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Blown Away

By Joe Batteer

Bits by Snowdog

- C-4.

- Right.

How's solitary, Kevin?

- Quiet!

Ya didn't touch yourself

in there, did ya?

Why do ya think I'm havin'

such a hard time seein'?

Get moving!

Go screw yourself.

Get in there!

Gaerity, here's your playmate back.

Good night, girls.

Kiss my ass.

Sorry I got thrown in the hole.

No matter.

You like to fight.

It's your nature.

Thanks for waiting.

Couldn't do it without you.

Ya bastard.

Ya know we're gonna make it...

don't you?

How can you be so sure?

I've seen it.

Sleep.

I'll wake you when I'm ready.

Sleep.

Unfortunately, you bastard...

I saw you staying here.

No, you fuckin' don't!

Get down!

Lizzy? Lizzy!

Come here.

I wished for Jimmy Dove

to be my dad.

You're supposed to keep wishes

to yourself.

- Birthday girl!

- Jimmy!

Ooh! Look at you!

- You've got a new party dress, huh?

- Hey there, Boomer.

- You look gorgeous.

- I know.

My mom bought me this dress

at the mall. It was \$18.

\$18? Not bad.

- Now, what's this? What's this?

- What's this? What is this thing?

Hey, get it.

Pull it out of there. Pull it!

Oh!

- A piano! Cool!

- You turn it on here.

Thank you.

If your mom doesn't give you lessons

on that thing, I will.

- Look, Megan. Look what Jimmy got me.

- At your place, maybe.

- You look gorgeous too.

- Thank you.

Whoa!

- Here it is.

- You're such a show-off.

Oh! I like that.

I like that.

I'm getting close now.

I can feel it.

Ah, yeah! Did I win?

No!

- Boston Bomb Disposal.

- Yeah, Rita. Dove.

Sorry to bug you on your day off.

We got one.

- Yeah. Where?

- M.I.T. The computer lab.

- All right, I'll be over.

- Thanks.

- Thank you. Yeah.

- Bye.

- What was that all about?

- It's probably nothing.

- Don't worry about it.

Tell Lizzy I'll make it up to her, okay?

Don't worry about it.

I'll save you some cake.

- Have fun, okay?
- Got to.
Boomer, you stay here.
Fuck! Bombs and butts
are a bad combo, 'Bama.
All the way over
into the parking lot.
Hey, J.D.!
Sorry to call you
on your day off, partner.
How can I help you bums?
Dog sniffed out C-4,
about a half a pound of the shit.
Buried inside a computer.
There's a girl hooked up to the thing.
- Second floor, center.
- Her hacker boyfriend got jealous.
He rigged it so she's got to keep
typing. She quits, the building goes.
One more thing.
Before the boy blew his brains out...
he hooked up a counter
to the thing.
The hard drive gets full and...
- Who's in there with her?
- Cortez, and his little pal Manfred.
Can I bum a smoke?
Let's do her.
Captain, Manfred is all set to go.
Come on, Manfred.
Don't let me down, boy.
We're almost there, Nancy.
Hang on.
Come on, baby.
Attaboy.
Okay, Nancy. We're gonna have you
out of here pretty soon.
Don't look over there.
Look at me.
J.D., check it out.
Captain's a damn genius.
You like lemonade, Nancy?
A wicked, mad genius.
All right, Mary,

we're almost ready to go.
It's Nancy!
Right.
Okay, Cortez...
activate the B-board and get your Cuban
ass and Mary the hell out of there.
Come on, Manfred. Let's go.
Get ready.
Go.
Looks like this thing
might pay for itself yet.
- Get back to the keyboard!
- What is wrong now, you pile of shit?
Nancy, relax.
J.D.!
- Where is she?
- In there.
- Hi.
- Hi.
- Who the hell are you?
- I'm Dove.
James Dove.
Cortez, get Manfred out of here.
- Buy him a drink. He could use one.
- Hang on, hang on.
Nancy, what am I doing here?
This was my day off.
They called me in, I come.
But do you think they listen to me?
Forget about Manfred.
Get yourself a drink.
Make it a double.
Hmm. The disk drive sounds funny.
Something's slowin' it down.
I could've told you that.
What are we gonna do?
Gotta get between your legs, Nancy.
Liam, help me.
How much time we got?
How many bytes?
Bytes. How many?
Twenty-four.
I don't want to die.
Nance, don't give up on me.

You're doin' great.
There it is.
This is gonna be a piece of cake.
What was that?
Tell me something.
You like red wine or white wine?
I don't give a shit!
Just do something!
Red. Me too.
- She loves me.
- Hurry! Now!
She loves me...
Fond of suicide, J.D.?
Could you maybe dispose
of the device, huh, guys?
- Go do your job.
- Yeah, yeah.
Great work, Jimmy.
Dumb, but great work.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the building is still not safe.
Ryan! Don't!
Come on, now.
Pump, ya bastard!
Pump! Pump! Pump!
- Who needs the damn bubbles anyhow?
- Hey, Max.
- Hey, Jimmy!
- Thanks for the beer.
Come by for a dip, did ya?
- Not with no bubbles.
- Screw it! Screw the damn bubbles!
All I need anyhow is some hot water
to soak my weary bones.
Believe me, they're weary.
Heard you had yourself a doozy
down at Cambridge today.
Yeah.
You should've taken my advice
and stayed on as a beat cop like I did.
A lot easier dodging bullets
than bombs.
When did you know
it was time to get out?

