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# Goodbye Lover

By Ron Peer

1

I could hardly keep my hands  
off you the other day.  
You looked so delicious...  
I wanted to eat you all up.  
I'm naked, Ben.  
I'm naked. I'm being so bad.  
Perhaps you ought to spank me.  
I picked up some olives for you, baby.  
Some big...  
soft...  
juicy, pitted olives.  
Pink pimientos.  
You're not doing it to be successful,  
to make some money.  
You love all that, but you do  
this because it's what you love.  
It gets you up early, keeps you  
up late. You have an impact.  
You have a sense of contribution.  
And life is joyous.  
Most people never find  
their real drive.  
They're making a living  
instead of designing a life.  
They don't know what they want,  
don't tap into their drive...  
or discover their capability.  
But I get you to follow through  
as much as I can...  
by teasing and pushing and  
getting you to take steps.  
As you build one step on the day  
before, on top of the next...  
after 30 days,  
you've made a huge change.  
It's a great sense of pride.  
I know where I've come from.  
I started out in a little  
4-inch-square apartment...  
feeling sorry for myself,  
thinking nothing could change...  
feeling mad at the world and my past.  
But I was able to change,

and that came from being unwilling...  
to settle for that anymore.  
I knew I was more than  
what I was living...  
mentally, emotionally  
and spiritually.  
And I was able to find my passion.  
That's what most people haven't done.  
They don't know what they want.  
They don't discover  
what they're capable of.  
So that'll be all right, then.  
We'll just have the choir practice...  
I think next Sunday,  
a little earlier.  
Sandra, how's the  
real-estate business?  
Fine. Are you looking?  
No, I couldn't begin to afford  
the kind of houses you handle.  
Neither can most of the people  
we sell them to.  
I brought your sheet music  
and cookies.  
For the fundraiser. Great!  
Why don't you take them up to Ben?  
It's Bach, your favorite.  
He's such a master.  
Magnificent.  
Lovely!  
And thrust!  
Iconage public relations  
and advertising.  
Iconage. How may I help you?  
One moment, please.  
Good morning, Mr. Dunmore.  
Good morning.  
Maybe for you.  
Iconage, how may I help you?  
Jake!  
Good morning, Peggy. Dear Peg.  
You look like you fell off a truck.  
Thank you.  
You look like an angel.

The meeting started 15 minutes ago.

Damn!

Only 15 minutes late? I wanted  
to miss at least half an hour.

Hold still!

I live for your touch.

Get in there.

Don't puke on Mr. Bradley.

Will you marry me?

- I think you're already married.

- I am?

Oh, yeah. Right, I am. Maybe later.

Morning, everybody.

Sorry I'm late, sir.

Sorry, everyone. Sorry.

I got one of those electric...

Now that the entire  
brain trust is present...

we can get down  
to the business at hand.

Senator Lassiter.

Roy had the misfortune...

of being caught in a rather...  
less than honorable  
position last night.

You think his position was bad?

How'd you like to be the hooker  
who sucked him off?

Thank you, Jake.

Kevin, can we get to the girl?

The girl was a guy.

We all saw the picture, right?

She had a five o'clock shadow, an  
Adam's apple and a Semper Fi tattoo.

We got to float a distraction.

We got to position it  
so that Joe Public...  
doesn't know which ball  
to keep his eye on.

Not unlike the senator.

What are the alternatives? Mike?

The senator was tipped to head  
the Foreign Affairs Committee.

Kevin? How about...

"He's turning down the offer  
to become baseball commissioner"?

- He's never even seen a game.

- Gary, what've you got?

What've you got, Gary?

Gary, what've you got?

Goddamn it!

We've got to find something  
that humanizes this bastard!

Sorry.

From 1993, actually,  
saying that Mrs. Lassiter...  
has been fighting breast cancer.

- That's good.

- Thanks.

People worry...

that it's a dangerous...

"Dangerous and shitty world."

And it is our job...

"Safe and clean."

We know.

Image is everything.

I got it.

We say that the senator...  
is conducting tests  
on the trickle-down theory...  
in the men's room of the Sheraton.  
Get the hell out of here.

I know.

It's very simple to do.

Just choose tomatoes...

that are the nicest you can find.

How does she do it?

I've just been on the phone with  
the Merritts, and I suggested...

Sorry, what?

I'm sorry.

Do you have a second?

I suggested Senator Lassiter  
speak at the...

Thank you.

Fundraiser.

I said that his presence there  
would attract...

a lot of attention in the press.  
I pointed out that he  
was a devout family man.  
Good.  
We've got to do something about Jake.  
What can I do?  
We got to get him cleaned up.  
I know you've done everything you can.  
It's just his behavior  
is affecting everyone...  
and I see how it's bringing you down.  
I just think you' re  
such a great guy, Ben.  
Thank you, Peggy.  
I'll talk to him tomorrow.  
The best thing for Jake  
right now is to stay home...  
and sleep it off.  
Hello?  
Sandra?  
Residents are on alert  
as the alleged serial killer...  
"The Doctor, " has apparently  
claimed another victim.  
Coming up in the half...  
You should talk to Jake.  
Get him to go back into rehab.  
We've already been through that one.  
The first time...  
he ran away.  
The second time, he got a buddy  
to smuggle in a case of Remy.  
What are we doing?  
Is that a rhetorical question?  
No.  
In that case...  
I am acting out a series...  
of deep-seated sexual fantasies.  
And you...  
are fucking your brother's wife.  
Have any idea what it would do  
to him if he found out about us?  
He's unstable enough as it is.  
It'd kill him.

