

L.A. CONFIDENTIAL

by

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Based on the novel by James Ellroy

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Minor Revisions

FADE IN:

OVER the opening strains of "I LOVE YOU, CALIFORNIA," a
MONTAGE: a mixture of headlines, newsreel footage and
live action. Economy Booming! Postwar Optimism! L.A.:
City of the Future! But most prominent among them:
GANGLAND! Police photographers document crime scenes.
The meat wagon hauls ex-button men to the morgue. Where
will it end?

EXT. L.A. SKYLINE - SUNSET

Palm trees in silhouette against a cherry sky. City

lights twinkle. Los Angeles. A place where anything is possible. A place where dreams come true. As the sky darkens, triple-kleig lights begin to sweep back and forth.

EXT. MANSION (HANCOCK PARK) - NIGHT

The KLEIG LIGHTS are out front. Valets hurry to park a line of elegant cars.

MAYOR (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you
the future of Los Angeles!

INT. HANCOCK PARK MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The MAYOR yanks a cloth to reveal a MODEL of L.A. criss-crossed by an elaborate FREEWAY SYSTEM. The CROWD ooohs. A COUNCILMAN claps. A SOCIETY MATRON nods her approval.

PIERCE PATCHETT, 50, tuxedoed, watches off to one side. A behind-the-scenes power broker, Patchett exudes authority much more so than the Mayor does.

MAYOR

The Arroyo Seco freeway is just the beginning. We're planning freeways from Downtown to Santa Monica, from the South Bay to the San Fernando Valley. Twenty minutes to work or play is the longest you'll have to travel.

More applause. One REPORTER asks a little too loudly...

REPORTER

How many bodies you think Mickey Cohen'll be able to hide in all that cement?

The Mayor wears a plastic smile, ignores it.

INT. THE MOCAMBO - NIGHT

A CLUB PHOTOGRAPHER pops snapshots, but the real action is on the floor where MICKEY COHEN does a wicked "Lindy Hop" with THREE different GIRLS at once. A fireplug of a

man, he hardly seems a public menace. Nearby is his bodyguard JOHNNY STOMPANATO. Over it all:

HUDGEONS (V.O.)

Meyer Harris Cohen, Mickey C to his fans. He's the big moocher, local L.A. color to the nth degree. You know Mickey. He runs dope, rackets and prostitution. He kills a dozen people a year. But who you may not know is bodyguard Johnny Stompanato.

His hair in a slick pompadour, Stompanato keeps an eye on Cohen and comes onto a CIGARETTE GIRL at the same time.

HUDGEONS (V.O.)

Johnny's handsome, ladies, but the real attraction is below the belt. Second only to Steve Cochran, he's sometimes known as 'Oscar' because of his Academy Award-size appendage.

Mickey works a sweat on the dance floor. A bottle of champagne pops; Stompanato reacts, nearly draws a pistol from his shoulder holster. As he laughs at himself...

INT. HUSH-HUSH MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY

Lurid page one headlines cover the wall where SID HUDGEONS types. The essence of sleaze, Sid is the publisher-photographer-writer of Hush-Hush magazine and keeper of inside dirt supreme. As he continues...

HUDGEONS (V.O.)

Remember, dear readers, you heard it here first, off the record, on the Q.T. and very Hush-Hush.

INT. HANCOCK PARK MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The party continues. The Mayor has moved off to the side with the power brokers. Patchett is a presence.

MAYOR

We're selling an image, gentlemen. Beautiful weather. Affordable

housing.

(re: model)

Trouble-free transportation. And the best police department in the world to keep it all running smoothly.

EXT. STOREFRONT - NIGHT

A dozen people watch a display window TELEVISION as it rolls the opening of the hit show "Badge of Honor." Over familiar THEME MUSIC, "Sgt. Joe Reno" (actor BRETT CHASE) walks the streets of Los Angeles.

CHASE (V.O.)

My name? Joe Reno. The city? Los Angeles. A big town. Full of all sorts of people. It's my job to help them. I like what I do. I'm a cop.

INT. HANCOCK PARK MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The Mayor continues.

MAYOR

But with a second rate Al Capone out there, L.A. looks like Chicago in the '30s. Something has to be done.

As Pierce Patchett nods sagely.

INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Wrestler GORGEOUS GEORGE primps and poses before flattening an opponent with a drop kick.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

An enthusiastic crowd adjusts their 3-D glasses.

EXT. COHEN MANSION (BEVERLY HILLS) - DAY

In monogrammed silk pajamas, Mickey Cohen answers the

door, his pet BULLDOG Mickey Jr. at his feet. The police are waiting. REPORTERS' flashbulbs pop.

POLICE OFFICER

Mr. Cohen, you're under arrest.

COHEN

Bullshit. What's the charge?

POLICE OFFICER

Non-payment of federal income tax.

COHEN

Bullshit.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE - DAY

JOHN WAYNE gets his hand prints in the sidewalk.

EXT. WESTCHESTER BEAN FIELD - DAY

MIGRANT WORKERS hurry to finish the harvest. We PAN TO CONSTRUCTION WORKERS who wait impatiently with bulldozers under a "Spirit of the Future" BANNER. As the last picker leaves the field, the bulldozers move in, leveling the bean rows to make way for a housing tract.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - STEPS - DAY

Flashbulbs pop as Mickey Cohen exits and starts down the steps. Accompanied by his LAWYERS, bodyguard Stompanato and mob lieutenants DEUCE PERKINS and NATE JANKLOW, Cohen ignores REPORTERS' shouts.

REPORTER

How's your bullshit now, Mickey?!

As Cohen gets into a waiting car, the media turn their attention to District Attorney ELLIS LOEW. A singularly ambitious man, Loew loves the spotlight.

LOEW

Today is an auspicious one for the city of Los Angeles. Mickey Cohen has just been sentenced to ten years in federal prison for failure to pay income tax.

As the District Attorney for Los Angeles County, it is my pleasure to declare our great city organized crime free. It is truly the dawning of a new day.

The SONG ENDS and so does the MONTAGE.

INT. PACKARD (ACROSS FROM BULLOCKS WILSHIRE) - NIGHT

December 24th. Wendell "BUD" WHITE, 30, stares at the enormous Christmas tree on the deco platform over Bullocks' entrance. An LAPD cop, Bud's rep as the toughest man on the force has been well earned. In the back seat, with cases of Walker Black and Cutty Sark, is Bud's partner -- DICK STENSLAND. Older, but also a tough hump, "Stens" sucks on a pint of Old Crow.

The passenger door opens and Mickey Cohen bodyguard Johnny Stompanato slides in. Guinea handsome, Johnny wears his curls in a tight pompadour. With his boss behind bars, he's out of work. Bud just stares at him.

STOMPANATO

Officer White. I heard you got a hard-on for wife beaters.

BUD

And you fuck people up for a living. That don't make me you. Capisce, shitbird?

Stompanato smiles. Nervous. Through the window, Bud watches a Salvation Army Santa palm coins from a kettle.

STENSLAND

Bud ain't in the mood for small talk, Stompanato.

STOMPANATO

Look, Mickey C's doing time and half the other guys who'd hire me are dead or left town. I need money. If your snitch-fund's green, I'll get you some fucking-A collars.

Impatient, Bud tugs at a finger, CRACKS a KNUCKLE.

STOMPANATO

There's this guy. He's blond and fat, about forty. Likes the ponies. Been pimping his wife to cover his losses. Knocks her around to keep her in line.

Bud's eyes narrow at this last bit of info. Stompanato holds up a slip of paper.

STOMPANATO

I figure the address is worth twenty.

Bud digs into his wallet, pulls out twenty bucks, exchanges it with Stompanato. Stompanato smiles smugly, grabs a bottle of Scotch from the back.

