

#2213

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"Too Rich And Too Thin"
(a.k.a. Invasion of the Funsters)

Participating Writers

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&

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#2213

HARDCASTLE & MCCORMICK

"TOO RICH AND TOO THIN"

ACT I

FADE IN

1 EXT. AERIAL SHOT - SANTA BARBARA COUNTY COAST - DAY 1

A bit in from the coast to where the oak-dotted hills start rolling east. The day is perfect. We HEAR either Pavarotti or Domingo belting out an aria from "La Boheme."

2 EXT. DIRT RUNNING PATH - UP IN THE HILLS - DAY 2

It's deserted, but laid over the aria we also HEAR a man's nearly staccato breathing as it comes closer and closer.

3 MAN'S POV - UP THE RUNNING PATH 3

His breath keeps coming in its harsh, regular pants. From down below, we can also just HEAR the surf banging into the rocks as the aria comes to its magnificent end.

4 RUNNING LEGS 4

They are lean and muscled. A runner's legs. GO UP to discover they belong to TYLER PEEBLES, a state-of-the-art 65. He wears an old Beethoven sweatshirt, running shoes and shorts, and earphones to a Sony Walkman that is clipped to his shorts.

When the aria ends, Peebles switches stations and we can just HEAR an ANNOUNCER'S voice calling a baseball game. Right after he makes the switch, Peebles falters. Pain shoots across his face as it hits his chest and left arm with crippling force. He slows, stumbles and falls-- sprawling on the running path. We HEAR his last sharp gasp and then nothing except the Announcer's voice as the ear phones fall off.

ANNOUNCER

(filtered)

...and that ball is...gone! You can forget it. Right over the left field wall and still traveling. Gone, gone, gone!

TIME CUT TO:

5 EXT. OPEN GRAVE IN CEMETARY - DAY 5

Near the grave is an expensive casket. A man stands by the casket but we can only see his highly polished black shoes and the legs of his dark blue suit.

HARDCASTLE (V.O.)

I suppose I was asked to deliver this eulogy for Tyler Peebles because I knew him for 30 years as a lawyer, a judge--then once more as a lawyer--and always as a very dear friend.

GO UP to reveal HARDCASTLE in his funeral blue suit and black tie. Sadness is etched across his face and there is more than a trace of grief in his tone.

Standing just behind Hardcaslte is McCORMICK, also dressed in dark blue, but more curious than somber. He is staring at someone who fascinates him.

6 McCORMICK'S POV 6

reveals the Widow Peebles, a beautiful blond woman in her mid-twenties who stands slightly apart from the rest of the mourners, most of whom are at least twice her age. CLAUDIA PEEBLES appears sad, but controlled. She seems to be listening attentively to Hardcastle's eulogy.

HARDCASTLE (V.O.)

The Tyler Peebles I knew was a man of wonderful contrasts. He was a poor boy who became a multi-millionaire.

7 BACK TO HARDCASTLE 7

HARDCASTLE

He was a sports addict who loved and fostered the arts. He was a social activist, a stern jurist, a passionate advocate. He was loveable and irascible and cantkerous and funny--and I shall miss him terribly.

Hardcastle lays a gentle hand on the casket.

8 ON CLAUDIA PEBBLES

8

HARDCASTLE (V.O.)
Goodbye, old Friend.

Claudia's control seems to break. She turns and hurries away. The other mourners also begin to drift off in various directions.

9 McCORMICK

9

steps up to Hardcastle.

McCORMICK
Nice. Very nice.

Hardcastle wipes away a tear and turns his voice into a growl.

HARDCASTLE
Not too soupy?

McCORMICK
Nah. Just right.
(beat)
Who's the blond, his daughter?

HARDCASTLE
His wife. Used to be his broker.
(beat)
She looked kind of rocky there at the end, didn't she?

McCORMICK
That's not his first wife.

HARDCASTLE
Fourth.

McCormick's expression indicates that while two or three wives are acceptable, four is excessive.

HARDCASTLE
Some people collect stamps and coins, kiddo. Tyler collected wives.
(looks around)
Funny Jack Marsh isn't here.

McCORMICK
Who?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

HARDCASTLE

Tyler's partner and oldest
friend--next to me.

(sighs)

Well, I'd better go pay my
respects to Claudia. See if
there's anything shee needs.

MCCORMICK

I'll see you at the car.

10 EXT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - DAY

10

The limousine has smoked windows and a uniformed CHAUFFEUR
who leans against the front fender, smoking a cigarette.
Hardcastle enters the scene and questions the Chauffeur.

HARDCASTLE

Mrs. Peebles' car?

CHAUFFEUR

Yeah, but I don't think she
wants to be --

He breaks off when Hardcastle ignores his warning and
opens the rear door.

HARDCASTLE

Claudia, I just--oh.
Excuse me.

11 HARDCASTLE'S POV INTO LIMOUSINE

11

reveals Claudia in the embrace of a HANDSOME MAN of 35
or so who is kissing her warmly. The kiss ends quickly,
but not abruptly. Claudia turns toward Hardcastle with
a cool, almost amused look.

COONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

CLAUDIA

Milt. How nice. Mr. Rafferty.
(indicates a hand-
some man)

Mr. Hardcastle. Let's talk
for a moment, Milt.

She shoots quickly across the seat and out of the car,
closing its door.

HARDCASTLE

I just wanted to see if, well,
if there was anything I could
do.

CLAUDIA

That was a beautiful eulogy.
It reminded me of how often
Tyler used to talk about you
and him in the old days.

HARDCASTLE

(nods)
Well, if you need anything...

Claudia gives him a warm smile and a light hand on the arm.

CLAUDIA

I'll be in touch. Thank you.

She turns and re-enters the limousine. The Chauffeur is
now behind the wheel. The limo pulls away. Hardcastle
watches it go, his expression that of a man who is trying
hard not to disapprove of something that is really none
of his business. Finally, he sighs and turns away.

12 OMITTED

12

13 INT.-EXT. COYOTE - (TRAVELING) - DAY

MCCORMICK

Well, what d'you expect her to
do?--lock herself up in a tower?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

HARDCASTLE

I expect a period of mourning--
say 48 hours, although I'd
probably settle for 18.

MCCORMICK

Judge... Good looking
ladies who just inherited
ten or twelve million dollars
don't stay lonely long. Not
in this town.

(beat)

Or any town.

HARDCASTLE

Tyler only died the day
before yesterday.

(long beat)

Grab a left here.

McCormick hastily grabs a dangerous left, straightens out
the Coyote, and then demands an answer.

MCCORMICK

Why and where?

HARDCASTLE

We're going to Pasadena to
see Jack Marsh. I want to
find out why he wasn't at
the funeral.

