

LIMERICK BANK ROBBERY

Tonight Show
[unproduced]

ED (SETUP)

The most popular type of programming on
American TV has long been the police drama.

But the cop show isn't unique to America. As
we're about to show you, many countries have
police shows which reflect their own cultures.

(CENTER: A BANK-LIKE BUILDING WITH A WINDOW AND DOOR. COP CAR IN DEFENSIVE POSITION OUT FRONT WITH "LIMERICK POLICE DEPARTMENT" LETTERED ON THE OPEN DOOR. COPS IN UNIFORM.)

ANNOUNCER (V.O., IRISH)
The Irish Broadcasting Network presents
"L.A.P.D."...

(SUPER: "LIMERICK AREA POLICE DEPARTMENT")

The Limerick Area Police Department.

(MUSIC: STING!)

(LOSE SUPER)

(SFX: GUNSHOTS)

(A HOLDUP GUY, MICKEY MACHREE, STICKS HIS HEAD OUT THE BANK DOOR)

MICKEY
You'll not take me alive!

(HE FIRES A GUN AND WITHDRAWS)

(THE COP IN CHARGE GETS ON THE BULLHORN)

COP
It won't work, Mickey! We do things different here in Limerick! We've called Inspector Dave O'Hermit!

(JOHNNY ENTERS AS DAVE O'HERMIT, IN A GREEN TRENCH COAT.)

JOHNNY
I'm O'Hermit.

(MUSIC: HERO STING!)

JOHNNY

I hear you've got Mickey Machree.

COP

He's been holed-up since twenty past three...
He tied up the cashiers
And kneeled on their ears...

JOHNNY

That despicable son of a B.
I knew I'd catch up to him one day
So I staked out his condo last Sunday.

COP

How did you know
Mickey's plan wouldn't go?

JOHNNY

His getaway car. It's a Hyundai.

(JOHNNY TAKES THE MEGAPHONE:)

JOHNNY

Mick! Throw your weapon out please.
Nobody wins one of these.
Come out with your hands up,
We'll take your demands up...

MICKY (INSIDE BUILDING)

Your sister and Dom Deluise!
Hey, O'Hermit!
Your Ma slept with half of Killarney!

JOHNNY

Your Mother and all of South Blarney!

MICKEY

She'd do it in Galway
In closet or hallway!

JOHNNY

Yours does it for chile con carne!

(THE COP HANDS JOHNNY A SHEET OF PAPER)

COP

This is a list of his hostages.
Saving them now is impostages.
Mickey's no dope
He's got two miles of rope

JOHNNY

... and he's tied them together like saustages.

COP

(POINTS TO SHEET)

He's holding a lady from Crete
Who diets with rye whiskey, neat
Her very first taste
Took a pound off her waist...

JOHNNY

And a hundred and ten off her feet.

COP

He's got Jane, with the flexible torso.

JOHNNY

With a bod like a snake's, only more so

COP

There's Velcro releases
On all of her creases.

JOHNNY

She once used a zip, but it wore so.

(SFX: GUNSHOT)

(THE COP PULLS JOHNNY CLOSE TO THE CAR)

COP

Better stick close to the car now -
A slug hit Detective O'Tarnow.
It bounced off the walls,
Got him square in the --

JOHNNY

Yeah, I noticed he's wearing a bra now.

(A PUSHY REPORTER RUNS INTO THE SCENE, HOLDING A PAD
AND PEN)

REPORTER

Is he armed? You got any suggestions?
I need news for my readers' digestions.
Is he really so tough?
Or is this all a bluff?

(THE REPORTER RAISES HIS PEN)

(SFX: GUNSHOT)

(THE REPORTER DROPS DEAD)

JOHNNY

I think that should answer your questions.

COP

You checked out his father in Frisco?

JOHNNY

He runs an alternative disco.
Where guys dance together
And put on black leather
To look more like Poncho and Cisco.

(A PRIEST, FATHER MCNOOSH, ENTERS. THICK IRISH ACCENT)

PRIEST

Mick! This is Father McNoosh!
I've come here to save your young tush!
Please don't join the ranks
Of those hoods who rob banks!
Like Bonnie and Clyde...

JOHNNY

... and Neil Bush.

PRIEST

I've heard of Mick's dastardly crimes
He's broken the law many times
It's clear understood
That he's never done good...

JOHNNY

Not true... he shot fifty-one mimes.

PRIEST

Mick, I'm comin' in!

(THE PRIEST WALKS INTO THE BUILDING. MICKEY'S WIFE, THE BEAUTIFUL NAN TUCKET, SHOWS UP IN TEARS AND A LOW-CUT DRESS, AND CLINGS TO JOHNNY'S ARM)

NAN

Hey cop, I'm his Missus... Nan Tucket!

(SHE PAUSES TO THROW JOHNNY A LINE.)

JOHNNY

Nnnno, I don't think so.
How'd a nice gal like you meet that slime?

NAN

On a 9-7-6 Party line.
I talked about leather
And usin' a feather...

JOHNNY

I get offa work around nine.

(NAN GRABS JOHNNY TEARFULLY)

NAN

Don't shoot him! I love him to heck!
He ain't never had love or respeck!
He can't be to blame!

JOHNNY

He's got a new dame.

NAN

I'll stuff both his legs down his neck.

(THE PRIEST RETURNS FROM THE BUILDING)

PRIEST

His accomplice, Miss Lucy O'Frickey
Says she knows it's curtains for Mickey.
She says give her ten...

JOHNNY

Is she coming out then?

PRIEST

No, she needs extra time for a quickie.

NAN

That does it! I'm goin' in!

JOHNNY

Tell him he's facing sharp-shooters
And the world's most astute prosecutors.
Remind him there's bail...

NAN

And if all that should fail?

JOHNNY

Distract him by flashing your hooters.

(SFX: GUNSHOTS)

(MICKEY RUNS FROM THE BANK WITH AN EMPTY SACK. HE'S
HIT. HE STAGGERS TOWARDS THE CAR AND COLLAPSES AT
JOHNNY'S FEET)

NAN

Mickey!

(SHE FALLS ON HIM, SOBBING)

MICKEY

(DYING)

Inspector...if only I'd known,
As I'm lyin' here shot to the bone,
That the bank had no loot...

JOHNNY

That's no bank, you patoot...

(JOHNNY PICKS UP THE EMPTY SACK. IT'S LETTERED:
"LIMERICK SAVINGS AND LOAN")

It's the Limerick Savings and Loan.

(MICKEY GASPS AND DIES. NAN STANDS AND HUGS JOHNNY)

NAN

Twenty-one and a widow -- boo hoo!
Oh Inspector, I'm turnin' to you!
I can only have fun
With a man with a gun!

(SHE BATS HER EYELASHES)

JOHNNY

Would a cop with a howitzer do?

(MUSIC: IRISH JIG)

(THEY WALK / DANCE OFF, ARM IN ARM)

APPLAUSE and OUT