How'd I know it was time to get out?
I think I knew it was time...
as soon as I started asking myself
if I thought it was time.
You've been asking yourself
that question a lot, have ya?
It's time, friend.
You've done your penance.
Yeah?
Then why don't I feel absolved?
Don't know, Jimmy.
How come, huh?
Come on. No bubbles,
but the hot water'll do you good.
Hey, fella, drinks.
Come on.
- That's for you, my darlin'.
- Thank you.
That's for you, my dear.
Put it on my tab, Francis.
- Cash.
- Cash?
I'll look in me pockets.
Just moments ago, Lt. James Dove of the
Boston Bomb Squad came racing down...
this lawn behind me, helping
a visibly distraught...
Hey, fella!
Fella! Hey!
...that he had no bomb equipment
on as he came out of the building.
James Dove?
Boomer, get down.
...rushing out of M.I.T.
All the police activity indicates...
- Look, Mom. Jimmy's on TV.
- He's been identified as...
Lieutenant James Dove,
who successfully disengaged a device.
They are looking
for a secondary device.
See you guys later.
Well, we have a new soloist.
Kate, you appear to be here,

but you're not playing like it.

I'm sorry.

People, please. We've only got three weeks to put this whole thing together.

We don't want to let down our founding fathers, do we?

- Do we?

- No!

Fireworks will be popping in the sky.

I want to hear them popping out of you.

Feels like we're playing

with the Patriots, not the Pops.

- Let's take it back to letter P.

Excuse me.

How are the mussels?

Mmm, what do you think?

Not bad. Hmm?

Looked good on TV too.

Out there showin' off again.

You like being a hero, don't ya?

- Why does it always have to be you?

- It doesn't.

- I was wondering about that. Want more?

- Yeah, thanks.

- I put in for a teaching job.

- Why?

- I beg your pardon?

- That's crazy.

You're good at what you do.

You love it.

- We know you're gonna keep doing it.

- I'm putting in for a teaching job.

- I thought you'd love that.

- Pass the cheese, please.

Hmm?

Really. Then what?

You think I love what I do, but I don't.

You think you know me.

You don't.

I can't sleep, okay?

I puke my guts out

when I shut one down.

Keep remembering things

I want to forget.
I can't do it anymore.
All right?
Everything's different now.
You and Lizzy...
My life's all different.
What?
I guess.
What?
I'm so scared of you
doing this for us...
and then regretting it.
Okay.
All right.
Look.
Oh, this is so sweet.
This is the wrong time?
No regrets, Katie.
- Ever?
- Ever.
Take this thing.
Come on.
- They need the table. Take it.
- Okay.
- Congratulations.
Off you go...
bitch.
The weapons, Liam.
You can never be too safe.
Yes, my fine lady.
Balance in all things.
- Information. What city, please?
- Yes.
In Boston please,
for the bomb squad.
- I'd like the address as well.
- One moment, please.
Beep, beep.
There we go.
No, ma'am,
it's not an emergency.
- Dance? Will you dance with me?
- She's a pretty one.
Save yourself for tonight.

Come here and dance. Ho!
Congratulations.
- Good luck, buddy.
- I'm gonna need it.
Settle down.
Hear? Settle down.
Quit your bollocksing around.
It's time to toast the bride and groom.
So, raise your glasses!
Here's to the wings of love.
May they never lose a feather...
as long as his big shoes
and her wee little shoes...
are under the bed together!
And, Jimmy, a word of advice now
that you've retired from the field:
If your married life gets a little dull,
and you start getting restless...
I don't know how that's possible.
You tell him, sweetheart.
Just think of your stupid friends here
diffusin' bombs.
Then thank your lucky stars you're home
watching the telly with your bride.
- Who invited Michael Jackson?
- I don't know. He invited himself.
His name is Anthony Franklin.
Your replacement and my new partner.
Hey, I wouldn't go calling
no damn rookie Jim's replacement.
I don't know.
The more I hear about Franklin...
the better I feel
about Jimbo becoming a teacher.
Decorated by the mayor.
Two years on the SWAT team.
Clarence Thomas's acting coach.
And I hear he's hung
like a China mule.
- Who told you that?
- Your wife.
Congratulations, Lieutenant.
Hell of a party you're having here.
I'm Anthony Franklin,

your replacement.
Hey, hey, hey!
Yeah, well, so I heard.
Welcome to the party, Tony.
No, it's Anthony. It's Anthony.
I hate abbreviations. You too?
But you didn't know that.
You don't mind me crashing your party?
You know, the team and all.
God, I heard a lot about you.
And I know you heard a lot
about me.
I bet you wish you could see
some of my moves.
I saw your moves, Anthony.
I've got my lady waiting downstairs.
Enjoy your retirement, Lieutenant.
- I plan to.
- See you, guys.
Hee-hee!
Watch yourself.
Peace.
- Cocky son of a bitch.
- Yeah. He reminds me...
of a cocky son of a bitch
that I once knew.
- Geez, not tonight!
Nothing to be alarmed about.
It's probably just a tease.
Party on!
- We're gonna miss you, Jimmy.
- It's your turn, Blanket. Show 'em how.
Try to come back.
- Save me one dance.
- Okay.
There. Look.
Come here.
Where are you taking me
on our honeymoon? Compost?
Wait a minute. I thought you
were taking me on a honeymoon.
It's Quepos. Costa Rica.
I think you'll like it.
Hmph. Yeah.