STOMPANATO

Yuletide cheer, fellas.

Without warning, Bud grabs Stompanato's tie and yanks, slamming his forehead into the dash.

BUD

Happy New Year, greaseball.

EXT. 1486 EVERGREEN - NIGHT

A stucco job in a row of vet prefabs. A neon Santa sleigh has landed on the roof. Through the front window, we see a fat guy browbeating a woman. Puff-faced, 35-ish, she backs away as he rages at her.

The Packard pulls up out front. Stensland could care less.

STENSLAND

Leave it for later, Bud. We got to pick up the rest of the booze and get back to the precinct.

Bud KILLS the IGNITION, picks up the radio.

BUD

Central, this is 4A-31. Send a prowler to 1486 Evergreen. White male in custody. Code 623 point one. Domestic assault and battery. I won't be here, but

they'll see him.

EXT. 1486 EVERGREEN - BUD - NIGHT

steps to the house. Inside, we hear SLAPS, MUFFLED CRIES. Bud grips an outlet cord coming off the roof and yanks. The sleigh crashes to the ground with REINDEER EXPLODING around it. A beat. The fat guy runs out to investigate, trips over Rudolph.

Bud pounces. Fat guy takes a swing, misses. Grabbing fat guy's hair, Bud smashes his face to the pavement. Once, twice. Teeth skitter down the walk.

BUD

Touch her again and I'll know about it. Understand? Huh?

Another face full of gravel. Fat guy's WIFE watches with apprehension from the steps as Bud cuffs her husband's hands behind his back, empties his pockets. A cash roll and car keys. Bud looks over at her.

BUD

You got someplace you can go?

She nods. Bud hands her the keys and the cash.

BUD

Go get yourself fixed up.

WIFE

(nods, determined)

Merry Christmas, huh?

Bud watches as she gets into a pre-war Ford in the drive. She backs over a blinking reindeer as she goes.

STENSLAND

You and women, partner. What's next? Kids and dogs?

INT. STAGE FOUR (VARIETY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES) - NIGHT

The "Badge of Honor" set. A Christmas party in full swing. Eating, drinking, and dancing. Star Brett Chase, seen earlier on television, is holding court.

LAPD Sgt. "Trashcan" JACK VINCENNES, late 30s with slick, good looks, dances with a young ACTRESS. Grinding their way through a ballad, they're obviously hitting it off.

ACTRESS

Brett Chase told me you're the cop who busted Bob Mitchum.

(grinds closer)

These 'Badge of Honor' guys like to pretend, but being the real thing must be a thrill.

JACK

Let's go someplace quiet. I'll give you the low-down on Mitchum.

ACTRESS

You got your handcuffs with you?

JACK

Two sets.

ACTRESS

I'll get my coat.

They're interrupted by Sid Hudgeons.

HUDGEONS

Big V Jack Vincennes! May I have this dance?

JACK

Karen, this is Sid Hudgeons from Hush-Hush magazine.

ACTRESS

I know who he is.

The Actress storms off. Jack looks to Sid.

HUDGEONS

We did a piece last year. 'Ingenu Dykes In Hollywood.' Her name got mentioned.

JACK

Is she?

HUDGEONS

Beats me. Look, Jackie-Boy, a

friend of mine just sold some reefer to Matt Reynolds. He's tripping the light fantastic with Tammy Jordan at 2245 Maravilla, Hollywood Hills. It's right around the corner.

JACK

You lost me, Sid. Who?

HUDGEONS

Contract players at Metro. You pinch 'em. I do you up feature in the next issue. Plus the usual fifty cash. Tell me, am I fucking Santa Claus?

JACK

I need an extra fifty. Two patrolmen at twenty apiece and a dime for the watch commander at Hollywood Station.

HUDGEONS

Jack! It's Christmas!

JACK

No. It's felony possession of marijuana.

EXT. 2245 MARAVILLA - NIGHT

WITH a VIEW of Grauman's Chinese. Jack and two uniformed patrolmen wait on the darkened street. An arc light has been set up. Hudgeons creeps back over from the house.

HUDGEONS

They're sitting in the dark, goofing on the Christmas tree.

JACK

Stand there with your camera. I'll stop here so you get Grauman's Chinese in the backgrounds.

HUDGEONS

I like it! I like it!

INT. 2245 MARAVILLA - NIGHT

The arc light floods the living room about the same time that Jack kicks the door in. The room is caught flush: Christmas tree, a bag of weed on the couch, two kids necking in their BVDs. MATT REYNOLDS and TAMMY JORDAN.

JACK

Police!

EXT. 2245 MARAVILLA - NIGHT

Jack exits, hauling Jordan and Reynolds by the neck. Jack stops with Grauman's FRAMED behind him and Hudgeons CLICKS off several shots with his CAMERA.

HUDGEONS

Cut! Wrap it!

Windows light up. Rubberneckers appear. Jack hands the kids to the patrolmen, heads back in with Hudgeons in tow.

INT. 2245 MARAVILLA - NIGHT

Jack scoops the pot, flips through an address book. A card falls out. "Fleur-de-Lis. Whatever you desire..." Jack looks from the card out the window at the kids being loaded into a black and white. They're both crying now.

HUDGEONS

(stantorian tone)

It's Christmas morning in the City of Angels, and while decent citizens sleep the sleep of the righteous, hopheads prowl for marijuana, not knowing that a man is coming to stop them. The free-wheeling, big-time Big V, celebrity crime-stopper, Jack Vincennes, the scourge of grasshoppers and junk fiends everywhere. You like it, Jackie-Boy?

JACK

Yeah, it's subtle.

Sid hands him a President Grant 50.

HUDGEONS

Remember: you heard it first here,
off the record, on the Q.T. and
very Hush-Hush.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - DISPATCH DESK - NIGHT

Suspects, mostly drunk and disorderly, are ushered through. Sgt. ED EXLEY, 30, bespectacled, is at the desk with a YOUNG OFFICER. Exley is an up-and-comer. Burning with ambition. The faster he rises through the ranks, the more resentment he leaves in his wake.

EXLEY

What's on the call sheet?

YOUNG OFFICER

A guy dressed as Santa has been exposing himself to kids in Los Feliz. Apparently, sir, he's decorated himself.

EXLEY

Decorated?

YOUNG OFFICER

With tinsel and plastic icicles and... on his penis, sir.

EXLEY

I get the idea. You got a description?

YOUNG OFFICER

Of his penis, sir?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - HOLLYWOOD LIQUOR - NIGHT

Tinsel-trimmed photos of movie stars look down from the walls as the OWNER takes an order from LYNN BRACKEN.

LYNN

A case each of gin, Scotch, and rum. Everything top shelf. None of that watered-down stuff you push on Errol Flynn.

OWNER

(laughs)

Sounds like a helluva party.

Her hair kerchiefed, Lynn waits as the Owner writes it up. There's glamour, a cat-girl grace about Lynn. She seems like she belongs up on the wall with the movie stars. Lynn looks across as Bud White heads toward the counter. Spotting her, Bud doesn't look so tough for a moment.

OWNER

You want it delivered?

LYNN

Before five tomorrow.

The Owner spots Bud. A big smile turns to a frown.

OWNER

I'll be right with you, Lynn.

The Owner begins indiscriminately loading hard liquor into a cardboard box, leaving Bud and Lynn to look at each other. Bud says the only thing he can think of.

BUD

Merry Christmas.

LYNN

Merry Christmas yourself, Officer.

BUD

That obvious, huh?

LYNN

(smiles sweetly)

It's practically stamped on your forehead.

