

#2201

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"Never My Love"

by

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&

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#2201

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

Rev. 5/7/84

"NEVER MY LOVE"

CAST

JUDGE MILTON C. HARDCASTLE  
MARK McCORMICK

STATE SENATOR EVAN CROCKER  
VINCENT HALL  
JOSH FULTON  
CYNDY WENZEK  
STAN  
ALAN WENTWORTH  
CAPTAIN TONY SWITZER  
LOUIS  
SPACEMAN  
CANARY WOMAN  
BOB (REPORTER)  
REVEREND

"NEVER MY LOVE"SETSEXTERIORS

FULTON'S CEMETERY/MORTUARY  
MORTUARY SERVICES BUILDING  
GULL'S WAY  
LAPD HEADQUARTERS  
STREETS  
LAX  
A FENCE  
FREEWAY  
CENTURY BLVD

INTERIORS

GULL'S WAY  
/HARDCASTLE'S DEN  
/LIVING ROOM  
/KITCHEN  
MAUSOLEUM  
MORTUARY SERVICES BUILDING  
/CREMATORIUM & ANTE CHAMBER  
CROCKER'S HOTEL SUITE  
LAX PRESS ROOM  
McCORMICK'S CAR  
TV STATION  
CAPTAIN SWITZER'S OFFICE  
COYOTE  
COFFIN  
CROCKER'S LIMO  
LAX PRESS ROOM

"NEVER MY LOVE"ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. A CEMETERY - TO INCLUDE MAUSOLEUM - DAY 1

a quiet, clear afternoon. An October breeze blows across the wide expanse of lawn, brushing leaves.

2 INT. MAUSOLEUM - FUNERAL 2

a small group is gathered around a coffin which is ready to be slotted into one of the many interior walls of this crypt-complex. Among the mourners are MARK McCORMICK and JUDGE HARDCASTLE. McCormick is plainly upset; Hardcastle's standing by his good friend, looking concerned. The REVEREND, who has paused, closes his Bible and looks up to the others. The Reverend is a young, thoughtful man.

REVEREND

And now, despite our loss, we  
must all go on with our lives...

As he talks, PAN the mourners. Two PARENTS... two dark-suited mourners we'll get to know as STATE SENATOR EVAN CROCKER and his chief aide VINCENT HALL--both luxury edition manipulators. Other friends of the deceased (who is a girl named CYNDY WENZEK) are also present. We end PAN on McCormick, who is deep in thought.

REVEREND (o.s.)

...It's what Cyndy would've wanted  
us to do. She was a friend to us  
all here, and friends are a precious  
commodity.

Mark is looking hard at the casket, lost in his memories  
as we:

CUT TO

3 FLASHBACK - BLACK AND WHITE - A LOVER'S LANE 3

we're looking at tail lights...older model cars. A matrix  
of city lights flicker in the distance. It's a gorgeous

CONTINUED

3

CONTINUED

3

view. The date 1972 BURNS IN, then FADES. We don't see any heads above the seat-level. A light hits the parked cars...WIDEN TO INCLUDE a police squad car slowly going past...rolling down a window. We don't see cops but do HEAR one officer's voice; A voice that's seen it all:

POLICEMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

Okay, heads above the seats...  
come on, everybody...let's see  
those ears and hairdos.

And just like that, heads appear, including...

4

INT. McCORMICK'S CAR - McCORMICK AND CYNDY WENZEK

4

they disentangle. Mark is all of eighteen years old but strong and independant. Cyndy, also eighteen, is gorgeous but preoccupied. Mark looks a little troubled... Cyndy just looks away. The RADIO is playing NEVER MY LOVE by the Association and Mark turns it up. She gives him a look, reaches over and turns it off herself.

McCORMICK

(reacts)

Cyndy...that's our song. Turn  
it back on. What's the hassle?

CYNDY

I think we should just talk,  
Mark.

McCORMICK

(teasing)

Hey, babe, I didn't come up  
here to talk.

CYNDY

Mark, that's part of the problem.  
Look, our relationship isn't  
making me happy anymore.

(looks right at him)

I think maybe we should...  
cool it.

He reacts:

CUT TO

5 INT. MAUSOLEUM - PRESENT DAY - ON McCORMICK 5  
thinking about what he's just remembered.

REVEREND (o.s.)  
Going forward is what Cyndy  
would've wanted us to do. And  
perhaps the finest tribute we  
could honor her memory with  
would be to do just that...

Mark is drifting back to that night again as we

CUT TO

6 RESUME FLASHBACK - INT. MARK'S CAR - LOVERS LANE - BLACK 6  
AND WHITE

Mark still isn't accepting her message.

McCORMICK  
(takes her hand)  
Cyndy...come over and sit closer.  
(sniffs her perfume)  
Is that that stuff I gave you for  
Christmas?

CYNDY  
Mark.. I'm not kidding about this..  
I think we should see other people: \*

Realization dawns on Mark.

McCORMICK  
Oh...so what you're saying is  
you've already seen "other people",  
right? Like ol'...  
(slaughter the name)  
Clay-ton Pasternak in your Anthro  
class?  
(hits fist in palm)  
God, I knew it! That geeks' been  
after you all year.

CYNDY  
(avoids his look)  
Clayton and I barely talk all that  
much. We're just friends. It's  
platonic. \*

6

CONTINUED

6

McCORMICK

I've met him. More like catatonic.

(beat, shakes head)

See other people...Boy, I really had my guard down, here.

She can't look him in the eye. There's an uncomfortable beat.

CYNDY

I better go now, Mark.

She grabs for the door and opens it...he grabs her arm and pulls her back in, slamming the door shut again.

McCORMICK

That's it? Two years of my life but "you gotta go now?" Are you kidding me?

There's a heavy beat of silence. He's mortally stunned, just looking at her. She kisses him on the cheek, opens the door quietly, and gets out. On his pained face

CUT TO

7

McCORMICK - PRESENT DAY

7

listening to the Reverend, the same pained look on his features. Hardcastle watches his friend with compassionate concern. The Reverend is winding it up.

REVEREND

We've got to continue our lives... and go on as Cyndy would have. Courageously and lovingly...never forgetting our friend...but taking each new day as it comes. We'll always remember her.

He's done. He steps to shake the parent's hands, and then the others take their turn. Hardcastle and McCormick are at the back of this group. The Judge pats McCormick gently on the arm. They talk quietly.

HARDCASTLE

Listen...I don't know any of the family so I'm gonna go over and wait for you by the car. You take all the time you need.

(beat, unsure)

You okay?

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED

7

McCORMICK

(sadly)

Yeah. I was just thinkin...  
rememberin' stuff...you know.

HARDCASTLE

(softly)

Yeah...I know.

McCORMICK

I managed to send her birthday  
flowers every year.

(smiles)

Even from prison. Can you believe  
it...

HARDCASTLE

(compassion)

I'm sure she appreciated 'em,  
Mark.

McCORMICK

I guess...I don't know...I never  
did hear from her.

(beat)

You think she did?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah. Trust me.

McCORMICK

It just...feels like there's  
a lot of unfinished stuff.

Hardcastle looks at his friend and nods. Pats his shoulder  
gently, then turns to head for the car, leaving McCormick  
alone. Crocker and Vincent Hall are moving to speak  
to Cyndy's parents.

CROCKER

Mister and Missus Wenzek, I'm  
Senator Crocker. I just want you  
to know that I always valued  
Cyndy's help in my organization.  
She was...very special to all of  
us.

CONTINUED



7 CONTINUED - 2

7

The parents manage to nod their thanks and the two men move away. GO WITH THEM.

CROCKER

I hate funerals.

HALL

(ironic)

Yeah. Hell of a way to get rid of an eyewitness.

Crocker throws him an unamused look. As they move out of SHOT we PAN SLOWLY back to McCormick, clearly emotional and upset, as he places flowers on top of her coffin.

DISSOLVE TO

8 EXT. GULL'S WAY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

8

HARDCASTLE (v.o.)

All I'm askin' is how it looks, McCormick.

9 INT. HARDCASTLE'S DEN - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK - DAY

9\*

Hardcastle is holding a revolutionary war full-dress officer's uniform up before himself. He's wearing the three cornered hat, facing McCormick, who looks depressed but more together than he was at the funeral.

McCORMICK

As bad as anything I've ever seen. Okay? Can I be excused now?

HARDCASTLE

(lowers the costume)

No, you can't.