That would be horrible.  
I couldn't live with myself.  
We'd better be ready, then.  
What does that mean?  
Lots of things can happen.  
Maybe...  
you should make them happen.  
Do you hear what I'm saying?  
What do you say?  
I hear what you're saying.  
We've got to get out of here.  
- What the hell is that?  
- Oh, my God!  
They' re back.  
- You said they were in Palm Springs.  
- They aren't anymore.  
Oh, my God!  
Christ!  
Get me out of this thing.  
- Get me out of this thing.  
- Give me the key. Where's the key?  
What do you mean?  
I don't have the key!  
You don't have the key?  
- How could you not have the key?  
- Lift it up!  
Good idea. How do I get  
it off of my goddamn wrist?  
Hello?  
Is that your car?  
- Mrs. Brodsky.  
- It is your car. What are you doing?  
I wanted to show the client  
the house at night. He really likes it.  
Mr. Spender? I was just showing him  
the wine cellar.  
Mr. and Mrs. Brodsky,  
whose lovely house this is.  
You have a very, very lovely house.  
Thank you.  
I adore it, but Mr. Brodsky...  
is determined to move back to Hawaii.  
Aren't you, dear?  
Isn't that a coincidence?

That's where Mr. Spender's from.

Isn't that right, Mr. Spender?

Yes.

Which island, Mr. Spender?

All of them.

He grew up on a boat.

Wasn't that it?

Jesus Christ!

Tell me again,

why am I taking these chances?

Because you can't help yourself?

- Don't forget what we talked about.

- What?

You're not your brother's keeper.

Mr. Merritt. Eunice and I are

honored to meet you, sir.

How do you like

the Dippy Dolls, senator?

They're unbelievable, sir.

- Quite unbelievable.

- Good.

They paid for all of this.

My wife and I would

love to have you over sometime...

to read Scripture.

Well. It sounds like a plan.

Is that it?

That's it.

Go, go.

Mr. Merritt, in this

decade of moral decay...

it's left to a few of us to

keep our fingers in the dike.

Quite.

The family that plays together

stays together.

I think he's impressed.

I'm not wearing any underwear.

Jesus, Sandra, not here.

God bless you, Reverend.

Who do you have to eat out

to get a real drink around here?

I'm sure you enjoy fruit punch.

- You remember my brother, Jake?

- Of course.  
- And his lovely wife, Sandra.  
- Nice to see you.  
You didn't tell me the senator  
was so good-looking.  
Mrs. Lassiter, keep your eye on him.  
He's trouble.  
Eunice and I are  
devoted to each other.  
When you get steak at home,  
you don't go out for burgers.  
The best steak I ever had  
was at the downtown Sheraton.  
I just remembered there's someone  
I want you to meet.  
- Mrs. Lassiter, will you join us?  
- Sure.  
If you'll excuse us...  
What the fuck is your problem, Jake?  
You want that alphabetically  
or by size?  
You got to promise me something.  
Anything happens to me...  
I want you to look after Sandra.  
What the fuck are you talking about?  
She's my guardian angel.  
She'd do anything for me.  
Thanks.  
I love you, Ben.  
How'd it go with Merritt?  
We' re making progress.  
Let's go eat down by the pool.  
We'll miss the entertainment.  
I hate this song.  
- Don't you hate this song?  
- If you do.  
Climb every mountain  
I can't believe we got  
the Merritt account!  
Yeah, this calls for some champagne.  
There's some right there  
in the fridge.  
Make a hell of a team, huh?  
We' re Dippy Dolls!

Yeah, that should do it.

Baby!

Should we go into the bedroom?

- I don't rush into these things.

- Neither do I.

It's not that I don't want to.

- I thought that maybe...

- I need to know that it's real.

I completely, completely agree.

I really like you.

I just need to know that it's real.

I want to know that it's real.

I just realized...

I've been looking for somebody  
like you my whole life.

- Don't make fun.

- I'm not.

I'm looking for something real too.

Oh, my God!

Wait a second. Wait.

I just need a little time.

- What?

- I just need a little time.

Of course.

Of course.

We could watch some TV.

Maybe catch the fourth quarter  
of the Laker game.

You want some Hagen-Dazs?

Is this Mildred Pierce?

Did you know this was on?

We have to watch this. This is my  
favorite Joan Crawford movie.

Mine too.

You're such a great guy.

With this money, I can get away  
from every stinking thing...

that makes me think of you!

Tonight meant a lot to me.

Me too.

I'll see you tomorrow.

Ben, are you trying to avoid me?

- What the hell are you doing here?

- Missing you.

This is fucking great.  
Really great.  
Miss Prissy might be good  
for your image...  
but I'm good for your imagination.  
Don't even start with that shit.  
I'm trying to get  
something real in my life.  
We have something real.  
Could be something real.  
All it would take would be  
one little push.  
Come on, get out of the car.  
Let's go.  
I'm not getting out  
till you climb in.  
Get out of the car.  
Get the fuck out of the car!  
Fuck it!  
I'll take a damn cab.  
Don't walk away from me!  
- Leave me alone. It's over.  
- Don't walk away!  
Give me those goddamned keys!  
It is over!  
Go home and pick Jake up off  
the floor and leave me alone!  
You don't mean that!  
Stop! You don't mean that.  
- I know you don't mean that!  
- The hell I don't.  
It won't be that easy!  
It's not going to be that easy...  
for you!  
Sorry.  
It's Jake.  
I think he's...  
Goddamn!  
- Get the fuck off me!  
- Stop it!  
Stop it, Jake! What the hell's  
the matter with you?!  
She's cheating on me, man.  
She's cheating on me.

