

LOCKE AND LOWDE

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY

A hot, rainy, summer afternoon in Miami, Florida. A worn out ice cream truck barrels down a four lane highway. Its wipers splash water everywhere as it plinks out classic ice cream truck music.

The driver of the truck, PEDRO MALO (30's), a grungy Hispanic man with a Pancho Villa mustache, smokes a cigar. He flicks ash into a bucket of vanilla ice cream.

Outside the truck, two black sports cars speed out of nowhere and pin the truck onto the road. It can't escape.

The passenger door on the leading car opens upwards like a Lamborghini and reveals DAVID LOWDE (late 20's), a rough, unshaven man with a tangle of black hair and something to prove.

Driving the car is MATT SQUEALER (mid 30's), overweight, balding man with a slobbery voice.

MATT SQUEALER

All your undercover work comes down to this big bust David. I know we need this one, but don't blow your cover!

DAVID LOWDE

Just keep your eyes on that rocky road. I'm going to get onto that truck.

MATT SQUEALER

Can't we just pull them over?

DAVID LOWDE

I'm going to make this bust myself.

MATT SQUEALER

But that's against the rules!

DAVID LOWDE

I don't give a damn about the rules.

MATT SQUEALER

I knew you'd say something like that.

INT. AN ICE CREAM TRUCK - SAME

The ice cream music is still going. Pedro sweats and twitches. He looks at the black cars with wide eyes.

In a flash of lightning he sees someone about to jump on his truck. The cigar dangles dangerously in his mouth and drops into the bucket of vanilla ice cream.

PEDRO

Policia...

Pedro opens the glove compartment and pulls out a cell phone and a large revolver. He fumbles with the PHONE.

The lead car pulls close to the truck. David leaps onto the front of the ice cream truck.

He lands hard on the hood and slips down on its rainy surface to the edge where a decorative ice cream cone ornament slams against his crotch and stops his fall.

DAVID LOWDE

Did you want nuts with that cone?

PEDRO MALO

Come on...Rapido, Rapido....

The voice on the phone is prerecorded.

PEDRO'S PHONE

Please hold while the Notell
Customer you are trying to reach
is located.

The rain and music intensify. Pedro blows the horn and fires a shot towards Lowde out of his revolver.

The chase cars bump and jostle the truck and the shot misses.

The ice cream music evolves into a bastardized techno-rific chase theme.

PEDRO'S PHONE

Please hold while the Notell
customer you are trying to reach
is located.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK

Lowde spits his gum onto the truck's windshield and the wipers spread the pink goo till it covers the whole thing.

The Mexican curses and hits the horn.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

PEDRO MALO
BURRITO GRANDO!

PEDRO'S PHONE
Please hold while Notell transfers
you to their Spanish speaking
services.

PEDRO MALO
ARGH!

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK

Lowde shimmies up the cab of the truck and onto the roof of the truck. He finds a locked hatch on the roof, takes out his pocket knife and flips around to a screwdriver.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Pedro is still on the phone. He shoots blindly out the front window and swerves from side to side. The chase cars somehow keep the truck on the road.

PEDRO'S PHONE
Please hold while the Notell
Subscriber you are trying to reach
is taught English.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK

On the top of the truck Lowde pulls more things out of his pocket knife.

A lock pick. He tries it on the door and it doesn't work. He tosses it over the side of the truck.

A saw blade. Again, he tries it and throws it over the side.

A Rubik's cube. He solves it and throws it aside.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

PEDRO'S PHONE
Please hold while the Notell
Subscriber you are trying to reach
reads our terms of services
contract.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK

Lowde pulls out a Russian vodka bottle. He takes a swig and pitches it.

He pulls out a Cologne bottle. He gives himself a little spritz.

A painting easel. He paints the door and throws it away.

DAVID LOWDE

I could sure use a hand on this door...AHA!

He takes a mannequin hand out of the pocket knife and he uses it on the hatch. It opens and he plops down into the back of the truck.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

In the rear compartment of the truck are large ice cream containers that are labeled with "Anything But Drugs".

Lowde touches an earpiece in his ear.

DAVID LOWDE

I found our load.

MATT SQUEALER (O.S.)

Are you looking in a mirror or something?

DAVID LOWDE

No, I mean the drug shipment.

MATT SQUEALER (O.S.)

Oh good. Now go arrest our man.

PEDRO'S PHONE

Please hold while the Notell Subscriber you are trying to reach learns the secret handshakes.

Pedro groans and shakes his head. David sneaks towards the cab ready to strike. Pedro spies him in the rear view mirror and fires a shot that barely misses.

David ducks behind a freezer in the back. He opens the lid and finds it full of ice cream sandwiches. He reaches in and grabs some.

PEDRO'S PHONE

Here is your Notell Subscriber. Here he comes. Let's hear it for your Notell subscriber.

PEDRO MALO

Come on already!

David throws the sandwiches at the front seat. They splatter everywhere and make a big mess.

Pedro returns fire with his gun.

A heavily accented Asian voice picks up on Pedro's phone.

PEDRO'S PHONE

Hello. Who is calling?

In the back, David searches for a weapon to replace his dwindling ice cream supply. An ice cream scoop catches his interest.

PEDRO MALO

It's Pedro.

PEDRO'S PHONE

Who?

PEDRO MALO

The guy with the ice cream truck full of drugs.

Pedro pops his gun at David a few times.

PEDRO'S PHONE

Oh. What's the problem?

PEDRO MALO

I need to talk to her. The Chica.

PEDRO'S PHONE

Yes sir, Please hold.

PEDRO MALO

No!

DAVID LOWDE

Yes!

David leaps into action. He rushes the cab of the truck, throws Pedro's gun out the window, and decks him with one fell swoop. Pedro punches him hard in the gut.

A sensual woman's voice picks up on the phone.

PEDRO'S PHONE

It's Anita. What do you want?

David has Pedro in a choke hold.

PEDRO MALO

It's the Gringo. He's undercover cop. They got the shipment.

A grunt of disgust from the phone.

PEDRO'S PHONE

Cole is not going to be happy to hear this.

The phone goes dead. David holds the scoop menacingly to Pedro's throat. The music crescendos.

DAVID LOWDE

Looks like I've scored quite the scoop here.

PEDRO MALO

Okay. Time out.

The music slows to molasses. David is unsure what to do. They release their grip on each other.

DAVID LOWDE

All right...But only a minute.

PEDRO MALO

Gracias gringo.

David goes to the back of the truck and checks his watch. He does some stretches.

In the passenger seat of the van, JOSE, another Hispanic man, sits and eats an ice cream bar. He wears a Mickey Mouse T-shirt and pays no mind to the previous chaos.

PEDRO MALO

Hey, Jose. Psst. Oye!

JOSE

What man?

PEDRO MALO

Could you drive for a second man?

JOSE

You know it's unsafe to eat while driving. Same as texting. It's irresponsible to --

PEDRO MALO

-- I know...But maybe? Just this once?

JOSE

No way man. I used to have a cousin who would eat and drive and he exploded--

PEDRO MALO

-- I'm kinda in a jam man. Please?

JOSE

Oh. Okay then.

Pedro crawls out of the seat and goes to the back of the truck. Jose crawls over and drives.

PEDRO MALO

It's really hard to find good help nowadays.

DAVID LOWDE

I'll hear that.

David continues to stretch by doing increasingly difficult yoga poses. While David is in the middle of one of his poses, Pedro winds up and hits him with a sucker punch.

DAVID LOWDE

That was my scorpion pose.

David and Pedro exchange blows. The fight is fierce. David rips Pedro's mustache off. Pedro pokes David in the eyes. Each action matched by a surge in music.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL RECEPTION DESK - SAME

An old lady in a puppy and kitty sweater knits and watches a security feed of the fight.

TRUDY HAUSER

Ouch...Ooof. You get him young man!

INT. AN ICE CREAM TRUCK - SAME

Pedro pummels David and beats him down. It looks like David is defeated. Pedro comes in for a huge punch to his head and David rolls away. Pedro connects with a bucket of strawberry syrup instead.

David punches him and causes him to stumble into the back of the truck. David grabs two ice cream cones beside him and smashes them into Pedro's chest, like a pointy bra.

The two stumble even further into the back of the truck. David takes a scoop from the freezer. Scoops some vanilla ice cream and shoves the treat into Pedro's eyes. Pokes his eyes.

They stumble impossibly further into the back. David grabs some chocolate syrup and pours it all over Pedro, punches him.

The two stumble further into the back of the truck. The interior of the truck is too long to match the exterior.

David grabs a javelin missile launcher and aims it at Pedro. He pulls the trigger and a blast of colorful sprinkles pepper Pedro.

The music strains to continue. The two stop. David grabs a cherry from a cabinet, places it on Pedro's head, and finally shoves him out of the back door of the truck.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY

Pedro is being read his rights as several officers eat the ice cream off of him. David walks over to one of the chase cars and plops into it. Matt is stuffed inside.

DAVID LOWDE

I did everything I could, and he still blew my cover.

MATT SQUEALER

Maybe if you'd done this according to the book, you'd still be undercover. The commissioner is gonna be pissed at you. I don't know, maybe everyone will just forget that you're a cop. Give it a couple days.

DAVID LOWDE

Matt...Nobody "just forgets" that I'm an undercover officer. Now that word's out on the street, I'm history if I step foot out there.

MATT SQUEALER

Well. I guess that would be a bit of a bummer, huh?

Matt musters a chuckle and raps him across the back. David glowers at him.

DAVID LOWDE

It was still a pretty good bust. For a Sunday.

MATT SQUEALER

Oh. That sounds nice. Can we stop by the Twisty Treat on the way back to the station?

The car clicks into drive and slowly pulls out onto the highway.

EXT. MASTER BAITER'S FISH HOUSE - DAY

An old restaurant sits at the end of a long wooden pier on the beach, worn by the salt air. A large, peeling sign on the building advertises "Master Baiter's Fish House, The best seafood on the beach"

INT. MASTER BAITER'S FISH HOUSE - SAME

All the tables have white tablecloths with snobby waiters. Romantic piano music plays.

At a table in the corner sits JOE LOCKE (50's), a handsome, grey haired, well pressed cop. He wears a stylish black suit.

In the front of the restaurant, a red haired bombshell in a skirt walks to the greeter. CLEARLY LOVELY (50's) is quite attractive for her age.

She speaks to the greeter and he points to Joe. The woman clacks her heels toward Joe's seat. She sits down but the clack sound continues.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Oh, I'm sorry about that. I forget that it's on sometimes.

She reaches into her purse and stops a tape recorder that's playing the sound. She clears her throat.

CLEARLY LOVELY

You wanted to see me, Joe?

JOE LOCKE

I wanted to have dinner together, actually.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Well, I'm here, aren't I? I don't know why I'm doing this when I should be back in the lab working on cases, but here we are.

JOE LOCKE

I wanted to try and smooth out our relationship, figure out what happened to us.

Clearly sighs. They both pick their menus up off the table and read them. They unfold them like enormous road maps.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Joe, we just don't know how to communicate anymore. It's that simple.

(MORE)

CLEARLY LOVELY (CONT'D)

I keep trying to talk to you but I
feel like I'm never getting --

A WAITER (late 40's) sneaks up on the couple.

WAITER

--Welcome to Master Baiter's Fish
House, where the fish smell is
normal. We've got crabs today and
everyone is itching to try them.
Would you like to hear our whine
selection for the day?

CLEARLY LOVELY

Can't you see we're having a
conversat--

JOE LOCKE

--Why yes. I would.

The waiter clears his throat and stands regal and erect.

WAITER

(Imitating a little girl)
But Mommy! I wanted to have the
bikini Barbie! All the other girls
have a bikini Barbie!

The waiter looks down at the pair with baited breath. The
restaurant goes quiet as everyone stares at the waiter for a
moment.

WAITER

Will you be having the whine
selection tonight sir?

JOE LOCKE

No, thank you. It sounds like it
hasn't aged properly yet.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Is anyone listening to me--

JOE LOCKE

--I think we'll order now then.
Won't we, honey?

CLEARLY LOVELY

Why do you insist on calling me
honey still? I told you not to
call me honey anymore. If just,
for once, someone would--

WAITER

I see you've brought your own
whine selection tonight. I'm
afraid there's a small corking
fee.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Well, I've never--

JOE LOCKE

That'll be fine. We'll go ahead
and order. I'll have the sirloin
and she'll have the burg--?

Clearly shakes her head no.

JOE LOCKE

The sal--

Again, she shakes her head no.

JOE LOCKE

The spaghet--

Clearly gestures to him, flapping her arms and clucking.

JOE LOCKE

The chicken?

She gives him the okay symbol.

WAITER

Very well then. Thank you.
(To Clearly)
I'll take that miss.

The waiter snatches the menu out of Clearly's hands. Joe hands
his menu to the waiter.

JOE LOCKE

Thanks.

WAITER

Anytime. I'll be right back to
help with the corking.

CLEARLY LOVELY

I never thought I'd get this kind
of service here!

JOE LOCKE

I know. With all the crime in this
city now. I'm amazed this place
still feels the same.

(MORE)

JOE LOCKE (CONT'D)

This is where we went after we met, remember? I met you at that concert about...questions? What was the band called? How? Why? What?

CLEARLY LOVELY

The Who?

JOE LOCKE

The band that was playing the concert we met at. Ah, it doesn't matter. I remember that you used to love this place.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Things have changed Joe.

JOE LOCKE

That's for sure. Miami got rougher and we got older. It's as if I went to bed one night and woke up on another planet. I don't know what I'm doing anymore. We haven't even seen or spoken to each other for so long, not since we decided on the separation.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Oh, what do you care Joe? You've always put your work first our personal life second. You can't deny that. I only see you if you're down at the lab on some damn case. We hardly speak--

JOE LOCKE

--At least tell me you're being careful out there. Tell me you still carry your mace with you.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Oh please, Joe.

JOE LOCKE

Well? Did you?

She opens up her purse and, with a loud bang, plops a medieval ball and chain mace onto the table.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Joe, you're being rude when I didn't have to meet you tonight.

(MORE)

CLEARLY LOVELY (CONT'D)
 I'm a brilliant scientist studying
 nuclear physics in my spare time
 for crying out loud! This was
 exactly the issue with our
 relationship, I speak and you
 never listen because you're so
 self centered--

The waiter sneaks up behind Clearly.

WAITER
 Your whine corking, sir?

JOE LOCKE
 Ah. Thank you.

The waiter shoves a large cork in Clearly's mouth. She is infuriated and slams her purse on the table. She plays the 'clacking' SFX on a recorder and walks off.

JOE LOCKE
 Is something wrong? Clearly? You
 forgot your mace.

Joe holds it up to show Clearly and smacks the waiter with it.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The pillars and columns of the police station frame a large stone edifice in the middle of downtown Miami.

On the steps to the police station is a mahogany podium. At the podium is MAX DICKSON (early 40's), severe, Black man wearing a Commissioner's uniform.

Next to Max is a portly woman who looks as if she should be working for a retail chain. She is the SIGN LANGUAGE INTERPRETER. Max shuffles the speech papers in his hand and tests the microphone.

On the grass below the steps, a cadre of press stands. They clamor for his attention. As Max speaks, the sign language interpreter does her best to keep up with him.