(beat)

Look, I'm not expectin' ya to have the time of your life here, and I know it's only been a week and a half since Cyndy's funeral, but you could at least give me a sincere reaction without takin out your frustrations on me.

McCORMICK

Judge, it was sincere. It's an absurd costume. I'm sorry.

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED

9

HARDCASTLE

(beat)

Well I think it looks great.

(puts the costume  
down, removes the  
hat, considers Mark)Listen, would it make you feel  
any better to know what you're  
goin' through is never easy for  
anybody?

McCORMICK

You're not talkin' about my  
reaction to your costume, are ya?

HARDCASTLE

(warm beat)

When my dad died, I didn't think  
I was ever gonna get over it.

McCORMICK

Yeah, but you did...

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED - 2

9

HARDCASTLE

...Yeah...maybe.

(beat)

Now, you really don't think the  
knee britches'll work, huh?

McCORMICK

I don't even think they would've  
worked for George Washington,  
Judge.

(beat, shakes  
his head)

Look, I'm really sorry I'm in  
such a lusy mood, okay? I know  
you want this Halloween party of  
yours to be great.

\*  
\*  
\*

HARDCASTLE

(trying to generate  
enthusiasm)

Well, don't give it another thought,  
kiddo. Cause you're not. I, on  
the other hand, am gonna make  
sure I wreck your misery. Sooner  
or later.

(beat)

Now get up and gimme a hand down-  
stairs. We got a party to put on.

McCORMICK

(nods)

Life goes on...

HARDCASTLE

(smiles)

Now you're cookin'. Let's go to  
work on this party. It'll cheer  
ya right up.

\*

CUT TO

10

INT. GULL'S WAY LIVING ROOM - A PUMPKIN

10\*

McCormick is cutting the pumpkin, creating a morose,  
frowning expression complete with down-turned mouth.  
McCormick himself still looks pretty glum, too. Hardcastle  
is putting up streamers, humming to himself. Strewn every-  
where is a treasury of Halloween crap. Lots of black and  
orange party stuff.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

...I mean, with all the holidays in the world to choose from, how come you picked the runt of the litter?

HARDCASTLE

Runts are in the eye of the beholder, pal. I like Halloween.

MCCORMICK

Sure. Who wouldn't? No presents. No twinkly lights. No turkey... no tree...no chocolate hearts... Nothin but a bunch a' big orange gourds you cut faces into.

(beat)

What'd this party cost you, anyway? Six, seven bucks?

HARDCASTLE

You wanna spare me the editorial?  
(counts off facts  
on fingers)

I'm having this year's Judicial Club party, it's Halloween, which despite your cracks I like, and I'm makin' sure it's a great party.  
(re:frowning pumpkin)

Pumpkin's lookin' great, McCormick.

The judge is moving toward the dining table in b.g., clearing stuff off.

MCCORMICK

Judge, don't misunderstand. I wouldn't miss it for the world... twenty-two judges in dumb costumes standin' around tellin' penal code jokes. That's big time fun. By the way, how may are comin'?

HARDCASTLE

I don't know. Why don't you check the phone machine? A few of 'em haven't RSVP'd yet.

CONTINUED

(X)

10

CONTINUED - 2

10

McCormick moves to the answering machine, rewinding it. As the judge takes a candle and lights it, placing it into McCormick's jack-o-lantern, the machine plays...

## FIRST VOICE

(FILTER THRU MACHINE)

Hi, Milt, this is Judge Henderson. Listen, I'm gonna have to pass on tonight. A guy can only take so many parties, pal. And I was only at one two years ago.

BLEEEP. Next message as the Judge almost has the candle in place...

## DIDI'S VOICE

(FILTER THRU MACHINE)

Milton? Mark? This is Deirdre, and I'm still down in San Diego, in case you're wondering...

(they swap looks...

they weren't)

I think I'm going to be here another week. This "Body Posture For The 80's Seminar" is terrific. It works wonders on the old spare-tire, Milton. I put you on the mailing list. Bye!

BLEEEP. Now the tops's on the pumpkin, and Hardcastle is putting it in the window. As he does, the next message comes on:

## CYNDY WENZKE'S VOICE

(FILTER THRU MACHINE)

Mark...this is Cyndy. No matter what anybody says, I'm not dead. I never forgot you. "Never My Love". Remember?

BLEEEP. Hardcastle and McCormick just look at each other for a moment. Mark is stunned to silence, just looking at the answering machine after a beat. He turns it off. Harcastle is sincere and concerned.

## HARDCASTLE

What d'ya think that was all about?

## McCORMICK

(beat)

I don't know...

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Rewind it a second. Let's hear  
it again...

MCCORMICK

It sure sounded like her...

Hardcastle looks at his friend, worried as McCormick quickly rewinds it, trying to contain his tension and excitement. It starts playing again. He just looks at the machine. When it's over he turns it off.

MCCORMICK

What's goin' on?

(beat)

That's Cyndy's voice. I mean...  
that's her.

HARDCASTLE

(frowns, concerned)

I don't know how that could be,  
kiddo...

MCCORMICK

But it is. I know her voice. I  
was with her two years...it always  
cracked funny when she talked...

HARDCASTLE

Look, Mark, I'm not sayin' you  
don't know her voice or anything  
like that. But let's just slow  
down here a minute and do a little  
thinkin', okay?

MCCORMICK

Judge. "Never My Love"...

HARDCASTLE

What's it mean?

MCCORMICK

That's our song. I mean it was.

COTNINUED

10 CONTINUED - 4

10

Hardcastle reacts.

McCORMICK

There was nobody in the world  
except Cyndy and I who knew it  
was our song.

HARDCASTLE

Hold it. You're forgetting...  
we went to Cyndy's funeral a  
few days ago. We saw it.

McCORMICK

But that's her voice.

HARDCASTLE

Mark...there are people out there  
with a pretty unfunny sense of  
humor sometimes. They get their  
jollies doing sadistic things.

McCORMICK

Why would somebody play a joke  
on me?

HARDCASTLE

I have no idea. But it's pretty  
sick.

McCORMICK

Judge...I just thought of something.  
We never saw her, did we? Closed  
casket.

HARDCASTLE

(gently)

You heard about the fire, Mark.  
You know why. And now you're  
ready to get messed up all over  
again.

McCORMICK

So we're just supposed to forget  
this message?

HARDCASTLE

No...tomorrow I'll make some  
calls. But I want you to cool  
off a little. Relax and get some  
sleep on it. I don't want ya to go  
out and do anything stupid.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED - 5

10

MCCORMICK  
Don't worry. I won't.

CUT TO

11 OMITTED

11

12 EXT. FULTON'S CEMETERY/MORTUARY - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

12

This is a slightly smaller, homier version of Forest Lawn, with the tastefully inscribed motto: Because We Care just under the name on the sign.

MCCORMICK (o.s.)  
Hey, don't you people care  
around here?

13 INT. FULTON'S OFFICE - FULTON AND MCCORMICK - DAY

13

FULTON is a three-piece-suited proprietor.

FULTON  
Mr. McCormick...no one accepts  
the loss of someone they love  
right away. But we find time  
heals if you give it half a  
chance.

MCCORMICK  
I'm not interested in giving  
time a chance. I'm telling you  
this woman is alive. I don't care  
what you say, I got a call.

FULTON  
We buried her over a week ago, sir.

CONTINUED



McCORMICK

I know what you said you did,  
but lemme see the death cer-  
tificate. I mean, if everything's  
the way it oughta be, I can see  
it, right?

FULTON

Wrong. Miss Wenzek's parents  
took that home with them. You  
don't want to bother them.

McCORMICK

No. That's why I'm bothering  
you.

(beat)

I'm not some kind of space case  
Mr. Fulton. Okay? Now something's  
wrong here. I know she's not in  
that coffin.

FULTON

No, Mr. McCormick, you're wrong.

(beat)

I'm sure you're going to find  
there's a logical explanation  
for that message, Mr. McCormick.

(beat)

Maybe it was a bad joke or an  
older part of the tape...an old  
message? Who knows? In any  
case, I'd suggest you go on with  
your life and drop this fixation.  
Your grief will pass.

McCORMICK

I'm not grieving, Mr. Fulton.  
That's what you do when people  
are dead.

Mark exits. Fulton watches him till he's gone, then  
steps to his phone and dials quickly.

FULTON

Hall? Josh Fulton.