As the Owner bangs a case of liquor on the counter...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD LIQUOR - NIGHT

Bud exits with his booze, heads for the car. Something catches his eye. A woman in the rear passenger seat of a new Cadillac. SUSAN LEFFERTS. Both her eyes are black.

Bud starts over. The case on his hip, he motions for her to roll down the window. The driver's side door opens and bodyguard TURNER "BUZZ" MEEKS menaces his way out.

MEEKS

Get lost why don't you?

Meeks stops short as Bud shoves his badge in Meeks' face. Setting the case on the car's hood, Bud spins Meeks around, pats him down. He finds a .38 in a shoulder holster.

MEEKS

I got a license for that.

Bud removes Meeks' wallet, checks the ID.

MEEKS

Cut me some slack. I used to be a cop.

BUD

Turner Meeks? Never heard of you.

LYNN

(exiting store)

We just call him Buzz.

Bud raps on Susan's window with his badge. It comes down.

BUD

You okay?

Beside her, a man leans over. Pierce Patchett, seen before at the freeway unveiling, is a man used to being chauffeured. Like FDR, he smokes his cigarette in a holder.

PATCHETT

She's fine.

BUD

(menacing)

I'm not asking you.

Patchett has no idea he's walking on thin ice. As he stares impatiently at Bud, Bud looks back to Susan.

BUD

Somebody hit you?

LYNN

It's not what you think.

Bud looks to see Lynn Bracken moving to the driver's door.

BUD

What is it then?

SUSAN

You got the wrong idea, Mister.
I'm fine.

Susan laughs. Patchett eases back into the shadows.

LYNN

(getting in the car)

But it's nice to know you care.

Bud considers Meeks' gun license, then hands him back the .38 and wallet. Lifting his booze, Bud watches Meeks get back in the car.

Stensland steps up as the cabbie starts to pull away.

STENSLAND

What's going on?

For an odd moment, Stensland and Meeks lock eyes.

BUD

You know him?

STENSLAND

Seen him around. He used to be a
cop.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON DUDLEY SMITH

Fifty, handsome in his police captain's uniform. Singing "Silver Bells" in a beautiful low tenor. Tough, respected, Dudley goes to bed as a cop every night of his life. He's a department power to be reckoned with.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - MUSTER ROOM - NIGHT

An L.A. Herald Express REPORTER and photographer listen along with the gathered patrolmen as Dudley finishes to applause. Dudley joins the press.

REPORTER

Captain Smith, I --

DUDLEY

Drop the formalities; it's Christmas Eve. Call me Dudley.

REPORTER

Dudley, I came up with a title for the story. I'm calling it "Silent Night with the L.A.P.D."

DUDLEY

Excellent. How's this?

(dramatic pause)

The sanctity of the night is an invitation to the darker criminal element. Our vigilance will not be diminished.

As the Reporter scribbles down the quote...

DUDLEY

That's Smith with an S.

They laugh. Dudley points the way out.

DUDLEY

This way, gentlemen.

Dudley's the last one out the door. As he goes, he turns back to give the men a wink. He's no sooner out the door when the first case of Johnny Walker is brought in.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DISPATCH DESK - NIGHT

Ed Exley gets another report from the Young Officer.

YOUNG OFFICER

Two police officers were assaulted in a bar. Brown and Helenowski.

He hands the report to Exley. It's now that Dudley comes

through on his press junket.

DUDLEY

This is Sergeant Ed Exley. Son of the legendary Preston Exley. He's the watch commander tonight and a damn fine job.

As the photographer snaps Exley's picture...

DUDLEY

I was fortunate enough to be partnered with his father when I was a rookie. It makes a man feel old. That's a fact.

(a beat)

Feel free to get a feel for the place.

As the Reporter and photographer wander off, Dudley turns to Exley a bit more serious.

DUDLEY

A word with you, lad.

INT. DUDLEY SMITH'S OFFICE - DAY

Dudley pours two drinks, hands one to Exley.

DUDLEY

To the memory of your father.

They drink. Exley looks to a photo on the wall.

Himself as a ten-year-old standing between Dudley and his father Preston, both in police uniform.

DUDLEY

The day he got the Medal of Valor.
A simpler time.

Remembering, Exley invokes his father's favorite toast.

EXLEY

To the solving of crimes that
require absolute justice.

Exley raises his glass, but Dudley just watches him.

DUDLEY

That was his favorite toast.

(a beat)

I saw the test results on the lieutenant's exam. You placed first out of twenty-three.

EXLEY

The youngest applicant by eight years.

DUDLEY

You'll make lieutenant inside a year. Patrol division?

EXLEY

I was thinking Detective Bureau.

We can see Dudley doesn't approve.

DUDLEY

You don't have the eye for human weakness to be a good detective. Or the stomach. You're a political animal, Edmund.

The criticism stings, but Dudley's a straight shooter.

EXLEY

You're wrong.

DUDLEY

Am I...? Would you be willing to plant corroborative evidence on a suspect you knew was guilty in order to ensure an indictment?

EXLEY

Dudley, we've been over this.

DUDLEY

Answer yes or no.

EXLEY

I... No.

DUDLEY

Would you be willing to rig crime scene evidence to support a prosecuting attorney's working

hypothesis...? Yes or no, Edmund.

EXLEY

No.

DUDLEY

Would you be willing to beat confessions out of suspects you knew to be guilty?

EXLEY

No.

DUDLEY

Would you be willing to shoot hardened criminals in the back to offset the chance --

EXLEY

No.

DUDLEY

Then for God's sake, don't be a detective. Stick to assignments where you won't have to make those choices. Patrol, Internal Affairs, but not the Bureau.

EXLEY

I know you mean well, Dudley, but I don't need to do it the way you did. Or my father.

DUDLEY

At least get rid of the glasses. I can't think of one Bureau man who wears them.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - MUSTER ROOM - NIGHT

A large impromptu bar has been set-up. The party is in full swing, the floor packed with nightwatch blues. A PHONOGRAPH SPEWS DIRTY CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Stensland pours eggnog and Old Crow into the water cooler as Bud elbows his way in with another case.

STENSLAND

Hey, partner. Grab a cup.

BUD

I got to write my report first.

PASSING COP #1

Hear about Helenowski and Brown?
They got into a helluva scrap with
six taco benders at some bar.
Helenowski lost six pints of
blood. Brown's in a coma.

PASSING COP #2

We ought to teach Paco and his
friends a lesson.

More cops vocie their agreement. Bottles are passed.
Only Bud doesn't seem as caught-up as the rest.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NARCO PEN - NIGHT

Jack Vincennes at his desk. Holding the Fleur-de-Lis
card, Jack dials the number. A corkboard on the wall is
posted with press clippings. "Dope Crusader Wounded in
Shootout." "Actor Mitchum Seized in Marijuana Shack
Raid." That one includes a shot of Jack ushering Mitchum
into jail.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(over phone, like
silk)

Whatever you desire.

JACK

Hi... I'd like to get a delivery
to Beverly Hills.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(over phone)

I don't think I know you.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Jack redials.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(over phone)

Whatever you desire.

JACK

Look, a friend of mine gave me
this number. I just --

The line goes dead again. Jack dials a new number.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(filtered)
Pacific Coast Bell.

JACK
This is Sgt. Vincennes.
Requesting a name and address on a
phone number. Hollywood zero-one-
two-three-nine.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(filtered)
Please hold the line... No such
number is assigned.

JACK
I just called it.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
No, Sergeant. I checked twice.

JACK
(realizes, hangs up)
A bootleg...

INT. MUSTER ROOM - NIGHT

Exley surveys the carousing rowdies. Raising his
voice...

EXLEY
All right, men. You've had your
fun. Time to break it up.

The party continues undiminished. From across the room,
Stensland eyes Exley with disdain.