MAX DICKSON
 Firstly, I'd like to say that
 yesterday's bust was a great
 success. No longer will our
 children be in danger of having
 their favorite ice cream treats
 displaced by illegal drugs!

The reporters clamor with questions.

MAX DICKSON

If you'd excuse me. We have lots of items on the agenda.

The printed agenda sits on Max's clipboard on the podium. His hand sweeps off several obstructions on it: a glass of water, a stapler, a flower, a copy of Locke and Lowde 2 on VHS, etc.

MAX DICKSON

Now that that's taken care of...Any questions?

A well dressed FEMALE REPORTER.

FEMALE REPORTER

Commissioner Dickson, with narcotic crime in Miami at its highest ever, what are your plans to turn the momentum in the war on drugs?

MAX DICKSON

I vow here and now to put a stop to this drug smuggling ring. Everyone knows that drugs are bad for you, and that kids shouldn't eat too many sweets. This sting operation today proved one thing, and it's that crime and sweets don't mix.

The reporters yell questions. The sign language interpreter is making things up that look like vaguely sexual gestures.

Another generic MALE REPORTER speaks pointedly.

MALE REPORTER

Commissioner, that's a vague answer. What are you going to do about the crime in the city?

The interpreter gives herself a black eye with the emphasis in the reporter's question.

MAX DICKSON

I have two of my finest men. They will be 'working' on 'it' with each other. If you get what I'm saying. Put another way, they're going to be spending a lot of time together...They're going to have to tell their families that they have a new partner...

(MORE)

MAX DICKSON (CONT'D)

They're going to clean each other's pistols now, and hope that they don't go off while they're holding it. Was that clear enough?

The reporters all look around at each other, perplexed.

ALL REPORTERS

Uhh...

An ANGRY VILLAGER REPORTER pipes up. He is dressed like a medieval villager and has a three pronged microphone shaped like a pitchfork.

ANGRY VILLAGER REPORTER

Hey! What are you planning on doing with the menace of Dr. Frankenstein's Monster? He keeps ravaging my village every night!

MAX DICKSON

No more questions, please.

ELTON JOHNSON (early 30's), a slim, handsome, man dressed in a frilly pink pirate shirt and green striped pants walks over to the podium.

Elton and Max walk off together into the police station.

ELTON JOHNSON

Commissioner Dickson, David Lowde is upstairs and ready to be seen.

MAX DICKSON

Good. Let's get these two doing it together right now.

ELTON JOHNSON

Oh, I like the sound of that.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAX DICKSONS'S OFFICE

A lone bare metal desk and four chairs are huddled near the door. A computer sits next to a rotary telephone. The smoked glass pane in the door reads "MAX DICKSON."

Max sits in a high backed swivel chair and speaks into his phone.

MAX DICKSON

Yea, I know. Look. I'm putting these two screwups I have on it.

(MORE)

MAX DICKSON (CONT'D)

One's about to retire and doesn't listen and the other is some punk kid. It'll bury it for sure.

A knock on the door.

MAX DICKSON

I gotta go though. All right. Bye.

Max hangs up and motions to the door.

MAX DICKSON

Come on in.

David peeks his head in.

DAVID LOWDE

Elton said that you wanted to see me.

MAX DICKSON

I did. And I want to talk with you.

DAVID LOWDE

Oh. Why didn't you say so?

David walks in and sits down in a chair.

MAX DICKSON

Lowde, let me get straight to the point. I'm pairing you up with a new partner. You two are going to work on the smuggling ring task force and I don't want to hear complaints about it.

DAVID LOWDE

Sir, you know that my cover has been blown. I'm no good on this case.

MAX DICKSON

That's all right, you're young, attractive, and most importantly you have a stupid concept that you're above the law. I know just what to do with you.

A knock at the door.

MAX DICKSON

Come on in.

DAVID LOWDE
I'm already here.

MAX DICKSON
Not you.

Joe Locke peeks his head in the door.

JOE LOCKE
You wanted to see me, Commissioner
Dickson?

DAVID LOWDE
And he wanted to speak with you.

JOE LOCKE
I knew that.

Joe comes in and sits next to David.

MAX DICKSON
Lowde, meet Locke, Locke meet
Lowde.

JOE LOCKE
Locke.

DAVID LOWDE
Lowde.

ALL THREE turn to the audience.

ALL THREE
The name of the movie!

MAX DICKSON
Now where were we...Oh right. I
remember now. Joe, This is your
new partner.

JOE LOCKE
How good are you with a gun?

DAVID LOWDE
I'm good enough for you, old man.

JOE LOCKE
When was your last arrest, kid?

DAVID LOWDE
Of a suspect...last
week...myself...last week.

JOE LOCKE
Glazed or jelly filled?

DAVID LOWDE
Both.

JOE LOCKE
Commissioner, do you really expect
me to get anything done with this
kid following me around? He
doesn't even know his donuts yet.

A knock at the door.

MAX DICKSON
Come in.

Elton Johnson peeks his head in the door.

ELTON JOHNSON
You wanted to see me.

MAX DICKSON
I did.

Elton comes in and does a little twirl dance, then prances
right back out.

MAX DICKSON
Isn't he great?

Joe and David stare at Max. Max clears his throat and leans in
closer on his desk.

MAX DICKSON
Listen up, boys. Locke, I know
you're about to retire, but I need
you to run one last case down.
That Mexican guy blew our Lowde.
So we have to do the rest of this
case on old school style, no more
fancy undercover work. He had a
connections higher up that we need
to get to somehow. Follow the
trail to the top, so to speak. The
mayor is breathing down my neck to
get him to the bottom of this
case.

Joe and David look at each other uncomfortably. The mayor
literally stands behind Max and breathes down his neck.

A knock on the door.

MAX DICKSON

Come in.

Matt Squealer appears at the door.

MATT SQUEALER

You wanted to see--

DAVID LOWDE

Actually he wanted to talk--

MAX DICKSON

Just, Get this mayor off my back.

Matt comes over and coaxes the Mayor out of the office with a couple of twenty dollar bills.

MAX DICKSON

Lowde, I know that you're a roughshod unshaven mess of an alcoholic cop who just blew his cover. I know that you're a screw up to the highest degree because of your disregard for the rules, hell, probably the reason I need to patch this thing up in the first place. But you're deep in this toilet now and I'm gonna need you to run this one through. After this whole mess is flushed away, then we'll see about your career. Got it?

JOE LOCKE

Commissioner, with all due respect, I'm about to retire. I promised myself that I'd sit at a desk this last week and just let the time fall off the clock.

Joe points to a basketball scoreboard above the commissioner's desk. Time ticks off of it, about a week's worth of time left.

DAVID LOWDE

I don't like this any more than you do.

MAX DICKSON

I don't give a goddamn flippity floppity how much you two like this or not. Do some regular police work for once, Lowde. And Locke, this should be easy for you. Make the bust on this ring. I need you two to work together.

(MORE)

MAX DICKSON (CONT'D)

Your first lead is sitting in the bullpen downstairs already. Now go sweat him.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL

The interrogation room of the police station is a baseball warm up area. Astroturf with benches along one side. In the back of the room squats a fully dressed UMPIRE.

Pedro Malo, the ice cream truck driver, sits handcuffed to a metal table in the middle of the room.

OUTSIDE THE BULLPEN

Joe and David look into the room. David scowls.

DAVID LOWDE

That's the guy I busted alright. I'm gonna go in there and knock him a new one.

JOE LOCKE

That's not the way we're gonna play it, cowboy. It's going to be nice and smooth. Very professional.

DAVID LOWDE

All right then pops. If you say so. I'll follow your lead.

JOE LOCKE

Oh, what a relief.

Joe and David walk into the interrogation room.

UMPIRE

Play Ball!

PEDRO MALO

I'm not saying anything until I speak with my lawyer.

Joe leans on the desk as David takes a seat. David punches a red button on a tape recorder that sits on the desk.

JOE LOCKE

I'm sorry, I don't understand Spanish.

DAVID LOWDE

He said that he's not going to talk to us until we let him see his law--

Joe turns to David.

JOE LOCKE

I didn't know you spoke Spanish.

DAVID LOWDE

I don't, but that was not--

JOE LOCKE

--No. That was in Spanish. I'm sure of it.

PEDRO MALO

I'm not saying anything and that's final.

JOE LOCKE

You have something to say to us?

PEDRO MALO

Nope.

UMPIRE

Strike One!

JOE LOCKE

But that was something. You should write that down Lowde.

DAVID LOWDE

I'm not writing that down. He just told us he doesn't want to talk.

JOE LOCKE

Look, you either play ball with us or we'll really get dirty here.

PEDRO MALO

Look man. I never met my source and there's nothing you can do to change my mind.

UMPIRE

Strike Two!

JOE LOCKE

I don't care if you didn't meet your source. You must know something.

DAVID LOWDE

We can cut you a deal if you cooperate.

PEDRO MALO

All right, Maybe I saw her at the pickup spot one time...She sounded really sexy over the phone. Smoking hot.

DAVID LOWDE

Even fat girls have one hot selfie in them.

JOE LOCKE

What's a selfie?

PEDRO MALO

It's when a girl takes a picture of herself at just the right angle and puts it up on the internet.

Joe turns to David.

JOE LOCKE

That sounds just like what we could use here.

DAVID LOWDE

A selfie?

JOE LOCKE

No, the right angle.

DAVID LOWDE

Quit being so obtuse with him then.

PEDRO MALO

What's with all the math jokes? It doesn't add up.

Joe turns back to Pedro. He slams his fists on the desk.

JOE LOCKE

Crack for us already!

PEDRO MALO

It wasn't crack, Gringo, it was cocaine.

JOE LOCKE

Write that down.

DAVID LOWDE

It sounds like we're getting some traction here, finally.

PEDRO MALO

Nope, it was the worst. I couldn't get any reception.

JOE LOCKE

So she's married...

PEDRO MALO

As far as I can tell, no.

DAVID LOWDE

Notell eh? Those are the worst.

PEDRO MALO

Totally.

JOE LOCKE

All right. I think we're almost to home base here.

DAVID LOWDE

Offer him a deal Locke.

Joe turns to David and sneers.

JOE LOCKE

Shut up kid. I'm running this interrogation here.

UMPIRE

Foul.

PEDRO MALO

Yea. Offer me a deal.

Joe turns back to Pedro.

JOE LOCKE

All right, you know a name, a face, anything?

PEDRO MALO

When I loaded up the shipment. It was at their facility, I know exactly where it is. There was a drop dead gorgeous woman there. I'd bet anything it was the same one I talked to on the phone all the time.

JOE LOCKE

This woman sounds like
misdirection to me. Let's just go
off the warehouse. Can you tell us
where the warehouse is Pedro? A
bust that big would be the mother
lode.

DAVID LOWDE

You leave my mother out of this.

David grabs Joe by the collar, ready to fight. Pedro stands
up.

PEDRO MALO

I'll tell you more when I get the
papers for a deal in front of me
and signed by the commissioner.

JOE LOCKE

The hell you will!

Joe and David are about to come to blows when Matt knocks on
the door. He motions for them to come out.

UMPIRE

Safe!

Joe and David leave the room still in each other's clutches.

OUTSIDE THE BULLPEN

Matt Squealer sweats as Joe and David come out of the bull
pen.

MATT SQUEALER

What the hell is going on with you
two? The commissioner wants you to
work together. Not against each
other!

In the background an officer is taking the stereotypical
arrest photo of front and profile. He takes the photo of two
men, who are twins, one facing forward with slate, the other
profile with slate.

JOE LOCKE

He started it.

DAVID LOWDE

Did not.

MATT SQUEALER

Whatever. I've got something for
you.

(MORE)

MATT SQUEALER (CONT'D)

It seems that pictures of your ice cream perp have shown up on Cole Stiff. I love ice cream. Yum.

DAVID LOWDE

Wait, Cole Stiff? That's impossible. Cole Stiff died years ago.

JOE LOCKE

Huh? What's the name of our cold stiff?

MATT SQUEALER

It's actually Cole Stiff the Second. That's what was on the radio. Mmmm. Seconds.

DAVID LOWDE

Whoa.

JOE LOCKE

I'm sorry, who's been murdered?

DAVID LOWDE

The second Cole Stiff.

JOE LOCKE

Then who was the first person who was murdered?--

MATT SQUEALER

Watch yourself out there, David. Folks are going to be gunning for you.

DAVID LOWDE

I'm going to do whatever it takes to crack this case.

MATT SQUEALER

You need to do it by the book, David! The commissioner wants a clean bust.

DAVID LOWDE

You can tell the commissioner that we can't have our cake and eat it too.

MATT SQUEALER

That's it. I'm going to lunch.

JOE LOCKE

I'm sorry. What's going on?

EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

The sky is still bright with streaks of color from the setting sun. Locke and Lowde stand on a strange mound of white sand in the alley.

DAVID LOWDE

Cole was big in the drug trade, but we could never bust him. He started out with grass and moved his way up to powder. You can tell this was an inside job. They way they piled up an enormous mound of cocaine on the body and still no junkie is gonna touch it. Someone wanted to send a big message, Joe. Someone wants everyone to know that a new player is in town. Someone dangerous.

JOE LOCKE

Can you move for a second? You're standing on top of the body.

DAVID LOWDE

Oh, sorry.

David steps off the mound of cocaine and takes a hand broom to sweep the powder off the face. He reveals the dead man's face.

DAVID LOWDE

That's a Cole Stiff alright.

JOE LOCKE

Let see what the boys already know.

Joe motions to two LAB TECHNICIANS in the background. They come to him.

JOE LOCKE

Anything else that's noteworthy here?

LAB TECH 1

Besides the powder on the face? Just this cell phone. It's obviously a burner phone.

Lab Tech 1 holds up the phone and it catches on fire.

LAB TECH 2

We ran all the numbers on it and one matched up in the computer to the bust that was made yesterday. That was you?

Lab Tech 2 motions to David Lowde.

LAB TECH 2

Awesome! I loved the part where you made the guy into a sundae cone! It was so cool! Can you sign my lab coat?

DAVID LOWDE

Yes, thank you.

David signs Lab Tech 2's coat. David turns to Joe.

DAVID LOWDE

These fans are crazy. They can't even wait till the movie gets big before they're asking for your autograph. You know?

LAB TECH 2

Oh. I see how it is. All you movie star types are the same anyways.

DAVID LOWDE

What's that supposed to mean?!

Joe steps in to break up the brewing fight.

JOE LOCKE

Let's just stick to the script, Lowde.

Joe turns away from David.

JOE LOCKE

(under his breath)
Hot head.

DAVID LOWDE

What was that?

JOE LOCKE

Nothing.

They walk another step.

JOE LOCKE
 (under his breath)
 Jerk off.

DAVID LOWDE
 I'm sorry. Did you say something?

JOE LOCKE
 Oh, not at all.

They walk one more step.

JOE LOCKE
 (under his breath)
 Screw up.

DAVID LOWDE
 My hearing is a lot better than
 yours, old man. If you think--

They've walked right into the Lab Techs.

LAB TECH 2
 --Oh. We also found these cell
 phone pictures.

Lab Tech 2 holds up large pictures of various cell phones.
 Pedro, the ice cream truck driver, is in each photo holding
 the phones.

JOE LOCKE
 This evidence is going to get a
 good reception with the
 commissioner.