14 OMITTED

14

15 INT. HIGHRISE CORRIDOR - DAY

15

They stop before a large pair of richly panelled doors bearing the names of the two founding partners: Peebles & Marsh. Beneath are perhaps two-dozen other names of the big law firm's senior partners.

Hardcastle, followed by McCormick, opens the door and enters. As the door swings in, we HEAR the soft bong of a distant chime.

16 INT. PEEBLES & MARSH RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

16

The well-appointed room is empty. The reception desk has that peculiarly neat air of an employee gone for the day. A man in a tieless shirt and rolled up sleeves enters from the left. He is JACK MARSH, the sixtyish surviving founding partner. Marsh needs a shave and there are circles under the eyes that stare at Hardcastle.

MARSH

You give the eulogy, Milt?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah.

MARSH

Nice crowd?

HARDCASTLE

Not bad. Jack Marsh, Mark McCormick, my...associate.

MARSH

(nods indifferently
at McCormick)

Was she there in her widow's weeds,
half numb with shock, sobbing with
grief?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, Claudia was there, although
you weren't.

MARSH

I'll say goodbye to Tyler in my
own time, in my own odd way.

Hardcastle looks around the empty reception room and gestures.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Give everyone the day off?

MARSH

In memory of the dear departed. I had a choice. I could either clear out my desk--or go to the funeral. I chose the former.

MCCORMICK

What d'you mean, clear out your desk?

Marsh eyes McCormick with something less than approval.

MARSH

He does talk, doesn't he? I've been sacked, young sir. Canned. Discharged. Fired. I am no longer with the firm of Peebles and Marsh, although it will, despite my protest, continue to bear my name. In effect, there now will be neither a Peebles nor a Marsh at Peebles and Marsh.

HARDCASTLE

What the hell happened, Jack?

MARSH

I'm sure some would say that in her grief, the widow's judgement has been clouded. Tyler controlled 51 percent of the firm. That control has devolved upon Claudia who decided only yesterday that the firm would do well to dispense with my services.

HARDCASTLE

Claudia's no lawyer.

MARSH

I believe she's bringing in a..."friend" to take my place.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE
A guy named Raffarty?

MARSH
(surprised)
Have you met him already? Not at the funeral? By God, the woman has absolutely no shame.

MCCORMICK
What kind of shape was Tyler Peebles in, Mr. Marsh?

MARSH
Superb, both financially and physically. He had the body of a thirty-three year old. Well, maybe thirty-five.

HARDCASTLE
No autopsy?

MARSH
No need. Typler had had a complete physical only two weeks before he was--well, before he died. And when I suggested one, Claudia objected--vigorously.

MCCORMICK
Who was his doctor?

MARSH
Your young friend has a mind that seems full of nice suspicion, Milt. Dr. Helen Coley--on San Vicente and Wilshire. I asked her the same question you're thinking of asking her. She says she didn't see how Tyler could've had a heart seizure, although it was within the realm of medical possibility. Doctors are much like lawyers.... difficult to get a definite yes or no.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED - 3

16

Hold, then:

CUT TO

17 INT. DR. HELEN COLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

17

Behind the desk sits DR. HELEN COLEY. Behind her on the wall are her various diplomas and a framed needle point motto that reads: "Do As I Say, Not As I Do." In front of the desk, seated in comfortable chairs are Hardcastle and McCormick. We come in at the middle of the doctor's sentence.

DR. COLEY

...and Tyler was sixty-five. Well, at sixty-five parts sometimes wear out for no apparent reason. Hearts, livers...lungs. They just stop working. I'm becoming more and more convinced that your best health insurance is a set of parents who live to be a hundred.

HARDCASTLE

What was he doing at a fat farm then? Tyler was lean as a rake.

DR. COLEY

Waterson's not a fat farm, Judge. The people who go there are both very rich and very healthy. It's something like taking your Ferrari in for a tune-up. It runs fine, but you want it to run perfectly. That's what Waterson's all about: perfection.

McCORMICK

You said expensive. How expensive?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

DR. COLEY
Five thousand a week.

McCormick whistles.

DR. COLEY (cont'd)
Tyler's stay there was his
sixty-fifth birthday present.
From his wife.

HARDCASTLE
Did you recommend Watersong
to her?

DR. COLEY
No, but Claudia called and
asked me about it -- whether
I thought Tyler was fit enough
to undergo their regimen. I
told her if he'd dye his hair,
he could enlist in the Green
Berets.

MCCORMICK
What else d'you know about
Watersong?

DR. COLEY
I've recommended it to a few
others who fall into the rich
and bored category. But I've
never recommended it to anyone
who wasn't in superb shape.
One patient of mine -- maybe
you knew him, Judge? Harold
Cagle?

HARDCASTLE
I knew Cagle. He owned a
chain of hotels. Big guy. Fat.
He wasn't Watersong material.

DR. COLEY
I advised him against going. He
died of a massive coronary his
third day there. Cagle really
hated exercise. The only reason
he went is because his wife
threatened to leave him unless
he slimmed down.

(beat)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED - 3

17

DR. COLEY (cont'd)
He left her fourteen hotels
instead.

(sighs)
I don't think I'll be
recommending Watersong
to anyone else.

18 EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY

18

McCormick is by the pool, staring out at the ocean, lost
in thought.

HARDCASTLE (V.O.)
Thanks, Delaney, I'll let you
know... When? When I get something,
if I do. Right now I'm just
fooling around... right.

19 INT. HARDCASTLE'S DEN - DAY

Hardcastle, at his desk, hangs up the phone and stares
down at the notes he made on the legal pad. He rips the
sheet off and exits.

20 EXT. BY THE POOL - DAY

20

McCormick looks up as the thoughtful Hardcastle approaches
slowly, still studying his notes. Hardcastle stops and
stares briefly at the ocean, then turns quickly to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE
Ever heard of Dr. Death?

MCCORMICK
He wasn't a lead singer for
the Killers, was he?

HARDCASTLE
He came up in front of me on
a murder rap six, seven years
back. Very smart. Very smooth.
All the edges polished away. The
mob spotted him early on.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)

The mob spotted him early on. Took him over, sent him through med school, and he turned out to be one fine doctor. Very skilled. They claim he knows a dozen ways to kill without leaving a trace.

MCCORMICK

Must've given one hell of an annual check-up.

HARDCASTLE

A very young cop made the bust. Stumbled into it really. He also made a couple of procedural mistakes. Ninety percent of the evidence in the case was tainted; I had to suppress, and Dr. Death walked.

MCCORMICK

Has he got another name? Or does he go around saying, "Hi, there, I'm Dr. Death and how're we feeling today?"