She's fucking cheating on me.  
Keep it down.  
I don't care!  
I don't care who knows.  
Get out of here!  
I don't fucking care!  
Goddamn!  
You have no idea!  
You have no fucking idea!  
- Calm down.  
- All fucking night!  
All night!  
I was there all night.  
And she didn't come home.  
Just calm down a minute and tell me.  
Are you sure?  
She wouldn't tell me where she was.  
And I asked her finally,  
"Are you having an affair?"  
She said, "It's about  
fucking time you noticed!"  
Did she say who it was?  
No.  
You got to help me find this prick.  
I got to get my hands on him.  
I just want to fucking...  
cut his balls off!  
Goddamn it, Jake.  
What do you expect?  
It's not exactly like you've been  
Husband of the Year.  
What a fucker!  
All right, get back to work.  
Sandra is a wonderful...  
and devoted and caring woman.  
No matter what's happened, you need  
to go down on both knees for her.  
Well, somebody obviously did.  
Rope it in.  
It's easy for you to say.  
You' re on top of everything.  
I'm just a fucking mess!  
I just got my head so far up  
in a fucking bottle.

- We'll get through it.

- What do you mean, "we"?

Christ!

She's not messing around on you.

Bless your heart.

- Thank you.

- You' re welcome.

You'll never wake up  
to find her sucking you.

What?

You'll never wake up  
to find her sucking you.

Shut your mouth.

Please!

I have an open house tomorrow  
at 2929 Carrillo.

I expect you there at 2 p.m. sharp.

Not on your fucking life.

Maybe it's time I tell your little  
brother just who I have been fucking.

Or maybe I should tell

Little Miss Manners.

I have plans tomorrow.

I can't break them.

Break them.

Use this machine for areas  
where you have to re-seed...  
in the fall or spring.

Sorry.

Sorry.

I was thinking.

Want me to get that?

It's all right.

I took care of the reservations.

You did?

Of course.

I can't believe we' re  
actually doing this.

It's so impetuous.

If you think...

If you think we' re  
rushing into something...

I understand.

I do.

Carpe diem, you know?  
Seize the day.  
Shall we?  
Let my voice mail  
pick up any messages.  
All right. I got it.  
Lawn aerification.  
It's a good thing.  
That was some weekend, huh?  
I never thought Vegas  
could be so romantic.  
You bit me.  
I'm tired.  
You know, most people  
try to sleep at night.  
I'm going to take a shower.  
That sounds good.  
That tastes good.  
I'll come join you.  
Hey, you bastard.  
Who is this?  
Who the fuck do you think it is?  
It's the brother  
whose wife you're fucking.  
Yeah, that's right.  
Hello? You got nothing to say, Ben?  
Nothing?!  
I don't know what  
you're talking about.  
Who is it?  
Sorry, that's just not going  
to cut it, you fuck.  
Where's Sandra?  
Why? What, are you getting horny?  
Tough shit. You'll just  
have to wait until I'm dead.  
It won't be that long!  
Now, what is that supposed to mean?  
Is that Jake?  
- After I'm dead, you can bone her.  
- What's he saying?  
- You won't have to feel guilty.  
- Will you shut the fuck up?  
You did feel a little guilty,

didn't you?  
Just tell me you  
felt a little bit guilty.  
Come on, Ben, now's your chance!  
Just a little guilty?  
Fuck!  
Exactly.  
I'm sorry.  
It just...  
happened.  
It just happened? What? You just  
tripped over the coffee table...  
and landed on top of her?  
Is that right?  
Where are you, Jake?  
I'm leaning on the balcony  
right now, Ben.  
Fuck this, you know?  
I got to fly, man.  
I'm checking out.  
But first I'll make  
a few phone calls.  
I want the world to know what a  
beautiful person you are. You know...  
"Image is everything."  
Image is everything.  
- Listen to me...  
- No, fuck you!  
Shut up! Shut up!  
It's too late, buddy boy.  
Elvis has left the fucking building.  
I'll see you in hell!  
Fuck!  
I'm going home, if you  
want to apologize.  
Don't ever talk to me  
like that again!  
Come on.

### **3:**

session for the Explorer Scouts.  
I'd returned to the station after a  
police community council meeting.  
I spotted officers Jeffries

and Braven having coffee.  
Hello, this is Ben.  
Leave it at the beep.  
- Nice to see you.  
- Hi, Ben!  
You' re so predictable.  
I knew you couldn't do it.  
Get him, get him!  
Okay. All right.  
- Do something.  
- You little shit bastard!  
- Don't!  
- It's part of the plan!  
You'll leave a mark.  
Give it up, Ben.  
When I get my hands on you,  
I'm going to kill you, you bastard!  
You bastard!  
- Let go!  
- That's good.  
- That's good.  
- That's enough!  
That's good, baby!  
Help me back up.  
Give my best to Mom and Dad.  
Push! Help me push him!  
Help me, Jake, I'm slipping!  
You' re right...  
detective.  
I killed my brother.  
Where exactly were you when  
his brother took a header?  
I was in the kitchen making ceviche.  
Are you out of your fucking mind?  
It relaxes me.  
So then what, Mr. Dunmore?  
I just told him to leave me alone.  
So let me get this straight.  
You wanted to kill yourself?  
Something like that.  
Jake's been...  
going through a very  
rough time lately.  
I'm an alcoholic.