- Bomb squad. Cortez speaking.

- Hey, Robby.

Hey, Jimmy!

Mazeltov, buddy.

I'm sorry I couldn't go to the wedding.

Roarke wouldn't give me the day off.

- Don't worry. You weren't missed.

- What happened with the call?

- Manfred and I weren't invited.

They're under the River Street Bridge
still trying to shut it down.

Give me a call

if you hear anything.

Don't worry about it.

Blanket can handle it.

You concentrate on the missus.

Listen.

You need some love tips

from the Cuban missile here?

I'm at the Four Seasons

if you hear anything.

- Adios, buddy.

- Bye.

They'll be all right.

Come on.

Let's go back to bed.

Yeah, baby.

I got something for you.

Ah! Shit!

Wait a minute.

Put another barrier

to keep people out.

Yeah, we're checkin' it out now.

Yeah. All right.

Jimmy. It's Blanket.

He was under the bridge usin'

the shotgun to detonate the device.

It was a simple gig.

Something got screwed up, Jimmy.

Fuck.

And on your wedding day, Liam.

- How'd you fuck up?

Will you look at this spread now?

Why is it a man always get thrown

his best party when he dies?

Joseph, excuse me.

I don't think

the guy stands a chance.

That's the guy you want at the plate
with ducks on the pond.

The bum is hitless

in the last ten at bats.

Here's the pitch. And there's...

Captain.

- I got your replacement for you.

- Who, that Bolinski kid?

No, me. 'Til we get this guy.

You're in retirement, remember?

Fred, the bomb that killed Blanket
was made from scratch.

- The guy distilled the ANFO himself.

- How do you know that?

I tasted it.

Franklin is not ready for this guy.

Franklin is not the only technician
we got.

You've got a blaster out there,
a real one.

The ducks are on the pond.

I'm the one you want at the plate.

- I'll take it under advisement.

- Fred, I know...

- I am trying to watch the game.

- I suggest you go eat.

- Good night, sweetheart.

- Love you. Good night.

- Listen to this. Wait. Here, wait.

- No, no, come on.

Come on, come on.

Tomorrow.

In bed.

Attagirl.

Night-night.

You smell like beer.

How do you know

what beer smells like?

- Good night.

- Good night.

Jimmy, did it hurt Blanket
when he died?

No, sweetheart, it didn't.

- Go to sleep now.

- Don't shut the door all the way.

Okay.

Land mines. This sucker here
is particularly nasty.

It's called a Bouncing Betty.

It's buried in the ground.

It clicks when you step on her.

When you step off,

it jumps up to crotch level...

and blows good-bye to whatever

brass balls you might have.

Girlfriend says mine are golden.

She let me know this.

You think this is funny?

Hmm?

Yes, I think Betty

is very funny.

I'm glad you're enjoying this.

Come up and take a look at Betty.

Show the kids

how you take her down.

Watch and learn.

You have to get under it, get a clean
look at the bitch's firing spring.

- Click.

- Uh-oh.

Now that's funny.

That's nice.

Don't move. Don't move.

That's a live one.

See?

Boomer knew.

Rule number one when you're

disarming Betty:

Love a challenge.

And my Betty's come with a timer.

You had 60 seconds.

Come on, Boomer. Let's get out of here.

[Barking]

Yeah, run.

Run!

- See school's going well.

- Yeah. I was born to teach.

- You got anything?

- Blanket's coroner's report.

Keep it under your hat, will ya?

Captain's already on my butt.

Wants to know why you got Franklin
back in basic.

- That's hilarious.

- He needed some work on his Bettys.

- Thanks, Rita.

- What happened?

- Recess is over.

Thanks for the entertaining
display there, Franklin.

That was Leaping Anthony
and his Bouncing Betty.

I hope you enjoyed that.

Looks like you got a little work
cut out for you, buddy.

- How much for the toy?

- That's Justin's.

- It's not for sale.

- I was hoping to get one for my nephew.

He lives in Dublin.

Can't find such a toy there.

- He's not getting this one.

- It would mean so much to him.

He got hurt in a car accident.

Lost a leg, he did.

- Shouldn't be driving then.

- Justin!

Five dollars.

Ten?

You're a capitalist?

Can I interest you in this U2 tape?

It's only a dollar.

- 'U' who?

- U2. You know, the Irish band?

- Oh.

- Come on. Everybody knows U2.

You'll have to excuse my ignorance.

I've been out of the mainstream a bit.
But I'll give it a listen,
see what the lads are doin' these days.
You're a caring mother.
It's very pretty.

- What are you doing?
- Nothing.

You are cruisin' for a bruisin'.

- How many have you eaten of these?
- Four or three.
- You're gonna get sick from that.
- No, I won't!
- Sorry. I only have a 20.
- You can pay me later.