DAVID LOWDE
 No telling.
 (to the techs)
 Have you run the phone on Cole
 Stiff through the lab's database
 yet?

LAB TECH 1
 I was about to call it in when you
 two--

Joe whips out his phone. It's a Notell.

JOE LOCKE
 --What's the number? I'll run it.

DAVID LOWDE
 Here, use my phone. Those don't
 get very good service.

JOE LOCKE

Thanks.

Joe calls the crime lab on David's phone.

JOE LOCKE

Hello?

INT. POLICE STATION - CRIME LAB - SAME

Clearly Lovely is in a lab coat, gloves, and safety goggles. She's working on a container marked "Danger - Nuclear Materials." The phone rings and she scrambles to get it.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Hello?

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

Clearly?

CLEARLY LOVELY

Joe, what's going on? Is this work related?

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

Clearly, it is.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Well fine, but you don't have to be so smart with me.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

Look, I just need you to run a background trace on a phone number.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Okay, what's the number.

Clearly plops down in a swivel chair and scoots over to a computer. She cracks her knuckles and takes off her glasses.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

407 - 607 - 1076

CLEARLY LOVELY

All right. The computer is looking it up. Joe. I...I think we should talk.

Clearly paces through the lab while on her phone. A pot of coffee bubbles over on a bunsen burner.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

Is it business?

CLEARLY LOVELY

No. Joe. The way you treated me at dinner the other night was completely uncalled for. I felt like I was being attacked. Every time we talk now I feel like I'm in the firing line...

In the background, another lab tech hurls knives into a test dummy. Clearly walks through his throws, unaware and unharmed.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

I took you out to where we had our first date to try and show you that I'm not the same man I used to be. I'm almost retired, and when I'm finally done I won't have to worry--

CLEARLY LOVELY

--Just stop right there, Joe. We're separated, remember? You can't take me for granted like you used to. I'm not just going to show up or help you out whenever you call me. It doesn't work like that. I'm not your lovely assistant.

Behind Clearly a magician has his assistant in a box and saws her in half. She smiles glamorously.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

Okay, I understand. I'm guess I'm sorry that--

CLEARLY LOVELY

--No Joe, I'm not done. I'll have you know that I'm a smart and accomplished woman. I'm studying nuclear physics in my spare time and you'd know that if you listened to what I have to say for once! I have to move on. I can't subject myself to this psychological torture anymore.

In the background a prisoner is strapped to a torture chair. He's being forced to watch Korean music videos by LAB TECH 3 who scribbles on a notepad.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

All right. All right. I understand. Clearly we have no chance of ever, ever, ever getting back together. I guess things really have changed.

The psychological torture victim screams. Clearly puts her hand on the receiver of the phone.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Keep it down!

LAB TECH 3

Sorry!

Clearly returns to the phone.

CLEARLY LOVELY

That's what I'm trying to tell you! And I'm tired of you not listening to me. This is unfair and absolutely terrible of you, Joe. To think that we used to love each other, and now you're just a sad sack of an old cop who's probably going to get shot and killed on his last week before retirement!

She hangs up with tears in her eyes. She wipes away the snuffle and walks back to her desk forcefully, slapping the torture subject on the way back for good measure.

EXT. AN ALLEY - SAME

DAVID LOWDE

What'd she say?

David examines Cole Stiff's face.

JOE LOCKE

She hung up on me.

DAVID LOWDE

Whatever, let's run down to Cole Stiff's house. We have cause to go and speak with them now.

They stop to talk to the Lab Techs on the way to their car.

JOE LOCKE

We should get these prints developed at the lab.

DAVID LOWDE

Good idea.

David takes the Lab Tech's camera and opens the back of it. He pulls the long roll of film out. The tech opens his mouth to say something.

DAVID LOWDE

-- No, no. Don't thank us.

They get into their standard issue police vehicle, there are chalk outlines of bodies on it.

JOE LOCKE

Ice Cream?

DAVID LOWDE

You're buying.

They peel off. The lab techs look at each other, dumbfounded.

LAB TECH 1

I thought that was a digital camera.

LAB TECH 2

It is.

EXT. STIFF MANOR - NIGHT

A large, gothic, castle-shaped building in burgundy and gold sits back off the street, separated from its cast iron gates by a manicured lawn.

Just outside of the gate is a large ice cream cone-shaped building, an operational ice cream shop complete with parking lot.

INT. STIFF MANOR - SAME

In the kitchen a large window looks out over a verdant courtyard. At the table sits COLE STIFF THE THIRD (early 30's), affable, black greasy hair. He sips on a scotch in a fashionable black vest and black pants.

A knock on the kitchen door.

COLE STIFF III

Come in.

Through the door walks ANITA DIRECTION (20's), a vixen in a silken blue nightgown that barely covers her voluptuous figure. Her cadence is fatal, but sweet.

With her is YA SAH, a short, balding, goateed, Chinese servant wearing a well fitting suit.

ANITA DIRECTION

Commissioner Dickson just called.
They're sending over two
detectives to talk with us.

COLE STIFF III

Let me guess, Detectives Locke and
Lowde? I already know my sweet,
and it doesn't matter. Those
morons don't know what they're
getting into. Ya Sah, make us
dinner, please. It seems we may
have guests to feed.

YA SAH

Yes sir.

COLE STIFF III

I know your name, now dinner.

Ya Sah bows and walks into the kitchen. Anita comes over and
sits on Cole's lap, stroking his greasy hair.

ANITA DIRECTION

I knew you could do it.

COLE STIFF III

Of course I could do it, Anita. I
know everything that goes on in
this city and he was gumming up
the works.

ANITA DIRECTION

Think about how much we can make,
being the supplier for the whole
east coast.

COLE STIFF III

Drugs. Oh, who cares about that?
Drugs are really just a means to
an end. The money from that just
goes into other things, guns,
property, bribery, ecetera. The
day will come when I will own the
whole city.

ANITA DIRECTION

And then we'll have all the money
we ever wanted.

COLE STIFF III

Money doesn't mean much when you
have power instead.

The doorbell rings.

ANITA DIRECTION

I'll get it.

Anita walks over to the door and tries to open the rounded
nob. Her greasy hand slips off it as she tries it over and
over, with more frustration each time.

EXT. STIFF MANOR - SAME

Joe and David stand outside a massive wooden door with a brass
knocker. The knocker is shaped like a pair of breasts.

DAVID LOWDE

Stiff Manor. It's everything that
I'd thought it would be.

JOE LOCKE

It's well kept up, for sure. It
must take an army to have it
looking this way.

DAVID LOWDE

And built right next to the Twisty
Treat. How strange?

Joe heaves the heavy knocker again. It creates quite a CRASH.
As they wait, Joe turns to David.

JOE LOCKE

Those are some heavy knockers.

DAVID LOWDE

Yea. Huge, too. Why would anyone
want knockers like that?

JOE LOCKE

Try the door again.

David reaches to knock on the door, but this time the knock
makes a meaty WHUMP.

ANITA DIRECTION

(Miffed)

Excuse me, Gentlemen.

Anita has snuck up and opened the door while they were
speaking to each other. David has his hand on her boob.

ANITA DIRECTION

Come in, please.

Joe and David eye each other. David takes his hand off Anita.

JOE LOCKE

I'm Detective Locke, and this is Detective Lowde. I'm afraid I have some bad news. May we come in?

INT. STIFF MANOR - DINING ROOM

Joe, David, Anita, and Cole sit at a mahogany table. Cole's sits with a slight smile, at ease, at the head of the table.

JOE LOCKE

So you say that you had no idea what your father was into.

COLE STIFF III

Sure, I knew about some companies that we owned, like the Twisty Treat on the front lawn. We never really got along, so most of when I've seen him has been strictly business matters. I was brought up by my nanny mostly, and she passed on a few years ago.

DAVID LOWDE

I'm sorry to hear that, Mister Stiff.

COLE STIFF III

Please, call me Cole. My father was always such a formal and secretive man. I had no idea what he was getting himself into, these drugs that you speak of. Although it would certainly explain those pictures now.

Cole motions to a series of large pictures on the wall. In one Cole Stiff II is in Columbia having coffee with men holding machine guns. There's a Columbian flag in the background.

In another he's pictured next to a bunch of lovely Columbian ladies, scantily clad, with bricks of cocaine. There's a Columbian flag in the background.

In another, he's getting ice cream from Pedro's truck with the Miami Heat.

DAVID LOWDE

Hold on a second. I'd recognize that anywhere.

David points to the pictures. Joe stands up next to the picture of the lovely ladies.

JOE LOCKE

Me too! Miss Columbia, 1993?! She's almost won Miss Universe the following year. Woof. What a lady!

DAVID LOWDE

No, Joe, not that picture. The one next to it.

Joe moves over to a poster of Locke and Lowde, the movie.

JOE LOCKE

You mean this poster of Locke and Lowde, The Movie? Out on Blu-Ray and DVD March 3rd?

DAVID LOWDE

No, old man. That picture!

Joe picks the picture of the ice cream truck off the wall.

JOE LOCKE

Oh, this one? It's Cole Stiff giving out ice cream to a bunch of poor, underprivileged, hoodlums. Why would we be interested in that?

DAVID LOWDE

I'm afraid we're going to have to take this picture with us back to the station.

Joe grabs the picture of the ladies.

JOE LOCKE

And this one, too.

ANITA DIRECTION

That'll be fine with us, won't it, Cole?

COLE STIFF III

Certainly, my sweet. It's not like I'm going to horrifically kill you for it.

The room grows tense. Everyone eyeballs each other for a moment.

COLE STIFF III
Just kidding!

Cole, Anita, and Ya Sah burst into laughter.

ANITA DIRECTION
Did you want to have a bite to eat
before you left gentlemen?

Ya Sah wheels into the dining room with a cart full of Asian food. There are bombs with lit wicks in all the food.

JOE LOCKE
That won't be necessary, we have
work that needs to be done.

YA SAH
Yes sir.

COLE STIFF III
We know your name! ...Jeez. Those
guys are all the same.

Ya Sah wheels the cart back into the kitchen, dejected.

ANITA DIRECTION
Suit yourself.

Joe and David are shown to the door. They leave, and there's a muffled BOOM from the kitchen as the door shuts.

COLE STIFF III
How annoying.

Cole takes a small glass container of white powder out of his pocket and sniffs the drugs contained in it. He sits upright in a flash and his hair spikes itself up. He snarls and itches his face.

COLE STIFF III
Oh hell, yes. That's what I'm
talking about.

ANITA DIRECTION
Cole, you're so hot when you get
like this.

Anita comes over to Cole and starts petting him.

COLE STIFF III
Those guys are going to be so
sorry they came snooping around
here--

ANITA DIRECTION

I think Detective Lowde was the undercover gringo that Pedro was talking about.

COLE STIFF III

Of course he is, and Pedro is the Hispanic guy from the opening chase scene. He worked for us and now he's locked up. I think we need to tie up all the loose ends. Kill us a jailbird. Call Max. Tell him I'm going to be visiting tonight.

Cole Stiff lets out a cackle.

EXT. HIGH RISE CONDO - NIGHT

An aging condo right off Miami Beach, the concrete tower is thrust right up against the shore.

INT. JOE LOCKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The interior is fitted with leather sofas, high backed chairs, and large bookshelves.

Joe takes off his shirt and pants, and tosses them to a corner. He sits down in a leather armchair.

Through the mess on his end table, he picks up a picture and stares longingly at it.

JOE LOCKE (V.O.)

The case was getting thicker and more serious by the moment. The bodies piling up like...bodies. I needed to clear my head, get some sleep, take my vitamins, say my prayers. Everything else that Hulk Hogan told me to do. But that's not what the night had in store for me.

The picture in his hand is a signed print of Hulk Hogan. A knock on the door.

JOE LOCKE

Who is it?

CLEARLY LOVELY (O.S.)

It's me.

JOE LOCKE

Clearly?!

Joe peels himself off the seat and walks over to the door. He opens the door and is greeted by a wall of "Police Line" tape. He rips through it.

JOE LOCKE

Clearly, what are you doing here so late?

CLEARLY LOVELY

Can I come in?

JOE LOCKE

Sure. You look pretty capable.

CLEARLY LOVELY

I meant would you let me in?

JOE LOCKE

Clearly.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Joe?

JOE LOCKE

Yes?

CLEARLY LOVELY

Oh good.

Clearly steps inside and takes a look around.

CLEARLY LOVELY

The place looks like crap, Joe.

JOE LOCKE

Really mature, Clearly. Is that what you came over to tell me? That our condo looks like a piece of poopie ca-ca doodie?

CLEARLY LOVELY

Oh grow up already. It's your condo now, Joe. Remember? And what about your pants?

JOE LOCKE

I still have them. They're not yours and you know it!

CLEARLY LOVELY

Fine, Joe. If that's how this is going to go.

Clearly starts to leave and Joe circles around to stop her.

JOE LOCKE

Look. I'm sorry. It's been a long day and I didn't think of how mean I was being. I'm sorry.

Clearly stops and turns to Joe. She holds her purse with both hands in front of her.

CLEARLY LOVELY

I just came over to tell you about the evidence the computer got out of that phone number. All right?

JOE LOCKE

All right then...It couldn't wait till tomorrow?

CLEARLY LOVELY

I was working late in the lab, as usual, and I thought that you'd want to hear this as soon as you could.

JOE LOCKE

Do you want a drink?

Joe moves to the kitchen. Opens a cabinet. Pulls out a whiskey and two glasses.

JOE LOCKE

Whiskey on the rocks?

CLEARLY LOVELY

Shirley please.

JOE LOCKE

What did you call me?

CLEARLY LOVELY

I meant that I'd rather have a Shirley Temple. Normally I only have those when I'm on an airplane, but I've been cutting back on my alcohol.

Joe pulls out two glasses and some granite rocks. He puts the stones into the glasses and pours Whiskey over one. He makes a Shirley Temple for Clearly and hands it to her. They clink glasses and drink.

CLEARLY LOVELY

The burner phone you gave us made calls to Cole Stiff the Third.

(MORE)

CLEARLY LOVELY (CONT'D)

So we have Cole linked to the ice cream truck driver of course, but here's the interesting thing, the commissioner's number was in that phone. Max Dickson is in on this somehow.

Joe stops mid drink and spits up a little.

JOE LOCKE

What? That's crazy. Max is the most straight-laced, no-nonsense, hard-nosed cop I've ever met.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Facts are facts, Joe. Max Dickson is connected in this somehow.

JOE LOCKE

Dammit. Clearly I should have seen that one coming.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Why are you telling me?

JOE LOCKE

I wasn't. I just thought I should have seen that one coming.

Clearly goes and sits on the arm of the leather armchair.

CLEARLY LOVELY

...About our argument today, Joe.

Joe moves over to Clearly.

JOE LOCKE

I guess you want me to be more...sensitive? I'm sorry the you got your feelings hurt, Clearly. I wish there was something I could do about it. You want me to listen better but it's not something I'm used to doing--

Clearly crosses her arms and stands up.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Fine, Joe. You don't have to apologize to me, I should know better than to expect that from you. But here's what I should have said a long time ago. I don't need you and I don't need this lab job.

(MORE)

CLEARLY LOVELY (CONT'D)
I'm getting out of here for good
at the end of this Summer.