HARDCASTLE

He doesn't practice anymore. According to Delaney, he's got his own business going. A franchise operation. Colorado. Florida. New Mexico. Arizona. And here. Guess what he calls it?

Short pause. We can see McCormick's quick mind work.

MCCORMICK

Watersong.

Hardcastle nods glumly.

MCCORMICK (cont'd)

Sounds good to me.

HARDCASTLE

What sounds good to You?

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

Fresh air, good food, a few five-mile runs.

HARDCASTLE

What are you talking about?

MCCORMICK

C'mon, Judge... I know that suspicious judicial machinery is cranking away up there. We're going to Watersong, right? You're not going to let this thing sit.

HARDCASTLE

You're gettin' to know how I think, huh?

MCCORMICK

I've seen a lot of John Wayne movies.

HARDCASTLE

Good...well you'll have a lotta time to watch some more.

(rises)

Watersong costs five thousand bucks a week, and that means you're staying here.

MCCORMICK

I almost forgot about that tightward streak of yours. You don't think I'd be useful up there?

HARDCASTLE

Not five thousand bucks worth.

MCCORMICK

Five-hundred?

Hardcastle shrugs elaborately. Maybe yes, maybe no.

MCCORMICK

Okay, your honor, I'll bet you five hundred dollars cash money I can land a job at Watersong ten minutes after I apply and it won't cost you a penny?

HARDCASTLE

A job?! Doing what?

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

Bet or no bet.

HARDCASTLE

Bet.

MCCORMICK

Swell. Now all I need is Dr. Death's real name.

HARDCASTLE

(hard grin)

Ray Larkin. Miles Corman. Dick Turner. Leo Ray. Ronald Litkin.

MCCORMICK

This week's name.

HARDCASTLE

Dr. Ronald Litkin.

MCCORMICK

L-i-t-k-i-n?

Hardcastle nods. McCormick turns and heads for the house.

HARDCASTLE

Where the hell you going?

McCormick turns back.

MCCORMICK

To forge my resume.

EXT. WATERSONG HEALTH RETREAT - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

An isolated place set in lush beautiful grounds. All buildings are low one-story affairs. The Watersong logo is seen everywhere. It's apparently break time because a HALF-DOZEN BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN stroll across the grounds, heading for one of the buildings. We HEAR a car approaching up the drive.

ON CAR

which is an expensive sedan. At the wheel is MRS. BURT SCHNEIDER, a glum, plain, hollow-cheeked woman of about 40. Next to her sits her husband BURT, who is somewhere in his late forties or early fifties.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

The car stops in front of the administration building and a young man and woman come out. They are GRANT and SUSAN MILLER. They are also all smiles.

SUSAN

Mrs. Schneider? Mr. Schneider?

23 ON BURT SCHNEIDER

23

who gets out of the passenger side door. He's a big man, well over six feet tall, with a hard round ball of a gut and perhaps even a bald head. He also has the look of the Merry Andrew about him.

BURT

Well, I think I'm Burt Schneider so that's gotta be Mrs. S over there behind the wheel. Who're you, pretty thing?

SUSAN

I'm Susan Miller and this is my husband, Grant. Welcome to Watersong, both of you.

Mrs. Schneider nods her thanks as she gets out of the car clutching a very large purse that is almost a case. She turns to her husband with a look of near despair.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

I suppose you'll want to go take your nap, Burt.

BURT

Well, it was a long drive up here, Mabel.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

I drove, Burt.

BURT

But I did the navigating, the brain work. Look, Sugar, why don't you go check me in and pay these nice folks some money and then head on back home before it gets dark?

MRS. SCHNEIDER

(sighs)

All right, Burt.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

GRANT

This way, Mrs. Schneider.

Grant and Mrs. Schneider turn and head for the administration building. Burt turns to Susan with a smile that quickly transforms itself into a mild leer as he carefully looks her up and down.

BURT

I make the money; Mabel spends it. A fair division of labor, wouldn't you say? Of course, there's always a few bucks left over for frolic and frivolities.

SUSAN

(cool)

I'm sure there is.

BURT

So which way's the bunkhouse, little lady?

SUSAN

This way, Mr. Schneider

She starts off down the path, Burt following hard on her heels.

BURT

Burt. Nobody calls me Mr Schneider except real little kids and real old ladies and, Sugar, you're not either one.

SUSAN

How quick of you to notice.

BURT

Susan, honey, when it comes to pretty ladies, you're gonna find I'm a guy who notices damn near everything.

Susan keeps on walking. Burt follows, smiling broadly.

CONTINUED

INT. DR. LITKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Litkin is a handsome, benevolent looking man in his mid-forties. He is also extremely well dressed in a carefully casual manner and we soon discover that his manners are impeccable. The door opens and Grant ushers Mrs. Schneider in. Litkin rises, a reassuring smile on his face. He indicates a chair in front of his desk. Mrs. Schneider sits down and looks around a bit nervously. Litkin looks at Grant.

LITKIN

I think that'll be all, Grant.

Grant nods and leaves.

LITKIN

My dear Mrs. Schneider. How have you been feeling?

Mrs. Schneider is still looking around. There are diplomas on the wall. A model of a helicopter. A few paintings. But no photographs.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

(wan voice)

All right. I guess.

LITKIN

And you still want to go through with it?

Long beat.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

(small voice)

Yes.

LITKIN

You're certain?

MRS. SCHNEIDER

(beat)

Yes.

LITKIN

I want to give you the chance to change your mind. Should you do so, I'll understand perfectly.

Long pause.

CONTINUED

MRS. SCHNEIDER
(with quiet venom)
I still want you to kill him.

Mrs. Schneider rises, opens her immense purse, and turns it upside down. Packets of wrapped \$100 bills spill out onto Litkin's desk.

MRS. SCHNEIDER
One hundred thousand dollars,
like you said. Do I have to
stay while you count it?

LITKIN
No, that won't be necessary.

MRS. SCHNEIDER
Good, because I've really got
to get back and feed my kitties.
They get so awfully upset when
they're not fed.

Litkin looks up from the pile of money on his desk. Mrs. Schneider smiles wanly, turns, opens the door, and leaves.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

25 EXT. WATERSONG ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

25

The six beautiful young women we saw before jog past the administration building and the Coyote that is now parked outside. They are dressed in skimpy running gear and led by Grant. We HEAR Susan's voice.

SUSAN (V.O.)

You certainly have an impressive resume, Mr. McCormick.

26 INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - DAY

It's nicely furnished, but not overly elaborate. Susan is behind her desk, McCormick seated in front of it, dressed in an expensive polo shirt and slacks. The shirt is tight enough to show off his muscles.

MCCORMICK

It does have a little variety, I suppose.