Welcome to the club.  
So your brother came over  
to try to stop you.  
I tried to get Jake to come down,  
but he wouldn't listen.  
I'm sorry.  
So I called Ben.  
So then what? He came in  
and sat down next to you?  
No. He was behind me.  
- I just wanted to die.  
- Don't we all?  
Mr. Dunmore...  
did you threaten to jump?  
I said a lot of things.  
I was confused. I don't...  
What'd your brother do then?  
That's when...  
He fell.  
I tried to grab him. I did, I tried.  
I wasn't strong enough.  
I'm sorry.  
- It isn't your fault.  
- I wasn't strong enough.  
It's okay.  
It's okay, honey.  
I never thought...  
something like this  
could've happened.  
Come on, I want a tuna melt.  
Why?  
What do you think?  
I think it's sad how many  
lives are destroyed...  
by the abuse of alcohol  
in our society.  
Are you fucking for real?  
Yes, ma'am.  
In that apartment,  
there is a lost soul.  
He's compounded that tragedy  
by turning to the bottle.  
Now his brother is dead...  
and his poor wife has to

pick up the pieces.  
Where are you from? Mars?  
Salt Lake.  
Great, I got partnered  
with Brigham Young.  
I don't see what relevance  
that has to my job.  
That's my point, pencil dick.  
If you're insinuating I can't be  
spiritual and still be effective...  
Relax, John Paul.  
If we' re partners...  
we'll have to let a little  
more shit roll off our backs.  
I don't like it.  
I don't trust anybody over 10  
who listens to The Sound of Music.  
Buckle up.  
What do we do now?  
I don't know.  
I can make an omelet.  
An omelet?  
It's late, we haven't eaten all day.  
I could whip up...  
You trying to kill me too? You know  
my cholesterol's out of control.  
Those fucking cops didn't believe  
a word we said. You saw it.  
They' re stringing us along,  
waiting for one of us to trip up.  
We don't even know Ben's dead.  
He's a resilient prick.  
He'll probably come traipsing  
in here with a hard-on.  
Honey.  
It's over.  
He is dead.  
And I love you.  
I love you more than...  
anything in the whole wide world.  
I love you too.  
Detective? Guess what?  
Guess what?  
You' re quitting.

No.

Ben Dunmore was heavily  
insured through his company.

Oh. Louganis.

Let me guess the beneficiary.

The woman I talked to didn't know.

Said she'd have to check.

But the parents are dead...

and the only living

relative is the brother.

Doesn't that about shatter

your faith in mankind?

No.

Now, what we've got is a death

consistent with a long fall.

Forty-seven fractures of the legs,

arms, hands, ribs and skull.

Massive laceration of

the liver, spleen and lung.

Not pretty, but nothing

to indicate foul play.

Still could've been an accident.

Yeah, and this is my real hair color.

Very regrettable. Real tragedy.

Real tragedy.

Ben was...

a six-headed Vishnu

of public relations.

We'll miss him.

Very focused.

Great closer. Just like his old man.

What's the brother like?

Jake?

Very creative, but unfocused.

A genuine artistic temperament.

Why'd he work here?

Mr. Bradley...

what set him to drinking?

He lost his center.

I don't know why.

What starts anybody on the sauce?

Financial difficulties,

marital problems...

stress, poor self-esteem,

emotional trauma, genetic imprinting.  
He watches too much daytime TV.  
Like I said, Ben had our  
standard life policy...  
which we provide for  
all our executives.  
Two million dollar coverage...  
with a double indemnity clause  
for accidental death.  
That's \$4 million.  
Who's the lucky beneficiary?  
Since his parents are dead,  
Jake receives the entire estate.  
- What's her deal?  
- Her name's Peggy Blane.  
Easy! Easy!  
Is it true about Ben?  
I'm afraid so, ma'am.  
Okay, honey. I know, it's a shock.  
I'm Detective Pompano.  
Just curious, did you work with Ben?  
Ben was my husband.  
He was my husband.  
We got married  
three days ago in Las Vegas.  
We were going to announce it this week  
and have a big party.  
How long were you together?  
Not very long.  
It was love at first sight.  
At least for me.  
Ben and I didn't advertise it.  
So you're fucking this guy...  
and no one at work knows it.  
You know how office gossip is.  
Yes.  
Well, I do.  
Wipe your mouth.  
We talked to Jake. He didn't know  
Ben got married.  
We'd just gotten back from Las Vegas  
when Jake called.  
Jake called? Are you sure?  
Yeah, I think so. I mean...

I don't know. Maybe.  
Ben answered the phone.  
Maybe it was Sandra.  
It was an accident. Why are you  
asking me all these weird questions?  
Are my questions weird,  
Detective Rollins?  
Rude, maybe, but not weird.  
They' re not weird. See?  
Weren't you worried  
when Ben didn't...  
return to the honeymoon suite  
after he went to see Jake?  
We'd just had our first fight.  
Stupid stuff.  
Then I went back to my place  
because I thought...  
that he would come over...  
and apologize.  
I'm such an idiot.  
The last words I said to him  
were in anger.  
Ma'am...  
it's all right.  
His soul is with God,  
and he knows that you love him.  
Fucking Ben! Everything he touches  
turns into a nightmare.  
Honey, calm down.  
Calm down?  
What do you mean?  
He runs off and marries Barbie doll  
and he's fucking you 3 weeks ago.  
The plan was to get rid of Ben,  
not sleep with him every 3 minutes!  
You told me you'd never mention that.  
I did that for you.  
I did that for us.  
Maybe I'm not getting through to you.  
Ben died without a will.  
His estate has to go through probate.  
It's a state process.  
I can't control it.  
You killed him for nothing.