JOE LOCKE
Clearly, wait--

CLEARLY LOVELY
--I've been offered a position at
Fukushima University to teach
nuclear physics, and I'm going to
take it.

JOE LOCKE
If you do that, then when will I
get to see you?

CLEARLY LOVELY
You won't, Joe. I'll be out of
your life for good.

Clearly puts down her glass and straightens herself out.

JOE LOCKE
Clearly.

CLEARLY LOVELY
Yes, Joe.

She looks up at him.

JOE LOCKE
I don't think I could stand that.

CLEARLY LOVELY
What does it matter to you anyways
Joe?

The ocean waves crash loudly in the background.

CLEARLY LOVELY
I should go.

Clearly starts toward the door again. Joe grabs her hand and
stops her at the last possible moment.

JOE LOCKE
I...I'm still in love with you.

CLEARLY LOVELY
Clearly.

Clearly wrestles free and walks out the door. Joe calmly
closes it behind her and sits back down in his leather
armchair.

JOE LOCKE (V.O.)
 Clearly was leaving my life
 forever. Nothing else mattered.
 Nothing else sank in. I couldn't
 believe it. Wait...What was that
 thing she said about the
 Commissioner again? Oh well.

Joe turns on wrestling on the TV, chews on the rocks in his
 glass.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL CELLS - NIGHT

The cell of the city jail is sparse and grey. Pedro sits in an
 orange jumpsuit on the bottom bunk of a metal bunk bed. He
 throws playing cards into the built in toilet.

The toilet flushes.

PEDRO MALO
 Nice! A flush.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL RECEPTION DESK

Max Dickson strolls into the city jail merrily and still in
 his daily blues.

At a desk behind plexiglass sits TRUDY HAUSER (late 70's),
 glasses with grey curly hair. She wears a puppy and kitty
 sweater and works on a crossword puzzle.

TRUDY HAUSER
 Hello there, young man, are you
 here to see anyone?

MAX DICKSON
 Excuse me ma'am. I need to have a
 word with our prisoner in cell
 961.

TRUDY HAUSER
 Well aren't you so polite! I'd be
 happy to show you to his room.
 Right this way.

They walk down the hallway of the city jail.

In one of the cells behind them paces a ferocious LION.

TRUDY HAUSER
 You know I've been here since 1908
 and it's been a wonderful time.
 Everyone is so decent and polite.
 (MORE)

TRUDY HAUSER (CONT'D)

Probably since before you were born.

They walk behind a second jail cell that has no bars, but instead houses a mime who is trapped in a 'box'.

MAX DICKSON

It's a great jail. I'm glad that it's staffed so well.

TRUDY HAUSER

Oh! Yes. But it would be better if we just put most of this lot to death, don't you think? It would be much cheaper.

They walk past one last cell hosting a dentist working on a patient in a reclined chair. The dentist drills into the man's teeth and the man screams in pain.

They arrive at the cell with Pedro.

TRUDY HAUSER

Oh well, then. Here's your little friend. You two play nice together.

Trudy makes her way back to the front of the jail.

MAX DICKSON

Hello.

PEDRO MALO

Hey Cabron.

Max takes a key out from his pocket and unlocks the cell.

PEDRO MALO

What's going on here? I said I wanted to see my lawyer.

MAX DICKSON

We need to take a walk.

Max walks into the cell and pulls Pedro out. He drags him down the hallway and into the visitation room.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL VISITATION ROOM - SAME

Cole and Anita are sitting on the far side of the room, separated from Max and Pedro by a large glass divider. Cole wears his typical black attire while Anita has chosen something a bit more practical.

A well decorated box and a small chocolate cake sit with Cole and Anita.

Pedro panics as soon as he sees them and tries to run away. Max pushes Pedro down and into the chair facing Cole and Anita.

PEDRO MALO

This isn't my lawyer.

MAX DICKSON

I'm sorry. I don't speak Spanish.

Max goes and sits in a chair in the background. He takes a "Ciminals Monthly" magazine off a table and reads.

Anita picks up the phone on their side of the table.

ANITA DIRECTION

Hello again.

PEDRO MALO

I recognize you, Chica. You're the one that was in the ice cream warehouse.

ANITA DIRECTION

That's right. We're your secret employers, and Pedro, you've done so well for Cole and me, we wanted to make sure that you were taken care of in here in person.

COLE STIFF III

We wanted to make sure that you got your severance package.

PEDRO MALO

Oh! I was worried that you guys were here to kill me. So are you guys going to spring me out of here or what?

ANITA DIRECTION

Of course! But first, a little gift of our appreciation.

Anita hangs up the phone.

Cole walks around the glass screen that separates the entire room, around the set design, and over to Pedro. He hands a ticking package to Pedro.

COLE STIFF III

Happy retirement, old pal. Sorry we couldn't spring for something fancier.

PEDRO MALO

Oh, you shouldn't have.

COLE STIFF

Now how about you open up that little present so we can get to the cake?

Pedro opens the box and it explodes in his face, spraying Cocaine all over him. He dies with an enormous mound of the stuff on him.

Max pipes up from the corner he's been sitting in.

MAX DICKSON

All right Cole, My part of this deal is done.

COLE STIFF III

I wouldn't leave just yet. We need you to take care of that.

Cole points to the surveillance camera on the wall. Max walks over to the camera facing them. It is anthropomorphic.

MAX DICKSON

Remember, you saw nothing.

He pulls a hundred dollar bill out of his wallet and hands it to the camera on the wall. The camera nods and winks at him.

Max walks out the door.

Cole picks some of it up and sniffs it. His hair stands on end. He cackles and moves to the other side of the phone bank.

COLE STIFF III

OH YES! That's the stuff! Wow! Drugs. Murder. I'm really turning into a bad guy, you know? But I will rule this city and everyone will do what I want or pay the price.

ANITA DIRECTION
Cole, stop shouting.

Anita moves over to Cole to put her hand on his shoulder, but he grabs her wrist.

COLE STIFF III
Don't you tell me what to do, my sweet!

ANITA DIRECTION
Cole, you're hurting me.

Cole throws Anita's wrist back to her.

COLE STIFF III
Never mind this tiff between lovers. It's time for Cole to celebrate.

Cole marches out of the room. Anita cradles her wrist.

INT. POLE EASE HINDQUARTERS - NIGHT

All the stools in this dimly lit piano bar are well worn and smoke fills the air. David sits at the bar and sips on a beer. A chalkboard over the bar states: "Tonight Only: Pianist Envy".

On the stage, an Asian man plays a small keyboard. Next to him sits Elton Johnson who plays on a grand piano. Next to him sits a linebacker of a Black man who plays a tune on a triple grand piano.

Anita pulls up a chair next to David and orders from the BARTENDER. She lights up a smoke with her tender wrist and straightens her outfit out.

ANITA DIRECTION
Bartender, something fruity.

BARTENDER
Oh we can certainly do that, honey.

David turns to her.

DAVID LOWDE
I bet you don't come around here often.

ANITA DIRECTION
And how exactly do you know that?

DAVID LOWDE
Well, this is a gay bar.

Everyone in the bar wears something leathery or fabulous.

ANITA DIRECTION
Why is a gay guy hitting on me
then?

DAVID LOWDE
I'm not gay. I come here because I
know I won't see any of my exes.

The bartender walks over and plunks a drink down in front of David.

BARTENDER
This is for you from Harry in the
corner, Officer.

A group of guys in the corner waves at David and he waves back.

DAVID LOWDE
Thanks.

A BEAT UP GUY stumbles into the door of the club and approaches one of the LEATHER DADDIES.

BEAT UP GUY
Officer, I'd like to report an
assault.

LEATHER DADDY
That's next door, pal.

BEAT UP GUY
Oh, sorry.

Beat up guy walks back out of the bar.

EXT. POLE EASE HINDQUARTERS - SAME

Beat up guy walks out of the bar and next door to the police station. The name of the piano bar is called 'POLE EASE HINDQUARTERS'. It sits right next to 'POLICE HEADQUARTERS'.

A sign out front says: "Tonight Only: PIANIST ENVY".

In the distance two cops walk towards the station. At the last moment they separate and one walks into the police station and the other the gay bar.

The policeman walking into the gay bar wears assless pants and a tight uniform.

INT. POLE EASE HINDQUARTERS - SAME

David gets up and scoots closer to Anita.

ANITA DIRECTION

Wait...You're Detective Lowde.

DAVID LOWDE

I'm sorry, do I know you?

ANITA DIRECTION

I'm Cole Stiff's personal assistant. Remember the mansion? I guess I'm not as sexy looking as I was then.

DAVID LOWDE

Really? I don't remember you...

ANITA DIRECTION

Oh. Here then.

She unbuttons some of the buttons on her shirt.

ANITA DIRECTION

How about now?

DAVID LOWDE

Oh my goodness. I remember now. Those knockers.

ANITA DIRECTION

Cole had them bronzed and put on the entry. It's flattering in an embarrassing kinda way.

DAVID LOWDE

I can't fraternize with you. Normally I'd be all about sleeping with you off the clock and saying screw the case but the Commissioner is breathing down my neck on this one.

Elton Johnson has snuck up behind David and is breathing down his neck.

DAVID LOWDE

Elton! Get out of here, you're freaking me out.

ELTON JOHNSON

Just trying to lighten the mood!

ANITA DIRECTION

I'm off the clock right now. We don't have to talk about work if it's too rough for you.

The bartender returns with Anita's fruity drink. It's a leopard patterned chalice of fruit with some rum in it. It looks like the Chiquita banana woman's headdress.

DAVID LOWDE

That's a big banana in there!

ANITA DIRECTION

Nothing I can't handle.

The bartender also puts another drink down in front of David.

BARTENDER

This one is from Big Ralphie.

Over in a corner a man wearing leather bondage gear waves to David.

DAVID LOWDE

Thank you.

ANITA DIRECTION

So how hard is it for you?

DAVID LOWDE

Excuse me?

ANITA DIRECTION

To keep your professional and personal life separate.

DAVID LOWDE

It's tough, but it feels good to turn off for a while.

ANITA DIRECTION

I know what you mean. It's like I have to be turned on all the time.

DAVID LOWDE

Yea. Always on guard, never knowing when someone might blow you.

ANITA DIRECTION

I'm sorry?

DAVID LOWDE

I mean blow my cover. I'm normally an undercover officer.

ANITA DIRECTION

Oh. I see. I guess you look like
the kinda guy that'd be good
undercover.

BARTENDER

That's what he said.

ANITA DIRECTION

It must be awfully hard to have a
personal life like that.

DAVID LOWDE

I never really get close to
anyone, so it isn't that hard.

Anita stands up and scoots over to him.

ANITA DIRECTION

What about this close to someone?

DAVID LOWDE

Still not hard.

Anita presses herself up against him.

ANITA DIRECTION

This close?

DAVID LOWDE

Still not hard.

Anita wraps her legs around David's head and still appears to
be standing without effort.

ANITA DIRECTION

Close enough?

DAVID LOWDE

Now it's getting hard for me.

EXT. PIANIST ENVY - DAY

A street sweeper cleans off the grungy streets in the early
part of the morning.

INT. DAVID LOWDE'S HOUSE - DAY

The light of morning shines through the blinds and into David's modernist apartment. In the bedroom, David and Anita lie together in a queen bed with handcuff and jail patterned bedsheets.

Oh his bedside table, his cell phone rings. Lowde grunts and rolls over. He looks at the screen and answers it.

DAVID LOWDE

I'm a little busy at the moment,
Joe. What's up.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

It looks like the ice cream man is
gone.

DAVID LOWDE

Then wait a week, he'll be back in
your neighborhood again. Hang on a
second.

David rolls out of bed and puts the phone on his bedside table.

He takes two aspirins with one hand. With another hand he picks up and drinks a shot of tequila. With a third hand he takes a bite out of a cheeseburger. He puts them all down and picks the phone back up.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

No, I mean that our witness is
dead.

DAVID LOWDE

But he was locked up.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

I know that.

DAVID LOWDE

Do we have a lead on anyone?
Something tells me that we might
be fighting this from the inside
too.

David walks over to the dresser and fumbles on some pants, still on the phone. Anita stirs in the bed.

ANITA DIRECTION

Could you keep it down please?
I've got a splitting headache.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

Who's that?

A knock at the door. Anita gets out of bed and covers herself with the sheets.

DAVID LOWDE

Nobody. I'll be right down to the station.

JOE LOCKE (O.S.)

Don't worry about it.

Another knock on the door. Anita gets up and opens it. It's Joe.

DAVID LOWDE

What? Are you just giving up?

Joe stands in the doorway and clicks his phone off.

JOE LOCKE

He was covered in powder again. Just like our first stiff. Good morning, you two.

DAVID LOWDE

Another Stiff?

JOE LOCKE

The second.

DAVID LOWDE

Jesus. How'd he get killed again? Was he a zombie?

JOE LOCKE

Don't you think that's a little sacrilegious? What the hell is she doing here?

ANITA DIRECTION

David and I were just doing some undercover work.

DAVID LOWDE

I wouldn't say it was work related, exactly.

JOE LOCKE

Both of you get dressed. Lowde, we're going down to the station.

Anita and David both peel their clothes off the wall where they've been stuck from the night before.

JOE LOCKE

First Clearly tells me she's going to Japan to keep doing nuclear science, now this.

DAVID LOWDE

Nuclear science? What the hell?

Anita's interest piques as she dresses.

JOE LOCKE

Yea. Apparently she's been doing more in the lab than just working on cases. Now she's leaving Miami and I'll never get to see her again. And for what? So she can make responsible energy decisions?

Anita squeezes past Joe and out the door.

ANITA DIRECTION

Excuse me.

DAVID LOWDE

Well, what are you looking for out from her?

JOE LOCKE

I don't know anymore. I tried to tell her how I felt about her the other night, but it just didn't work. I swear, I'd do anything to make her understand me.

DAVID LOWDE

Have you tried listening to her and treating her like she's the most important priority in your life?

JOE LOCKE

No...Anyways, we should get going.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL VISITATION ROOM - DAY

A crime scene has assembled in the visitation room. The phone banks are in full swing, Indians speaking to Cowboys, dogs barking at cats, Klansman talking to Black Panthers.

Police officers swarm around Pedro's body, the open present box, and the pile of cocaine.

In one corner Matt speaks with the receptionist, Trudy. His face is covered in chocolate. She knits an orange jail jumpsuit as they speak.

Joe and David inspect the body.

JOE LOCKE

Looks to be an enormous pile of cocaine.

DAVID LOWDE

Looks to be. Let's make sure.

David motions to a streetwise LAB TECH in the background. He comes over.

DAVID LOWDE

Hey, can you sniff that pile of powder for us?

LAB TECH 4

You want me to snort that coke to make sure it's coke?

DAVID LOWDE

Actually. Yes.

LAB TECH 4

Bitch, please, this isn't my first crime scene.

The Lab Tech instead scoops up some of the powder and tests it in a small test tube. It bubbles up blue. He shows it to them.

LAB TECH 4

It's coke, bitch!

Joe and David pick up the present box. Joe pulls out a receipt from the present box.

JOE LOCKE

This might prove useful.

They inspect the receipt.

JOE LOCKE

Damn, gift receipt.

LAB TECH 4

There was a chocolate cake here too, but that guy ate it.

Lab Tech 4 motions over to Matt Squealer.