So what are the winds
a-tellin' ya, laddie?
Only the bomb squad
is supposed to be down here.
Aren't you supposed to be
in a classroom somewhere...
tinkerin' around
with little toy bombs?
Disarming wasn't an option?
Are you second-guessing me?
It was motion-sensitive.
We found nine triggers. Any one of a
hundred wires could have done the deal.

- One of them had to be a ground.
- Right.

And you would have known
which one to cut, huh?

- Why'd he shoot from here?
- I picked the spot.
It's the safest place.
There's zero likelihood
of shrapnel here.
I don't get it.
He was protected.
I don't get it!
Son of a bitch!
Say what?
Most of the bomb's force was aimed
up at the bridge, right?
But the drum is like a bazooka.

There's recoil. Where did the recoil go?

- The overpressure? Hmm?
- The overpressure went down.
- Yeah, down. But then where?
- Down here.

The coroner said that Blanket died of a concussion.

Hmm? The bastard!

- He bounced it!
- Bounced it?

Are you saying he tried to do this, he planned for the kickback?

He was playing the bank shot.

Look at the angle. Huh?

He was aiming for Blanket.

Then how would he know where he'd be?

You said it:

He knew the shooter'd go right here...

'cause this is exactly where he wanted him to go.

Then he was trying to kill one of us.

That's what you're saying.

Hey, Jimbo!

- Hey, Rita.
- Just a tease, Jimmy.
- Where's the device?
- In the trolley.

Hola, Jim.

Our boy did real good today, Jimbo.

- Where is everybody? Where's Roarke?
- Back there.
- Come with mama, baby.
- Vamos, babaloo. Volante! Volante!

Forget about the bridge.

Stay out of the trolley.

I'm goin' to the trolley.

What's the matter, Jimmy?

- Check the area for secondary devices?
- The perimeter is clear.
- Did you print this shit? Is it printed?
- It's all been bagged and tagged.

This theory about Blanket is not enough reason for you to be on active duty.

Listen to what he's got to say.

There's no harm in listening...

- Back off!

- Fine.

- Jimmy...

- Hey, hey! Hey, Jim.

This is not the way to go, man.

Look, I'm just as sick

over Blanket's death as you are.

If somebody wanted to kill one of us,

it wouldn't be much trouble.

He'd just blow the shit

out of him.

This is silly putty, not plastique.

You're not makin' any sense!

It's the only way to go, Cap.

It's the only theory.

Let's look at this stuff, see if there's

a connection with what happened there.

Nobody's gonna make fun of him now.

He did a great job today.

- He gets a gold star.

- He's a good boy.

- You treat him like a son.

- Our son.

Damn! Cortez!

Rita!

Out of the way! No!

Get back!

Get back!

Cortez!

Cortez!

No!

Liam, help me.

Hey, talk to me. Look at me.

You all right?

I'm all right! I'm all right!

Get these people out of here.

There might be another device!

Did I catch you at a bad time, Liam?

- Ryan Gaerity?

Oops, I called you Liam.

- Is that you?

- Jimmy Dove.

Much more lyrical than Liam McGivney.
Much less Irish.
Listen to me.
I've come to bring you a gift.
What gift is that, Gaerity?
It's the gift of pain, of course.
You're the reason they died.
- Not me!
- Ryan!
Blame, blame, blame.
And I suppose I'm to blame for
the deaths of your new pals as well.
Who's right? Who's wrong?
We were at war.
Your conscience ended up causing
the death of your own, Liam.
You're a bad boy.
You made me trigger the bomb too early.
I was trying to stop you.
You said nobody would get killed.
There was people everywhere!
And look who paid.
Your own sweetheart, your friends, me.
While you've been in America, a hero,
I've been a man without a country.
I spent the last 20 years of my life
in jail or on the run because of you.
Ha, ha, ha!
But don't let me get morose on ya.
Fate's brought us together again.
I've come to Boston. Fine place for
a man to lose himself, wouldn't you say?
And what do I find? My old pal...
on the telly!
If they only knew
what you'd done.
I did what I did because you told me
I was a soldier!
- But I never killed anybody!
- Did you ever hear of the Big Bang?
They think the universe was created
from an explosion.
Can you imagine that, Liam?
An explosion!

Goddamn you, Gaerity.
- Look what you've done.
- You've got me all wrong.
I'm not a destroyer.
I'm a creator.
You're not a creator.
You're a sick freak, is what you are.
I've come here to create a new country
for you called chaos...
and a new government
called anarchy.
- All for you.
- I can't believe I bought your shit.
Civilians die in war, Liam.
But you disobeyed orders.
You betrayed the cause.
You never gave a damn
about the cause.
The only thing that ever turned you on
were your goddamn bombs!
And what lovely ladies they are, Liam.
I was watching out.
Tell me, Liam, how close were you
when she went?
Ryan, why don't you come down here
and face me?
- Could you smell her flower, Liam?
- What? Are you still there?
You're a chickenshit, Ryan.
I've enjoyed talking to you, Liam.
I don't want to be rude, but I must go.
Your new wife and daughter
just got home.
Did you leave the window open?
I don't know. I'll check.
- No, let's put the stuff in the kitchen.
- All right.
Thirsty, bug?
- I'd like red juice, please.
- Okay.
Boomer?
Boomer?
He must've jumped the fence again.
- He'll be back.