We killed him.  
We did it together.  
You know what I mean.  
So what are we going to do?  
She's his wife...  
even if it is for only three days.  
I'll be lucky to get...  
fucking golf clubs out of her.  
There's got to be  
some way around this.  
We're entitled to that money.  
We're entitled to it.  
We did the work, took the chances  
and she gets the money.  
It's immoral.  
She just waltzes in,  
and now Ben's life has no meaning.  
That money is ours.  
We can't let this happen.  
And we won't.  
We've already done it once before.  
I mean, the cow's out of the barn.  
You think?  
We'd have to be really good.  
Better than good.  
We'd have to think  
of an airtight alibi this time.  
We got to do something.  
We've planned too much.  
\$4 million, tax-free.  
Ours for the taking.  
We just got to do it, honey.  
Sweetie, why don't you go wash  
your hands? The souffl's ready.  
Ben was a good man.  
He was a spiritual man.  
But he was not a man...  
people easily understood.  
You see...  
I know he had a secret love.  
A love of humanity.  
He wanted to touch everyone he met.  
And who here has not  
been touched by Ben...

in some special way?  
He had the soul of a poet.  
He made all of our lives...  
a little richer.  
And though God has silenced...  
his ineffable organ...  
his music...  
plays on.  
Let us pray.  
Dear! Not a good idea!  
That bitch'll get hers.  
Girl's got a good right hook.  
I hate funerals.  
They' re an undeniable reminder  
of man's mortality.  
Are you gay?  
No, I'm not gay.  
Just curious.  
- Why would you think I'm gay?  
- No reason.  
- Then why did you ask?  
- Let's get lunch. You hungry?  
Why would you think I'm gay?  
What are you in the mood for?  
Tacos?  
Burgers?  
Quiche?  
- Hello, Luther.  
- Afternoon, Jake.  
You and I need to have a talk.  
About what?  
We need to ponder your  
future with the firm.  
I realize things  
have been difficult...  
but now that Ben's passed on,  
I'm really recommitted to the firm.  
The Dalai Lama once told me...  
"The perfect way is only difficult  
for those who pick and choose."  
Peace, Luther.  
Naughty reform school boy.  
Fuck me like a little Republican.  
- What's the matter, honey?

- I'm thinking about Peggy.  
No, don't.  
Bradley's going to fire me  
as soon as he can.  
All I want to do is give you...  
the life you deserve.  
We'll take care of her.  
I know. But the waiting's  
driving me crazy.  
I know. I know, honey.  
I'm working on it.  
Yeah, that helps.  
Just be patient.  
That's the 95%% of life I hate,  
is waiting.  
What's the other five percent?  
I'll have to tell you in a minute.  
- Big drinker?  
- Let's just say nonstop.  
Nonstop, huh?  
He could drink for a month  
in one night.  
What about him?  
Him?  
Black coffee, occasional Diet Pepsi.  
They were brothers, right?  
- What makes you ask that?  
- They look alike.  
And he was always  
nagging Jake about his drinking.  
I mean, he was a nice guy.  
He was sincere.  
It's a shame about what happened.  
Maybe if you'd cut him off,  
this never would have happened.  
Alcohol pollutes the soul  
of society and destroys lives.  
Don't you think about that?  
Doesn't that eat at your conscience?  
Thanks for your help.  
What the hell's wrong with you?  
I'm just tired of people shirking  
responsibility for their actions.  
The world is shit, people are bad,

we all die. Deal with it.  
How do you wake up every day  
being so doggone cynical?  
Because, Rollins,  
somebody killed Bambi's mom.  
Be back for happy hour.  
Poor kid.  
Out on a jog, and wham!  
It's over.  
At least she died healthy.  
Now this makes me sick. Two million  
bucks for some spilled coffee.  
Woman gets two million dollars for  
spilling hot coffee on herself.  
I do that every day, what do I get?  
Coffee stains.  
Face it. You'll have to wait for your  
pension just like the rest of us.  
Easy for you to say. You'll be  
lying on a beach in Hawaii next week.  
Tahiti. I'll be lying  
on a beach in Tahiti.  
I told you that 1,000 times.  
Men shouldn't wear spandex.  
You are so nuts.  
Great legs!  
Thank you.  
But I have a confession to make.  
I quit using my ThighMaster.  
Now I'm using ThighMaster Plus.  
Introducing new ThighMaster Plus.  
A tragic morning for another  
woman in the Westside...  
as the man known as "The Doctor"  
kills his 4th victim in 3 months.  
As in the other deaths...  
the 28-year-old grad student  
was found with a syringe...  
containing residue of the  
powerful drug curare in her neck.  
Sandra, come on, let's go.  
Just a minute.  
I don't know why you bother with  
this church shit, I got to say.

I like doing good things,  
helping out.  
Besides, there's so much  
more to do now...  
because of Ben's absence.  
We killed Ben.  
Yes.  
There's no reason that  
Reverend Finlayson should suffer.  
I know what to do about  
our little problem.  
You do?  
We make it look like...  
a serial killing.  
Jake, my boy!  
Reverend.  
How are you holding up?  
It's been very hard.  
But much better, thank you.  
Sandra's been great.  
Be sure to lock up when you're done.  
Certainly.  
I know I keep doing this...  
but you've got a wonderful partner.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Listen to her.  
I always do.  
God bless!  
Goddamn it!  
Serial killing?  
Don't you think that's  
a bit of a stretch?  
He's out there right now,  
cruising for his next victim.  
Who happens to be  
Little Miss Peggy Blane.  
Just think about it.  
The Doctor's m.o. is very specific,  
easy to duplicate.  
How?  
She's a creature of habit.  
Believe me.  
I know her schedule.  
It really is the only way, Jake.