Joe and David walk over to where Matt Squealer is interviewing Trudy.

MATT SQUEALER

Go on.

TRUDY HAUSER

Then, after it rises, you put it in the oven for 20 or 30 minutes on 350. Until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean.

DAVID LOWDE

Excuse me, but we have a few questions for you ma'am.

TRUDY HAUSER

I'm telling you boys, going by the timer is just fine, but if you want to keep the moisture in and have it be just the right doneness, nothing beats the toothpick test.

JOE LOCKE

I'm afraid we're not talking about that, ma'am. We'd like to know if you could shed some light onto this murder.

TRUDY HAUSER

It's a shame. That's for sure. He was such a nice man, well for a wet back spic, that is.

JOE LOCKE

Did you see who did this? Was there anything out of the usual going on last night?

TRUDY HAUSER

That Negro that you have down at the station was came down to get the dirty cholo.

MATT SQUEALER

I'm sorry ma'am, but that was enormously racist.

JOE LOCKE

Matt, our witness is trying to make a statement.

MATT SQUEALER

I'm just saying that we shouldn't perpetuate that sort of thing.

TRUDY HAUSER

Shut it, you corpulent jerkoff.

DAVID LOWDE

Could you identify the man who came to get the victim if you saw him again?

TRUDY HAUSER

I'm not sure, they all look quite alike to me.

MATT SQUEALER

Hold on one second. Did you say that all Black people look the same to you?

TRUDY HAUSER

He was in a police uniform and not in jail like most of the Negros I've seen.

MATT SQUEALER

What? Just because he's Black doesn't mean he's a criminal.

JOE LOCKE

Well, statistically speaking, most inmates are minorities, but it's not considered a systematic oppression of a race or anything like that.

MATT SQUEALER

Wait...What? Are you taking her side?

JOE LOCKE

Of course not.

Lowde, in the meantime, has found the log book for the jail.

DAVID LOWDE

Joe, you might want to take a look at this. I think it's Max Dickson's handwriting.

The book is signed 'Anyone but Max Dickson'.

JOE LOCKE

Would you be willing to testify as to what you witnessed last night ma'am?

TRUDY HAUSER

Of course.

MATT SQUEALER

I'm not sure I can support this sort of overt racism.

JOE LOCKE

Don't you know to respect your elders?

TRUDY HAUSER

Yea, fatty.

JOE LOCKE

Matt, I'm going to need you to keep an eye on this witness until we can get our charges in order. As a personal favor for me. If the commissioner is really in on this. We need to keep this whole investigation buttoned up. You need to take care of her, twenty four seven.

The buttons on Matt Squealer's shirt simultaneously pop off and fly around the room.

MATT SQUEALER

Even though she's a terrible old racist, I'll do my best. But only as a favor for you, and because it's the right thing to do for the case.

TRUDY HAUSER

Let's go, tubbo. I have my colonoscopy scheduled for today.

David and Joe walk off down the hall.

DAVID LOWDE

It's looking worse and worse, Joe. We're in over our heads if the Commissioner is in on this.

JOE LOCKE

I have a bad feeling about him but I just can't believe that someone like him would be in on something so terrible as this. Max is a hardass sometimes, but he's no criminal.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM FACTORY - DAY

There's an assembly line, cooling tower, clean room, control room as well as multiple metal catwalks dotting a large underground cavern. Everything is made of steel and peeling paint.

On the catwalk walks Cole with Ya Sah.

Below them a whole army of YA SAH CLONES work on creating more clones, refining drugs, and making ice cream.

Anita trots up the catwalk to catch up to Cole and Ya Sah. She looks a little disheveled.

COLE STIFF III

Anita my sweet, the ten o'clock meeting starts promptly at ten A.M. It's rude to be late.

ANITA DIRECTION

I was out late last night working. I have something you'd be interested in.

COLE STIFF III

This should be good.

ANITA DIRECTION

You know how you loved the drug trade.

COLE STIFF III

Go on?

ANITA DIRECTION

And how about murder?

COLE STIFF III

That was great.

ANITA DIRECTION

Well, last night I had a drink with one of the detectives that are investigating us.

COLE STIFF III

I'm not sure I'm liking where you're going with this.

ANITA DIRECTION (CONT'D)
 And he told me that they're doing
 nuclear physics in the lab at the
 police station.

COLE STIFF III
 I'm liking this more now.

ANITA DIRECTION
 We could steal the Uranium in the
 Police station and sell it on the
 black market. Think of all the
 cash!

Cole takes the vial out of his pocket and sniffs it. His hair
 stands on end and his eyes dart around the room. He cackles
 and shifts his eyes.

COLE STIFF III
 I have a better idea. How about we
 build a bomb? And hold the city
 ransom. I bet we could get quite a
 tidy sum if the Mayor knew he was
 in the crosshairs.

ANITA DIRECTION
 Oh, now that sounds lovely.

COLE STIFF III
 You'd have to stay out late with
 Mister Lowde again though, and I
 don't know how much I like that.

ANITA DIRECTION
 How'd you--

COLE STIFF III
 I know what happens in this town.
 It's what I do, my sweet.

Cole moves over to Anita and takes hold of her hand.

ANITA DIRECTION
 ...And you're not angry at me?

COLE STIFF III
 Angry? Why should I be? It's not
 like you slept with him.

Cole smirks at Anita.

ANITA DIRECTION
 Cole...I...

COLE STIFF III

You've brought me the best news
I've had all year! This nuclear
missile stuff is really gonna fill
my coffers.

ANITA DIRECTION

That's a relief to hear. I
wouldn't want to end up like your
father.

Cole's face recoils. He quickly covers it up.

COLE STIFF III

Hearing about what you did last
night does make me very sad
though. Quite dejected. What can
we do about that? Ah. I know
what'll cheer me up. Ya Sah!

YA SAH

Yes sir?

Cole pulls a magnum out of his vest and shoots Ya Sah in the
head. Ya Sah falls over the railing and into a vat of ice
cream mix. The working floor goes silent, all the clones look
up. Just as quickly, everyone snaps back to work.

COLE STIFF III

I guess I'll get over it. Things
are going to be great when we get
out hands on all those nuke
supplies.

ANITA DIRECTION

And after we get the missile, we
get the money!

COLE STIFF III

You've got it, my sweet, You've
got the right idea.

INT. A RACQUETBALL COURT - DAY

Joe and David are playing racquet ball against Elton and Max.
The court is enclosed in glass, with a new sheen on the wooden
floor.

MAX DICKSON

How's the case coming, boys? I
need you to wrap this thing up for
me. The mayor is breathing--

JOE LOCKE

I know how much the mayor is bothering you about this case, Commissioner Dickson, but our chief witness was killed last night.

Max looks at Joe with feigned surprise.

MAX DICKSON

What?

The ball slams against Max's face.

ELTON JOHNSON

Six to nine.

Elton picks up the ball and continues with play.

MAX DICKSON

Well, holy brown Jesus nuggets. It looks like you don't have anything else to go on then...Better throw in the towel.

DAVID LOWDE

You'd think that, but we've got the jail receptionist still, and she seems to think she recognized who broke out our victim.

ELTON JOHNSON

Trudy? She's enormously ancient and racist. Never trust an old hag. That's what I say. And I wager that a jury would say the same thing.

David smashes the ball and scores.

DAVID LOWDE

Point for us.

David serves the ball.

MAX DICKSON

I mean...You can't trust her as a witness, can you? She's ancient. Biased. Republican.

ELTON JOHNSON

Don't get me started on Republicans.

JOE LOCKE

You'd be surprised what old farts
can do.

Joe scores a point. The ball nails Max in the balls.

ELTON JOHNSON

Great ball play, Detectives!

Elton picks it up and continues.

MAX DICKSON

Well, I can't in good conscience
allow you to continue this
investigation instead of starting
your retirement. You have two days
to crack this case. Otherwise, it
just sits.

Joe looks up. There's his retirement scoreboard still. There's
only about 48 hours left.

JOE LOCKE

Two days left? What the hell?

MAX DICKSON

Time flies, doesn't it? You'll be
retired in two days anyways, so
might have to let this one
just...slip away.

Joe gets hit in the back of the head with a ball.

David throws his racquet on the ground.

DAVID LOWDE

Let's get out of here, Joe. We
have a case to crack.

MAX DICKSON

Cocaine, actually.

DAVID LOWDE

What?

MAX DICKSON

Nothing! I said nothing.

David throws the ball at Max. Elton catches it. David and Joe
walk out slowly.

ELTON JOHNSON

Wanna just play with each other?

MAX DICKSON

Shut up.

INT. POLICE STATION - CRIME LAB - DAY

The tape feed computer in the lab whirs and is decorated with a "Danger - Radiation" sign on it. Clearly manipulates it with various beeps and hoops. Locke jaunts through the door.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Joe, what are you doing here?

JOE LOCKE

Clearly, I just wanted to come talk to you.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Okay Joe, but you don't have to be so smart with--

JOE LOCKE

Enough of the games, Clearly. Why didn't you tell me that Commissioner Dickson was in on our smuggling ring case? You must have seen this in the burner phone or some other evidence.

CLEARLY LOVELY

I did, Joe. You just didn't listen to me.

Joe is taken aback. He has to lean on the desk to keep his balance.

JOE LOCKE

Really?

CLEARLY LOVELY

Look.

She walks over to a TV and plays it. It shows a scene from Spaceballs.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Sorry, that's the wrong tape.

JOE LOCKE

Wait. Let me speak, Clearly.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Go ahead then.

JOE LOCKE

If you say that you already told me, then I believe you. I trust you honey. Clearly, just be straight with me. Is my listening really that bad?

CLEARLY LOVELY

It's terrible.

JOE LOCKE

I wish you had told me before.

CLEARLY LOVELY

I have, Joe. Multiple times. It's terrible.

JOE LOCKE

What did you say?

CLEARLY LOVELY

I said that...Wait a second.

She leans in and looks into his ears. She pulls out a set of earplugs.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Geez, these look like they've been in there forever.

JOE LOCKE

Probably since we went to that concert all that time ago. I can't believe that's what's been keeping me from listening to you all this time.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Incredible! This explains so much.

JOE LOCKE

Clearly, the commissioner told me I have to solve this case in only two days, otherwise he's going to make me retire and the case goes unsolved. I don't know what to do.

CLEARLY LOVELY

My God, he's trying to bury it! I can't believe he'd do something so dirty. You have to get a warrant and prove that he's guilty! You can do this, Joe.

JOE LOCKE

Yea. I can do this. Max is going down and he's going to give us up whoever he's working with. This is nuts.

Clearly leans in and kisses Joe. He's smitten.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Joe...I...

JOE LOCKE

When this is all over, we need to talk, but I promise you this. From now on, I will always listen to you.

Before Clearly has a chance to reply Joe marches off.

INT. STIFF MANOR - KITCHEN - DAY

Max sits at the kitchen table with Cole. Ya Sah serves them coffee and cookies.

MAX DICKSON

This is getting out of control Cole. We silenced the witness but now my name is all over this case.

COLE STIFF III

Max, Calm down buddy. Things are gonna work out just fine. I guess those two screw up detectives of yours aren't such screw ups after all.

Cole chuckles and Max leans in on Cole. Max puts his hand on the Cole's shoulder.

MAX DICKSON

Look, I know that you don't think too highly of me. But exactly where do you think that you'd be without my word. You think that your life would be so easy? Hmm? You couldn't so much as sneeze without my help. Understood?

Cole brushes Max's hand off. He stands up paces around Max. He takes the vial out of his pocket and snorts some cocaine out of it.

COLE STIFF III

Now Maxy baby, don't you for one teeny tiny second think that I'm not the one in control here. I get it. I totally understand our mutual interests. You scratch my back and I scratch yours, so to speak. That's the way this works, and since I am a man of my word, I'll do this as a favor for you.

Ya Sah is making a complex coffee drink in the background.

MAX DICKSON

All right then. It's settled. You'll take care of these two for me.

COLE STIFF III

The two annoying police dogs you put on my trail? Sure. But just remember that you made this problem for yourself.

Cole pokes Max in the chest. Max stands up and against Cole.

MAX DICKSON

No, you made this problem! If you hadn't killed that witness then I wouldn't be on the hook right now.

In the background Ya Sah is harvesting coffee beans off a Columbian coffee tree. A Columbian flag is taped to the tree.

Cole stands and wallops Max with a hard right fist. Max stands up and is about to punch Cole when Cole pulls out a pistol. He calmly points it at Max.

COLE STIFF III

All right then, Max. I made this problem. You win the argument this time. Anita!

Anita slinks in from the kitchen. She wears nothing but a chef's apron, and holds a fresh batch of cookies.

COLE STIFF III

Anita, please see to it that Mister Lowde doesn't interfere in our business anymore.

ANITA DIRECTION

It'll be my pleasure.

Max is nursing his bruised face. Cole puts the gun away.

MAX DICKSON

Nice buns, honey.

ANITA DIRECTION

Actually, they're freshly baked cookies.

MAX DICKSON

Those look good too.

COLE STIFF III

And as for Mister Lowde. Anita will see to him personally. Won't you, Anita?

ANITA DIRECTION

I will?

COLE STIFF III

Oh yes. You will. You'll get to spend the night with him again.

Anita drops the tray of cookies and Cole laughs maniacally.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

David and Joe walk down the steps of the police station together.

JOE LOCKE

Good work today, partner. We got the warrant approved, so first thing tomorrow morning we're going to march into Dickson's office and nab that son-of-a-bitch.

DAVID LOWDE

I still can't help but feel like Cole Stiff is involved in this somehow.

JOE LOCKE

We don't have any more time for that and this is big enough as it is. All right? Trust me kid.

DAVID LOWDE

All right, but I don't like it. I could just go bust up Cole at his place tonight if you want.

JOE LOCKE

By the book, David.

(MORE)

JOE LOCKE (CONT'D)

Especially now that Dickson is in the mix, and don't let me catch you fraternizing with Miss Direction again. If word of that gets out it could derail the whole case.

DAVID LOWDE

All right. Good night.

David starts walking to the gay bar.

JOE LOCKE

Oh! I didn't know. I mean. Wait. I thought you and Anita this morning were--

David walks off and into the bar as Joe rambles on. Eventually Joe heads towards his car on the other side of the road and hops in.

He's about to drive off when Anita is dropped off by Ya Sah in a Limo. Joe notices her go in. He sighs and gets out of the car. He jogs over to the alley and sneaks in the back door of the bar.

INT. POLE EASE HINDQUARTERS - DRESSING ROOM

Joe walks three steps inside and is face to face with a towering muscular Black man in a nun's habit. He is GAY MOTHER TERESA.

GAY MOTHER TERESA

Father Dawkins?

JOE LOCKE

Uh. Yes? That's me.

GAY MOTHER TERESA

I'm so pleased that you decided to come. I just knew that you'd come around to our sense of humor.

Gay Mother Teresa turns around and addresses other DRAG PERFORMERS in various states of Catholic drag. A priest, parishioners, and several schoolboys and schoolgirls.

JOE LOCKE

Oh no! Wait! I'm actually.

GAY MOTHER TERESA

Father Dawkins is going to be our guest of honor tonight!

GAY STAGE HAND
Places!

DRAG PERFORMERS
Thank you, places!