Susan glances back down at the typed resume.

SUSAN

You played professional polo in Argentina.

MCCORMICK

Buenos Aires. With the right sponsor there, it can be quite lucrative.

SUSAN

Later, you taught skiing at Gstaad.

MCCORMICK

Just those two sessions, but the tips were great.

SUSAN

And finally, third base with the Giants.

(a little doubt)

I was a Giant fan when I lived in
(MORE)

CONTINUED

SUSAN (cont'd)
San Francisco, but I can't re-
call a McCormick at third --

MCCORMICK
(interrupts and smiles)
The Osaka Giants, not the San
Francisco ones.

SUSAN
Oh. Japan.

MCCORMICK
Japan. We almost won the pen-
nant that year, but got edged
out in the playoffs by the Yoko-
hama Pirates. As I recall, I
hit 324... I hear your dad runs
this place.

SUSAN
Doctor Litkin is my father. My
husband Grant is Deputy Director.

MCCORMICK
All in the Family, huh?

SUSAN
Well, we'd very much like to
employ you, but I'm afraid
we can't possibly meet your
salary --

MCCORMICK
(interrupting)
I'm sorry. I didn't make myself
clear. I'm not here for the money.
I'm here for the learning experience.
I think something like Watersong
would do extremely well in Japan.
(confident smile)
And so do my backers. The salary
is really of no consequence.

SUSAN
But how long could we count on your
staying?

MCCORMICK
(shrugs)
Six months at least. Maybe even a
year. I want to learn everything I can.

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23. & 24.

26 CONTINUED

26

Susan leans back in her chair and studies McCormick carefully. He accepts her scrutiny with confidence.

CUT TO

27 OMITTED

28 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

28

Hardcastle, in the pickup, pulls and stops. He looks around. The Coyote is no longer in sight. Hardcastle gets out and moves toward the rear of the pickup for his bag.

McCORMICK (V.O.)

Welcome to Watersong, Mr. Hardcastle.

Hardcastle spins around.

29 WHAT HE SEES

is McCormick, now wearing a Watersong T-shirt emblazoned with its logo. McCormick also wears a wide smile.

30 HARDCASTLE

doesn't return it. Instead he looks McCormick up and down, then nods toward the rear of the pickup.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

If you're the bellhop, my bag's
in the back.

MCCORMICK

I'll be glad to get it for you,
sir...

McCormick turns, lifts the bag from the bed of the pickup,
and turns back still wearing his smile.

MCCORMICK

...although I'm not really the
bellhop. I'm one of the PE in-
structors. In fact, I was hired
only 23 minutes ago and you owe
me 500 bucks. This way, Mr.
Hardcastle, if you please.

They turn and walk side by side down a path toward Unit C,
McCormick carrying the bag.

HARDCASTLE

Where're we going?

MCCORMICK

To meet your new roomie.

HARDCASTLE

You mean for 5,000 a week I've
got to share a room?

MCCORMICK

We operate on the buddy system
here.

HARDCASTLE

What if I don't like my new buddy?

MCCORMICK

Or vice-versa, which is more likely.

HARDCASTLE

You meet Doc Litkin yet?

MCCORMICK

Not yet. Just his daughter. She
hired me.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED 2

30

HARDCASTLE

What kind of lies did you tell her?

McCORMICK

That my last employer was wonderfully generous and that I loved working for him.

They reach Unit C. McCormick puts the bag down. With the back of his hand he gives Hardcastle's stomach a pat or two.

McCORMICK

We'll get that down to size, sir. Once you're settled in, drop by the office. Lunch is at twelve. On the menu today is watercress soup, delicious grape leaves stuffed with dry tuna, a delightful shredded spinach and kelp salad, and for desert, a dozen giant raisions.

(a wicked smile)

And let me add how very, very much I look forward to having you in my group, sir.

McCormick turns and leaves. Hardcastle grunts, picks up his suitcase, and goes into Unit C.

31 INT. UNIT C - DAY

31

Hardcastle comes into Unit C which very much resembles a room at the Holiday Inn. He glances around and puts his suitcase on one of the beds.

SCHNEIDER (O.S.)

(very tough)

That's my bed, pal.

CONTINUED

Hardcastle turns toward the bathroom door. Burt Schneider stands there, a broad grin on his face.

SCHNEIDER
Just kidding.

He crosses to Hardcastle, hand out-stretched. They shake.

SCHNEIDER
Burt Schneider.

HARDCASTLE
Milt Hardcastle. How ya doin'.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED - 2

Schneider reaches into his pocket, produces a Butterfinger candy bar, and starts unwrapping it.

SCHNEIDER

I'm a salesman, pally. What's your dodge?

HARDCASTLE

Retired.

SCHNEIDER

Retired what?

HARDCASTLE

Judge.

Hardcastle watches, fascinated, as Schneider takes a huge bite of his candy bar and then talks around it.

SCHNEIDER

I'll never retire. I like selling too much. Been doing it since I was nine. I sell things that can't be sold. Only last week I unloaded two boxcars of cheap blended Bourbon in Scotland. Aberdeen. Those Okie and Texan oil guys snapped it up. Said they hadn't had a good belt of rotgut in months. Made 20 thousand bucks with one phone call. How come retired judges have enough dough to spend a week at a place like this? A little under the table, huh?

(rubs his thumb against his fingers)

HARDCASTLE

(shrugs)

Throw a case a month and, you know, it adds up.

SCHNEIDER

(guffaws)

You're a kidder, aren't you? Like me. I like that.

HARDCASTLE

The candy bar.

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31

CONTINUED 3

31

He drives a hard right into schneider's stomach. Nothing happens. Schneider stands like a rock.

SCHNEIDER

You got a pretty good right, baby,
but I got pretty good muscle tone.

HARDCASTLE

Okay...so you're not here to shape
up or lose weight, what are your
here for?

SCHNEIDER

I sold the wife on thinking it was
her idea. Like I said, I sell pretty
good.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED 4

SCHNEIDER

(looks at what's left
of it)

Want some?

HARDCASTLE

(shakes his head)

Just curious. If you're here to
lose weight and get in shape, why
the candy?

Schneider beckons to Hardcastle who moves closer.

SCHNEIDER

See this?

He taps his noticeable belly. Hardcastle nods.

SCHNEIDER

Go on. Give it your best shot.

Hardcastle is tempted, but again shakes his head
no and smiles a small regretful smile.

SCHNEIDER

Go on. I'm not kidding. Just
lemme get set.

HARDCASTLE

C'mon Bert ... Forget it.

SCHNEIDER

Don't think I can take it huh?
Guy like you, judging people's
supposed to be your speciality.
Probably misjudged some of your
cases, too, huh? Forget I asked.