- Boomer!
- You wanna make dinner tonight?
- Yeah. Can I invite Sandra?
Sure. I'll call her mom and ask.
- What do you want to make?
- Garlic toast?
You don't like garlic toast,
do you?
Good. Okay.
Send her over.
We'll be here.
Okay. Bye.
That's not the oven.
It's the one on the right.
Right, right, right.
Mmm, this one.
No, that's your left. Which hand
do you pledge allegiance with?
Mmm, this one?
Right.
- Here you go.
- Thanks.
Come on. We gotta get outta here.
- Where's Boomer?
- He jumped the fence again.
- What's happening?
- What's going on?
I want you and Lizzy out of here.
Jimmy?
Come in here.
Oh, God, Jim.
My name is Liam.
Liam McGivney.
- What?
- I'm not from here.
I'm from Ireland.
I was born and raised in Belfast.
We were at war. I was just a kid.
They recruited me off the playground.
One minute...
I'm a kid on the merry-go-round
thinkin' how blue the sky is...
and the next I'm learning how
to turn bleach into bombs.

My whole life I was taught
to hate the English.

- Get them out of Ireland.

- Then you're I.R.A.

No.

- He was too crazy for that.

- Who?

The guy who did this.

Ryan Gaerity.

We thought we were soldiers.

I was in love with his sister.

He was my best friend.

He killed my fuckin' dog.

He killed Blanket, he killed Rita,

Cortez. He wants me now.

- Why?

- I screwed up his plans.

I tried to stop his bomb.

The others got killed, he got captured.

I turned my back on him.

I left.

I want you to leave.

Go to the Cape. Go to Max's.

- Do it right now.

- This is my home.

Katie, you can't stay around here,
around me.

Do you understand that?

Now, it's safe in there.

Go in, get your stuff and go.

I don't even...

I don't even know who you are.

You're a fighter, huh?

Look at her fight.

Aye, easy now, easy.

That's a boy.

Ah, pregnant, huh?

Well, go forth and multiply,
mother mackerel.

- Ah, Jimmy.

You know better than to sneak up
on a man like that when he's fishin'.

Scares the fish.

I heard about what happened today.

Don't know what this city's comin' to.
Bad as bloody Belfast.
Yeah, more than you know.
It was Gaerity.
Give it a rest, Jimmy.
- He's incarcerated for life.
- No, he's out.
- What?
- He killed Blanket with concussion.
He blew Rita and Cortez
out of the truck.
He's taking out the squad
the same way his sister...
and the others died
back in Ireland.
Sweet Jesus!
He blames me for what happened.
He's probably right.
What are you talking about?
That bomb would've killed hundreds
if it had blown like Gaerity had wanted.
That doesn't matter to Ryan.
He's killed three. He'll go for more.
He's already...
He's already threatened
Liz and Katie.
Oh, Jimmy.
Where are they now?
In your cottage.
Hope you don't mind.
How much she know?
I told her the truth.
I should've a long time ago.
Bullshit, you should've!
She's your wife.
- Not your priest!
- She's my wife.
- I'm gonna find out what I can.
- No, I don't want you getting involved.
- I've been involved since...
- I don't want you getting involved!
Here.
Stay out of this.
- Where you off to?

- To tell the squad.
You do that and you'll end up
behind bars!
They need you, Jimmy!
You learned from Gaerity.
You can shut him down!
You tell Captain Roarke
and the squad...
only what they need to know.
Nothin' more.
We're bein' bombed.
From this point forward
we only disarm...
when lives are at stake.
We don't go around
trying to play hero.
We just try and keep each other alive.

- Everybody clear on that?
- [Men] Yes, sir.

Sergeant, what's the computer show
on like M.O. s on this guy?
The closest match
was a William Kozolski...
but he's doing life for blowing up
a circuit judge.
The Feds are coming up with zeros.
Looks like our boy's a mystery man.
He's no mystery.
His name's Ryan Gaerity.
He broke out of Castle Gleigh Prison
in Northern Ireland 14 months ago.
Here's the latest picture.
According to the report,
he can build bombs out of Bisquick.

- Mind telling me where you got this?
- Contacted Interpol.
They made their own search
and came up with Gaerity.
He's a freelancer.
Red Brigade, Libyans.
Why's he after us?
Boston Bomb Disposal.
Yeah, he's right here.
'Bama, Connie on two.

Hi, sweetheart.

Connie, how many times I gotta tell you
I don't believe in that astrology crap?
Look, let me get back with you.

I gotta go.

Bomb squad. Dove.

- Lieutenant.

- Franklin?

- Franklin?

- Lieutenant?

- Franklin, you hear me?

- Are you there?

You all right?

- You busy?

- Where are you? Franklin, you hear me?

If you're gonna check out,

Aretha's not a bad way to go.

'Course you're probably more
a Michael Bolton kind of guy.

Don't shout.

You're making too much noise.

- 'Bama, turn down the volume.

- Turn it down?

Turn it off. It's on a different
circuit. It's all right.

- My cat's in my apartment. Will it blow?

- Want to wait and find out?

Keep moving!

Everybody out of the building.