INT. POLE EASE HEADQUARTERS - SAME

David pulls a chair up at the bar, and looks over. Anita walks up to the bar. He gets up and moves over to her.

She notices him and moves in closer. She's wearing a silver club shirt with hip-hugging jeans.

ANITA DIRECTION
Back for more huh?

DAVID LOWDE
I should have known you might be here.

The bartender walks up and hands David a drink.

BARTENDER
This one is from Gary.

Over in a corner a group of clowns sit, one of them waves to David.

DAVID LOWDE
Thanks Gary!

Gary honks his nose and makes an obscene sexual gesture.

ANITA DIRECTION
I bet you wanted to run into me.

DAVID LOWDE
Last night was the craziest night of my life.

ANITA DIRECTION
I've never been handcuffed that way.

DAVID LOWDE
I've never handcuffed anyone like that before.

ON THE STAGE

Where the piano sat nights before, the MASTER OF CEREMONIES steps up to a microphone. He is dressed in a white tuxedo.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Ladies and Gentlemen, Bears and Otters, we have a treat for you tonight. Father Dawkins will be joining us for a very special showing of midnight mass!

The crowd claps and catcalls. The curtains to the stage lift and reveal a drag show. Hip Hop versions of hymn music plays.

AT THE BAR

DAVID LOWDE

I'm glad I saw you here. We should talk about Cole. I don't mean to mix personal and professional but you need to hear this.

ANITA DIRECTION

It's a bit late for not mixing personal with professional now, don't you think?

DAVID LOWDE

I suppose you're right.

Anita puts her hand on David's leg.

ON THE STAGE

Joe is clothed in a sassy priest costume. He tries to watch David and Anita, but is swept up in the drag show.

He's used as a human prop for most of the show, being thrust on and thrust upon others.

AT THE BAR

DAVID LOWDE

We're going to close up the case and it looks like your boss is getting off scott free.

ANITA DIRECTION

Cole is getting off? Oh no! He's been such an ass to me. You see this? He did this.

Anita shows him her hurt wrist.

DAVID LOWDE

We just didn't have enough to pin on him.

ANITA DIRECTION

I don't want him to get off. He's dirty. A dirty dirty man. I can't believe it. That slime ball is just gonna slide.

The bartender comes and gives a drink to Anita.

BARTENDER

This one is from Hank.

Over in a corner, HANK and some gay garbage men sit.

HANK

Just keep talking about how dirty he is.

DAVID LOWDE

I know that you're close with him, and if you'd turn state's witness then I'm sure you could make it so he doesn't get off.

ON THE STAGE

Joe is handed a Bible, which he tries to shove back to the drag-parishioner, sparking a dance like battle. All the drag queens circle around Joe.

QUEEN 1

Preach the good word, father.

JOE LOCKE

Leave me alone.

QUEENS

Amen!

JOE LOCKE

I'm trying to pay attention to that guy at the bar.

QUEEN 2

Preach!

JOE LOCKE

I just know he's gonna sleep with that woman, and I can't let that happen.

QUEENS

Hallelujah!

AT THE BAR

ANITA DIRECTION

Okay. But you have to promise me that I'm going to get off. No complications. I can't have him find me.

DAVID LOWDE

I can't one hundred percent promise you no complications. There's always risk when you talk about this sort of thing. But I will do my best to help you get off if you give us more to put on Cole. We can put that slimy bastard away for a good long time.

Anita moves closer to him and puts her head in the nape of David's neck.

ON THE STAGE

It's the final number of the drag show. Joe has a lit prayer candle forced into his hands. The drag queens hold large crosses and dance around. Joe absently waves his arms around and lights one of the crosses on fire.

AT THE BAR

ANITA DIRECTION

All right then. But if you want that info you have to work for it mister. You want some hard earned information, you have to work hard for it.

DAVID LOWDE

Oh. I know how to work hard.

ANITA DIRECTION

How hard?

DAVID LOWDE

I work it super, duper, uber, mega, giga, ultra--

ANITA DIRECTION

--Let's go--

DAVID LOWDE

--hard.

Anita and Joe finish their drinks and walk out the door.

ON THE STAGE

The final number finishes and the crowd gives a standing ovation. Joe is mobbed by queens and drunk patrons who shout congratulations and compliments at him.

JOE LOCKE

Thank you. Thank you. God bless you. Bless you.

INT. DAVID LOWDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David and Anita wrestle naked in bed. A fog of steam spews out of the bedsheets. General moaning and sexiness ensues.

David is dressed in a beret and a curly mustache.

DAVID LOWDE

Let me French kiss you.

David kisses Anita and leaves a pile of drool on her face.

Anita looks at David with sultry eyes.

ANITA DIRECTION

You ready for your blow job?

DAVID LOWDE

Give it to me.

Anita turns on a blowdryer and aims it at David. He loves it.

DAVID LOWDE

Time to do it cowgirl style.

David crawls around his apartment on all fours. Anita wears a 10 gallon hat and spurs as she rides on David.

David high fives a Sesame Street style puppet LETTER G sitting on his side table.

DAVID LOWDE

There you are.

LETTER G

You found me!

DAVID LOWDE

You do exist!

Anita pulls David's hair and they finish. She sits on him, exhausted.

ANITA DIRECTION

I'm sorry, David.

She pulls a magnum out from under the covers.

DAVID LOWDE

Wait. Where did you get that?

ANITA DIRECTION

You shouldn't have done so well on this case, David. You should have just kept your nose clean.

DAVID LOWDE

I could say the same thing to you. I thought we really had something here. I wanted to give you a chance to start things over, and get out of your crime life. To start over...with me.

Anita's grip falters. She wipes sweat off her face and steadies her aim on David's heart.

DAVID LOWDE

You don't have to do this, Anita. We can put you into protective custody.

ANITA DIRECTION

Like Pedro? I was there with Cole when we killed him and I saw just how safe people you need are.

DAVID LOWDE

That was different. He was some Hispanic guy and you're the sexy femme fatale who's bumping the ugly with me--

ANITA DIRECTION

I don't think I can do it. You're handsome, true. Great in bed, that's a given. Young and impressionable, again, yes. But none of that matters in the long run. Cole can find us wherever we go. He knew about last night. Hell, he might vaporize half of Miami just because he can. I'm so sorry David, it was good while it lasted.

Anita squeezes the trigger and the gun goes off straight into David's chest.

The smoke clears. David looks stone dead. He opens one eye and winks, then clobbers Anita and puts her into a choke hold.

ANITA DIRECTION

What?! But how?

DAVID LOWDE

Didn't you know? I always use protection!

He throws off the covers to reveal a bullet proof vest.

ANITA DIRECTION

What? I thought you meant you were using a condom.

David's face shows great surprise.

DAVID LOWDE

Oh Shit! I feel like such an idiot now.

ANITA DIRECTION

So that means...

DAVID LOWDE

...Oops?

David and Anita look awkwardly at each other.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION PEN - NIGHT

The umpire sleeps on the bench as David handcuffs Anita to the desk.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

The office is dark and empty. David paces back and forth in only his boxers and holster, checks his watch.

Joe comes up behind David, disheveled, and still putting himself back together.

JOE LOCKE

What am I doing here at three in the morning and where are your clothes?

DAVID LOWDE

Anita wanted to turn state's witness and then tried to kill me.

JOE LOCKE

I'm guessing this was all while you two were having sex?

DAVID LOWDE
Yea, how'd you know?

Joe motions to David's lack of pants.

DAVID LOWDE
You reek of booze.

JOE LOCKE
The guys at the bar next door are
very amicable.

David nods knowingly.

DAVID LOWDE
She said something about Cole
being the man behind the drugs and
murders. So I figured we could get
it out of her in the Bullpen.
Plus, she tried to kill me. Right?

JOE LOCKE
It's all for the best that I'm
here so late, I guess. Clearly's
working down in the lab on her pet
project, so I suppose I shouldn't
be getting any sleep either. Have
you sweat her yet?

DAVID LOWDE
Yea, but not here.

JOE LOCKE
I mean have you interviewed her
yet?

DAVID LOWDE
Oh! No. We did other types of
sweating. Good sweating.

Joe stares David down.

JOE LOCKE
All right then. How do you want to
play this?

DAVID LOWDE
I'm bad cop.

JOE LOCKE
I guess that makes me good cop.

David tries to boot in the door to the interrogation room, but fails. Joe opens it up and they spill into the room. They collect themselves, and David turns on the tape recorder in the room.

JOE LOCKE

Hello Ma'am. Please state your name for the record.

ANITA DIRECTION

Miss Anita Direction.

JOE LOCKE

I believe we've met before Miss Direction. I'm Detective Locke, this is Detective Lowde.

ANITA DIRECTION

I'm very well acquainted with Detective Lowde here.

DAVID LOWDE

I've had enough sexy talk. Spill it Anita!

Anita takes a lipstick out from her purse and applies it. She presses a small button on it and sets it on the table. A light on the side blinks without drawing attention from Joe or David.

ANITA DIRECTION

Here's the whole thing. I'm working with Cole Stiff the Third in a large crime syndicate. We're manufacturing ice cream in a large underground warehouse under his mansion. Also, he and Max Dickson are involved with the creation and shipment of drugs, including the ones that you intercepted. And as a bonus, here's the tape off your security camera that shows the commissioner aiding in the murder of your witness.

DAVID LOWDE

Wow...That was really easy.

Anita produces a roll of duct tape out of her purse. The pattern on it is not silver, but rather frames of Max Dickson in the visitation room, aiding Cole in the crime. Anita places it on the table.

JOE LOCKE

To quote a man looking for a needle in a haystack, what's the point in all this?

ANITA DIRECTION

Cole's moved on to bigger and better things. He's going to start nuclear war now. He knows about the materials you have in the lab here. I'm telling you because I can't stand behind that. There's no profit to be made in simply blowing up a city.

JOE LOCKE

If she's telling us all this now for no reason..and Clearly is down in the lab...

Joe stands up with a start and runs out the door. The umpire in the room is jostled awake.

UMPIRE

You're outta here!

DAVID LOWDE

You're sadistic Anita.

ANITA DIRECTION

I'm a narcissistic materialistic sociopath. Get it right.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAYS

Joe sprints down stairwells and through hallways. He runs past his score board and it clicks to eighteen hours left.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION PEN - SAME

David stands over Anita, arms folded.

DAVID LOWDE

Anita, there's still a chance for you to turn state's evidence.

ANITA DIRECTION

I'd rather not.

DAVID LOWDE

All right then. We're gonna have to keep you in custody. Charge and process you like everyone else. I'm sorry it's gotta be this way.

David walks out of the room.

Anita reaches into her purse and pulls out a pencil. She snaps the pencil in half and it turns to a goeey putty.

She smears it all over the chain connecting the one handcuff to the table. It makes a small blue flame and melts away.

INT. POLICE STATION - CRIME LAB - SAME

Joe busts into the crime lab and finds Cole. He holds Clearly in front of him, a human shield. Ya Sah gathers supplies in a cardboard box.

Clearly struggles against Cole, her hands bound and mouth gagged. She's unable to do much.

COLE STIFF III

It looks like you've found us.
How's the investigation going?
Well, I hope.

Cole laughs maniacally.

COLE STIFF III

Oh, how rude of me. Have you met my date? She's a little too smart for my tastes, but she'll do.

JOE LOCKE

You let her go right now you son of a --

COLE STIFF III

--No.

Cole pulls his gun out of his vest pocket and points it at Clearly.

COLE STIFF III

Now you be a good boy and die.

From behind, a YA SAH CLONE gets Joe in a full nelson. Cole points his gun at Joe and fires, but Clearly grabs her mace from her purse and nails Cole in the arm with it. The shot goes wide and kills the clone instead.

Cole disarms Clearly and slaps her for his trouble.

COLE STIFF III

Damn. Those guys are expensive.

Joe advances on Cole. Cole backs toward the rear door of the lab, gun pointed at Clearly.

COLE STIFF III

No matter. We have what we want.
Take care of this guy.

Two more YA SAH CLONES appear in the doorway behind Joe.

JOE LOCKE

You have more than one of those
guys?

YA SAH 2

Yes Sir.

Cole shoots that Ya Sah. The other clone looks at him with indignation.

COLE STIFF III

And the same thing will happen to
you if you think that you're going
to tell me your name again! For
crying out loud you're all clones
and have the same name! I know it
already!

Another two Ya Sah clones appear in the doorway. Cole hoists Clearly up over his shoulder and makes a break for the exit with a Ya Sah clone trailing him.

JOE LOCKE

Clearly!

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION PEN - SAME

Anita hides behind the door as David comes back into the interrogation room. He's brought them both coffee. Anita scorpion-kicks him in the face and makes him spill the coffee on his boxers. She runs out the door.

DAVID LOWDE

Jesus! That's hot.

He races after her and into the maze of cubicles. Anita dodges between partitions and doors and hides in one of the offices on the outside of the cube farm. The whole floor of the building is in complete darkness saving the occasional emergency light.

David draws his pistol from its holster, pacing back and forth.

DAVID LOWDE

Anita! Come out! Face the music.
It was good while it lasted but
the jig is up. It doesn't have to
be this way.

Anita fishes around the desk in the office and finds a gun in the drawer. She fires blindly through the office glass and shatters a window as David scrambles for cover.

ANITA DIRECTION

What's wrong Davie Boy? Forgot to wear your protection this time?

David pops out of cover and fires back at her. Anita cowers behind the desk.

DAVID LOWDE

What's wrong? You liked it much more when I unloaded my weapon on you the first time.

INT. POLICE STATION - CRIME LAB - SAME

Joe pulls his gun on the three clones and has it immediately kicked out of his hand. The clones come at him with whirling fists and kicks. Kung fu style.

Joe is beaten back to the knife throwing station and fights the clones with the knives, killing one with a knife to the head.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICES - SAME

David and Anita fire guns back and forth at each other.

To one side of the office, Elton walks in with Gay Mother Teresa in tow. They're drunk and have been making out.

ELTON JOHNSON

Oh shit. Hang on a second.

Anita rolls out the door and into another office. She fires back at him.

ANITA DIRECTION

At least this time you're using a bigger weapon than you're normally equipped with.

David sneaks around the desk he's at and reloads.

DAVID LOWDE

I'm surprised you could even figure out how to pull the trigger and make it go off. You're fumbling around with it so much. I thought you'd never get it to pop off.

ELTON JOHNSON
 (to Gay Mother Teresa)
 Oh shit.

INT. POLICE STATION - CRIME LAB - SAME

Joe fights with the two remaining clones. They smash through tables and into walls. Joe takes his tie and strangles one of them with it, feeding the tie on the clone into the paper shredder.

It doesn't kill him but gives Joe enough time to make a real fair fight against the other one.

They fight into the magician's area. Joe punches the hat off one Ya Sah and catches it, pulls a rabbit out of it, and beats the other clone with the rabbit.

Joe picks up the saw blade and swings it around like a karate master would.

JOE LOCKE
 Not bad for an old guy huh?

YA SAH 3
 Ya Sah.

JOE LOCKE
 Oh. I see how that could get annoying.

Joe hits him in the face with the saw blade. He smashes him in the head with the boiling coffee pot.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICES - SAME

Anita finds a shotgun in one of the offices and fires a barrage at the desk David is hiding behind.