HARDCASTLE

Where do you want it?

Bert smiles and sets again.

SCHNEIDER

Right here. Anytime you're ready.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED - 5

31

HARDCASTLE

But why a fitness farm?

SCHNEIDER

(beams)

The cupcakes, baby. The pretty young walking, talking very fit cupcakes.

CUT TO

32 INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - DAY

32

Hardcastle is at Susan's desk, signing his name to a check. He tears it from the checkbook and hands it to her. She glances at it, puts it away in her desk, and rises.

SUSAN

I'd like to introduce you to our director now, Mr. Hardcastle.

HARDCASTLE

(rising)

Like to meet him.

CUT TO

33 INT. DOOR TO DR. LITKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

3

Susan knocks at the door. Hardcastle is beside her. We HEAR Dr. Litkin's muffled voice from behind the door.

DR. LITKIN (O.S.)

Come in.

Susan opens the door and precedes Hardcastle into the room. Litkin looks up with absolutely no surprise.

SUSAN

Father, this is --

LITKIN

(interrupting)

Mr. Hardcastle and I have already met.

SUSAN

Really? I didn't --

LITKIN

(again interrupting)

I think you can leave us now, Susan.

CONTINUED

SUSAN

Yes. Of course.

Susan exits, closing the door. Hardcastle looks around the room.

HARDCASTLE

See you've still got your diplomas up.

LITKIN

But I no longer practice. When I saw your name on the reservation list, Judge, I hoped it wasn't the same Hardcastle.

HARDCASTLE

You could've turned me down.

LITKIN

What for? Your five-thousand is as welcome as anyone else's. Are you really here for the program, or just snooping?

HARDCASTLE

Why would I be snooping?

LITKIN

Well, no one ever claimed you were subtle. Tyler Peebles died here of a heart seizure. Your old friend. A few days later, you pop up. It's rather obvious.

HARDCASTLE

If you didn't kill him, Doc, you're got nothing to worry about, and I take a few pounds off and get the legs back in shape.

LITKIN

Then you intend to follow our regimen?

HARDCASTLE

Down to the last kneebend. After all, 5,000 bucks ain't exactly chopped spinach.

CONTINUED

Litkin looks down at a list of names on his desk.

LITKIN

Let's see. You're in McCormick's group. Our new man. Have you met him?

HARDCASTLE

He showed me to my room. Nice enough little fella, except he's got kind of a smart mouth.

LITKIN

Shall I speak to him?

HARDCASTLE

No need. I can handle him.

LITKIN

(smiles)

Then welcome to Watersong.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

Hardcastle comes out of the building just as Grant Miller starts in. Grant gives Hardcastle a cheery smile.

GRANT

Nice day.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah. Swell.

CUT TO

INT. LITKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Litkin looks up as Grant comes in without knocking and sprawls onto a chair as if he owns it.

GRANT

Hardcastle! I knew it'd be the same one.

LITKIN

He's snooping, of course, and of course we have nothing to hide. Absolutely nothing.

CONTINUED

GRANT

Then how do we do Schneider?

LITKIN

Suppose he had an automobile accident rather than a heart attack? He's heavily insured. There must be double indemnity. Mrs. Schneider might be so grateful she'd cough up a small bonus. And since it's as easy to dispense with two in a car crash as one, why not have Judge Hardcastle along for the ride?

GRANT

(nods thoughtfully)

It'll take some doing.

LITKIN

Work on it.

(beat)

By the way. How's that new man?

GRANT

(rising)

McCormick? He's good. Has all the right moves.

LITKIN

Both Hardcastle and Schneider are in his group. Tell McCormick to put a little extra pressure on them both.

GRANT

(grins)

So they'll sneak off down the road for a beer?

LITKIN

(smiles back)

Or a pizza. Or something.

CUT TO

36 INT. WATERSONG DINING ROOM - DAY

It's lunch time and there are five tables at which 30 mos'

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

YOUNG FIT GUESTS are seated with a staff member at the head of each table. Sixty percent of the young guests are female; forty percent male. Dr. Litkin is at one table. Susan at another. Grant at yet another. Two very fit looking MALE INSTRUCTORS preside over another two tables and McCormick reigns over the table occupied by Hardcastle, Burt Schneider, and MRS. LORNA AVERY, a striking woman in her early forties who seems to be much taken with Hardcastle. Moving amongst the guests, serving lunch, are FOUR PRETTY YOUNG LATINO WAITRESSES.

37 ON SCHNEIDER

3

who is just being served his lunch of grape leaves stuffed with tuna, the spinach and kelp salad, and the dessert of 12 ordinary raisins all by themselves on a separate plate. Schneider looks down at his lunch with loathing.

38 INSERT - LUNCH

39 BACK TO SCHNEIDER

who looks up and calls to McCormick.

SCHNEIDER

Hey, Mac! I don't mind weeds for lunch, but what is this--the geriatric corner?

Next to Hardcastle, Mrs. Avery giggles.

MRS. AVERY

(to Hardcastle)

Isn't Burt just terrible?

McCORMICK

(to Schneider)

Let me tell you what happened, Burt. We were going to have another couple of female guests for lunch, but they're so old and ugly and decrepit it takes 'em awhile just to--

FEMALE VOICE (o.s.)

(interrupting)

Where would you like us to sit, Mr. McCormick?

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

Burt looks up and his mouth gapes open. McCormick turns around and looks up, grinning.

MCCORMICK

Nancy. Betty. I was just talking about you.

40 ON BETTY AND NANCY

who turn out to be the loveliest two in the room.

41 FRESH ANGLE

MCCORMICK (cont'd)

You two can sit on either side of old man Schneider there and nudge him if he dozes off.

Betty and Nancy circle the table and sit down on either side of Schneider who finds it almost impossible to believe his good fortune. Betty gives a smile and a sweet glance.

BETTY

But you're not old at all, are you?

SCHNEIDER

(with a leer)

Sugar, I never felt younger.

CUT TO

42 EXT. WINDSONG EXERCISE AREA - DAY

McCormick is now putting his five new charges through some mild stretching exercises when Grant Miller appears and stands watching for a moment.

GRANT

(calling)

Can I see you a moment, McCormick?

MCCORMICK

(to group)

Take a break.

He trots over to Grant.

CONTINUED

GRANT

How're Schneider and Hardcastle doing?

MCCORMICK

Not bad for know-it-alls.

GRANT

Work 'em both a little hard, will you? Put some pressure on.

MCCORMICK

How much?

GRANT

As much as they can take--especially Schneider.

MCCORMICK

(winks conspiratorially)

Right.

CUT TO

is till on its break. McCormick singles out Hardcastle and Schneider.

