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MIKE:

Hi there. You headed home?

SHIRLEY:

Yeah.

MIKE:

Grab a chair. Let me buy you one for the road.

SHIRLEY:

Funny coming from one cop to another. Aren't we the ones supposed to be watching for people who have just had "one for the road"?

MIKE:

Yeah, well . . . we'll just keep looking for "them" then, won't we? (PAUSE) So . . . a couple months from forty.

SHIRLEY:

Knock on wood.

MIKE:

What's that supposed to mean?

SHIRLEY:

It means what it means.

MIKE:

You mean this afternoon? I was chasing that guy and I pulled a hamstring . . .

SHIRLEY:

Don't give me this, Michael. You had some kind of cardiac episode. . .

MIKE:

Come on, stop.

SHIRLEY:

. . .that normal people go to the doctor for.

MIKE:

Stop it. Quit hounding me.

SHIRLEY:

Hounding you?

MIKE:

Let me explain something to you. You know, when you've been on the job as long as I have, all these days, they start to feel exactly the same, you know? You knock down one bad guy and another one gets right back up in his place. So, you learn to have some fun . . .

SHIRLEY:

Oh, fun, huh?

MIKE:

. . . 'cause the money we get paid, if you don't have some fun, what's the point?

SHIRLEY:

Oh, yeah, sure. Hey, let me see your way of having fun. Let's see . . . I can't catch the bad guy so I'll go out drinking every night.

MIKE:

Oh, here we go.

SHIRLEY:

Or maybe I should go play around with my girlfriend in the city while my wife is out in the 'burbs asleep. What are you? Eight?

MIKE:

Just drop it, okay?

SHIRLEY:

Wake up, Michael. You got a tough job. You can't handle it... turn in your badge and get some work as a crossing guard.

MIKE:

Yeah? Maybe I will. I hear they got a great dental plan.

SHIRLEY:

You do not have the right to screw up your children and disrespect a good mother just because you hit middle age and your hairline's receding.

MIKE:

Hey! I'm turning forty! Middle aged is, like, fifty-two.

SHIRLEY:

Oh really? How many guys you know that live to be a hundred and four? Let me tell you something, the rate you're going fifty-two's gonna be a lucky roll of the dice and I don't need to be sitting at your funeral! Now, if you got problems you blame it on the booze or the pills or your guilty Irish conscience, because it's not the job, Michael. I watched you tonight. I think the only thing you love is being a cop!

MIKE:

(PAUSE) Whew. You done?

SHIRLEY:

Yeah. I didn't mean to come off so hard.

MIKE:

Okay. Alright. So? I guess a drink isn't on then?

SHIRLEY:

Go home, Michael. Go home to your wife . . . and your kids. Leave me and the job here, okay? For tonight . . . just go home. Think about somebody else for a change.

MIKE:

I was thinking about *you*.

SHIRLEY:

No you weren't. You never do. Bye.