Keep it down out there! We're trying
to concentrate. Can you believe them?

Think I prefer the music.

What about you guys? Turn it back on.

Pretty brave for having a bomb
on your head.

Tell me something.

Tony, why'd you leave SWAT?

Wasn't dangerous enough.

And it's Anthony.

Three syllables.

You like to have it all
on the line, hmm?

More light.

Put your light in there.

Is that why you joined disposal?
Everybody loves a hero,
and I'm a hero.
So there it is.
You know what happens to heroes
in this outfit? They get blown away.
Which wouldn't be so bad
in your case.
Problem is, they tend
to take other people with 'em.
I guess we're one and the same,
you and me. Huh?
Fuck!
You ain't brave, asshole.
You're dumb.
- Have you ever seen one of these?
- No, but it's just two wires going in.
One of them's gotta be the ground.
So cut it, right?
Right?
- Hello?
- Nah, too easy.
What's the problem?
What's the problem?
We got ourselves another device.
Enslaved.
We cut one wire, they both go.
I always wanted to go out
with a bang.
Either we shut 'em down at the same
instant or we don't collect hazard pay.
Just the red wire, 'Bam.
Don't touch the other post.
You ready?
'Bama?
Goddamn woofer.
Connie read me my horoscope,
and it said...
I should be wary of big dogs.
You know, 'woofer. '
Dog.
- You believe this shit?
- Lieutenant?
I have to be here.

He doesn't.
He's right, 'Bama.
We only need two sets of hands.
Come on.
- Come on.
- Are you sure?
I'm sorry, buddy.
It wasn't in the stars.
Here you go.
All right. All right.
Put a little tension on it.
You're on the wire now.
Take up the slack.
There you go. Hold it.
Wait for me.
You scared?
Shitless.
Good.
You're right on it now.
I'm waiting on you, Lieutenant.
On one.
On one. Okay.
- Three.
- One, one.
On the number one, hmm?
One.
Three.
Two.
One.
We got it. We got it. Come on.
That's it, buddy. Come on.
Gotcha.
Lost a little altitude, did ya?
Here. Is this yours, honey?
Huh?
- Who are you?
- Me? Just a kite fixer.
Here. Hold it for me.
Here. Can you hold it?
Aw, come on.
Oh! You don't talk to strangers.
You're a very wise girl.
- Do you have to cut it?
- Just the string, darling.

Ah, does it hurt?
Not really.
You're a very kind girl.
Lizzy?
Lizzy! Lizzy!
Lizzy!
Lizzy!
Lizzy, come here!
Elizabeth, get over here right now!
What, Mom?
This man helped my kite.
It caught on the fence.
He cut his hand.
Sorry.
I didn't mean to scare ya.
It flies like a bird now.
Say, you wouldn't happen to know where
the Lindstroms live?
They're cooking up some crabs.
I'm kinda late.
I got hung up here
helping Lizzy with her kite. Lindstroms.
Yeah, they're down the beach.
The third house on the left.
Third house on the left.
Thank you.
So long, darling.
Mister, you forgot your bag.
- Mister!
- Whoa! Watch it!
- Don't put your hands in there!
- Don't touch that!
They taste better than they look.
'I should have been
a pair of ragged claws.
You are a pair of ragged claws.
Why do you want to be so mean to me?
Because you're a pair of ragged claws. '
Bye.
- He's weird.
- Come on.
Let's go get the kite.
Here it is.
- Can we fix it and try again?

- We'll see.

- Please?

- We'll try to fix it.

When thinking of the men and women

who'd sacrifice life itself...

my suffering seems insignificant.

No, no, no.

Yes, we know you tried to stop

the bomb, Liam...

but isn't it true you helped

the mad bomber build it?

Oh, well...

Answer the question.

Yes or no?

When I built the bomb, I didn't mean

for anyone to get hurt.

It was the mad bomber.

Peace on Earth, goodwill toward men.

Make love not war. Yes, yes.

It's a bit late for all of that.

The time is at hand.

And you, Liam my boy...

are the first begotten of the dead.

It'll do you a lot of good

in the long run.

I want my dad.

He's not here, Liam.

He's gone to war.

- Oh, no!

- You'll have to be a big boy now.

Come, my little wretched refuse.

Let me dry your tears.

Show us your face, Liam...

and I'll dry your tears.

Hot dogs! Get your hot dogs here.

Hot dogs! Get your hot dogs here.

Get your hot dogs here.

- Hot dogs.

- Hot dog.

Right here.

What are you doing here?

Nice to see you again too, Boyle.

Give me a dog.

Two mustards.

I like mine spicy.
So, you still passing the hat?
- Keeping the home front in hot potatoes?
- That'll be two bucks, O'Bannon.
You wouldn't be feeding a wayward
brother with all that extra dough?
Just new here in town.
Wayward brother?
You been in the sun too long.
His name's Ryan Gaerity.
and if you've done him
any favors...
you've done the cause
a huge big harm.
Since when have you been
so concerned about the cause, huh?
I'm concerned about people's lives,
just like the good sisters taught me.
But Gaerity is taking lives,
cops' lives.
Not to mention the Irishman
that he murdered...
when he busted out
of Castle Gleigh.
Irishman? What Irishman?
Check it out, why don't ya?
I'm out of mustard.
I'll be back.
Here's your mustard.
He likes his Guinness.
- Be sure to give the bastard one for me.
- It'll be a pleasure.
Hot dog!
Come and get your hot dog!
Jimmy, what's up?
Oh, come in here.
Listen to this. Not the voice
but what's behind it.
When thinking of the men and women
who'd sacrifice life itself...
my suffering seems insignificant.
- It's a foghorn.
- No, it's too soft.
I think it's a buoy. Listen.