CUT TO

INT. CROCKER'S HOTEL - VINCENT HALL - DAY

the phone rings and Hall grabs it. In the adjoining

CONTINUED

14

CONTINUED

14

sitting room, unseen by him, STAN, another Crocker aide, doing paperwork, also answers. But before Stan can say hello, he's heard Fulton:

FULTON (O.S.)  
(thru phone)  
We've got trouble.

Since the door is closed to the next room, Stan hits the INTERCOM button on the phone. Crocker, lying on a couch in the room with Stan, can hear it. INTERCUT with Fulton, Hall, and Crocker and Stan as needed.

HALL  
What's the problem?

FULTON  
There's a guy just came in here.  
Says he's Cyndy Wenzek's boyfriend.  
She called him and said she was  
alive.

HALL  
(cold)  
What's his name?

FULTON  
McCormick. Says he's real sure  
about this. That means you've  
got a problem. I fakes her  
funeral for you, but you gotta  
take care of this kind of mess-  
up.  
(beat)  
Fix it.

There's a click as Fulton hangs up. Hall looks scared as he puts down the phone. Stan clicks off the speaker and turns to look at Crocker, who's sitting up now, nervous. Scared. Visions of his career unraveling. Stan is G. Gordon Liddy calm.

CROCKER  
What do we do? This is getting  
crazy, Stan. Maybe it would be  
better if I decline my appoint-  
ment for State Attorney General.  
I mean, first my drunk driving  
mess, and now this Cyndy Wenzek  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CROCKER (CONT'D)

situation...

(beat)

Maybe I should drop out before  
the press gives me no choice.

STAN

(calm)

Evan, listen to me. It's gonna  
be okay. Let me take care of this.  
Now we can't trust Hall cause he  
obviously won't do what needs to  
be done. He's weak. But it's

(MORE)

CONTINUED

14

CONTINUED - 2

14

STAN (CONT'D)

too important that you get to hold office to let Vince wreck it. This state needs you too much.

Crocker nods, a weak, ambitious man who is buying into what he needs to believe.

15

HALL

15

looks up to see Stan and Crocker swing into the room with him, closing the door behind them. Stan locks it. Hall looks like the cat, post-canary.

CROCKER

We...heard your call just now, Vince. Stan has a few questions.

STAN

The guy on the phone said you faked Cyndy Wenzek's funeral.  
(off Hall's hesitation)

We agreed to have Cyndy killed. It was your job and that was the policy we all worked by. What did you do?

HALL

I used my judgement, Stan. That's something that might be a little alien to you.

CROCKER

She knows I was drunk when I ran that guy down, Vince. You and she were down, Vince. You and she were witnesses. Stan was right when he said she should be...put out of the picture.

STAN

As long as she's alive, Evan's entire political career is totally vulnerable. I'm not going to let that happen. He's worked too long and hard. It sounds

(MORE)

CONTINUED

STAN (CONT'D)

like Cyndy has already contacted  
this McCormick guy.

HALL

(to Crocker)

You'd have two deaths on your  
hands if we killed her. You  
want that, Evan?

Crocker looks pale. He's very upset and scared. He  
looks to Stan.

HALL

You should've played it clean  
from the start.

STAN

Vince, that's stupid and it's  
naive. Do you think Evan's  
appointment'd have a chance  
with a drunk driving murder  
charge?

(beat)

We told you to get rid of the  
girl. But you couldn't. You  
should've kept teaching poli-sci.

HALL

Wait a minute...what's this we  
told you? Who's your manager  
here, Evan? Me or Stan?

CROCKER

You haven't handled this the way...  
I wanted, Vince. Stan's right.  
Now, tell us where you found  
this guy Fulton. What's his deal?

HALL

(resentfully)

He runs a legit cemetery...but  
after hours, he's got a body  
laundry going. Cleans up a lot  
of I.D.'s for the mob. Fakes  
deaths, relocates the person  
thousands of miles away. Stages  
a phony funeral.

STAN

None of which does what we needed,  
genius.

CONTINUED

HALL

Look, I don't need this cement shoes garbage from your new right hand man, Evan. You wanna work that way, fine, but not with me.

STAN

The Senator would rather you didn't resign.

Crocker looks confused.

HALL

Listen, Stan, you can just shut your...

He stops. Stan has pulled a gun from beneath his coat. Snapping the silencer on in the same motion.

CROCKER

Stan put that away, for godsake!

Crocker and Hall look incredulous as Stan fires three shots into Vince. "Pfft-pfft-pfft." Vince Hall is history. (NOTE: Vince is O.S. at the moment he is shot.) Crocker stares at the body, stunned.

CROCKER

What the hell have you done?

STAN

We get the girl and this McCormick guy and we're home. That's what you want, right? The State appointment?

On Crocker's numbed nod and Stan's cold command of the situation we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16 EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY - ESTABLISHING 16

17 INT. GULL'S WAY - LIVING ROOM - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK - DAY 17

Hardcastle is straightening and fussing about for the party. The place is now just about party-ready, in that all the decorations are in place. Streamers are everywhere, Halloween faces, folding tables for food, a rented juke box...and more pumpkins than anybody could want. Hardcastle stops in mid-straightening:

HARDCASTLE

Exhumation?  
(turns of vacuum)  
No way. You're outta line,  
McCormick.

McCORMICK

Why not?

HARDCASTLE

'Cause you just can't exhume  
a body on hunches or whims. You  
need reasons. Reasons the court  
can recognize. And I'm sorry, but  
a melodramatic call from the after-  
life?

(a beat)

It doesn't cut it.

McCORMICK

But it's something. I mean, if  
her voice is on the machine, she  
might not be dead!

HARDCASTLE

Alleged voice. Not the same  
thing. You can't just exhume  
for that...it doesn't work that  
way.

McCORMICK

Judge, what's the big deal? I mean,  
come on, you claim Cyndy's got me by  
the memory banks and I say she's alive.  
So, there's only one way to be sure.  
It's so simple.

CONTINUED

17

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

(sighs, shakes his head)

Wrong, kiddo. The law won't see it that way. I admit it's weird gettin' voices on the phone and everything...but there's real stiff rules on opening graves and crypts.

(beat)

Now look, I got this party happening tomorrow night and I've got a week's worth of work to do. Sorry, but...

MCCORMICK

(hurt)

Oh, hey...no problem here...you make sure you get your party all squared away. Don't let me keep you from that. I mean, a Halloween party compared to an emotional nightmare...no big thing.

HARDCASTLE

Look, Mark...I'm sorry. I just don't wanna see ya get hurt again, all right?

MCCORMICK

See ya.

He turns and exits quickly. We HOLD on Hardcastle watching him go and

CUT TO

18

EXT. FULTON'S CEMETERY/MORTUARY - NIGHT

18

Creepy time. The Coyote is seen parked off to the side, out of view from either the road or the business buildings of the cemetery. Even the "Because We Care" light is out on the Fulton sign.

19

EXT. A FENCE - MCCORMICK

19

going quietly over it and onto the cemetery grounds. He makes his way toward the mausoleum, which looms ahead in darkness. As he goes...

20

A PAIR OF BOOTED FEET

20

are seen walking over grassy ground, right in the cemetery.



21 RESUME - MCCORMICK

21

into the mausoleum now, slowing. He looks up one aisle, down the next, all around. The cold gleam of the marble is like being inside a tomb rather than being outside a whole group of them. Lots of long, planar surfaces with names soberly etched. He feels creeped-out, but keeps moving.

22 INTERCUT WITH

22

the FEET coming around the outside of the mausoleum, getting to the entrance...going on. Play the mood.

23 CLOSE ON - MCCORMICK

23

looking at something...he's located what he wants. He reaches out to touch it...as he does, ADJUST ANGLE to include Cyndy's crypt...complete with her name etched into it on a small brass plate. For a moment, the possibility that he's wrong is almost too strong. Then, realizing he can't just stand here this way, he pulls out a tool and starts prying the plate loose. He's working hard, making noise and worrying about it...

24 WALKING POV - DOWN AISLES OF MAUSOLEUM

24

The boots are getting closer, passing row after row of permanent sleepers, peering down miles of marble.

25 MCCORMICK

25

finally gets the plate loose, catches it and lays it against another crypt plate. He turns to the new openable slot. Shoring up his guts, he reaches for the pull-handle to slide it out. The box comes out slowly, due to its considerable weight...It's far enough down to open the top half of the lid. Mark reaches for it, almost afraid to. He's got it a few inches open...it's empty! He starts to smile, knowing he's right when suddenly he jumps out of his skin as:

A VOICE (o.s.)