STENSLAND
Fucking Exley. Guy's got a pole
so far up his ass, every time he
farts the flag waves.

WATCH COMMANDER'S OFFICE

The command not really his, Exley reads a report, ignores

the party, though his window looks into the thick of it.

Suddenly a ripple goes through the room. The men begin to push out through a rear door. Exley stands, stops a COP.

EXLEY

What's going on?

COP

They got the spics who japped Helenowski and Brown. Helenowski lost an eye and Brown's got brain damage.

EXLEY

I have the report right here. They're home with bruises and muscle pulls -- Oh shit...

Exley starts out after them.

INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Stensland in the lead. Pulling out a blackjack, he enters Cell #4, begins wailing on one of the Mexicans -- Dinardo.

STENSLAND

For ours, Pancho. And you're getting off easy.

Cheered on by drunks in the tank and his fellow officers, Stensland goes wild. He's joined by Lentz, Crumley and Tristano. Shaking his head, Jack Vincennes moves away.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Bud types his report with one finger. Jack looks in.

JACK

White, you better get a lease on Stens before he kills someone.

INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Followed by Jack, Bud forces his way through the crowd.

The men who see it's him quickly clear a path.

Swigging from a pint of gin, Stensland works skinny GARCIA. Head saps. The kid drops to his knees drooling blood.

Bud grabs Stensland, hauls him off of Garcia who looks up.

GARCIA

Fuck you, pendejo.

BUD

Yeah yeah...

GARCIA

And fuck your mother too.

Bud sees red. Letting go of Stensland, Bud White picks up Garcia by the neck. There are cheers, "Attaboys" and "Holy Fucks" as Bud bangs Garcia's head on the ceiling.

EXLEY

(arriving)

Stop, Officer! That's an order!

Cops block Exley's way. As Bud looks over, Garcia kicks him in the balls. A dangling shot. Bud keels into the bars, Garcia stumbles out of the cell, smack into Jack.

Jack looks down aghast at blood on his cashmere blazer, then puts Garcia down with a left-right.

Exley pulls a pad of paper and pen form his pocket.

EXLEY

You're going in my report! All of you!

Exley has just started taking names when Bud grabs him by the scruff of the neck and hauls him off balance into...

HALL

As Exley struggles, a cop opens the door to the store room. Bud slings Exley inside, then slams the door tight. Exley is locked in. As Bud moves off, we hear POUNDING.

EXLEY (V.O.)
Let me out! That's an order!

CELL BLOCK

The Herald Reporter and photographer enter unchaperoned and unnoticed. Stensland swings like a madman. That's when a flashbulb goes off. Freezing everyone in black and white.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

The CHIEF sits behind a desk in a four-star uniform. Dudley Smith sits to his left, D.A. Ellis Loew to his right. Seen earlier at the Mickey Cohen press conference, Loew is the only civilian. Bud White stands across from them. There to be judged.

CHIEF
Officer White, you've refused to cooperate with Internal Affairs. But you should know this is bigger than a police board. Indictments may be handed down. Quite frankly, we need police witnesses to offset the damage done to the Department's image. Will you testify?

Bud glances to a gray tinted mirror, then to the Chief.

BUD
No, sir. I won't.

The Chief sighs, looks to Loew.

CHIEF
District Attorney Loew.

Loew steps to Bud, holds up a newspaper with the cell block photo. The headline: "BLOODY CHRISTMAS."

LOEW
Bloody Christmas. The press love to label. You and Officer Stensland brought the liquor into

the precinct. Stensland was already drunk. Do you see how appearing as a voluntary witness against him could offset the damage you've done to yourself?

BUD

I won't do it.

(staring at mirror)

I won't testify against my partner or anyone else.

LOEW

This man is a disgrace.

CHIEF

Your badge and gun, Officer.

Bud sets them on The Chief's desk.

CHIEF

This is the new L.A.P.D., White. You're suspended from duty and dismissed.

Turning, White shoots the mirror a stiff middle finger as he makes his way out. Dudley Smith hides a smile.

OTHER SIDE OF GLASS

Exley watches, involuntarily leans back as Bud passes on the other side of the glass.

THE CHIEF'S OFFICE

Dudley, Loew and The Chief wait as Exley enters.

CHIEF

Ed, your observations have been astute. What's your assessment of this situation?

EXLEY

The public demands justice, sir. This was a full-fledged riot of policemen. Shift the guilt to men whose pensions are secured. Force them to retire. But someone has

to swing. Indict, try and convict Stensland and Bud White. Secure them jail time. Feed them to the sharks, sir. Protect yourself; protect the department.

Dudley gives Exley a look. He's angry with him.

DUDLEY

Stensland's a disgrace. Straight D fitness reports from every C.O. he ever served under. But White is a valuable officer.

EXLEY

White's a mindless thug.

DUDLEY

No, Edmund. He's a man who can answer yes to those questions I ask you from time to time.

The Chief interrupts with his own concern.

CHIEF

I want to know who we give the public in contrast? The department needs role models. Clean-cut, forthright men the public can admire.

EXLEY

I'll testify, sir. I'm not afraid to do what's right.

CHIEF

And I'll promote you. You'll be a lieutenant immediately.

Exley seizes the moment, going over Dudley's head.

EXLEY

Detective lieutenant.

The Chief and Dudley exchange a look. Neither approves.

CHIEF

Ed, you're 30. Your father didn't make lieutenant until he was 33.

EXLEY

I know that, sir. I also know that when he made lieutenant, it was as a detective.

LOEW

(interrupting)

Before we start polishing our laurels, it would look better if we had a corroborative witness.

DUDLEY

That'll be hard to come by. The men hate a turncoat.

EXLEY

Jack Vincennes. He's the technical advisor on 'Badge of Honor,' sir. He lives for it. That's the way to get him.

CHIEF

All right, Ed.
 (into desk
 intercom)
 Call Sergeant Vincennes.

As Exley starts out, Dudley pulls him aside, speaks low.

DUDLEY

You'll reap the benefits, but are you truly prepared to be despised within the department?

EXLEY

Yes, Dudley. I am.

DUDLEY

So be it.

JACK VINCENNES

Looking sharp, he strides down the hall, enters the...

CHIEF'S OFFICE

Round two. Centred on Jack. Exley is gone.

DUDLEY

Sergeant, we'll get right to it. Nine civilian witnesses have identified you as hitting Ezekiel Garcia.

LOEW

But my office has a stellar witness who will tell the grand jury that you hit back only after being hit.

JACK

What do I have to do?

LOEW

Testify against the three officers who have already earned their pensions. Our key witness will testify roundly, but you can plead ignorance to questions directed at the other men.

CHIEF

I'll guarantee you a slap on the wrist. A brief suspension followed by a temporary transfer from Narcotics to Ad Vice.

(a beat)

When you transfer out of Vice, you'll be back on the show.

JACK

The show, sir?

CHIEF

Badge of Honor, Vincennes. We need to tone down your profile for a bit.

The Chief just got Jack where he lives.

DUDLEY

John, I doubt you've ever drawn a stupid breath. Don't start now.

JACK

Okay. I'll do it.

Smiles all around. Loew smiles at the two-way. A move

not lost on Jack who wonders who might be on the other side.

CHIEF
Dismissed, Vincennes.

Jack leaves. The Chief steps to the mirror, looks through.

CHIEF
So be it. Detective Lieutenant.

OTHER SIDE OF GLASS

Exley clenches his fist in victory. The Chief continues.

CHIEF
Ace them at the grand jury tomorrow, son. Wear the smart-looking suit and ace them. And, Ed? Lose the glasses.

INT. ROOM 114 (GRAND JURY WITNESS ROOM) - DAY

Glasses off, Exley waits, looks up as Jack enters.