MCCORMICK

Okay, we're going to do a little upper arm strength test. The ladies seem okay, but I'm not so sure about you guys. So I want ten pushups each. Burt, you first.

Schneider fishes out a piece of chocolate from a pocket, pops it into his mouth, then falls forward--breaking his fall with his hands and arms. He does eight ver fast pushups. On the last two he claps his hands together, then springs to his feet, not even breathing hard, and looks around beaming. Betty and Nancy clap. Schneider swatters over to them. McCormick turns to Hardcastle.

MCCORMICK

Okay, Hardcastle. Gimme ten.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Hardcastle goes into position and McCormick kneels down beside him.

MCCORMICK

I'll help you count. ONE!

Hardcastle goes down and up.

MCCORMICK

Stick to Schneider. Go where he goes. TWO!

Hardcastle goes down and up.

HARDCASTLE

He on the heart attack list?

MCCORMICK

I don't know yet. Maybe THREE!

Hardcastle goes down and up.

CUT TO

MCCORMICK

who is on his feet in front of his small group that includes the now hard-breathing Hardcastle.

MCCORMICK

Okay, gang. We're going to run one mile out and one mile back. And we're gonna sing all the way because it's good for the lungs.

McCormick turns and starts loping towards the hills. Nancy, Betty, Mrs. Avery, Schneider and Hardcastle fall behind.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BROW OF HILL - DAY

It's a gently rounded hill and we are looking up toward its crest. We HEAR the faint sound of singing that is almost a chant. And then we clearly HEAR McCormick--leading the singing.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

McCORMICK (o.s.)

(solo)

I wanta be an Airborne Ranger.

McCormick comes running up over the brow of the hill, followed by Nancy, Betty, Schneider, Mrs. Avery and, finally, Hardcastle, all singing.

GROUP

(singing)

I wanta be an Airborne Ranger.

McCORMICK

(solo)

I wanta live a life of danger.

GROUP

(singing)

I wanta live a life of danger.

They run past singing the same two lines over and over, but Schneider drops back until he is even with Hardcastle.

46 ON HARDCASTLE AND SCHNEIDER - RUNNING

HARDCASTLE & SCHNEIDER

(singing)

I wanta be an Airborne Ranger.

We HEAR, far ahead, McCormick singing the next solo line.

SCHNEIDER

Pizza. I gotta have me a pizza
and some beer tonight. Wanna go?

HARDCASTLE

(panting)

I'd kill for either one.

Schneider shoots Hardcastle a quick, almost suspicious glance then recovers, grins, and belts out the song again.

SCHNEIDER

(singing)

I wanta live a life of danger.

47 NEW ANGLE

47

as Hardcastle and Schneider increase their pace to catch up with the group that is disappearing into some trees.

CUT TO

48 INT. AEROBIC STUDIO - DAY

48

From a corridor we HEAR the music and watch through a glass wall as a class of YOUNG WOMEN are led through their aerobic exercises by one of the young Male Instructors. Dr. Litkin is watching through the open door when Grant approaches. He stands next to Litkin and also watches. They talk without looking at each other.

GRANT

I think we can arrange it tonight.

LITKIN

Both Schneider and Hardcastle?

GRANT

Yes.

LITKIN

Splendid.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

49 EXT. OCEAN-SIDE ROAD - GO-BY - NIGHT 49

The pickup, Hardcastle at the wheel, Schneider beside him, rolls by at a good clip.

50 INT. EXT. PICKUP (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT 5

Schneider is contentedly using a toothpick, smiling in fond memory of his meal.

SCHNEIDER

Best damn pizza I ever ate.

HARDCASTLE

You mean the best two pizzas.
Where d'you put it all anyway?

SCHNEIDER

Lots of energy needs lots of
food, Judge, don't let 'em kid
you.

HARDCASTLE

(glancing in rearview
mirror)

You ever make any enemies in the
selling game?

SCHNEIDER

That's a funny question. The
last thing a salesman wants is
enemies. Now I admit I've met
a man or two I didn't like, but
they never knew it.

(beat)

Judges make enemies, don't they?

HARDCASTLE

More than they can count.

CUT TO

51 INT.-EXT. PETERBUILT TRACTOR CAB - NIGHT

It's parked by the side of the road, its deisel idling, its lights off. Behind the wheel is Grant. Next to him is Susan, smoking a cigarette. Grant has a pair of night glasses to his eyes.

GRANT

Here they come.

He puts the night glasses down, shifts the truck into gear, and pulls out onto the narrow ocean-side road. He keeps the lights off.

52 INT. PICKUP (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

As he drives, Hardcastle keeps glancing into the rearview mirror.

HARDCASTLE

I think somebody's tailing us.
Been back there ever since we
left the pizza joint.

SCHNEIDER

No kidding?

He turns to look out the rear window.

SCHNEIDER

Yeah. I think you're right.
(turns back)
That why you asked about enemies?

HARDCASTLE

Maybe.

53 INT. PETERBUILT CAB - (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

The headlights from Hardcastle's approaching pickup illuminate the interior of the cab.

GRANT

Hit 'em.

CONTINUED

- 53 CONTINUED 53
- Susan switches on all the truck's powerful headlights to high-beam. She also switches on a spotlight that's on her side of the cab and aims it right at the windshield of the pickup.
- 54 GRANT'S POV 54
- reveals Hardcastle throwing up a hand to shield his eyes from the blinding glare.
- 55 GRANT 55
- spins the cab's wheels, aiming the Peterbuilt right at the pickup.
- 56 INT.-EXT. PICKUP (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT 5
- Without hesitation, Schneider opens his door and expertly rolls out.
- Hardcastle keeps fighting the wheel, trying to avoid a crash. He edges dangerously close to the dropoff that leads down to the rocks and the ocean. The right front wheel of the pickup goes over the edge. The Peterbuilt flashes past. Hardcastle opens his door, jumps, rolls and sits up just in time to see the pickup teeter on the edge.
- He looks away, his eyes squeezed shut. We HEAR the crash. When he looks back the pickup is gone. Slowly, painfully Hardcastle gets up, limps to the edge of the cliff and looks down.
- 57 HARDCASTLE'S POV
- We can just make out the wreck of the pickup in the rocks of the pounding surf below.
- 58 HARDCASTLE
- turns and looks around. He yells.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Schneider!

(listens; nothing)

Schneider!

(listens again)

again nothing)

Schneider!

Hardcastle gives up and starts limping up the road in the direction he was driving.

59 EXT. LARGE ROCK - NIGHT

A car rolls slowly down the highway. Schneider steps out from behind the rock and waves. The car stops. Schneider opens the door and looks in.