You're saying he's by the water?

The whole city's by the water.

- There must be a thousand buoys.

- Not like this one.

No. They use bells now,
not horns.

Except the ones down along
the inner harbor, the old ones.

Captain, get down here.

I think I got somethin'.

Yeah.

I think we've got somethin' here.

- What do you have, Lieutenant?

- Hmm?

How did you know
there were two triggers on my stereo?

I mean, that's pretty damn amazing,
even for you.

And when the truck got blown to shit,
he called you then. Didn't he call you?

- What are you thinking?

- You're the reason this is coming down.

That's what I'm thinking.

You tell me.

- You're thinking too much.

- Bullshit!

I'm wearing a B.D. uniform
just like you.

I'm a walking target
just like the rest of these guys.

I just want to know the truth.

Anthony, if you want to do
what's right for the squad...

What's right for the squad,
or what's right for you? Huh?

You tell me something.

Why did you join disposal, Dove?

What's up?

Who's got what?

The lieutenant's got it all.

You should talk to him.

You should talk to him.

- What's that about?

- He's feeling the pressure. Come here.

Know what you're looking for,
Lieutenant?
What are you, my shadow?
That's it, use the jab.
Now, come on.
Use that jab, you bastard.
Up there.
Downstairs. There you are.
That's it. Come on. Come on!
Combination.
Turn it over.
That's it! Come on now.
Just a little bit.
That's it. Keep them mitts up.
Barman, Guinness.
Gimme a Guinness here.
You cocknut, Shamus!
Keep your goddamn mitts up!
Come on, Shamus.
Our barman's got a bit
of the legal tender riding on this one.
- Aye. Seems to be a sickness with him.
- You got a bit of Irish in that voice.
Did you grow up in the old country?
What makes you think
I'm growed up?
I've been in this godforsaken land...
of bungee jumpin'
and McDonalds since I was 12.
Didn't like the way they talked.
No music to it.
'May those who love us, love us.
And those who don't love us,
may God turn their hearts. '
'But if he can't turn their hearts...
may he turn their ankles
so we'll know them by their limping. '
You're a good egg, Dad.
Francie! You're a mighty warrior,
but you need to bring us...
two pints for two poets.
- Wake up, Francie.
- That's the way you get served here!
Here. Allow me.

- Truly the nectar of the gods.
Too bad we can only rent it.
Watch me beer for me, would ya?
Need to go choke the old snake.
Watch your ankles, Dad!

Aye.

- Oh, shit!

- Watch yourself.

The Dolphin runs a crooked game, huh?

- Check that way. I'll check up here.

- I think I'll go with you.

Just do it.

- Yeah?

It's me, Jimmy.

I got the bastard for ya.

- What? I thought...

- Hold your horses.

Everything's under control.

Listen.

- I'm in the pissier at O'Dowell's Pub.

- Max, get out...

- Get your ass here as fast...

- I was watching your beer.

Max!

- You shouldn't have done that, Dad.

- Yeah? Well, fuck you, Dad!

- Where's the phone?

- Back in the men's room.

What's going on? Fella!

- Get out.

- All right, I'm goin'!

- Max!

- Jimmy, is that you?

It's me.

I'd ask you to give me a spin,

but I'm scared to move.

I'm ticking.

Here. Give a look here.

What's the prognosis?

Am I gonna be blown to kingdom come?

I'm going to my bike

to get my tools.

I don't mean to question

your talents...

but I'm pretty well buggered here,
wouldn't you say?
Max, you said it.
I learned from this guy.
I'm gonna shut him down.
By Christmas, maybe...
but if you tried to do it
in the wee bit of time left...
there'd be two dead micks
under the tree...
- And Gaerity drinking champagne...
- Don't move.
That includes your tongue.
Aye, suppose it does.
Lord, forgive me.
Max!
No!
- Hi.
- Hey.
- You okay?
- Have you seen him?
Not since yesterday.
- Sorry about Max.
I don't know how
he got mixed up in this.
He's not on the bomb squad.
Wait a minute.
Liam McGivney.
'9/21/1954.'
- Where'd you meet him?
- Who?
Your husband. Your husband.
Where'd you meet him?
Church.
Church. Church in town?
Somewhere in Boston?
I'll let you get back to work.
Bye.
You really don't have to leave.
[Franklin] Kate!
'Max O'Bannon. '
Jimmy?
Hi.
Jimmy, are you okay?