Hey!

CONTINUED

25

CONTINUED

25

Mark whirls to see behind him and we ADJUST ANGLE to reveal that it's Judge Hardcastle, pissed off.

MCCORMICK

Judge! You scared me to death!

(catches breath)

What're you doin' here?

HARDCASTLE

Sorry, that's my question.

(beat)

You realize how many laws you're breakin' here? Give me a minute, I'll give you an estimate.

MCCORMICK

What laws? No body, no Cyndy, no illegal exhumation. Judge, do you know what that means? That means she's alive. I was right!

He's absolutely delighted with this. Hardcastle, though not sharing McCormick's glee, is growling quietly, thinking it over, looking at the empty coffin.

HARDCASTLE

No Cyndy, huh?

MCCORMICK

You're a little slow, but you're sincere.

Hardcastle starts checking out the other names on other plaques on this wall. He's thoughtful.

MCCORMICK

Now I don't know what it is, but there's got to be some kind of reason she's not in this thing...

HARDCASTLE

Reason for everything in this world, kiddo. Sometimes it just doesn't walk up and shake hands with ya, that's all.

(beat)

Hey, get a load of this. Teddy Simpson.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED - 2

25

McCORMICK

Don't know him.

HARDCASTLE

Big mob boss outta Fort Lauderdale.  
Keeled over about three, four  
years ago.

(beat)

Matter of fact, he died in a fire,  
too. Just like Cyndy.

McCORMICK

You mean like Cyndy supposedly  
did.

Hardcastle looks quizzically at the plaque for a moment.  
Then he starts to smile.

McCORMICK

Judge, I know it cheers you  
up seein' these guys off the  
street, but this is ridiculous.

But Hardcastle's looking some more...he seems to find what  
he wants, stops and now grins outright, shaking his head.

HARDCASTLE

Slim Jimmy Whitestone.  
(beat)

Also lost in a fire. Here's  
another one. Red Guttin. He  
sizzled up in a Hawaiian hotel  
a couple summers ago. Startin'  
to see the pattern?

McCORMICK

(shrugs)

They all smoke in bed...?

HARDCASTLE

I'm bettin' it ain't quite that  
simple. Gimme the tools.

McCormick looks amazed, then the Judge makes a "come-on,  
stupid" gesture, and McCormick hands 'em over. The  
judge starts prying.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED - 3

25

McCORMICK

Judge...

HARDCASTLE

Shut up, McCormick. Gimme a hand.

\*

CUT TO

26 HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

26

looking down at a newly rolled-out coffin. They smile.

27 REVERSE ANGLE - THE COFFIN

27

is empty.

McCORMICK

Teddy looks like he's lost a little weight.

HARDCASTLE

You got that right.

28 ANOTHER COFFIN ROLLED OUT

28

equally empty, equally interesting to Mark and the Judge.

McCORMICK

Okay. So I was right about Cyndy's empty coffin. And we know something stinks around this place.

(beat)

But why? I mean, why would somebody keep all these empty?

HARDCASTLE

McCormick, it's obvious. This is a body laundry?

McCORMICK

A what?

HARDCASTLE

A body laundry: A place for people to supposedly get buried so the world thinks they're dead even though they're not.

CONTINUED

28

CONTINUED

28

McCORMICK

So they can duck the cops, you mean?

HARDCASTLE

Or the wrong enemy. Anyway, it's a way somebody can clean-up a bad I.D.

McCORMICK

(gets it, nods)

Not a bad way to avoid having to send Christmas cards, either.

At this moment, the entire marble-halled mausoleum reverberates with the boom of a GUNSHOT! The bullet zings off a marble plate just above Hardcastle's head. Both guys duck, realizing they're sitting targets!

McCORMICK

Maybe somebody's here to pick up their laundry.

CUT TO

29

THE HEAVIES - VARIOUS - INCLUDING CROCKER'S AIDE, STAN

29

in various positions. Stan himself just fired the errant shot. He's getting ready to fire again while three or four of his n.d. henchmen are moving to cut Hardcastle and McCormick off around the other side...

30

THE FIGHT - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE

30

Hardcastle and McCormick move fast. They go away from the gunshot, which has now been followed by more. Marble is cracking all over the place. They turn down aisles that look like they lead somewhere, playing cat and mouse in the creepy darkness with the n.d. heavies and Stan, all of whom are on their trail in this eerie fucking tomblike catacomb. Play this tension until, at a key moment...

31

EXT. THE CEMETERY - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

31

break out into the open from the mausoleum hauling ass over the lawn while back inside the mausoleum, the heavies

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

collect themselves. Shots are fired after the hard-sprinting forms of Hardcastle and McCormick! They just miss. There are shouts of "Come on", and "Don't let 'em get out of here" from the building they've just left. But our heroes get off the property by climbing a tree and hopping the fence that way. They move quickly toward the Coyote. This is good because:

32 THE HEAVIES

have parked their cars just outside the mausoleum. Engines blast, tires smoke. They're heading for the gates as Hardcastle and McCormick reach the Coyote.

33 THE CHASE - VARIOUS

There's enough burning rubber to do an S&M theme cremation as everybody hauls ass...play the pursuit through the night-time streets for as long as it holds...around corners and into a small business area. Sharp turns, screeching tires of other cars and a wave of tumbling trashcans, road-cones and more abound as McCormick on his own turf now, sets a tough pace to match.

Stan, at the wheel of the first pursuit car, stays with the Coyote until we reach some backroadish terrain. It's impossible for him to take the turns like McCormick, and Stan must give up after spinning into some heavy undergrowth along the road. The other heavies abandon the chase too, having been far behind and we:

CUT TO

34 EXT. GULL'S WAY - NIGHT

as the Coyote pulls in. Mark and the Judge both get out... heading toward the main house... They're to the door. Hardcastle puts a hand on the knob. Stops. "Shushes" McCormick...points to the knob. Shows McCormick it's unlocked.

HARDCASTLE

(whispers)

Wait...

They exchange worried, knowing looks and make themselves ready:

35 ANGLE FROM INSIDE - ON THE DOOR 35

opening...the light from outside illuminating the Halloween regalia within...catching the paper masks and scary faces in shadow...making Hardcastle stop for a moment when he sees his own jack-o-lantern facing him across the entry from the door. Then he's far enough inside to reach the light switch and clicks it on. Mark, right behind him, stops cold, in shock. The Judge looks up to see:

36 CYNDY WENZEK 36

across the room, sitting, waiting, more than a little nervous and scared. Even after ten years, she's still pretty. She gets up...

CYNDY  
Hello, Mark...

HARDCASTLE  
(to Mark)  
Never my love? \*

MCCORMICK  
(nods)  
An oldie but a goodie. \*

On reactions all around, we play the moment and:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

37 INT. GULL'S WAY - LIVING ROOM - McCORMICK AND CYNDY - DAY 37

sitting amid the party-ready surroundings. Mark's still blown away that she's shown up-- still looking great as ever, if a little nervous.

McCORMICK

It's really hard to believe you're actually here.

CYNDY

Is it a good hard-to-believe or a bad one?

McCORMICK

(smiles)

Positively great.

CYNDY

I didn't know what you'd say. I mean, I thought you could be really mad at me.

He's puzzled. At this moment, the PHONE RINGS. He holds up a "hold that thought" finger and answers it.

McCORMICK

Hello...

(nods, listens  
a beat)

Right, Judge Winters, eight o'clock tonight....No, he went out to run a couple errands.

(beat, listening)

Oh yeah, no question, I think a Buccaneer outfit would pretty much stop the whole show. Okay...see you then.

He hangs up.

McCORMICK

Sorry. Halloween's a big deal around here.

(beat)

Why would I be mad?

CONTINUED



37 CONTINUED

37

CYNDY

Well, I haven't exactly returned your calls or thanked you for the flowers all these years...

McCORMICK

I...just figured you had your reasons, that's all... I mean, it hurt my feelings, sure.

CYNDY

And there was that whole business of my going off to Europe with Steve...

McCORMICK

(first hint  
of displeasure)  
You went to Europe?

CYNDY

Well yeah... with Clayton.

McCORMICK

(doesn't like this)  
Clayton? Ah, Cyndy, Clayton Pasternak?

CYNDY

Well sure...

McCORMICK

Cyndy, we were supposed to go to Europe...

CYNDY

Mark, we were broken up.