ANITA DIRECTION
 Look honey, I've found a bigger gun to please myself with!

DAVID LOWDE
 Nobody says I have a small dick.
 NOBODY.

ELTON JOHNSON
 Oh shit.

David pulls a second gun out of the desk in front of him and stands up. He charges at Anita, guns blazing. She cowers behind the desk.

Just as he gets to her position the guns click to empty. He's out of bullets! Elton hears it, and runs for David. Anita pops out of cover, and cocks the shotgun.

Just in time, Elton leaps and tackles David. Anita fires. Both men escape the blast by a hair.

INT. POLICE STATION - CRIME LAB - SAME

The two clones are making mincemeat of Joe, who looks quite bruised and bloodied. He's getting pummeled and is thrown onto Cleary's desk. It breaks in half.

As he lifts himself out of the rubble, he notices a poster he's ripped through on the wall. It's a poster for "The Who" from the night that they met.

JOE LOCKE

It was The Who--

The two clones grab him and throw him onto a wall. One has a knife and he tries to plunge it into Joe's heart. Joe catches his hand and they grapple for Joe's life.

Joe looks over at the scoreboard on the wall. It reads: "Good Guys": 2, "Bad Guys": 7. There's about 17 hours and some odd minutes on the board.

CLEARLY LOVELY (V.O.)

...a cop who's probably gonna get tragically killed before he can retire.

JOE LOCKE

...There's still time for me yet.

Joe pushes the clones off him and continues to kung fu fight. The other clone grabs a knife and now both clones are trying to stab Joe. He makes several evasive moves and the clones accidentally stab each other non-fatally.

Joe kicks one of the clones into the saw-a-lady-in-half trick box. He punches him out cold and, for good measure, saws him in half and then separates the halves.

The other clone makes a bid to throw Joe out the window, but Joe takes the upper hand and beats the clone into a pulp. He shoves him into the psychological torture seat and straps him in.

JOE LOCKE

...Something witty...

After Joe is out of sight, the Lab Tech that was torturing someone earlier comes and sits in front the clone.

LAB TECH 5

Okay, let's begin then, shall we?

YA SAH

Yes Sir.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICES - SAME

Anita stalks over to David and Elton who are getting up of the floor. She reloads her shotgun and pulls the trigger only to find that it's empty.

She throws the empty gun at them and bolts for the stairs. Just as she thinks she has made her escape, Gay Mother Teresa punches her unconscious.

Elton and Lowde get up and walk over to the stairwell.

DAVID LOWDE

Nice work! Where did you learn that?

GAY MOTHER TERESA

Grow up a gay Black man and see how many fights you get into.

ELTON JOHNSON

You're such a smart, timely, strong partner.

DAVID LOWDE

(to himself)

...a strong partner. JOE!

David runs off to the stairwell.

ELTON JOHNSON

Thank you.

Elton and Gay Mother Teresa kiss.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - MAKESHIFT LAB - NIGHT

A corner of the warehouse in disuse has been turned into a makeshift lab. There are old tables, chairs, and equipment everywhere. On a table, the top warhead of an ICBM sits, dismantled.

Cole has Clearly tied onto a chair. Ya Sah clones prepare various science things around in the background.

CLEARLY LOVELY
You'll never get away with this!

COLE STIFF III
But don't you see I already have.
My clones have no doubt killed
your husband and his annoying
partner.

Cole motions to a clone.

The clone brings over what appears to be an armored
breastplate in the shape of a sports bra.

CLEARLY LOVELY
What's this?

COLE STIFF III
A little change of wardrobe I'm
afraid.

CLEARLY LOVELY
I'm not wearing it.

COLE STIFF III
Oh, but I must insist.

Cole claps his hands and two Ya Sah's dressed up like ladies
come over with a curtain on a mobile hanger. They pull the
curtain over Clearly and clothes start flying out of it.

CLEARLY LOVELY
Ooof! Ugh!

COLE STIFF III
Almost finished?

YA SAH LADY
Yes sir!

They pull back the curtain to reveal Clearly wearing the
Bombrassiere.

COLE STIFF III
And now I know just who to
demonstrate this on.

Cole snaps his fingers and a couple more of the Ya Sahs come
and grab one of the Lady Ya Sahs and drag them away.

Cole leans over to clearly and punches some numbers on a
keypad attached to the bombrassire.

COLE STIFF III

I have taken the liberty of fashioning an explosive bodice for you. If you disobey me. Well. Observe.

The Ya Sah clones drag the Lady Yah Sah over to a shipping container in the back of the warehouse. They fit him with an identical bombrassire.

LADY YAH SAH

No...No Sir!

The others close and padlock the doors after throwing him in the container.

Cole takes a remote control out of his pocket and presses a button. The warehouse shakes as poor Lady Yah Sah explodes inside the shipping container.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Oh my God.

COLE STIFF III

Let me be perfectly clear with you. I want a nuclear warhead for my missile. An enormous nuclear bomb! Oh, do whatever you'd like. Use any of these stupid clones, but if you don't have me a bomb by tomorrow, you're going to be facing quite the explosive situation.

Clearly wails as Cole unties her.

COLE STIFF III

And I don't think it needs to be said, but if you try to escape...

EXT. TWISTY TREAT - NIGHT

The Twisty Treat sits in the din of the night's crickets. The parking lot steams.

INT. TWISTY TREAT - SAME

A bunch of Ya Sah clones are serving up ice cream cones to folks. Sitting at the table are two of the gay chorus dancers.

GAY CHORUS DANCER 1

Where do you think that steam is coming from in the parking lot?

GAY CHORUS DANCER 2

Who knows?

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION PEN - DAY

The morning light is coming through the windows as David and Joe sip some morning coffee. Anita sits tied up in a chair. David is finally dressed, though both men look worse for wear.

DAVID LOWDE

Listen Anita. We've got you nailed good and hard. For shooting up the police station, for your involvement in this smuggling ring, for accessory to a ton of crimes. Give us all the information you've got and we might be able to get you off clean on this on.

ANITA DIRECTION

I'm tired of all the sex jokes David. I'll tell you what I know about how to get into Stiff Manor, but I have to have your word that I'll get a pardon and fresh start on everything.

DAVID LOWDE

You have my word on it.

ANITA DIRECTION

All right. I'll talk.

INT. POLICE STATION - WAR ROOM - DAY

In a large conference room, a cadre of police officers stand around including Elton, Matt, and the Umpire. Everyone affixes various police gear, bullet proof vests, extra rounds, guns, etc.

A baseball style peanut HAWKER walks around and hocks donuts and coffee.

HAWKER

Getcha donuts! Getcha Coffee!

Matt Squealer waves down the hawker to his seat.

MATT SQUEALER

I love a good war room meeting.

In the front of the room a large screen shows a presentation on the current mission.

David and Joe stand next to and present layouts of the manor, head shots of Cole and Ya Sah, and ESPN.

DAVID LOWDE

According to our insider...

A LOUSY COP in the back of the room shouts.

LOUSY COP

Who's inside er' this time?

The room chuckles.

DAVID LOWDE

According to our informant, the mansion is tightly guarded by a cadre of Chinese kung fu dudes. On the inside is Cole Stiff the Third, he's our real target. We have to consider him armed and dangerous. He's wanted for drug deals, murder, and now he's working on global thermonuclear war.

The ESPN screen changes to a picture of HAL 9000.

ESPN

Did you say "Global Thermonuclear War?"

WHOLE ROOM

No!

ESPN

Sorry.

The ESPN screen turns back to news. Matthew Broderick is in the crowd.

MATTHEW BRODERICK

That was close.

Joe hoists onto a table a child's doll set. He uses it as a visual aid.

JOE LOCKE

We're gonna breach through the front door and move into the kitchen. The entrance to the underground warehouse is through the freezer in the kitchen, so we're gonna take a team into there and kick ass.

The crowd isn't paying too much attention. Joe throws the doll house onto the ground.

JOE LOCKE

Listen up, people. This asshole kidnapped Clearly and she's in trouble. I know that might not mean much to you, but she's my entire world. She's the hardest worker in the lab and I should have listened to her long ago when we were still together. If we come out of this alright, we're gonna have the greatest makeup sex in the history of makeup sex. Ever!

MATT SQUEALER

Also, it should be noted that Max Dickson is in the house too. Apparently he's a bad guy.

ELTON JOHNSON

That's right. Max Dickson was a bad guy all this time.

LOUSEY COP

And what do we do to bad guys?

WHOLE ROOM

Shoot 'em!

JOE LOCKE

That's right! Now let's go!

At this announcement, the crowd is riled up and gathers their gear.

INT. POLICE STATION - GARAGE - SAME

All the cops jump into their cars and zoom out of the garage, just as TRUDY HAUSER starts to cross the entrance of the garage. All the car drivers honk their horns and complain.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - MAKESHIFT LAB - DAY

An ice cream cone shaped warhead is almost complete. The Ya Sah's begin to load the war head onto the missile.

Cole walks into the science room and admires the missile.

COLE STIFF III

Lovely.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Yes?

Cole pulls out his pistol, and points it at Clearly.

COLE STIFF III

I've shot men for that.

CLEARLY LOVELY

It's a good thing I'm not a man.

Cole comes over and threatens Clearly.

COLE STIFF III

You know what. I've been nice this whole time, but that really torqued me off. I'm sorry to say that I'm a little hung up about it.

Cole snaps his fingers and a couple of Ya Sah clones come and grab Clearly. They hook her up to the crane and chain her to the missile.

CLEARLY LOVELY

You can't!

COLE STIFF III

Oh but I can.

Cole laughs.

EXT. STIFF MANOR - FRONT GATE - DAY

The entire police force sits on the lawn outside the gates of Stiff Manor, right next to the Twisty Treat. Each cop is licking an ice cream cone.

Everything is quiet as Joe and David walk up to the gate and buzz the buzzer. It beeps and the gates swing open.

DAVID LOWDE

All right everyone, let's go.

All the cars drive into the estate.

EXT. STIFF MANOR DRIVEWAY- DAY

The police cars park on the driveway up to the house. Every single cop gets out of their cars and gets ready for a shootout. All is quiet for a moment as everyone continues to eat their ice cream.

Elton pulls out a bullhorn from his vehicle.

ELTON JOHNSON

Hey! This is the cops. I have a warrant for the arrest of Cole Stiff and Max Dickson. You boys are in big trouble! Open up, baby!

For a moment, it seems as if nobody is home. Then, the doors to the mansion fly open and all the windows get kicked out by a battalion of Ya Sah clones. Each clone is in a suit and bowler hat.

All the cops drop their ice cream and an enormous fight ensues. The police shoot at the clones, but they come faster than the cops can fire. The cops are overwhelmed by them and start hand-to-hand combat.

One cop smashes a potted plant over a Ya Sah's head. Another gets hit with a baseball bat. Yet another cop rides a rodeo bull into the house.

Joe and David blast their way into the house and into the kitchen. They stab guys with kitchen knives and shoot clones left and right.

They open the freezer and find that it's literally a walk in freezer. They walk down the stairs inside the freezer and into the underground cavern.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - CATWALKS

Joe and David descend the stairs down into the underground cavern and onto the catwalk. Clearly screams for help in the distance.

A couple of Ya Sah clones come at them on the catwalk and they dispose of them over the railing.

JOE LOCKE

That's Clearly's yelling! I've heard it a lot before.

DAVID LOWDE
 You go for Clearly and I'll
 disable the missile.

David runs down the catwalk and Joe goes down some attached spiral stairs towards the missile room.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - MISSILE BAY

The missile bay is concrete and yellow hazard paint. Spinning green police lights dot the room.

Joe clambers down off the catwalk and over to where Clearly is strapped to the missile.

CLEARLY LOVELY
 Joe!

JOE LOCKE
 Clearly, It's me.

CLEARLY LOVELY
 Get me out of here Joe!

The missile platform clinks and begins the process raising the missile into firing position. The roof opens up above them.

EXT. TWISTY TREAT - SAME

All is calm at the Twisty Treat, until the building starts to break in half. Ya Sah clones and Gay Chorus boys are sent running.

It sits directly on the opening to the missile silo, and as the silo opens, the Twisty Treat is forcibly removed and crushed.

GAY CHORUS BOY 1
 My Ice Cream!?

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

David bursts into the missile control room. In the old yellowing window, the missile bay is visible. The missile ratchets up toward firing position with Clearly strapped to it.

In the back of the room is a cryogenic chamber with a Ya Sah in it. This one looks more muscular and fearsome than the rest. It's got cybernetic implants!

David pushes the big, red, emergency stop button on the console. The missile stops and red lights flash around the platform.

EXT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - MISSILE BAY - SAME

Joe clambers up to a catwalk that is now on the same level as Clearly. There is a chain wench in the middle of the yawning gap that separates them.

JOE LOCKE

Clearly, I'm going to have to jump for it.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Be careful Joe!

Joe balances on a pole and stands on the railing, ready to jump.

Cole walks up from out of nowhere.

COLE STIFF III

Hello there detective Locke. Back for more pictures of supermodels? I see you've brought detective Lowde with you. Too bad I can't kill you both at the same time, but that is why I've hired the help around here.

Cole points to the control room with a little remote control and presses a button on it.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

David speaks into a hand held radio he's brought with him.

DAVID LOWDE

I've found the control room, send bomb squad to my position.

The cryogenic chamber unlocks with a whirr. Out steps a half-frozen CYBORG YA SAH.

David turns around and sees the cyborg coming at him.

DAVID LOWDE

You are way uglier than my last date. Wait, let me guess. You want to kill me too?

CYBORG YA SAH

Ya Sah.

DAVID LOWDE

Nope.

David draws his gun and unloads the entire clip on him. It does nothing.

DAVID LOWDE
That's a new trick.

EXT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - MISSILE BAY - SAME

Cole points his remote in the air at Clearly, finger on the button.

COLE STIFF III
I didn't think that you'd actually get to see each other die. It's the little things in life. I'll let you watch her die first. Sound fair?

JOE LOCKE
No!

Just as Cole lifts the remote to make Clearly's vest explode, a shot rings out. The bullet destroys the remote and injures Cole's hand.

Matt Squealer stands behind Cole, gun still drawn, unsteady and sweaty.

JOE LOCKE
Nice shot!

MATT SQUEALER
I was aiming for the head. I wanted to see if there was anything in the refrigerator in the kitchen and now I'm here...Geez, what a day.

Cole takes off running, pulls out his revolver, and shoots at Matt Squealer. Matt has to jump in a vat of liquid ice cream to escape. Joe pulls out his gun and returns fire, missing Cole.

CLEARLY LOVELY
Joe! Get me down from here.

Joe turns back and holsters his weapon. He stands on the railing and grabs the chain.

He swings over to Clearly and grabs onto her. He hooks them both up to the chain, and frees her from the missile.

He swings back to the catwalk with Clearly safely chained to him. He unchains them both and starts to bolt.

JOE LOCKE

Stay here.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Wait Joe! I have a bomb on me.

Joe looks at her and notices the new bomb-bra.

JOE LOCKE

You've got to be kidding me.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

David draws the combat knife on his tactical vest and flips it around in his hands.

DAVID LOWDE

Knife to meet you.

David and the Cyber Ya Sah have a hell of a fight. They destroy equipment and break the glass in the room.

Cyber Ya Sah throws David through a table where two OLD MEN are playing Chess.

