

BAD BOYS - BURNETT & LOWREY

*Burnett tests his mack-game on a couple of girls.*

BURNETT

You know? I'm a cop.  
I shot somebody just last week.  
Didn't kill him, just shot him in the ass.

*Stone cold looks from the girls, then They walk away with Burnett giving a "what did I say" look. Lowrey appears.*

LOWREY

You know, that was really smooth.  
Think you could do that again?

*(beat)*

Ohh.

I'll tell you, when the wife gets meaner, the grass  
gets greener.

BURNETT

Green ain't the color I was thinking of...

*Burnett's BEEPER SOUNDS. He switches it OFF.*

Damn! The woman's got fuckin' radar on my ass.  
Sense me looking at another woman and she  
comes calling.

LOWREY

I don't think anybody could be that married.

*They enter store.*

BURNETT

I'm tellin' you, I've had it with this witness.  
I wanna go home and get back to my life as it was.  
I got married so I could stop lying.

LOWREY

Oh, please.  
Big fucking deal.  
You know what I had to do? I drove your kids to  
school this morning.  
Your son forgot his homework.

So I had to drive him all the way back in that jalopy  
of yours...is that my new silk shirt?

BURNETT

Yeah.

Kinda fly, huh?! I know, it's a little big on me, but  
cool.

I figure... what about it? If I'm gonna be Mike, might  
as well dress like Mike!

*(singing)*

I wanna be, I wanna be like Mike.  
Swish.

*Now, Lowrey's phone rings. He checks out the number.*

LOWREY

Ugh.

It's the wife.

BURNETT

The what? The wife?

*Lowrey answers.*

LOWREY

Yeah, what's up, baby.

Uh-huh.

Yeah.

Okay.

What else? You want me do what?

*Lowrey glances over at Burnett who's clearly loving the fact that it's Lowrey's  
turn at errand boy.*

Mmm.

Uh-huh.

I'll be home around nine... nine-thirty.

The kids alright? How's that potty thing? Yeah?

Okay.

*Lowrey turns to block the phone, depressing the switch, but acting as if he's still  
on with Theresa.*

Say, why don't you rent a movie or somethin'? Uh-huh.

You're so silly.

So, baby.

What you wearin'?

BURNETT

Gimme that phone.

*(grabs it)*

Hello, Theresa? Theresa!

LOWREY

Man, it's off.

It was a joke.

BURNETT

Hey, man.

Don't mess with me! Don't break up a happy home.  
That's the mother of my children.

LOWREY

Don't be wearing my shirts!

*Lowrey and Burnett starts looking at feminine products.*

LOWREY

Marcus, this is crazy.

We are five minutes away from picking up this asshole and returning to our lives.

And we're here doing this shit.

Where the fuck is it?

BURNETT

Hey.

Don't ask me to find it for you.

You're the expert on my wife.

LOWREY

You know, this is like some really bizarre shit that you're on right now.

Your wife asked me to do this, and I'm doing it.

Besides, I'm you, remember?

BURNETT

You don't even know where you're going.

You're looking in the wrong place.

*Lowrey follows Burnett to the next aisle, where Burnett gestures to the wall of feminine hygiene products.*

BURNETT

You think you know what Theresa needs, man, but  
I do this every month.  
Just look for 'Fresh Days.'

LOWREY

You're unbalanced.  
Listen, I read the parole jacket on this guy Noah.  
Armed robbery.  
Attempted murder.  
He's a violent offender something like nine times.  
Sweet guy.  
Not a single drug bust on his sheet.

BURNETT

So? He's a new recruit.  
Keep looking, will ya? 'Fresh Days.'

LOWREY

You know, it is a damn shame she makes you buy  
this shit.

BURNETT

Hey, this what husband's do.

LOWREY

Terrible fucking job.  
It's like shaving cream.  
They're all the same.  
Fresh.  
Free.  
Confident.  
Secure.

*(grabs a box)*

Super wide? What the fuck? We're taking this one.

*Burnett snatches Lowrey's box and puts it back on the shelf.*

BURNETT

Hey, man, look! You're not even reading.  
These are panty liners! These are pads! These are  
tampons! Okay? Man, for a guy that spends all his  
time chasing pussy, you sure don't know much  
about it.

*(beat)*

Here it is.  
'Fresh Days'.  
You pay for it.

*They go to pay for the items.*

LOWREY

Miami's the perfect town for you, Marcus.  
You're like a onehundred-seven-year-old lady,  
wheeling herself around in life.

BURNETT

And I plan on living to be old, just like 'em.  
Rubbing Ben Gay on my joints and everything.

LOWREY

You gonna let every motherfucking thing pass you  
by?

BURNETT

I don't have a death wish like you.  
I got a family that counts on me.  
A mortgage to pay.  
And I'm not saying it's me, but most of the guys in  
the station think you're some rich kid playing cop.

LOWREY

"Playing cop"? Who said that?

Burnett shrugs.

LOWREY

If somebody's talking about me, I wanna know...  
man, I'm so sick of this.  
I don't apologize for nothing I do.  
I get up early and take it to the max every day.  
I'm always the first guy through the door.  
And the last guy to leave a crime scene.  
So fuck 'em all.  
I could give a shit what those boot lickin', brown-  
nosin', ass kissin' motherfuckers think of Mike  
Lowrey.  
What can Burnett say to all that, but...

BURNETT

I love you, man.

LOWREY  
Oh, fuck you, Marcus.

BURNETT  
I Do.  
We're motherfucking "Bad Boys".

*A Long BEAT. They burst into sing "Bad Boys."*