McCORMICK

It wasn't my idea.

CYNDY

Come on, Mark, I wanted to see Europe... it's a big place.

McCORMICK

Yeah. But it was our place.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 2

37

CYNDY

Look, don't feel too bad about it. Clayton turned out to be totally on the prowl. He dumped me in Copenhagen for a Green translator. I heard she shot him in the foot a couple years ago.

(beat)

It's all over between he and I, but sometimes he calls.

The PHONE RINGS again. He looks at it, hating it. Play the moment where they look at each other as if to say: "Is it possible?" Mark picks it up.

McCORMICK

Yeah.

(beat, listens,  
impatient)

Listen, I'll tell ya, Judge Carter, you're kinda askin' the wrong guy. But if you don't want the other judges to know you're seeing your secretary, it might be a better idea not to bring her... Okay. Don't mention it. So long.

He hangs up. Right back to Cyndy. But he's now overtly unhappy.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 3

37

McCORMICK

You mind tellin' me what you ever saw in that dork? I mean, Clayton Pasternak looked like... he didn't look like anything!

CYNDY

I thought you said you weren't mad... Mark, this conversation is kinda gettin' off the point.

McCORMICK

Let me just finish, okay? I mean, think about it a minute. Wouldn't you be mad?

CYNDY

Not any more... Mark, it's been twelve years. Feelings change.

McCORMICK

(mad)

Hey! A counselor! Why don't you hang out a shingle and make a few bucks? Then you might be able to afford to buy me a thank you note for all those flowers.

Just now, Hardcastle enters via the front door. McCormick and Cyndy break off the conversation as he does.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 4

37

HARDCASTLE

Okay, how you kids doing?

(off "not  
sure" looks)...Right. Well, anyhow, I checked  
out Fulton's background. Abso-  
lutely no traceable contacts with  
any organized crime.

(beat)

He's pretty good at cleanin' his  
tracks, I'd say...

The Judge stops, realizes Mark and Cyndy are looking daggers  
at each other.

HARDCASTLE

If ya wear sixteen-ounce gloves,  
you'll bruise less.

McCORMICK

We were just clearing the air  
about a few old misunderstandings.

CYNDY

There's no misunderstanding, Mark.  
It didn't work.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, well, with all due respects,  
any peace talks are officially on  
hold as of right now. We've got  
some work to do if we're gonna  
help Cyndy.

(beat, to Cyndy)

We need some specifics about when  
State Senator Crocker ran that  
guy down.

McCormick gets up, starting to pace, nervous.

CYNDY

Okay...

HARDCASTLE

What time of night was it when  
Crocker drove home from that fund  
raiser?

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 5

37

CYNDY

Two thirty in themorning. I left  
the fund raiser right after him.  
I followed him for a few blocks  
and I saw him run that man down  
in the cross-walk.

HARDCASTLE

Was Crocker alone?

CYNDY

No. He had Vince Hall in the  
passenger seat.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 6

HARDCASTLE

And Crocker was definitely doing the driving?

CYNDY

After four double scotches, it was more like he was flying. He could barely figure out how to work the turn signal.

McCORMICK

What about the guy he hit? On the news report, Crocker said he thought the kid was pumped on Angel Dust or something. It sounded unavoidable.

CYNDY

Believe me, it was avoidable.

HARDCASTLE

Except for a drunk driver.

Beat, Hardcastle nods stands up, starts to leave the room. Cyndy notices Mark's pacing.

CYNDY

I can tell you're bugged at me. You're hunching your shoulders like Walter Matthau. That's what you always did when you were bugged.

Hardcastle stops.

McCORMICK

(offended)

Yeah... I'm a little bugged. I think you handled my feelings like you were scrambling eggs.

CYNDY

Mark, I said I was sorry...

HARDCASTLE

Hey, kids, you'd better both take off the beanies and join the adults at this table if we're gonna make this happen.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 7

37

CYNDY

It's okay.

(beat)

He's really got a pretty good  
reason to be mad at me...

(looks at Mark)

He doesn't realize it, but he's  
just about the only person in the  
world I trust right now.She's playing on Mark. It's plainly working... at least  
a little

HARDCASTLE

I think he's starting to get the  
idea.

(beat)

I'm gonna get on the phone and see  
if we can't get some police files  
messengered up here.He turns and exits. McCormick and Cyndy are alone again.  
After a beat, Mark, looking at her, sits on the couch with  
her and puts his feet up.

McCORMICK

Clayton Pasternak?

(beat)

Unreal...

On her reaction:

CUT TO

38 INT. CROCKER'S SUITE - CROCKER, STAN, ALAN WENTWORTH - DAY

38

Everybody's munching sandwiches, sipping coffee, rolling  
shirtsleeves. A TV set goes in b.g. with sounds off. It's  
a horror movie -- a "bite" scene from Dracula. Wentworth  
is an overfed, bookish, balding type with a sheaf of papers

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED

38

in front of him. Crocker's in the bathroom, two steps away, rinsing his face just inside an open doorway. He drinks an Alka-Seltzer and throws back some aspirin. Stan leans back in his chair...Wentworth walks around a little while he talks.

WENTWORTH

Okay, Evan...home stretch. The press boys know the Legislature loves you, so they're looking for the big mistake at the last second.

(beat)

So let's go one more time on the tough ones and then we can get this thing done. You got the easy stuff wired.

Crocker nods, a little tired. Combs his hair in the bathroom mirror. Sighs.

WENTWORTH

The accident....

CROCKER

(flat, recitative)

I was driving home from my office at about twelve-fifteen. I entered an intersection on a green light. I noticed a man running toward my car....

WENTWORTH

(interrupts)

Don't say man...say his name. More personal.

(to Stan)

What's his name?

STAN

Benton.

Crocker comes out of the bathroom, exhausted-refreshed. He and Stan have subtle eye-contact throughout. They've both got a lot to hide and are sharing the same secret.

CROCKER

I noticed Mister Benton running toward my car.

(MORE)

CONTINUED



CROCKER (Cont'd)

(beat)

I tried to avoid him, but he was intent on running into me. He was obviously troubled or deranged or possibly on some kind of hallucinogenic...

Crocker sits. Grabs the coffee and donut somebody puts in front of him.

WENTWORTH

I think we drop the drug reference... makes you sound like you're accusative.

CROCKER

Okay.

(beat)

He yelled something as he came at me and I couldn't avoid hitting him. He just seemed to come out of nowhere...it was very dark.

STAN

And your office...?

CROCKER

(nods)

Right...My office is investigating the possibility of helping his wife and son with some money to tide them over. The money will come out of my personal bank account.

WENTWORTH

All right. You're good on content, but remember, tone is everything, Evan...You sound the least bit tired of hearing it... those guys jump you like a fresh carcass.

CROCKER

(unamused)

Funny, Alan.

Wentworth is looking at his note pad.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED - 3

38

WENTWORTH

Okay... the Vince Hall disappearance.

(beat)

Have we heard anything? Even off the record?

STAN

(lying to him)

Zip. He just vanished on us. Thin air.

WENTWORTH

(shakes head)

Brother. Could be a problem.

CROCKER

I hope not.

\*

STAN

Relax, we'll be fine.

\*

WENTWORTH

Okay... let's hear it.

CUT TO

39 INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - TV STATION - CROCKER - DAY

39

camera, lights, reporters, the whole mess.

CROCKER

The disappearance of my good friend, long-time aide and manager, Vincent Hall, is a source of deep concern and pain to my staff and I.

\*

\*

We begin to pull back, slowly reveal that we are seeing this on a TV SET... and then farther back, near the end of the speech, to reveal that Cyndy Wenzek, in Hardcastle's living room, is watching in mounting shock. Hardcastle and McCormick watch with her.

CROCKER

He was a vital part of my career, and it's my hope that there is no tragedy at hand. Out of consideration to his family, that's all I have to say at this time. Thank you.

40

ANGLE - CYNDY

40

still staring at the TV set as the SOUND from the set indicates the Senator is exiting the press conference...

CYNDY

That's what I was afraid of... they found out I'm alive and they got Vince.

HARDCASTLE

Vince Hall's the guy who put you through the body laundry, right?

She nods, very upset. Hardcastle and McCormick exchange serious looks.

CYNDY

They killed him! There's no way he'd just wander off... Crocker was Vince's whole career... They killed him off!

From their expressions, they think she's right. McCormick clicks off the TV.

McCORMICK

How do you think they found out, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

Had to be Fulton. He's the only one any of us have contacted.