60 SCHNEIDER'S POV

Behind the wheel is Mrs. Schneider, but she no longer looks either wan or fey. She is, indeed, quite striking. She is also all business.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

A Peterbuilt.

61 SCHNEIDER

nods and gets into the car with a small groan as he leans back against the seat.

62 INT. MRS. SCHNEIDER'S CAR - NIGHT

SCHNEIDER

I'm too old to be jumping out of pickups. Didn't see who was driving it did you?

MRS. SCHNEIDER

They froze me with that spotlight. What about Hardcastle?

SCHNEIDER

He's okay. I heard him yelling for me.

CONTINUED

MRS. SCHNEIDER
I checked out that guy McCormick
you called about.

SCHNEIDER
And?

MRS. SCHNEIDER
He's Hardcastle's shadow.

SCHNEIDER
(grins)
The old fox.

MRS. SCHNEIDER
Yeah, well the old fox tripped
us up. Litkin obviously had to
change his strategy -- So instead
of induced cardiac arrest, we end
up with him trying to run you off
the road.

SCHNEIDER
Not much to go on, is it?

MRS. SCHNEIDER
We're going to have to force
him to make some kind of move.
Any ideas?

SCHNEIDER
Plan B. What else?

MRS. SCHNEIDER
(after a beat)
You want a ride back?

Schneider shakes his head and opens the door.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED 2

62

SCHNEIDER
I'll walk. I want to look hot
and sweaty when I limp in.

Schneider starts to get out of the car.

MRS. SCHNEIDER
Burt.

He looks back.

SCHNEIDER
Yeah?

MRS. SCHNEIDER
Careful as you go.

SCHNEIDER
(grins)
Always.

He gets out, closes the door, and starts walking up the highway.

63 EXT. SAME ROAD, FARTHER UP - NIGHT

63

Hardcastle limps along the road and stops. He listens. He HEARS footsteps behind him. Ahead is a large boulder, at least seven feet high. He goes behind it, looks around, spots a large rock and picks it up. The footsteps draw nearer.

64 HARDCASTLE'S POV

64

Schneider strides along the highway, whistling "Carolina Moon."

65 HARDCASTLE

65

steps out from behind the rock when Schneider is just past him.

HARDCASTLE
Schneider!

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

65

Schneider stops short, but doesn't turn.

SCHNEIDER

Well. Judge. I was wondering where you'd got to.

HARDCASTLE

There's a rock in my hand. A big rock.

SCHNEIDER

A rock, huh? Remember my gut? Well, my head's even harder'n that.

Schneider turns around with a big grin, all charm.

HARDCASTLE

You know what you smell like? You smell like bent cop.

SCHNEIDER

Used to be. Not bent though. Well, not much anyway. I'm a private cop. Out of New York. But bent and private's all the same to you, isn't it?

HARDCASTLE

Not necessarily.

- (beat)

Who's your client?

SCHNEIDER

Transpacific Insurance. They paid a healthy two and a half million on a guy named Harold Cagle -- an alleged victim of of over-exercise.

HARDCASTLE

I read about it. His wife got the hotel chain.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

SCHNEIDER

You got it -- and she's been taking advantage of a room in each one of 'em since he died. Insurance company thinks Doc Litkin and Shelia Cagle might have had something to do with Harold's permanent slim-down program. They're willing to shell out a lot of money to find out how and why.

HARDCASTLE

With you as what -- the bait?

SCHNEIDER

Your turn now. What's your deal with McCormick?

Play the moment, then:

CUT TO

66 INT. LITKIN'S OFFICE DOOR - NIGHT

McCormick is picking the lock. It takes him three seconds. He enters the office, closing the door softly behind him.

67 INT. LITKIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The filing cabinets are bar locked. Using a small flashlight, McCormick spends another four seconds on the first bar lock. He pulls out a drawer and is searching through the file folders when the door opens and the light switches on. McCormick spins around.

68 McCORMICK'S POV

reveals a tired, sweaty Hardcastle and Schneider.

69 McCORMICK

sticks to his role. A faintly quizzical expression spreads across his face.

CONTINUED

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47A.

69

CONTINUED

69

MCCORMICK

Can I help you gentlemen?

Hardcastle nods as if he had fully anticipated McCormick's presence.

HARDCASTLE

(to Schneider)

Where'd I tell you we'd find
him?

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

SCHNEIDER
Rifling the files.

HARDCASTLE
Find anything?

MCCORMICK
No.

HARDCASTLE
Then close it up, kiddo. We've
got a lot to talk about.

MCCORMICK
What?

HARDCASTLE
Plan B.

69A EXT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

The place is quiet, still. In the distance, Mrs. Schneider's car pulls up, she exits, and with caution, moves toward the building. Checking the coast, she moves inside.

69B INT. BUILDING

as Mrs. Schneider moves toward Litkin's office then enters.

70 OMITTED

71 INT. LITKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

as Mrs. Schneider enters the empty place, moves to the files and starts pulling some. She moves them to the desk and takes out a small autofocus-type camera. She flashes a few pictures, then:

LITKIN (O.S.)
Well, Mrs. Schneider --

71A INCLUDE LITKIN

who's just stepped in with Susan and Grant behind him.
Grant has a gun.

LITKIN
It is Mrs. Schneider?

MRS. SCHNEIDER
Doctor Litkin --

He moves to her and takes the camera and strips the
film from it.

LITKIN
Spare me any explanations.
You have, I presume, been
around as long as I have.
Even people with explanations
die.

Burt crashes into the room.

SCHNEIDER
Honey -- I --

He stops when Litkin produces an automatic.

SCHNEIDER
Honestly Doc, -- it was one
slice of pizza.

LITKIN
Please close the door, Mr. Schneider
and put your hands on top of
your head.

Schneider slowly complies.

LITKIN
(to Grant)
Get the helicopter ready.
I don't think we'll be staying.

As Grant moves off:

MRS. SCHNEIDER
It's plan B time, Burt.

CONTINUED

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50.

71A CONTINUED

SCHNEIDER

Yeah, it sure the hell is.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

72 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY 72

On a grassy spot, McCormick is supervising Hardcastle's pushups.

MCCORMICK

They've got to come out soon.
NINE!

Hardcastle goes up and down, obviously tiring.

HARDCASTLE

Make it very soon.

MCCORMICK

Here they come. TEN!

Hardcastle goes up, down, then sits up, turns and looks.

73 HARDCASTLE'S POV 7

With Susan leading the way, Schneider and Mrs. Schneider come out of the administration building followed by Litkin and Grant. Both Litkin and Grant have raincoats draped over their right arms and hands, obviously concealing pistols. Schneider has his hands jammed in his pants pockets. Mrs. Schneider clutches her large purse in front of her. The group moves toward an expensive foreign sedan, possibly a Jaguar.