JACK
You're the key witness?

EXLEY
That's right.

JACK
I should've known. What's the Chief throwing you?

EXLEY
Throwing me?

JACK
Yeah, Exley. What's the payoff?

EXLEY
You're the payoff expert. I'm just doing my duty.

JACK
You're playing an angle, college

boy. You're getting something out of this so you don't have to hobnob with the fucking rank and file cops who'll hate your guts for snitching. If they're making you a detective, watch out. Some Bureau guys are gonna burn in this and you're gonna have to work with friends of theirs.

EXLEY

What about you?

JACK

I'm snitching three old timers who'll be fishing in Oregon next week. Next to you I'm clean. And smart.

At that, a CLERK steps in from the hallway.

CLERK

Edmund J. Exley to chambers.

As Exley's about to go...

JACK

Just remember, Bud White'll fuck you for this if it takes the rest of his life. They already suspended him. Just pray he cops a deal and stays on the Department because that is one civilian you do not want on your case.

INT. TWILIGHT LOUNGE - NIGHT

An old black guy in a frayed, threadbare tux plays piano. Bud, nursing a highball at the bar, steps over to a REDHEAD with too much make-up on too many miles.

BUD

That an old fashioned you're drinking?

(as she nods)

My name's Bud.

REDHEAD

Nobody was born with the name Bud.

BUD

They stick you with a name like
Wendell, you look for an alias.

REDHEAD

What do you do, Bud?

BUD

I'm sorta between jobs. Look,
what do you say we, uh...

A hand on Bud's shoulder. He turns to see Dudley Smith.

DUDLEY

Lad, may I have a word with you?

BUD

This business, Captain?

DUDLEY

Say goodnight to your friend and
join me by those back tables.

Dudley starts off. Bud turns back to Redhead, but she's
already talking to a sailor.

BOOTH

Dudley sits at a table. A newspaper is opened, a little
mound underneath. Bud joins Dudley.

BUD

Does that paper say we've been
indicted? Does it say Exley's a
hero for squealing me and
Stensland off?

DUDLEY

He made his play and he got what
he wanted. They're making him a
detective.

BUD

Captain, what do you want?

DUDLEY

Call me Dudley.

BUD

Dudley, what do you want?

DUDLEY

Lad, I admire your refusal to testify and your loyalty to your partner. I admire you as a policeman, particularly your adherence to violence as a necessary adjutant to the job. And I am most impressed with your punishment of wife beaters. Do you hate them, Wendell?

BUD

(looks away)

Yeah, I hate them.

DUDLEY

And for good reason judging from what I know of your background.

Bud looks back over. Dudley's getting too personal.

BUD

What's going to happen to Stensland? He'll give himself cirrhosis over this. He's one year from his pension.

DUDLEY

It would've happened years ago if you hadn't carried him. Why the loyalty, Wendell?

BUD

He helped me out once. That's all.

DUDLEY

Your partner's through. Department scapegoat on the Chief's orders. He's been billed, he'll be indicted and he'll swing.

BUD

Him and me both. Fucking Exley.

DUDLEY

Don't underestimate his skills. As a politician he exceeds even

myself. But the department needs smart men like Exley and... direct men like yourself

BUD

What do you want?

DUDLEY

Wendell, I want you to come to work for me.

BUD

Doing what? Mowing your fucking lawn?

Smith yanks the newspaper revealing Bud's badge & .38 Special. Bud can't believe his eyes.

DUDLEY

They're yours. Take them.

BUD

I knew you had juice, but... There's no goddamn bill on me?

DUDLEY

Four of the defendants recanted their testimony.

BUD

How?

Dudley dismisses the question with a wave of his hand.

DUDLEY

I need you for an assignment the Chief's given me the go-ahead on. A duty few men are fit for, but you were born for. You'll be working out of Homicide.

BUD

(excited)

Homicide? A detective?

CHIEF

Your talents lie elsewhere, Wendell. It's a muscle job and shooting job. You'll do what I say and not ask questions. Do you

follow my drift?

BUD
(disappointed)
In Technicolor.

DUDLEY
Will you work for me?

BUD
Of course... But how?

DUDLEY
How what, Wendell?

BUD
How'd you get them to retract?

Dudley lays brass knuckles on the table. They're
chipped, caked with blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

L.A. MONTAGE

Over the pop song "STRANGER IN PARADISE."

A) EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE - NIGHT

Frank Sinatra at the premiere of From Here to
Eternity.

B) INT. KLUB ZAMBOANGA - NIGHT

Charlie "Bird" Parker makes magic before an
appreciative, mostly black crowd.

C) TORCH SONG TAVERN (RIVERSIDE) - NIGHT

Nate Janklow exits with his latest flame. A mob
lieutenant, Nate was last seen with Mickey Cohen
outside the Federal Courthouse in the opening
montage. A CAR SCREECHES up. TWO GUNS aim and Nate
and his date do down in a proverbial HAIL OF LEAD.

D) EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A groundbreaking. The Mayor scrapes at the ground
with a gold shovel. Pierce Patchett is among the

distinguished guests.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The marquee gushes: "Today Sgt. Joe Reno: Badge of Honor Star Brett Chase."

INT. HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

A nerdy 14-YEAR-OLD asks Brett Chase:

14-YEAR-OLD
Why'd you become a policeman?

CHASE
I'm not a policeman. I just play
one on television. But I think I
can answer for them. To help
people. That's why I do the show.

Chase looks over and winks at Jack who waits in the wings.

CHASE
To protect and serve. It's not
just a motto.

As the kids applaud, Chase joins Jack who gives him a quick drag of a cigarette. A nervous PA joins them. Chase points out a fetching girl in the second row.

CHASE
That one. In the sweater.
(to Jack)
They also serve who only stand and
wait.

Chase and Jack watch the PA ask "Sweater" a question while pointing to Chase. Maybe sixteen, she nods "yes" eagerly.

CHASE
Jack, I'll see you Monday on set.

JACK
I won't be there. They're toning

down my profile.

PRINTING PRESS

The latest issue of Hush-Hush flies through. On the cover: "Gail Russell Caught In Love Nest. Nymph or No?"

INT. CITY JAIL - DAY

Bud White flips through today's booking slips, finds one that's interesting. Reading to himself...

BUD

Domestic. Assault and battery.

Containment Squad strong-arms, BREUNING and CARLISLE pause as they pass.

CARLISLE

Ready to go, Bud?

BUD

I'll be there in five minutes.

CITY JAIL - HALLWAY

Bud walks to a door covered in sheet metal. He opens it to reveal a holding tank with a burly, jumpsuited PRISONER.

BUD

I hear you like to hit women.

PRISONER

My wife. She's dropping charges so it's none of your business.

Bud enters, closes the door behind him. A beat, we hear the sounds of FISTS ON FLESH. It's Bud's business now.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

Deuce Perkins (the Mickey Cohen narcotics lieutenant seen earlier) stands at the bookshelf. He pulls down books to reveal a shoe box. He sets it on his desk, pulls back

the cover to reveal several bags of white powder.
Heroin.

A BRANCH SNAPS outside. Perkins opens a drawer, fishes a revolver. Turning off the light, he heads to the window. His finger parts the curtains. At that instant, he staggers, falls as GUNFIRE rips into him.

The heroin just sits there on the desk.

EXT. McNEIL PENITENTIARY - DAY

Grim-faced guards scan the yard from machine-gunned towers.

INT. McNEIL PENITENTIARY - VISITOR BOOTH - DAY

Mickey Cohen sits across from visitor Johnny Stompanato. Cohen is going off the handle.

COHEN

What do you mean Deuce Perkins got clipped last night?!

STOMPANATO

They shot him in his library.