McCORMICK

Judge, you just checked him out...

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, but I didn't dig deep enough. I'm gonna go downtown and snoop around.

McCORMICK

Look, Judge, there may not be time. You already checked the computers, it's a dead-end. I bet if we went out to that mortuary we'd find Vince Hall's body...

HARDCASTLE

(cuts in)

McCormick, we're doin' this legal.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)

(checks watch)

Now listen, party guests start arrivin' in an hour, so be charming. Tell jokes. Make sure they use vampire coasters. And McCormick... don't do anything to impress your old girlfriend.

And Hardcastle is heading for the door and gone.

CYNDY

You sure he knows what he's doing?

McCORMICK

Oh, yeah... I mean, basically.

CYNDY

Well... if it's right, it's right. But do you always let him tell you what to do that way?

McCormick thinks, reacts, gets up.

McCORMICK

You're right. C'mon. We got some doors to knock on.

41 INT. CROCKER'S HOTEL SUITE - ON THE DOOR - DAY

41

There's KNOCKING from outside. Stan and Crocker swap looks. They weren't expecting anybody. Stan opens it, revealing Fulton, the mortician, in the hall.

STAN

You shouldn't have come here, the lobby's crawling with press.

FULTON

Hey, relax. I'm a real fan of the future Attorney General here. I wanna make a contribution.

CROCKER

(sees who it is)

It's okay. Let him in.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

Stan steps aside and Fulton moves quickly inside, handing him a DOLLAR coldly. He turns to Crocker, who is more composed now than before.

FULTON

I wanted to know if you'd found  
the girl or McCormick yet.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED - 2

41

STAN

You look a little stressed-out, Josh. If you don't like the pressure, how come you're in the body business?

FULTON

A man's dead here, guys. We just went from hide-Cyndy-Wenzek's body to manslaughter and murder.

CROCKER

(calming)

We've got it under control. You just do it our way.

Stan gives Crocker a "that's my line" look.

FULTON

I don't like your way. I'm already an accessory to murder your way.

STAN

(menacing)

It beats being the victim. Now all you do now is keep your body-snatcher window open and your mouth shut.

(beat)

Now get outta here. You've got lawns to cut.

CUT TO

42 EXT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - A GARDNER MOVING THE GRASS - DAY 42  
the engine of the mower on full rev.

43 INT. CAPTAIN SWITZER'S OFFICE - POV OUT WINDOW - DAY 43  
Hardcastle is looking out his window in LAPD headquarters. He's watching the man cutting the grass outside for a moment.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

HARDCASTLE

I don't care if he's up for State Attorney General or not, Tony. He wanted the girl dead 'cause she saw his hit and run. Then the guy who was supposed to kill her for him disappears like Doug Henning. What'd ya need, box seats?

WIDEN TO INCLUDE TONY SWITZER, a slightly sagging detective Captain who's listening from behind his desk and chomping on a cigar amid pictures of his wife and football-clad sons.

SWITZER

Any evidence?

HARDCASTLE

The girl.

SWITZER

Her word against his.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah. I know the ploy. I've ruled on it a thousand times. But we can get enough to really nail this guy if you guys kick in a little serious help. Like maybe getting on the computer to FBI. That so-called accident's got more than meets the eye. And this Vince Hall thing here...

SWITZER

(interrupts, shakes his head)

Milt... the mulch that'll fly at me if I start comin' at the next State Attorney General would cover your windshield.

HARDCASTLE

I'm tryin' to build a case against the man, Tony. Now the last time I was here, you guys were the cops...

CONTINUED

43

CONTINUED - 2

43

Switzer, interrupting, leans forward and grabs the calendar on his desk, turns it around and points to a circled day about four weeks in the future.

SWITZER

What's it say?

HARDCASTLE

Come on, Tony...

SWITZER

It says that day comes and I'm Detective Captain Tony Switzer, retired.

(beat)

Pensions, peace, palm trees. I'll even send you a postcard if I can work up the energy.

HARDCASTLE

Okay. Try this. Milt Hardcastle, nosy ex-cop and ex-judge who can't get the badge out of his blood, comes down and asks to snoop around in your files. Fiddles with the computer himself and asks a few random questions. What does that do to pensions, peace and palm trees?

SWITZER

(smiles)

Makes 'em sound better and better.

(winks)

But let's do it anyway.

On Hardcastle's smile.

CUT TO

44

EXT. FULTON CEMETERY/MORTUARY - COYOTE - NIGHT

44

driving up, lights off, and passing slowly by:

45

EXT. - A SIGN - "MORTUARY SERVICES"

45

in plain lettering.



46 INT. COYOTE - McCORMICK AND CYNDY 46

McCORMICK

(beat)

Mortuary Services.... boy, talk  
about all dressed up with no  
place to go.

CUT TO

47 EXT. CEMETERY - McCORMICK AND CYNDY - NIGHT 47

moving over the grass, through the grave-markers. The  
Coyote is parked beneath some trees in b.g.... as they walk:

McCORMICK

You remember that first summer  
we were together. Sneaking into  
Dunnagin's cemetery?

(laughs)

That caretaker practically had a  
heart-attack when he saw us.

CYNDY

(laughs)

It was so romantic. Weird but  
romantic.

(beat)

Mark... You know... I really meant  
to call you.

McCORMICK

Cyndy, not to be picky... but  
meaning to call and actually  
calling are two different things.

CYNDY

That's why I thought you'd hate  
me.

This stops him. She stops too. He looks at her. They're  
close.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

For a while there, I did.

(beat)

Especially when you told me  
about you and Clayton. But...  
you can't always get what you  
want, right?

Europe... (beat)

CYNDY

(sorry smile)

I wasn't trying to hurt you. I  
never wanted to do that. Do  
you believe me?

He looks into her eyes. For a moment he forgets where  
he is and kisses her. She's kissing back. Then it's  
over.

MCCORMICK

(big smile,  
kidding)

No way. C'mon, let's try this  
building...

She's watching him, following...

CYNDY

(smiles)

You know, you're still a hell  
of a kisser. Was that just for  
old times sake?

MCCORMICK

I don't know.

They keep moving and they're to:

48

EXT. MORTUARY SERVICES BUILDING - A WINDOW

48

almost closed tight, but not quite. He pushes it open  
a bit farther. It's dark inside. They're both silent  
as he pulls himself inside and pulls her after. Play  
the tension at the slightest sound they make. They're in.

49 INT. MORTUARY SERVICES BUILDING - SMALL DARK ROOM 49  
You can't see in here. The vaguest outline of shapes.

CYNDY  
Where do we start?

MCCORMICK  
(deadpan)  
I'm thinking it would help to concentrate primarily on the dead people.

He flicks a cigarette lighter and the room they're in is bathed in yellow light. They continue on.

CUT TO

50 INT. NEXT ROOM - ON DOOR - NIGHT 50

opening into darkness. McCormick and Cyndy look out and we can see we're in some kind of lab. Forms become unrecognizable, it's clear that we're in an embalming room -- bodies are covered head-to-toe in sheets. It's cold in here. Cyndy shivers and looks intensely uncomfortable. They are both very nervous here, and their remarks come out of this unease.

MCCORMICK  
Wow. Welcome to the bottom line.

CYNDY  
Do we have to check 'em all?

MCCORMICK  
Don't worry. I don't think they're gonna cause you much trouble.

CYNDY  
You're right. You're right. How 'bout you check 'em?

MCCORMICK  
You know...I don't think they'd have him hooked up like this... this stuff is for embalming.  
(looks at her)  
And they're not gonna take the trouble to embalm him, 'cause they wanna get rid of him.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

CYNDY

Well, if he's not here, then where  
is he?

McCORMICK

(looks around,  
unsure)

We'll find him. Come on.

He holds up the flickering lighter...adjusts the flame  
level a bit higher since it's probably running a little  
low by now...and tries to make out what's written on...

51 HIS POV - PANNING - FOUR DOORS

51

leading from this lab. One is unmarked, one goes back  
into the lunchroom...and the other three are marked  
HOLDING MORGUE 1, 2,, and 3 respectively.

52 ANGLE - TO INCLUDE MARK AND CYNDY

52

reacting.

McCORMICK

Hel-lo. One, two or three. Which  
door do we pick first?

CYNDY

How 'bout we go home and think  
ti over.