MCCORMICK (O.C.)

Susan turns.

74 MCCORMICK

jogs toward her, followed more slowly by Hardcastle.

SUSAN

We're in a hurry, Mr. McCormick.

MCCORMICK

Judge Hardcastle's cramping in
(more)

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

MCCORMICK (CONT'D)
his left leg. I was wondering
if the Doc could take a look
at it?

SUSAN
It'll simply have to wait. I'm
sorry.

HARDCASTLE
Hey, Burt! That your wife? I'd
like to meet her.

SCHNEIDER
(carefully)
Mabel, this is Judge Hardcastle.
(he smiles)
Plan B, Mabel. Now!

Schneider spins, his right hand comes out of his pocket and it manages to clothesline Grant who stumbles back, firing. Schneider is hit in the right upper arm. Mrs. Schneider simultaneously launches herself at an unsuspecting Susan. Mrs. Schneider twists Susan's arm into a hammer lock. Using the younger woman as a shield, she backs away from Litkin and Grant who have now discarded their raincoats and are aiming their pistols at McCormick and Hardcastle.

LITKIN
(to Grant)
Start the car.

GRANT
What about Susan?

LITKIN
Leave her.

GRANT
Sorry, kid.

He dives into the Jaguar and starts the engine. Litkin backs toward it, keeping the others at bay with his pistol. He backs into the car and slams the door as it roars away.

75 HARDCASTLE hurries to Schneider.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED

75

HARDCASTLE

Bad?

SCHNEIDER

Nah. See about Mabel.

Hardcastle turns to find McCormick removing a small automatic from Susan's purse.

MCCORMICK

(to Mrs. Schneider)

Know how to use this?

Mrs. Schneider nods, releases Susan and accepts the gun from McCormick. MRS. Schneider trains the gun on Susan.

Mrs. Schneider

Know what you're going to do, lady? You're going to patch up Burt's arm.

76

MCCORMICK

turns to Hardcastle.

MCCORMICK

Let's go.

They run to the Coyote, jump in, and tear out after the Jaguar.

77

EXT. RURAL ROADS - CHASE - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE - DAY

The Jaguar is fast, but the Coyote is faster. It's up hill and down dale, all on deserted, scenic back roads. Finally the Jaguar purposely smashes through a flimsy board fence and takes off across a meadow. Its goal: a helicopter with the Watersong logo on it. The Coyote is right behind the Jaguar.

78

ON JAGUAR

Litkin leans out of the window and fires. A lucky shot hit the Coyote's right front tire and it blows. McCormick keeps the Coyote going, but slower, much slower. The Jaguar is nearing the helicopter.

79 INT./ EXT. COYOTE - DAY

79

MCCORMICK

Nylon tow rope. Behind the seat.

HARDCASTLE

Right.

He turns and brings up a fifty-foot nylon tow rope with self locking clamps on both ends.

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)

Steering column?

MCCORMICK

Yeah.

80 ON HELICOPTER

The Jaguar reaches the helicopter. Litkin and Grant jump out, rush to the helicopter, and climb in, Grant at the controls. He starts the engines.

81 THE WOUNDED COYOTE

bumps along, Hardcastle now behind the wheel, and McCormick crouched on the hood with the coiled tow rope in hand.

82 THE HELICOPTER

starts lifting off just as the Jaguar reaches it. McCormick jumps, gets one hand on the landing strut and with the other snaps the end of the tow rope around the strut. He now uses both hands to hang on. The helicopter rises until the rope plays out and is stretched tight. McCormick slides down it, landing on the Coyote.

MCCORMICK

Now!

Hardcastle slams the Coyote into reverse and stomps on the gas pedal.

83 ON HELICOPTER

It tips dangerously to one side and then comes down for

CONTINUED

83

CONTINUED

83

an awkward landing. The rotors are shut off. Litkin starts out of the helicopter, gun drawn, but stops because of

84

McCORMICK'S POV

84

which is McCormick standing up on the seat of the Coyote, aiming a large revolver at him. Litkin tosses his pistol to the ground.

McCORMICK (O.C.)

Now Grant's.

Litkin turns, get's Grant's pistol, and also tosses it out. Both men come out of the helicopter, hands up.

85

ON COYOTE

Hardcastle HEARS something. It's the sound of a small engine. He looks.

86

HARDCASTLE'S POV

We see a golf cart chugging across the meadow. Driving is Burt Schneider, his right arm now bandaged.

CUT TO

87

GOLF CART

which pulls up next to the Coyote. Schneider gets out and takes in the scene.

SCHNEIDER

(to Litkin)

Gotchya.

(to Hardcastle)

Nice goin', Milt. Y'think we oughta toast this over a couple of banana splits?

CONTINUED

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55A.

87 CONTINUED

87

HARDCASTLE

Can it wait until we get them to
the cops?

SCHNEIDER

Sure.

(takes Litkin)

By the way Doc I lied...I
ate a whole pizza myself.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

91 EXT. GULL'S WAY (BY THE POOL) - DAY 91

Burt Schneider, Mrs. Schneider, Hardcastle and McCormick are seated around a table that holds coffee cups. Schneider looks at his watch.

SCHNEIDER

We've gotta run, Sugar, if we're going to catch that plane.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

I know.

All rise.

HARDCASTLE

(to Mrs. Schneider)

So what happens now?

MRS. SCHNEIDER

Well, I really become Mrs. Burt Schneider next week and Burt becomes vice-president in charge of security for Cagle Hotels.

SCHNEIDER

The house dick.

Mrs. Schneider looks up at him fondly.

92 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SLOW PAN over cemetery as we hear a man's voice.

MAN (V.O.)

...so they arrested Claudia Tyler, and it now looks as if there's going to be a Marsh back with Peebles and Marsh after all.

PAN ENDS on the headstone of Tyler Peebles. It reads:

Tyler Peebles
1920-1985

CONTINUED

92

CONTINUED

92

Jack Marsh, his partner, has spread a picnic cloth. On it is a wine cooler holding a bottle of wine, plus a large hamper. Marsh takes out the wine and starts inserting the cork screw.

HARDCASTLE (V.O.)

Hello, Jack.

Marsh looks up.

93

MARSH'S POV

93

reveals Hardcastle and McCormick. Hardcastle is carrying a bouquet of flowers.

MARSH

Hello, Milt. I'm saying goodbye to Tyler in my own odd way -- just as I told you I would. Care to join me? There's plenty.

Hardcastle looks at McCormick. A message is exchanged.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah. We'd like to, Jack.

94

GO BACK AND UP

94

as the three men settle down to their memorial picnic near the grave of Tyler Peebles.

FADE OUT

THE END