OLD MEN

Hey! Watch it!

David kicks Cyber Ya Sah in the balls, but it doesn't hurt him. He takes a fire axe off a wall and wedges it in the cyborg's balls, that does the trick.

Cyber Ya Sah gets nailed over the head with a Grammy, an Emmy, a Golden Globe, and a Nobel Peace Prize.

DAVID LOWDE

For your consideration. Bitch.

Cyborg Ya Sah nails the control panel and the missile goes towards the launch opening again. All the red lights turn yellow.

David wraps the Cyborg Ya Sah with power cables and electrocutes him. As he is getting zapped, the Cyborg flips through different radio channels before finally dying.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - MISSILE BAY - SAME

Joe looks at the mess of wires and such on the back of Clearly's bomb brassiere. As he pries the cover off the back, a timer starts on the vest. It says "60 seconds".

CLEARLY LOVELY

The bomb payload is going to look like a little bar of soap or play dough. And it should only have two wires sticking out of it. That's the thing you need to find.

There's a ton of wires and mess in the back of the device. Joe pulls out an ET Atari cartridge.

JOE LOCKE

Clearly, I don't know what I'm doing here. I can't do something like this. I'm not trained for--

CLEARLY LOVELY

Joe. Listen to me! Okay? Remember that you said that you'd always listen to me from now on?

JOE LOCKE

I remember, honey.

Joe pulls a flux capacitor out of the casing, tosses it aside.

CLEARLY LOVELY

And I don't want to die here with you. Not today.

The scoreboard ominously appears in the wall of the warehouse. The good guys are trailing, but only by a little now. The time on the board is less than 20 minutes.

JOE LOCKE

Our time is running out.

Joe pulls an abacus out of the casing, discards it.

CLEARLY LOVELY

The explosive payload is the only thing that you're going to have to worry about. The detonator itself is small, like a cherry bomb. It won't kill us.

JOE LOCKE

I...Clearly. I love you so much.

CLEARLY LOVELY

I love you too Joe. Now get this bomb off me so we can make love when this is all done.

Joe pulls open a hidden panel and finds the explosive charge. He rips it off just in time! Throws it into a vat of ice cream mix.

The vest timer reaches 0 and a buzzer goes off. The back of the vest pops and sizzles, but doesn't blow up.

Clearly and Joe kiss.

In a corner of the warehouse a big semi truck with ice cream cones painted on it roars to life. Max Dickson hops in the drivers side and Cole jumps into the storage container on the back.

JOE LOCKE

I have to go.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Go save the city Joe.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK

The truck pulls out of the warehouse and onto surface streets. Joe and David both run after it and meet up in the tunnel leading out to the street.

DAVID LOWDE

Come on old man. Run for it!

JOE LOCKE

Try and keep up kid.

They make it to the street corner, out of breath and unable to keep up. They stand dejectedly as two high end luxury cars pull up, driven by Elton Johnson and an ice cream mix covered Matt Squealer.

ELTON JOHNSON

Guess what we found?

Joe and David get in separate cars and they speed off.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY

The two cars race after the semi on the highway as they pass dangerously close to other motorists. The semi barrels through any traffic in its way.

Elton hands Joe an ear piece.

JOE LOCKE

Can you hear me kid?

DAVID LOWDE (O.S.)

I hear you. Let's take these guys down.

The cars speed next to the semi. The back doors of the shipping compartment open up and Cole shoves out several boxes. The chase cars swerve to avoid them, but other drivers aren't so lucky.

DAVID LOWDE

Joe, it's up to you to stop Dickson.

JOE LOCKE

Let's do this.

FRONT OF TRUCK

Joe's chase car pulls up to the semi. He leaps out and lands on the passenger side of the cab of the truck, holding onto the skirt.

BACK OF TRUCK

Cole grabs a rocket propelled grenade launcher (RPG) and walks to the back, aiming it at David and Matt.

COLE STIFF III

Eat a rocket, you fat bastard.

DAVID LOWDE

Shit! Swerve Matt!

INT. POLICE VAN - SAME

Inside a police van driving behind Matt and David, Jose is being driven by a HUNGRY COP. A bell dings and a panel in the glove box opens and spews steam.

HUNGRY COP

Donuts are ready!

JOSE

You should not be cooking and driving.

HUNGRY COP

I'll do what I please in my own car.

Hungry Cop reaches over and pulls a donut out of the glove compartment with a mitt.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - SAME

Matt and David's car swerves just in time as Cole fires the RPG. An enormous explosion erupts where the RPG strikes the white police van instead of the chase car.

FRONT OF TRUCK

JOE LOCKE

What the hell was that?

Joe starts to shimmy up towards the passenger door of the cab.

DAVID LOWDE (O.S.)

Cole's shooting RPG's from the back of the container.

JOE LOCKE

Well, what the hell are you waiting for?

BACK OF TRUCK

DAVID LOWDE

(To Matt)

Get me on the back of that truck.

Matt pulls his car up to the back of the truck. David throws himself at the back of the container and barely gets a handhold on it.

He is being dragged along the road on his boots, trying to get all the way onto the back of the truck.

Cole throws down the RPG launcher and comes to stomp Lowde's grip on the truck.

FRONT OF TRUCK

Joe shimmies his way up to the door of the truck cab. Max notices him out the corner of his eye and starts swerving the truck to make Joe fall off.

BACK OF TRUCK

Cole stumbles around and David uses the swerving motion to his advantage, swaying his body all the way into the back of the truck.

FRONT OF TRUCK

Joe takes off his belt and wraps it around his fist, using the buckle to smash the glass on the passenger side window. He reaches in and unlocks the door.

Dickson fumbles with his service pistol and pops off a shot at Joe.

BACK OF TRUCK

David is up in the back of the truck and starts to beat the hell out of Cole. Cole laughs maniacally and shouts through bloody teeth.

COLE STIFF III

You two should really get a new hobby. I hear making ice cream is good for the mind and body.

DAVID LOWDE

Shut up you freak.

Cole flips a butterfly knife from his socks and swipes at David. Cole catches David's shirt on a wild strike and cuts it clean in half.

David dodges another couple of swipes from Cole and has his pants cut off. He's in his underwear and boots.

COLE STIFF III

You just love being naked, don't you.

DAVID LOWDE

Not as much as you love me being naked.

COLE STIFF III

Wait...what?

Joe hangs on to the door of the truck as it swings wildly from its post. Max shoots at him as he continues to swerve the truck.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - MISSILE BAY - SAME

The police force has reached the underground portion of the Stiff manor and are taking stock of things. Most of the Ya Sah clones are being carted off in hand cuffs. Clearly is giving a statement.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - CONTROL ROOM

Trudy Hauser walks into the control room and notices a small screen displaying the Nuclear Missile's point of view. She shoves an electrocuted Cyborg Ya Sah off the control panel.

TRUDY HAUSER

Let's see if this thing gets my
soaps.

She flips a few random switches. Sirens sound and green light
flash.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - MISSILE BAY

The rocket starts moving ahead and clinks easily into the
right position. It creates a massive rumble and takes off.

CLEARLY LOVELY

I have to stop that rocket!

Clearly races with the bomb squad towards the Control Room.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - CONTROL ROOM

Trudy is still trying to change the channel. It's showing a
view from the nose of the missile. Clearly busts in the door.

CLEARLY LOVELY

What are you doing?!

TRUDY HAUSER

My soaps are on. Do you know how
to work this TV?

CLEARLY LOVELY

Move!

Clearly shoves Trudy out of the control room. The bomb squad
comes in and starts to work immediately. Clearly takes hold of
a joystick and takes a look at the limited information she has
available.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - BACK OF TRUCK - SAME

The fight continues unabated.

CLEARLY LOVELY (O.S.)

Guys, the nuke just took off. I
can manually control where it
flies, but I can't stop it. It's
going to go off.

DAVID LOWDE

Then steer it into the ocean!

CLEARLY LOVELY (O.S.)
 I don't have that much fuel, and
 if it goes out of radio range it
 might detonate on its own.

David looks around the back of the truck and does a barrel roll to dodge Cole. He picks up an ice cream scoop. The two continue to knife fight with the scoop.

FRONT OF TRUCK

Joe swings on the door and boots Max in the face. He wrestles the gun out of Max's hand and out the window. They trade blows.

JOE LOCKE
 I have a plan.

DAVID LOWDE (O.S.)
 Let's hear it old man.

Joe uses his belt to strangle Max. Max punches Joe in the face.

JOE LOCKE
 Clearly, just fly that thing
 towards the restaurant we went to
 last week.

CLEARLY LOVELY (O.S.)
 Master Baiters? The one on the
 pier with that asshole of a
 waiter. Oh I think I can do that.

JOE LOCKE
 Right. We're gonna use a
 rocket...on a rocket...

Joe takes control of the big rig and turns them down a particular stretch of highway.

BACK OF TRUCK

David beats up Cole with the scoop. Empties out the barrels of "Anything but drugs" in the back and hits him with them. Drugs fly everywhere.

FRONT OF TRUCK

In the cab Joe strangles Max with the belt.

MAX DICKSON
 You can't kill me, you're a cop.
 Remember.

The truck rumbles by a billboard with the scoreboard on it. The score is almost tied now, but the time has run out and the horn sounds. It blinks "Retired."

JOE LOCKE

Looks like I'm off the clock now.

The truck rumbles over a large bridge and towards the beach. Joe boots Max out of the cab and off the bridge, into the water. He screams all the way down.

MAX DICKSON

I'll see you in Locke and Lowde
Twoooooooooo!

BACK OF TRUCK

David stuffs a barrel over Cole's head and disarms him. Rolls him out of the back of the cab and off the bridge as well.

DAVID LOWDE

Have a barrel of laughs buddy.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

On a small screen in a corner, Clearly controls the path of the missile. She guides it towards the edge of a pier in the ocean.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - SAME

Joe pulls the semi rig off the highway and races through a lush green park and then onto beach streets. He guides it towards the edge of the pier.

JOE LOCKE

David. Load another RPG into the launcher.

DAVID LOWDE

Gotcha.

The two chase cars with Matt and Elton stop at the entrance to the pier.

They speed the semi truck off the road and onto the pier. It's meant for foot traffic only and they have to break through a barricade to get onto the pier.

CLEARLY LOVELY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 If you can hit the missile body
 and not the warhead, it should
 separate the two and the nuke
 won't go off. It'll still be a
 hell of a boom, but no nuke.

JOE LOCKE
 Same as taking off that bra of
 yours today.

CLEARLY LOVELY (O.S.)
 Same thing.

DAVID LOWDE
 What?

David loads another RPG into the launcher.

The nuclear missile draws close to the pier.

INT. MASTER BAITER'S FISH HOUSE - SAME

The waiter is helping another couple choose dinner.

WAITER
 Welcome to Master Baiter's Fish
 House, where the fish smell is
 normal. Our special today is a
 salty surprise, which --

He notices a large semi truck coming at the restaurant.

WAITER
 -- which will be a large semi
 truck rammed into you at full
 speed--

EXT. BEACH PIER - SAME

The semi makes it to the end of the pier and Joe slams on the
 breaks. It slides into the front of the restaurant before
 coming to a stop.

JOE LOCKE
 I really love going to this old
 place.

David stands up and walks out of the back of the truck's
 container, to the furthest spot on the pier.

DAVID LOWDE

Dang old fart drivers, shouldn't
be on the road anymore.

The nuke is in front of the pier.

CLEARLY LOVELY (O.S.)

It's now or never guys.

DAVID LOWDE

Looks like I'm about to blow the
biggest load ever.

He fires the RPG and it soars onto target. It nails the nuke
in the side of the missile. It blows it into two halves and
with an enormous boom.

The legs of the pier shake and shatter, and the restaurant and
semi slide off, into the ocean.

Metal and wood shards fly everywhere, but no nuclear
explosion.

Elton and Matt race onto the beach.

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Clearly looks concerned and grave. Her view screen has gone
dead.

CLEARLY LOVELY

Are they okay? Can anyone see
them?

EXT. A CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Girlscouts are gathered around a campfire.

GIRLSCOUT 1

Are they okay?!

INT. AN OPERATING ROOM

Multiple surgeons are working on a patient. One surgeon is
holds a pumping heart.

SURGEON

Are they all right? What happened
to them?

EXT. A MEDIEVAL VILLAGE - NIGHT

Medieval reporter holds his three pronged microphone and stands amongst a group of angry villagers with torches and pitchforks.

ANGRY VILLAGER REPORTER
Are they going to be all right?
What's gonna happen?

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

Through the smoke, David and Joe swim to shore. Elton spots them from the beach.

ELTON JOHNSON
They're fine! They're okay!

INT. UNDERGROUND ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Clearly throws her fists up in the air.

CLEARLY LOVELY
Yes!

EXT. A CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

All the girlscouts cheer, hug each other, and throw cookies into the air.

INT. AN OPERATING ROOM

The surgeons cheer and chest bump. The surgeon holding the heart spikes it like a football.

EXT. A MEDIEVAL VILLAGE - NIGHT

The villagers celebrate and dance. Out of the darkness Dr. Frankenstein's monster clobbers some of them without anyone noticing.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

Joe and David crawl up onto the beach. They look at each other and collapse onto the sand in exhaustion.

JOE LOCKE

What happened to your clothes
again?

DAVID LOWDE

I don't remember.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

SUPER: "ONE WEEK LATER"

A busy and hot day on the beach with hot bodies everywhere. In a cabana by the ocean, Joe lies on a chair with Clearly, both in casual beach attire.

David sits to the side of them, being pampered by a cadre of beautiful ladies.

A cheap sign is hung up that says "Happy Retirement Joe".

DAVID LOWDE

Bartender! Another Margarita
please!

Matt pops up from behind the cabana bar.

MATT SQUEALER

Right away Mister Lowde.

DAVID LOWDE

That's Lieutenant Lowde to you!

JOE LOCKE

What a crazy week, huh David?

DAVID LOWDE

I'll say old man.

CLEARLY LOVELY

You two enjoy today, because after
this I have Joe all to myself for
a long time.

DAVID LOWDE

You can have him. I've got the lab
techs.

The girls feeding David wave to Clearly. Some of them are wearing sexy lab coats.

CLEARLY LOVELY

And you be good to them too David.
No funny business.

Elton struts up in a fine new uniform. A Commissioner's outfit, except that it's purple.

ELTON JOHNSON
Hey boys. Look who's the commissioner now.

DAVID LOWDE
Mister Commissioner.

ELTON JOHNSON
I'm afraid I've got quite a bit of paperwork for you at the office David.

DAVID LOWDE
It figures. After all that fun we had.

ELTON JOHNSON
But it was all well done.

JOE LOCKE
Thank you, sir.

ELTON JOHNSON
I can't wait to see what you two have in store for Locke and Lowde 2.

Joe and David look at each other, then at the camera, they clink glasses and everyone roars with laughter.

EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Anita drives an ice cream truck out of town. She wears an eyepatch and smokes a cigar as she merrily hums the ice cream truck tune.

FADE OUT

AFTER THE CREDITS

INT. POLICE STATION - CRIME LAB

The Ya Sah clone trapped in the saw-the-lady-in-half magic trick and the Ya Sah clone strapped into the torture chair are watching the Korean music video on TV. They both sing along, quite pleased.

THE END.