Max could never get the bubbles
to work.
You thinking of checking out?
Huh?
Taking the easy way out?
Talk to me!
Come on. Answer me!
Answer me, Jimmy!
Fight! Fight!
How can I fight him if I can't find him?
Where is he? I'll fight him!
What the hell are you doing here?
I told you to get away from me.
Katie, you don't know this guy.
You don't know me.
You don't know what I've done.
No, I don't know
what you've done...
but I do know you,
and you're not like him.
I love you, Jimmy.
He was at the beach house.
- He was... Katie, where are you going?
- The concert's tonight.
- Katie!
- I'm not hiding anymore.
A special live performance
of the '1812 Overture' on A&E...
with Fourth of July fireworks.
You found us then, Liam.
And on your new country's birthday
as well!
[Laughing]
- You always made us laugh, Ryan.
- We had some good times, didn't we?
We did.
You're not fun anymore.
You got any weapons on you?
Oh, no. No.
Just this.
Look. Now, are you going to blow
my brains out or shoot my finger off?
What do you think would be
the safest course of action?

- Think it over.
- Why don't you do it?
I'm tired of war.
Go ahead. Take us both.
No, it's not for us.
It's for your lovely wife.
It could be her farewell performance.
Now you'll be backing away from me
with that goddamn pistol.
You're chickenshit.
There she is sawing away
on her fiddle...
for 500,000 beautiful Americans
celebrating revolution.
I'll bet little Lizzy is there as well.
She's waiting for the fireworks.
Don't give me your political bullshit.
You're doing this out of revenge!
She's waiting for the rockets' red glare
and the bombs doing you know what.
No!
You might want to mind your feet.
Betty's a very particular girl.
I hate guns.
You fell for it.
That wasn't the real trigger. This is.
The real fireworks for Katie
and Lizzy will be later.
So why don't you settle down
with Betty.
Maybe you'll catch it on the telly.
I wasn't expecting you so early.
It's funny how things
always work out for the best.
You remember how much
we used to love to sing, Liam?
Our fadders rent in twain
And Ireland long a province
Be a nation once again
Down the hatch, Liam.
I'll be leaving you with my masterpiece.
I'd love to show you how it works,
but really there's no time.
You bring your handcuffs, lad?

Lieutenant? Lieutenant?

- Come on, Tony!

- Watch out!

Let's go!

- It's gonna blaze! Let's go now!

- What have you done with Katie?

- Let's go.

We've gotta get to Katie!

Ryan, where is it?

Where's the bomb?

Forget it, man!

It's too late!

We've gotta get to Katie!

Give me your hand, Jimmy.

Come on!

- Where's your car?

- What's going on?

- Katie's in trouble.

- Where is she?

Where are the fireworks?

Watch your mom.

They'll be along soon.

You said thanks, didn't ya?

- Thanks. Now we're even.

- I don't think so.

Wow!

Come on!

- Can't this piece of shit go faster?

- Faster.

Whoo! Wow!

Whoo! Wow!

Oh, damn it!

Come on, come on!

Police! Police!

Police! Do you see her?

Do you see her?

I'm with the orchestra.

I'm right over there.

Come on, Mom.

Look how pretty they are.

- Just hurry.

- I don't wanna go.

- Come on, honey.

- It just started.

Katie!

Katie! Police!

I'm bomb squad! Katie!

[Engine Revs]

I need your bike!

Bomb squad! Katie!

Don't touch the brakes.

There's something in the car.

What?

Listen to me. Whatever you do,
don't put your foot on the brake.

Take your foot off the gas
and downshift.

- Do it!

- It doesn't work!

Oh, shit! All right.

- What about the emergency?

- No. Don't touch anything.

Hi, Lizzy.

Tell you what.

Why don't you get in the backseat?

Attagirl.

Lizzy, put your seat belt on.

Hi.

- Oh, give me a break.

- Now?

- No, not you!

- Oh, no!

- Hold on!

Stop!

- Jimmy, it's a dead end.

- Mom, put on your brakes.

If you're gonna do something,
do it now.

Oh, shit!

Now, hit it!

Let's get outta here!

Come on. Get out.

Let's get outta here.

Come on.

Get outta here now.

There's a bomb in the car!

- Where's Kate?

- Clear the area! Get it marked off!

Let's close this street off
over here!

- Where's Gaerity?

- It's okay. He's gone.

- Where is he?

- It doesn't matter.

You okay? You all right?

Get back!

It's all right, sweetheart.

It's okay.

Don't you ever get tired
of being a hero, Jimmy? I'm sorry.

It's, ah, Liam.

- Right?

- What are you, a detective?

I'm bomb squad.

The real question is who are you?

I'll tell you what.

Here, you give this to Captain Roarke.

Tell him whatever the hell

you wanna tell him.

I gotta tell him the truth.

I gotta tell him...

how I tracked the terrorist...

I disarmed the bomb...

and I saved the day.

And I'm a hero!

And everybody loves a hero.

So you just go back to your wife

and your kid...

and you leave this here

for us heroes.

It's not in your heart anymore,

is it, Jimmy?

Job well done, Tony... Anthony.

Thanks, man.

- Oh!

Don't do that!

Come on!

Get outta here!

Let's close off this area.

Can't you people

do anything without me?

You okay?

You're a hell of a driver!

Come here, lizard.

Gimme a kiss.

Let's get outta here.

- What happened to your leg?
 - Nothing, sweetheart.
 - It's all bloody.
 - Had a little trouble at work.
 - Let's get you fixed up.
 - I thought we were going to 'Compost. '
- Quepos.