COHEN

I don't want a floor plan; I want to know who! Who's taking the ticket for this, Johnny?

STOMPANATO

Nobody. At least not yet.

COHEN

And what about the merchandise Deuce was holding for me?

STOMPANATO

Gone. Not a trace.

COHEN

Some ferstunkener is moving in and we don't know who?! Maybe we should ask Hedda Hopper!

As "STRANGER IN PARADISE" ENDS, so does the MONTAGE.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - AD VICE - DAY

Addressing the squad, a no-nonsense VICE CAPTAIN picks up a stack of magazines.

VICE CAPTAIN

Picture-book smut, gentlemen.
There's been a bunch of it found
at collateral crime scenes lately.
Mostly narcotics and prostitution
collars.

As the Vice Capt. hands it out for the men to examine, new member Jack Vincennes arrives late.

VICE CAPTAIN

Look who's back from suspension.
We're honored, Sergeant Jack.

The men laugh. Jack sits, flips a magazine. Men and women. Men and men. Girls and girls. Girls and horses.

JACK

Gee. The Great Jerk-Off Book
Caper of 1953.

VICE CAPTAIN

Vincennes, is there someplace
you'd rather be?

JACK

Yeah, Cap. Back in Narcotics.

VICE CAPTAIN

Oh? Anyplace else?

JACK

Working whores with squad two.

VICE CAPTAIN

Maybe you should have thought of
that before you made Bloody
Christmas page one.

Vice Capt. retrieves the magazines, hands them to Jack.

VICE CAPTAIN

They're yours. Make a major case,

Sergeant. It's the only way
you're getting out of here.

Exaggerated "oohs" and "aahs" from the men.

VICE CAPTAIN
Dismissed, gentlemen.

As they go, Jack sees the books are stamped: "Fleur-de-Lis
Whatever you desire." Jack takes the matching
business card from his wallet, the one he found on
Christmas Eve.

VICE CAPTAIN
Roll, Vincennes. No sidetracks.
This is Ad Vice, not Narco.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - NARCO PEN - DAY

Jack Vincennes is at his desk. Holding the Fleur-de-Lis
card, magazines spread before him, Jack dials the number.

INT. HUSH-HUSH MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY

Sid Hudgeons sits behind his desk, answers the phone.

HUDGEONS
Hush-Hush. Off the record and on
the Q.T.

JACK (V.O.)
Sid, it's Vincennes.

HUDGEONS
Jackie, are you back on Narco? I
need copy.

INTERCUT WITH Jack at his desk:

JACK
No. But I've got something going
with Ad Vice.

HUDGEONS
Something good?

JACK
Don't know. I'm chasing picture

books. Fuck shots, but the posers don't look like junkies. It's well done stuff. I thought you might have heard something.

Hudgeons reaches into a stack of papers, pulls out a magazine like the one Jack has.

HUDGEONS

Not a word.

JACK

What about Fleur-de-Lis? Their slogan's 'Whatever you desire.'

HUDGEONS

No. No, I've heard bupkis. Jack, I'll talk to you later. Call me when you get something I can use. Smut's from hunger. For sad sacks who can't get their ashes hauled

The LINE CLICKS off. Jack hesitates a moment before cradling the receiver. Something's not right here.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - PARKING LOT - TWILIGHT

As Exley pulls in, his two-way drones:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Park Rangers report three Negro youths discharging shotguns into the air in Griffith Park. Suspects are driving a late model purple Mercury Coupe.

As the report ends, Exley switches off the two-way and gets out of his car.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Accompanied by Bud, Dick Stensland crams the contents of his desk into a box. Well-wishing cops pat him on the back, offer words of encouragement, but Stensland looks like he's going to cry.

It's very bad timing as Exley enters, comes face-to-face with them. This is hatred.

Acting on impulse, Bud goes after Exley. It's a mauling. Four vicious body shots. A potentially lethal head shot sails wide as Exley falls to the ground.

As four men move to hold Bud back, Exley looks up at him.

EXLEY

(gasping)

You're just a thug, White. That's all you'll ever be.

Dudley steps into the fray. He helps Exley to his feet.

DUDLEY

You should stay away from a man when his blood is up.

EXLEY

His blood's always up.

Four cops are genuinely having trouble holding Bud back. Dudley watches with something bordering on admiration.

DUDLEY

Then maybe you should stay away from him all the time.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Accompanied by Bud, Stensland reaches his car, loads his box of stuff into the trunk. Bud is moody, pensive.

STENSLAND

Don't look so down in the mouth, Bud. You nailed him good.

BUD

Yeah, sure... I got a couple of hours before I have to be at the Victory. Want to grab a beer?

STENSLAND

Rain check me, partner. I got something big going on tonight.

BUD

What? That new mystery girl you've been seeing?

STENSLAND

No. I'll tell you sometime. Not now. Don't want to jinx it. But it could take the edge off that jail time I got coming.

BUD

What are you talking about?

STENSLAND

It's confidential, Bud. Like that magazines Vincennes scams for. Hush-Hush.

(smiles)

I'll see you tomorrow. And hey, if it works out, you'll get a piece of it.

Stensland gets in the car, drives off. Bud is left alone.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Exley sits alone in a sea of desks. The SQUAWK BOX DRONES. Exley squints at the clock on the wall, can't make it out. He takes his glasses from the inside of his jacket. 2:00 A.M. Finally, something to do. He walks to the wall calendar, tears off Feb. 28 to reveal Mar. 1.

As Exley sits, the call SQUAWK BOX booms to life.

VOICE

Squad call! Nite Owl Coffee Shop
One-eight-one-two-four Cherokee!
Multiple homicides! Multiple
homicides! Code three!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND CHEROKEE - NIGHT

Patrol cars. Blues setting up a crime scene blockade. Exley pulls up, DOUSES his SIREN. PATROLMAN #1 runs over.

PATROLMAN #1

Loads of people down. Men.
Women. I stopped for coffee --

Exley pushes him aside, heads for the door. It's wide open.

INT. NITE OWL - NIGHT

Exley takes mental snapshots. Ten stools front a counter. The side wall mural-papered: winking owls perched on street signs. On the right a string of tables. Three in disarray. Food spilled, dishes broken. A high-heel pump by an upended chair.

Heel drag marks across the linoleum floor heading back toward the kitchen. Exley follows. Past an open, empty cash register. Outside -- SIRENS.

SERVICE RUNWAY

Crisscrossed drag marks connect, lead to a walk-in...

FOOD LOCKER

Blood-soaked bodies on the floor. Five, maybe six in a tangle. Dozens of shotgun shells float in the pools of blood. As Exley struggles to maintain his composure...

ROOKIE (O.S.)

Holy shit fuck...

Exley looks at a green-faced ROOKIE in the locker doorway.

ROOKIE

S-s-sir, there's a captain outside wants to see you.

EXLEY

Don't get sick! Not in here!

Exley shoves the Rookie, puking, out the door.

EXT. NITE OWL - NIGHT

Patrolmen hold back a swarm of reporters and rubber-neckers. HORNS BLAST. Motorcycles run interference for meat wagons cut off by the crown. As Ed emerges, reporters surge, shout questions. Exley hurries past,

finds Dudley in command and barking orders.

EXLEY

Sir, I took the call. It's my case.

DUDLEY

Edmund, you don't want it and you can't have it.

EXLEY

Yes, I do, sir.

DUDLEY

It's mine. I'll make you my second in command.

Exley spots a photographer moving in. He looks properly serious as the flash bulb pops.

INT. NIGHT OWL - NIGHT

Forensics Chief RAY PINKER walks Exley and Dudley through.

PINKER

We got a total of forty-five spent 12-gauge Remington shotgun shells. Three men with five-shot-capacity pumps. All of them reloading twice.