And nobody will ever suspect us.  
You don't expect me to do it.  
No.  
I have somebody in mind.  
I haven't seen him for years.  
He is not an old boyfriend.  
You silly goose!  
What the hell do you want?  
- We' re looking for Mike.  
- Don't know any Mike.  
Will sent us.  
Will sent who?  
Us.  
Come on inside.  
Hurry up.  
So, Mike, what we want is for you  
to copy The Doctor. Can you do that?  
The Doctor is a hack.  
An amateur.  
You really want it done like that?  
Yeah.  
That's how it's got to be,  
to the tee.  
Do you have any qualms  
about killing women?  
No.  
No qualms.  
They die easier.  
At least some of them do.  
Will you do it?  
I don't know.  
I don't know.  
I'll do it.  
Your wife's been following me.  
Of course she is.  
She's trying to learn  
your habits and routines.  
Ready?  
You got them lab reports  
on Ben Dunmore?  
We got those a week ago.  
Yeah, I know.  
I can't seem to find them.  
Lesson number one

on being a detective.  
Follow me, Barney Fife.  
This is your locker.  
It is not...  
a medicine cabinet-  
closet-refrigerator.  
It is for important papers.  
They stay here.  
Once it enters the general  
population, you're fucked.  
You'll lose it.  
It'll get pissed on.  
It'll find a way to walk out of here.  
Your locker is special.  
Keep it clean.  
Don't let anybody near it.  
Kind of like your dick.  
You don't have to talk to me  
like I'm an idiot.  
I'm sorry.  
Dunmore.  
Unit five to Northridge campus.  
Do you need any assistance?  
Equipment guy found her about  
an hour ago. Student at the college.  
We've alerted the parents.  
At least he used a clean needle.  
I can't imagine how frightened  
she must have been.  
I can.  
I was married to a dentist.  
- Watch the flowers!  
- Sorry, ma'am.  
Yes, ma'am.  
- Lester, shoot the crowd.  
- Yes, ma'am.  
Shooting the crowd.  
Is Mike there?  
- Who's there?  
- Jake Dunmore.  
You got company.  
Don't think you can come here  
anytime you want, buddy boy.  
Shit like that'll get you killed.

It couldn't be helped.  
What do you want?  
Change in plans.  
I don't want you to kill Peggy Blane.  
Sorry, no refunds.  
I don't want one.  
That's good, because you can't  
forget who you're dealing with.  
See this fuck here?  
This fuck forgot  
who he was dealing with.  
Didn't you? You fuck! Fuck!  
Didn't you forget?  
He forgot.  
I want you to kill my wife.  
All right, fuck. Come over here.  
Get over here.  
Why don't you come  
and sit on the couch?  
Sit on the couch, all right?  
Sit here on the couch.  
You' re fucking her, ain't you?  
You shouldn't do that.  
Playing the field when  
you got a beautiful wife.  
That's bad.  
That's very bad.  
Listen to me, Mike.  
You got my money, right?  
I want you to kill my wife.  
You got any kids?  
No.  
No kids.  
I'm gonna do it.  
But it's gonna cost you double.  
Double?  
She's gonna fight.  
I kind of dig her.  
You know?  
Double's fine.  
Just soon, all right?  
Gotta think about a couple of  
particulars. It shouldn't be too long.  
All right.

Did you like my practice run?  
Northridge College.  
Okay, look for the needle  
in the shit pile.  
These are crowd shots  
from all five murders.  
We want to separate suspects  
from your average scumbag citizen.  
Ma'am, you know,  
we' re sworn to serve and protect.  
If you hate everybody so much,  
why are you doing this job?  
Once in a while I get  
to shoot somebody.  
Look for anybody who pops up  
in more than one crime scene.  
Right.  
Raindrops on roses  
And whiskers on kittens  
Bright copper kettles  
And warm woolen mittens  
Brown paper packages  
Tied up with strings  
These are a few of My favorite things  
Breakfast is almost ready.  
I'm not going to eat.  
Where are you going?  
I thought I'd go to the office  
and say hi to everybody.  
But you're on leave.  
It'll look better to the cops  
if I check in with the company.  
And I'm going to an AA meeting tonight.  
So I'll be late.  
Do you have to? I was hoping  
we could go see a movie.  
I'm sorry, little one.  
Appearances, remember?  
Honey?  
I love you, honey.  
I love you too.  
I must have done something good  
Oh, my God!  
Son of a bitch!

Hey, hold on.  
Give me that.  
Do you love me, Jake?  
Now what kind of question is that?  
Look at all the chances  
I'm taking for you.  
For us.  
Everything I'm doing  
is to give you...  
the life you deserve.  
Kill her, Jake.  
Kill her for me.  
Trust me.  
I love you, Jake.  
Howdy, ma'am.  
Fill her up?  
Please.  
I can't take this anymore.  
Okay, who snuck the bourbon  
in Mr. Rogers' soda pop?  
It equalizes the pressure  
by constricting blood flow.  
Thought you just couldn't  
find a lampshade.  
I got something!  
This shot's from Northridge.  
This one's from number two  
at the reservoir. Take a look.  
This guy and this guy.  
- What do you think?  
- Focus!  
Shut up!  
All right, we got him.  
- Excellent.  
- And we got him.  
Bingo!  
Yeah, that's Freddy.  
No, it's not him!  
That guy's got an earring in his nose.  
The guy on the bottom doesn't.  
Wait, wait, wait.  
Maybe he had it put in.  
That's a later picture.  
This one?

Oh, man.  
I guess he's earned  
his cookies for today.  
Back to the drawing board, gentlemen.  
Baby, you keep that up...  
you're going to live forever.  
Don't make fun of me.  
I'm not.  
I'm not making fun. I like it.  
What's the matter?  
Sometimes...  
I just...  
have all these...  
thoughts...  
that you're doing this...  
all for...  
the money.  
Peg, baby.  
How could you say that?  
I don't care about money.  
I'm an artist.  
You are.  
Can I help you?  
Do any of these cars run?  
All of them.  
But I'd go for this Cougar.  
She ain't beautiful,  
but she still can kick.  
Radio works good.  
Even got a cassette player.  
How much?  
- I'm asking 700.  
- 700 dollars?  
Don't you think that's  
a little steep?  
I'll let it go for 6.  
I have \$300 cash.  
There's an ATM machine at the store.  
- Jesus!  
- Who is that?  
All right, asshole!  
- Shit! Oh, man!  
- Go faster!  
Hang on! Here goes!

