.

   BURNETT
   You mean...

   THERESA
   It's quality time, Marcus.
CONTINUED:

Burnett shuts the door ON the CAMERA. The screen GOES TO BLACK. Then UNDER CREDITS:

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INT. LOWREY'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Little Megan is on the potty. She catches Lowrey as he passes.

MEGAN (V.O.)
Uncle Mike. I did it!

THE END