EXLEY

Hold on... We need to canvass. See if a purple Mercury was seen around here tonight.

DUDLEY

Why?

EXLEY

We got a call earlier on three Negro youths. Firing shotguns in Griffith Park from a late-model purple Mercury Coupe.

DUDLEY

(to his adjutant)
Get on it.

A FORENSICS COP approaches Pinker.

FORENSICS COP

We got an I.D. on one of the
victims, sir... I think it's Dick
Stensland.

Exley and Dudley react, look at each other.

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - DAWN

Set in a no-man's-land of bulldozed homes. A sign proudly announces the impending arrival of the freeway. The motel is surrounded by a barbed-wire fence. Abandoned but for a pair of LAPD cars and a light burning in room 6.

An unmarked pulls up and Exley and Dudley step out. They start forward, but a SCREAM inside 6 stops Exley short.

DUDLEY

With Mickey Cohen in prison, Los Angeles is organized crime free. The Chief wants it to stay that way, Edmund. The means are not for the weak-hearted.

INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 6 - DAWN

Bare. A table and chair bolted to the floor. A tough FLAT-NOSED GANGSTER is cuffed to the hot seat. On the table are a .45 and a fat roll of \$100 bills.

Breuning and Carlisle watch as Bud White delivers a couple of short, stiff body shots. Flatnose is not used to being on the receiving end. All the same, we get the idea Bud's a bit reluctant.

Bud's back is to Dudley and Exley who enter behind him.

DUDLEY

Come, Wendell, you can do better than that.

Bud turns, sees Exley and Dudley. A beat. As Bud looms over Flatnose, the gangster babbles. Snitch-frenzied.

FLATNOSE

I know things. I hear things.
Like with the Mick inside, things
are on this weird slowdown.

(MORE)

FLATNOSE (CONT'D)

These shooter teams, bang bang
bang, they're 86-ing Mickey
Cohen's men.

DUDLEY

We know all that, lad. Tell us,
who do these shooters work for?

FLATNOSE

I don't know. No one knows.
Maybe they're mavericks. You want
a prostie roust? Huh? Some narco
action?

(breaking down)

What do you want?!

DUDLEY

We want you to go home.

(to Breuning)

Uncuff him, Michael.

Dudley turns to Exley.

DUDLEY

Mr. Sifakis is a known loan shark
from San Francisco. He arrived
this afternoon at Union Station.
Looking for business opportunities
in our fair city. An organized
crime associate in need of re-
education in the ways of polite
society.

Uncuffed, Flatnose rubs his wrists. Wary. As Breuning
steps back, Flatnose snatches the .45 off the table.

FLATNOSE

Motherfuckers!

Exley dives for cover, but the other four cops just stand
there. Dudley looks down on the floor at Exley.

DUDLEY

It's part of the play, Edmund. A sincerity test.

Flatnose looks at the gun a beat, then squeezes the TRIGGER. CLICK CLICK. No bullets.

DUDLEY
(to Breuning)
Sit him back down.

CLICK, CLICK. They shove Flatnose back in the hot seat. Dudley offers a hand to Exley, helps him to his feet.

DUDLEY
Wendell, you need to accompany Detective Lieutenant Exley on official police business. I'll finish up here.

INT. EXLEY'S PLYMOUTH - DAY

They drive in silence. No love lost here. Finally.

BUD
Where are we going?

EXLEY
It's a surprise. You like surprises, don't you, White?

EXT. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

Exley pulls up. Bud looks to him. Really curious now.

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - HALLWAY - DAY

Exley and Bud walk. An orderly wheels a covered corpse toward them from the other end of the hall. Bud's spooked. The orderly wheels the body in to the examination room.

As Bud and Exley pass, the CORONER pulls back the sheet, is surprised at the sight of a woman who we don't quite see.

CORONER
Call me crazy, but for a second I

thought it was Rita Hayworth.

MORGUE MEAT LOCKER

Exley and Bud walk past a wall of drawers to where a coroner's assistant waits.

EXLEY

We need you to I.D. the body.
There's no next of kin and you
knew him best. So tell me...

The assistant pulls open drawer 12. A naked man.

A tag on his toe and half his face blown off.

EXLEY

Is that Dick Stensland?

Stunned, Bud stares at what's left of his old partner.

BUD

Yeah, that's Stens.

EXLEY

Hell of a way to avoid a prison
sentence.

Bud's torn between wanting to smash Exley and finding out why Stensland is dead. He squeezes out the words.

BUD

What happened?

EXLEY

Someone held up a coffee shop,
panicked and killed six people.

Then, from the hall...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Not my baby! Not my little girl!

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

HILDA LEFFERTS, 50, enters with the coroner to ID the body of her daughter, Susan.

There's stray buckshot in the upper chest and shoulders, but a sheet hides the real damage. It's the girl Bud saw outside Hollywood Liquor. Without the black eyes, she does look like Rita Hayworth.

As Bud and Exley appear, Mrs. Lefferts looks confused.

CORONER

Is this your daughter, Mrs. Lefferts?

MRS. LEFFERTS

I -- I don't know.

EXLEY

We know this is difficult. Just take your time and look again.

Exley doesn't realize, but Bud recognizes the deceased.

MRS. LEFFERTS

It seems like my Susan, but...

EXLEY

When was the last time you saw her, Mrs. Lefferts?

MRS. LEFFERTS

At Christmas. We had fought. I didn't like her boyfriend. I -- she has a birthmark on her hip.

The Coroner lifts the sheet. Mrs. Lefferts gasps.

MRS. LEFFERTS

It's her. My baby. Dear God...

As Mrs. Lefferts swoons, Bud and Exley both hold her up.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The room buzzes, jammed to the rafters with every detective standing ready. The Chief waits as Dudley Smith takes the mike, holds up an L.A. Times headline.

DUDLEY

'Nite Owl Massacre.' Hyperbole aside, this is a heinous crime that requires a swift resolution.

The public will demand it and this department will provide it. Six victims. One of them, one of our own -- Dick Stensland.

(as the cops react)

As it happens, he was a Nite Owl regular. In the wrong place at the wrong time.

Bud White listens, not too sure. Stensland said he had something big going on...

DUDLEY

Robbery looks like the motive. We have rubber glove prints on the register and preliminary forensics strongly lean toward a trio of gunmen. We do have one hot lead, so listen well. Three Negro youths were seen last night discharging shotguns in the air at Griffith Park.

A park ranger I.D.ed them as driving a 1948 to 1950 Mercury Coupe, purple in color. An hour ago, a canvassing crew found a news vendor who saw a purple Merc Coupe parked across from the Nite Owl around 3:00 A.M.

The room goes loud, a big rumbling. Dudley holds up a list.

DUDLEY

The D.M.V. worked all night to get us a registration list on '48 to '50 purple Mercs. There are 142 registered to Negroes in L.A. County. Fifty two-man teams will shake three names apiece. Hot suspects you'll bring here. Interrogation rooms have been set up. They'll be run by Lieutenant Edmund Exley. Hollywood Squad.

Catcalls. Boos. The Chief steps to the mike.

CHIEF

Enough on that. Gentlemen, just go out and get them. Use all

necessary force. The people of
Los Angeles demand it.

The men exchange knowing looks. The real message: kill
them clean. Exley doesn't approve. As the men hurry
out...

EXLEY

He might as well have put a bounty
on them.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Detectives pairing up and moving out. Scanning his three
name list, Bud joins his PARTNER for the day.

BUD

Can you take them? I got
I got something I gotta do.

PARTNER

Christ, I don't know. What if one
of these names...

BUD

What I gotta do is for Stensland.
My partner.