Hang on!  
I can't see!  
Some crazy motherfucker!  
- Jesus!  
- Shit!  
So long, farewell  
Who is that?!  
It's your fucking wife!  
- Pull over!  
- I can outrun her!  
- Get away from us, you bitch!  
- So long, farewell  
It's not what you think!  
I thought you said  
we were on the same team!  
Baby, it's a business thing!  
Well, I'm wearing my team ring!  
Please, Sandra! Pull over!  
- Go faster!  
- Sandra, don't!  
Please don't do this!  
I have confidence in sunshine  
I have confidence in rain  
I have confidence  
That spring will come again  
Besides which, you see  
I have confidence in me  
Strength doesn't lie in numbers  
Strength doesn't lie in wealth  
Strength lies in nights  
Of peaceful slumbers  
When you wake up  
Wake up, it's healthy  
All I trust I leave my heart to  
All I trust becomes my own  
I have confidence In confidence alone  
Oh, help  
I have confidence...  
in confidence alone  
Besides which, you see  
I have confidence...  
in me  
Hey, Rita.  
You got a call on three.

Hello, detective?  
This is Sandra Dunmore.  
I think something's  
happened to my husband.  
Easy now.  
What makes you say that?  
Well, he didn't come  
home last night...  
and he's been very despondent  
since his brother's death.  
When was the last time you saw him?  
Yesterday.  
He was going to the office...  
but I called them.  
They said he never showed up.  
I wouldn't be too worried.  
Chances are he'll wake up  
in a pile of his own fluids.  
I do not appreciate  
your attitude, detective.  
Nobody does.  
I'll put an APB out on your husband's  
vehicle. When I know anything...  
I'll give you a call.  
Thank you.  
Bitch.  
Two bodies.  
One bike, two bodies.  
Did you I.D. them?  
One's regular, one's extra crispy.  
We just know the bike's  
registered to Gerald Dunmore.  
This one's wearing jewelry.  
Probably a woman.  
Thank you, Sherlock.  
What do you make of this?  
They tried to take  
that turn too fast.  
This is a dangerous road,  
especially at night.  
And me and old Willie there...  
we come down here  
2 or 3 times a year...  
picking somebody up

out of that burned metal.  
Let's get out of here.  
The fresh air is making me sick.  
Willie, you got my Thermos?  
It's a positive I.D.,  
based on this dental chart.  
Jake Dunmore.  
And Peggy Blane.  
They were having an affair?  
No, they were celebrating  
Earth Day, you fucking mook.  
I guess we should go over  
and tell Mrs. Dunmore.  
The widow Dunmore can wait.  
I want to check out something first.  
You realize anything we find here  
is inadmissible in a court of law?  
Are you confusing me with  
somebody who gives a shit?  
Wouldn't do that.  
Gotcha!  
Not since the Kennedys have 2 brothers  
had so much fun with one broad.  
What exactly are we looking for?  
Pompano, I said,  
"What are we looking for?"  
I hope you don't get carsick.  
Let's go, asswad.  
I never had the occasion  
to come here before.  
I'll give you some advice.  
Bet it all.  
I don't gamble, detective.  
Though I'd love to see  
Siegfried and Roy.  
I'm sure you would.  
- What do you mean by that?  
- Nothing.  
"Margaret ' Peggy' Blane."  
"Benjamin E. Dunmore."  
Oh yeah. That's one of ours,  
all right.  
Witnessed by Homer there.  
Put it away.

We' re not getting married.  
Remember what these two looked like?  
Oh, Lordy! Do you realize how many  
couples we wed in holy matrimony?  
They tend to blur.  
Here's a picture of the two  
you married. They look familiar?  
They do. They surely do.  
But then again...  
you two look familiar to me.  
That's a lot of help.  
- Why don't we look in the album?  
- What album?  
The photo album.  
An archive of every...  
loving soul...  
we've united.  
The date you're looking  
for should be...  
right about here.  
Hold it!  
See?  
I do remember this guy.  
He pitched a fit when I took that  
picture. He took it with him.  
But what he didn't know  
was the camera makes two prints.  
Roy Lassiter.  
Proven character...  
conservative values.  
- Who is it?  
- Detective Pompano.  
Who is it?  
Rita Pompano.  
You' re telling me...  
that Jake and Peggy  
were having an affair?  
That's right.  
This photo was taken at the  
Gambling On Love Chapel in Las Vegas.  
Your husband and Miss Blane  
were married there...  
under the names  
Ben and Peggy Dunmore.

My Jake.

That doesn't make any sense.

The night that Ben was killed,  
were you here?

Yes, I already told you that.

At the time of his death?

Yes.

I was in the kitchen  
making a casserole.

I thought you said  
you were making ceviche.

Right. Ceviche.

You' re sure now? Ceviche?

I can't believe...

that Jake had an affair.

Mrs. Dunmore...

we think that your husband pushed  
his brother off that balcony.

We think that he conspired  
with Peggy Blane...

to kill his brother

for the insurance money.

Jake impersonated his brother,  
and by marrying Peggy...

he took the suspicion off himself.

There was no motive for the crime  
because Peggy got the money.

But he was already married to me.

Ma'am, I know this is tough...

but we feel that Jake and Peggy  
were planning on killing you too.

Luckily for you, they didn't live  
to carry out that plan.

That's impossible.