Mark just looks at her and leads the way toward Holding  
Morgue 2, with her right behind, making sure she doesn't  
touch any of the clammy possibilities that dot the large  
lab room. Finally he's got his hand on the door handle...  
it's heavy, one of the long-handled type. He opens it...  
it's disengaged...play the tension and apprehension  
between them...and he finally starts to crack the door  
open...

53 ON CRACK IN DOOR - BILLOWS OF "COLD SMOKEY AIR"

53

waft out like something out of "The Fog".

54 RESUME - SCENE

54

McCormick can't help stopping for a second. Cyndy steps reflexively back, but it poofs right over both of them... they swap creeped-out looks. He shakes his head and just opens the door the rest of the way.

55 A SMALL BLUE-WHITE LIGHT

55

goes on automatically. WIDEN BACK QUICKLY to reveal Mark and Cyndy in the doorway, confronted with a hanging garden of dead bodies in plastic bags...kept on racks, just like in "Coma"...and just like in reality. CAMERA ANGLES don't show deceased faces or details. She's just staring. Play the beat. Neither wants to go near this. \*

McCORMICK

(beat)

So?

CYNDY

So...what?

McCORMICK

Do you see the guy?

CYNDY

They all look alike...

There's a beat. He knows what he's gotta do.

McCORMICK

Stand back...

He reaches with some disgust to one plastic bag and moves one rack aside. It hits another, which in turn hits a third, and all the dead people shift and shake and generally scare the shit out of McCormick and Cyndy...who stand back a minute waiting for the world to end. It doesn't. Cyndy finally, very tentatively, moves forward, looking... walking, looking up at the rack on her left...she's not seeing anything...(remember, neither are we, face-wise) she's at then end of the rack. She turns to look at the rack on her right and stops...is that...

56 HER POV - VINCE HALL 56

It's definitely him.

57 RESUME - SCENE 57

She gasps, stepping back, and nudging the body behind her. She screams. Mark pulls her out of there, into the lab.

McCORMICK

That him? Down at the end?

She's trying to collect herself, nodding in the protection of his arms. He's not oblivious to this. Finally as he looks back into the Holding Morgue:

STAN (o.s.)

Well, you lovebirds are lucky.  
Not everybody gets to pick their  
own spot.

The lights in the lab are hit and everything is bathed in momentarily blinding illumination. Mark and Cyndy blink... but soon they can see Crocker, Fulton, Stan and several other deadly guys with guns trained at them. Play the moment and:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

58

EXT. GULL'S WAY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

58

a few "Halloween lights" and a jack-o-lantern make it an unusual look for the place...

59

INT. GULL'S WAY - THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

59

in full swing. People are dressed as everything from large ravens to Vasco de Gama...whoever he was. Into this happy, chatty flow of punch-drinking, food-gulping folks, through the front door and rather excited with what he's found, comes Judge Hardcastle. Through this scene, he is frustrated by the people who delay him as he tries to find McCormick.

60

CLOSE - HARDCASTLE

60

stops dead...shock...he's forgotten. Checks his watch.

HARDCASTLE

Oh, no.....my party. \*

But he's got no time, a large bubble-helmeted spaceman, smoking a cigar, is approaching him...

SPACEMAN

Hey, Milt! I was wondering when you'd get around to showing up... it's me: Steve Plesa!... County Court. So, what's the costume... let's see... \*

HARDCASTLE

Listen, Steve...have you seen McCormick anyplace?

SPACEMAN

No. He here tonight?  
(points at costume)  
Donovan's Reef, right? The Lee Marvin character? Great idea.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

SPACEMAN (Cont'd)

(beat)

It's good. It's really good. So  
which way's the chow?

Hardcastle points and just moves on through the party...  
he spots somebody he recognizes...a lawyer named LOUIS  
who's dressed as a ballplayer in Yankee pinstripes. He's  
a bit portly...he could even look a tad like the old  
Bambino...

HARDCASTLE

Louie...

LOUIE

Like the flannels, Milty?

(beat, turns,  
reveals number "3"  
on his back)

Got the Babe's number and  
everything...

HARDCASTLE

Hey...terrific, Louie...

(beat)

Say, you don't happen to know  
where McCormick is right now, do  
ya? He's supposed to be here.

LOUIE

Runnin' outta beer already, Milty?  
You're too much.

(notices)

Nice costume. Lee Marvin?

HARDCASTLE

Seen him?

LOUIE

Nah...haven't seen anybody I know,  
Milty...

HARDCASTLE

(a beat, polite  
question)

Might be 'cause a lot of these  
folks are wearin' masks, Louie.



LOUIE  
(seriously)  
That's a joke, right?

And Hardcastle is moving away from Louie...

HARDCASTLE  
(to himself)  
Lee Marvin...

He looks around a bit more...into one room, then the next.  
Finally...

alone, realizing...

HARDCASTLE  
(thinking, beat)  
McCormick...why do you always do  
this to me?

On his frustration, he thinks a beat and moves to the phone.  
Worried, he dials, then waits.

HARDCASTLE  
Lemme have Captain Switzer's office.

At this moment, a woman in a canary costume enters...

CANARY WOMAN  
Milt! There you are!

He manages a trapped smile and holds up a finger as if to  
say "just a minute, okay?". His expression is worth the  
price of admission.

A wooden coffin-- the most basic imaginable-- is poised at  
the door leading into the actual crematorium chamber. We  
join the group just as the heavies usher Mark and Cyndy  
into the ante-chamber at gunpoint. Cyndy looks terrified.

MCCORMICK

(reacts to scene)

You gotta be kiddin' me, guys.  
This is one of those Vincent  
Price drive-in movies, right?

CROCKER

I'll give you credit for  
composure.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, watch close. You're  
gonna need it when you get  
caught, Senator.

The heavies take this as a cue to tighten their grip on McCormick, making it more than a little uncomfortable.

CROCKER

(to Fulton)

I'm outta here. Gotta get to the  
airport for my press conference.

(to Mark)

Sorry, Mister McCormick, you were  
in the wrong place at the wrong  
time.

Then he turns, and with Stan, is gone. At Fulton's indication, Cyndy is forced into the coffin, struggling. The furnace door remains closed. Mark watches with growing rage, and finally kicks at Fulton. Two of Fulton's men grab each of Mark's arms. Just as they do...

MCCORMICK

Okay... okay, let's try serious,  
then. It's over for you, Fulton.  
You don't have a chance.

(off Fulton's hesitation)

They're probably typing the warrant  
for your arrest right now. This  
place is as good as closed.

(Fulton considers)

You can still drop all this noise  
and tell 'em about Crocker's  
little cover-up. You might do  
a few years less hard time. But  
I guess that's your call.

CONTINUED

62

CONTINUED - 2

62

Play the moment as Fulton weighs his options. He's not going for it. A gesture of the hand and McCormick is being put into the box. The covers are lowered on. Fulton watches this dispassionately. As we HOLD ON HIM the lid is in place.

63  
and  
64

OMITTED

63  
and  
64

65

INT. COFFIN - McCORMICK AND CYNDY

65

packed in like sardines. She's terrified. He is too, but he's cooler. There's a beat as the top is being given the first bolt...at the foot of the coffin.

McCORMICK  
(in darkness)  
Cyndy... You remember that  
kiss outside?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

#2201

55.

65

CONTINUED

65

McCORMICK (Cont'd)

(off her nod)

It wasn't just for old time's sake.

Scared, she just looks at him, hugging him for protection.

66

INT. CREMATORIUM - THE FURNACE DOOR

66

is opened. A viciously permeating blast of white-hot air gushes from the portal, making everybody in the room wince.

67

FULTON

67

now stepping away from the furnace and coffin, speaks to one of the thugs.

FULTON

Burn it.

The aide keeps putting in the bolts. (NOTE: the top half should never be bolted.)

68

INT. COFFIN - McCORMICK AND CYNDY

68

It's "dark", but we can just make out his features as they react to the bolting.

69

FULTON

69

the calm shepherd of death, presiding. Play the horror of the overall situation as we

SMASH CUT TO

70

INT. CROCKER'S LIMO - CROCKER AND STAN

70

as the car whisks through traffic toward the airport, Stan driving. Crocker is quite disturbed.

CROCKER

We got any aspirin in the back?  
My head's killin' me.

CONTINUED

STAN

Evan, you're incurable. Stop it. You got the appointment. What'ya want? We'll be safely upstate in a couple of hours.

CROCKER

Stan, what's the matter with you? We've killed three people already, we're murderers.