My husband...

he would never cheat on me.

He loved me.

He loved me.

Yes, ma'am. It's going  
to be okay. You just...

have yourself a good old cry.

You think she'll ever accept the truth?

She's got eight million bucks  
worth of time to swallow it.

Why would anybody ever cheat and  
conspire on a woman like that?  
Why don't you go back to the station?  
I feel like taking a walk.  
Are you sure?  
Yeah, I need to clear my head.  
Well, everyone needs to find  
their own homeostasis.  
Rollins, what's your first name?  
Nathaniel.  
Good work up there, Nate.  
Watch your head. Go on.  
Just a minute.  
I'll be right there.  
Sorry.  
Cut the crap.  
You' re wasting good mascara.  
What are you doing?  
Pissing in your corn flakes.  
That earlier story...  
the one Rollins  
also told our captain?  
That's not the real story.  
You and I both know the truth,  
don't we?  
- What are you talking about?  
- Come on, it's just you and me now.  
You and Jake killed Ben  
for the insurance money.  
I just think it's time...  
we tied up all the loose ends.  
I see.  
I'm going to have  
to call your superiors.  
And I'm going to have  
to call your bluff.  
Why are you doing this to me?  
I think you knew about Jake and Peggy.  
I think you found out  
and drove them off a mountain.  
I think you did them  
before they could do you.  
And in the process...  
picked up \$4 million

off Jake's life insurance policy.  
Not to mention the four you'll  
likely get from Ben's.  
Where's your proof?  
Proof?  
I never thought of that.  
Proof.  
You think an ATM receipt  
from a machine...  
in Hemet the day  
of the accident might qualify?  
I don't know what you're talking about.  
Really?  
How about...  
this?  
So?  
You know, I found this  
in an abandoned Cougar downtown.  
Matched the make of a car  
some old woman sold you.  
Or at least someone in a red wig  
who looked just like you.  
Told me this mysterious red-haired  
woman paid cash for the car...  
but then had to use  
the ATM machine at a liquor store.  
That's a big boo-boo.  
You just don't get it, do you, Sandy?  
You see...  
either the world's right-side up  
or upside-down.  
Depends on how you look at it.  
Close the book of rules and there's  
just people caught in situations.  
Like you and me.  
So what do you want?  
I want what you want.  
A payoff.  
A nest egg. A chance  
to get out of this rat race.  
Sure you don't want the  
other half of my sandwich?  
I'm worried about you.  
Eat something.

Have a little bread,  
something, a little bite.  
Come on, taste that.  
Oh, boy, stubborn!  
You know, at first I thought...  
what the hell? Take it all.  
But then, not being greedy  
like some people I know...  
After all, you did do all the work...  
even if a lot of it was on your back.  
So I figure...  
half.  
Fifty-fifty split,  
right down the middle.  
It's going to take  
some time, you know.  
Bureaucracy, paperwork...  
all the insurance company bullshit.  
I'm not going anywhere.  
But let's get one thing clear, okay?  
Don't even think about  
fucking me over.  
Don't leave town, don't push me  
in front of a bus, don't do anything.  
Because you haven't even seen  
my bad side yet.  
And I've got enough evidence  
to put you in the gas chamber.  
I guess half is better...  
than nothing.  
Yes, it is.  
You know, Sandra...  
a lot of people find you scary.  
But I like you.  
The world's full of bullshit.  
You don't bullshit. I like that.  
Keep in touch.  
Partner.  
I'm sorry.  
Northridge. Fuck!  
Stop, goddamn it. Stop!  
Move, you green bastard!  
Get over here.  
Get your fucking hands up!

Let go of her.  
Goddamn it, let go of her.  
Let the girl go.  
Don't do it this way.  
You want to die?  
You don't want me to shoot you.  
Yes, you got him!  
Yes!  
Shoot the freak! Come on!  
- Come on, one more shot!  
- Shut up!  
Rough day, huh?  
I'm sorry, but I've got  
an investment to protect.  
What you got in your hand?  
Going to baste a turkey?  
What's this?  
Sandra, trust me.  
This is what's best.  
What's best for you.  
Believe me, I know about  
these things. You'll thank me.  
Isn't this coercion?  
Will you excuse us a moment?  
Stop playing games  
and sign the damn thing.  
That wasn't so bad, was it?  
I guess not.  
I'll make sure the money will be  
wired into your separate accounts...  
by tomorrow evening.  
Thank you for using...  
Austrian Fidelity Bank.  
And thank you.  
Can I buy you a strudel?  
Do you think people can change?  
I don't know.  
I think they only get worse.  
I was able to change.  
Inside I knew I was  
more than what I was living...  
mentally and emotionally  
and spiritually.  
And I was able to find my passion.

You sure did.  
Most people haven't done that.  
They don't know what they want...  
so they' re not able  
to tap into their drive.  
They don't discover what  
they' re really capable of.  
I know what you're capable of.  
I just feel I have so much to give.  
You' re under arrest.  
I'm sorry.  
I couldn't resist.  
I saw you two and I just thought...  
You both look so...  
so...  
So...  
what are you doing here?  
What are you doing here?  
I sort of got my hands full...  
with Vice President Lassiter  
being in town.  
Vice President Lassiter!  
You've got your hands full.  
Terrific seeing you.  
You look absolutely the same.  
I didn't think it would,  
but retirement sure suits you.  
Thank you so much, really.  
I just want to tell you...  
that I have the cleanest locker  
in the precinct.  
- I'm sure you...  
- It's next to godliness.  
- Okay, that's terrific.  
- Goodbye.  
- Goodbye.  
- Don't be a stranger.  
Sure is nice to see good things  
happen to good people.  
I mean it.