STAN

Everything's got a price.

CROCKER

(nervous)

...this press conference at the airport...it makes me nervous.

STAN

What could happen?

CROCKER

That's what people who get surprised always say.

STAN

(Re: limo bar)

Fix yourself a drink. You're making me nervous.

The locks on each wheel of the "gurney" it rests on are released.

72 VARIOUS SHOTS 72

as the pressure is now to the maximum.

73 THE DOOR 73

is kicked open. Ten armed cops fill the room. At the center is Hardcastle, packing a handgun, angry.

HARDCASTLE

If it moves, it hurts!

There's a beat and Hardcastle hauls ass across the room!

74 THE FURNACE DOOR - HARDCASTLE 74

kicks it shut and quickly swings the lid off the box. He and McCormick find themselves looking each other in the eye. McCormick puts his finger on his pulse and deadpans:

McCORMICK

Wanna go for twenty?

HARDCASTLE

Get outta there, wise guy.  
Where's Crocker?

McCormick's out. He's immediately helping Cyndy out. As he does:

McCORMICK

On his way to the airport for three quick rounds with the press boys. Then he flies North to accept his appointment.

CYNDY

(shaken)

Vince Hall's body is in a holding room in the mortuary.

CONTINUED

#2201

58.  
(X)

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74

CONTINUED

74

McCORMICK

Relax. From here on out,  
gravity takes over and the  
heavies roll downhill.

HARDCASTLE

We gotta make tracks.

CUT TO

75

OMITTED

75

76

EXT. STREETS - COYOTE - VARIOUS

76

as the Coyote, with McCormick and Hardcastle inside, eats  
up pavement, far outpacing the one or two police cars  
following (most stay behind to book Fulton and Co.).  
One of the black-and-white contains Cyndy. Play the  
high speed slalom through the streets for as long as  
it holds and

CUT TO

77

EXT. LAX - ESTABLISHING - DAY

77

the usual zillion autos in a feeding frenzy.

78

INT. LAX PRESS ROOM - STATE SENATOR CROCKER, STAN,  
REPORTERS

78

Crocker enters the room from the rear with Stan by his  
side and moves toward the front, waving to some of the  
reporters.

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED

78

CROCKER  
(t the mike)  
We've all got to stop meeting this  
way, boys.

This draws a knowing press laugh.

CUT TO

79 EXT. FREEWAY - COYOTE - RUNBY

79

And we're talking run...the Coyote is leaving a groove  
in the asphalt, peeling toward the airport.

80 EXT. CENTURY BLVD. - COYOTE - VARIOUS

80

blasting down the road and going for the VIP section of the  
airport, as indicated by signs. Behind them, but still  
coming are the black-and-whites...

81 INT. PRESS ROOM - CROCKER, STAN, REPORTERS

81

Stan, keeping to the perimeter, maintains a constant eye  
on things as Crocker bullshits the Woodward-Bernstein  
crowd who scribble, record, photograph, etc.

CROCKER  
Our role as State Attorney General  
is going to be one of cooperation  
and a constant improvement of what  
is already an ongoing high standard  
of law and order.

82 STAN

82

listening for a minute, basking in his success. Suddenly  
he sees a cop...then several...he starts to move off...

83 CROCKER

83

intent on his remarks to the reporters.

CROCKER  
We are not the first Attorney  
Generalship under this State's  
present

(MORE)

CONTINUED



83 CONTINUED

83

CROCKER (Cont'd)  
Administration, but we mean to be  
the best.

He looks for questions. Hands are going up as

84 CROCKER'S POV - McCORMICK

84

is now visible at one side of the back of the room.

85 RESUME - CROCKER

85

reacts to McCormick, but covers. He points to a reporter,  
very nervous.

CROCKER  
(clears throat)  
Yes, Bob.

BOB (O.S.)  
Could you tell us anything about  
late developments in the Vince  
Hall situation?

CROCKER  
I'm sorry, but there's nothing  
new.

CYNDY (O.S.)  
Things change, Senator.

Heads turn to see the source of these words:

86 CYNDY

86

a little self-conscious, but far more involved with glar-  
ing at Crocker. Just now, Hardcastle steps out beside her.

CYNDY  
I saw Vince Hall's body tonight.  
He was murdered.

\*

CONTINUED

86

CONTINUED

86

This really sets the room on its ear. Crocker just stands there...especially because there are suddenly cops on either side of him. As Hardcastle leads Cyndy up the center aisle of this press room, Stan, who has kept to the sidelines, makes a break for it.

87

ANGLE - STAN

87

knocking people out of his way, pulling his gun and running!

88

McCORMICK

88

takes off after him as the press room now has a full-blown chase scene happening right under it's collective nose.

89

THE CHASE

89

Stan hauls ass down a hallway with Mark following. Stan fires off a shot; Mark ducks back into a doorway. Stan's still running, goes around a corner, Mark pursues again. There are cops not too far behind him. Stan comes to a stairwell and goes in, heading downstairs. Mark goes in after.

90

INT. STAIRWELL - CHASE

90

Stan is going as fast as he can, firing up behind him but doing harm to nothing but the stucco. Mark is closing in, and finally jumps over the rail and down to the next level where Stan is running, hitting Stan with a flying tackle!

91

ANGLE - STAIRS

91

the two wrangle and after a few moments, Mark is clearly the winner.

McCORMICK

Trick or treat.

The cops are right there. Mark gets up, lets them handle Stan, and heads back.

CUT TO

#2201

63.  
(X)

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92 OMITTED

92

93 CYNDY

93

surrounded by press when she sees McCormick, smiling at her on the other side of this mob. She gives him an almost imperceptible smile.

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

94

INT. GULL'S WAY - THE HALLOWEEN PARTY - HARDCASTLE,  
McCORMICK, CYNDY

94

gathered near the punch bowl, cups raised together in a toast. Mark looks a bit preoccupied... not quite as "up" as you'd expect him to be. The Halloween party is going full tilt boogie in the b.g. We mostly just hear it.

HARDCASTLE

Here's to being alive, huh,  
Cyndy?

CYNDY

I'll say.

McCORMICK

And under your own name.  
Living...your own life again.

(Beat)

Least now you'll get the  
right mail, huh?

She smiles, nods and they drink. Cyndy and Mark are swapping eye-messages. Hardcastle doesn't see it yet. He's into the punch.

HARDCASTLE

(refills his cup)

I'll tell ya, you people are  
luckier'n a bucket a four leaf  
clovers that I know how to make  
a punch this good.

During this, Cyndy and McCormick are exchanging looks.

CYNDY

(Beat)

Still got a problem, Mark?

McCORMICK

More like a realization.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

(Beat, realizes)

Ah...listen, do we have to go through the soap opera right now, gang? I mean, there's nobody at this party I wanna really talk to...and if you two start with the emotional honest gobbledegook, I'm lockin' at a night of playin' host...which I don't wanna do.

At this moment the Canary Woman comes up...

CANARY WOMAN

Milt...there you are.

(serious, takes his punch away and puts it down)

I don't know who made this, but it's awful.

(Hardcastle reacts)

You know, I'm in the appellate court now, and I could really use your opinion on something...

She leads him off. He looks miserable, his arm intertwined with one of her wings. Mark and Cyndy watch them walk away...

CYNDY

You were about to bare your soul?

MCCORMICK

My realization.

(off her nod)

Way back when we broke up... when you broke up... you told me we weren't growing in the same direction. I didn't understand what you meant at the time, and since I got hurt, maybe I didn't want to.

CYNDY

I don't blame you.

McCORMICK

I do. You were right, Cyndy.  
I watched you with those press  
people. Facing up to Crocker  
with the cameras rolling and  
the whole works.

(Beat)

And I wouldn't wanna get into  
a situation where I was asking  
you not to keep growing in any  
direction you want.

CYNDY

(smiles)

Guess you did a little growing  
up, yourself.

Now he smiles, too. Music starts up now from o.s. It's  
the Beatles "Let It Be".

McCORMICK

Yeah... a little.

And his smile just keeps on...in fact, he's staring at her.  
Just like he did in the car way back on a rainy night a  
million years ago, at Emerson College. And just as before,  
she notices...

CYNDY

What's wrong, Mark?

McCORMICK

Can't ya hear it? They're  
playin' our song.

CYNDY

That's not our song. That's  
"Let It Be".

McCORMICK

Cyndy...who says you can't have  
two songs?

He smiles warmly...she returns it. They hug and we

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END