The guy looks at him a beat, nods. As Bud heads off...

EXLEY

watches everyone go. Wishes he could be part of the
action. He spots Jack talking to his REDNECK partner for
for the day.

JACK AND REDNECK

Redneck chews tobacco, has a Texas drawl.

REDNECK

Where to, Trash?

JACK

If we go by the list, we have
about zero chance of making the
collar. But I know a guy who

knows what's going on south of
Jefferson. I'm betting he could
put us at 50/50.

REDNECK

I don't know...

As Redneck thinks, Exley steps up. He's overheard.

EXLEY

I'll take those odds.

(to Redneck)

Take off. We got it from here.

Jack stares. Redneck shrugs, spits tobacco juice in a
cup.

REDNECK

Between the two of you guys, you
should bring along a photographer.

INT. HOLLYWOOD LIQUOR - DAY

Last time we saw the Owner was Christmas Eve. He looks
up from a customer as Bud strides in, badge out front.

BUD

I need an address on a customer of
yours. Her name was Lynn.

OWNER

That's all I have to go on?

BUD

Yeah. And I think you already
know who I mean, so cough it up.

OWNER

Lynn Bracken. There's a billing
address and a delivery address.

BUD

Give me both. Billing first.

EXT. 1184 GRETNA GREEN, BRENTWOOD (PATCHETT'S) - DAY

A big, pink Spanish mansion with lots of tile. Also last
seen outside Hollywood Liquor on Christmas Eve, Pierce

Patchett is in the front yard, chipping golf balls over a koi pond. They land in a tight grouping. As he tees up:

BUD (O.S.)

You must slay 'em at the country club.

Bud's halfway up the walk. Patchett sees the cuffs hooked to his belt. Patchett is cool as can be.

BUD

Are you Pierce Patchett?

PATCHETT

I am. Are you soliciting for police charities? The last time, you people called at my office.

BUD

I'm a homicide detective. Where were you last night?

PATCHETT

I was here, hosting a party. Who was killed and why do you think I can help?

BUD

Richard Stensland.

PATCHETT

I don't know him. Mr...

BUD

Officer White. How about Susan Lefferts? You know her?

PATCHETT

(sighs, concedes)

You know I do or you wouldn't be here. How did you find me?

BUD

We met outside Hollywood Liquors on Christmas Eve. This is where Lynn Bracken's booze bills go.

PATCHETT

Of course...

BUD
Sue Lefferts died at the Nite Owl.
I'm investigating.

Patchett studies Bud a beat, weighing his options.
Patchett's burly BODYGUARD starts over from the house.

BODYGUARD
Everything alright, Mr. Patchett?

PATCHETT
(waves him off)
Fine, Philip. Thank you.

BUD
Where's the other guy? Buzz.

PATCHETT
He no longer works for me.
(a beat)
Find Susan's killer, Mr. White.
I'll give you a handsome reward.
Whatever you desire.

If only Jack had been around to hear that.

BUD
Thanks, but no thanks.

PATCHETT
Against your code?

BUD
I don't have one. Lefferts looked
beat-up Christmas Eve, but didn't
act it. How come?

PATCHETT
Do you care about criminal matters
peripheral to Susan's murder?

BUD
No.

PATCHETT
Then you wouldn't feel obligated
to report them?

BUD
That's right.

PATCHETT

Then listen closely, because I'll only say this once and if it gets repeated, I'll deny it. I run call girls. Lynn Bracken is one of them and so was Susan Lefferts. I treat my girls very well. I have grown daughters, myself, and I don't like the thought of women being hurt. I sense you share this feeling.

BUD

(ignores comment)

Why were Lefferts' eyes black?

PATCHETT

I think she'd been hit in the face with a tennis racket. She is -- was -- a big doubles fan.

BUD

You wanna go downtown and discuss this officially?

PATCHETT

Wait. Our deal still holds?

Bud nods, his patience running thin.

PATCHETT

I needed a Rita Hayworth to fill out my little studio.

BUD

What little studio?

PATCHETT

There's Gardner, Hepburn, Grable, Turner. Lynn Bracken is my Veronica Lake. I use girls who look like movie stars. Sometimes I employ a plastic surgeon.

BUD

That's why her mother couldn't I.D. her... Jesus fucking Christ.

PATCHETT

No, Mr. White. Pierce Morehouse Patchett. Now, I sense you're on your best behavior, but that's all I'll give you. If you persist, I'll meet you with my attorney. Now, would you like Miss Bracken's address? I doubt she knows anything, but --

BUD

I got her address.

PATCHETT

Of course... this is personal with you, isn't it, Mr. White?

Bud turns, heads down the walk. Patchett hits his golf ball. It lands just past the koi pond, with the rest. Ice.

EXT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM, LOS FELIZ (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

A modern-looking triplex. A projector's flicker strobes against the closed curtains. We hear a PHONE RING.

INT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

The film is This Gun For Hire with Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake. It's projected on a wall in front of which stands Lynn Bracken and an OLDER GENTLEMAN, in his underwear. Lynn's long, blonde hair hangs down over one eye. She looks more like Veronica Lake than Veronica Lake. The film flashes over them as they kiss.

The PHONE RINGS. Lynn ignores it as long as she can before breaking away to go answer it.

LYNN

Hello?

OLDER GENTLEMAN

(Alan Ladd)

Is it the cops?

She waves him off. As he practices pointing his finger like Ladd points a gun, Lynn reacts to the news on the phone.

EXT. 9781 SOUTH DUQUESNE - DAY

A South Central plywood and tar-paper dive. A BLACK BOXER pounds a heavy bag/speed bag combo bolted to the porch. Wiry, a welterweight, he doesn't see Jack and Exley till they're almost on top of him.

JACK
Leonard Bidwell?

The Boxer leans on the bag to catch his breath. Looking them over, he finally nods.

JACK
How's the left these days?

BOXER
What's it to you?

JACK
I saw you fight Kid Gavilan. I like your style.

BOXER
What do you want, Mr. Policeman?

JACK
You got a brother up in Folsom. I know because I put him there.

BOXER
Till 19-fucking-70.

JACK
How'd you like to make it 1960? I know the judge and Sergeant Exley here is friends with hte D.A.

Exley nods, this is true. The Boxer's still listening.

JACK
We're looking for three colored guys who like to pop off shotguns. One of 'em owns a purple Merc coupe.

BOXER
You wanna get me a fuckin' snitch jacket?

JACK

You wanna buy your brother ten years...? You don't have to say anything. Just look at this list and point. Here.

Jack holds the DMV list out to the Boxer, who waves it off.

BOXER

He's bad, so I'll just tell you. Sugar Ray Coates. Drives a '49 coupe, a beautiful ride. Don't know about shotguns, but he gets his thrills killing dogs. He is righteous trash.

Jack and Exley scan the list. Jack's finger stabs down on, "Coates, Raymond, 9611 South Central, Room 414."

JACK

That's five minutes from here.

EXT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

Lynn does her best to usher the slightly disheveled Older Gentleman out the door.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

I don't understand, doll, we just got started.

LYNN

I'm sorry, but I'll make it up to you. I promise.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

Gosh, kitten, I don't know...

As he begins to mash up against her...

BUD (O.S.)

Hit the road, gramps.

Bud's standing at the bottom of the stairs. The Older Gentleman strikes a pose. He still thinks he's Alan Ladd.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

Alright. This time I'll go, but
next time --

BUD

(flips badge)

L.A.P.D., shitbird. Get the fuck
out of here or I'll call your wife
to come get you.

Sputtering, the Older Gentleman exchanges a look with
Lynn then hurries away, giving Bud a wide berth.

LYNN

I've been expecting you. Pierce
called. Told me what happened
to Sue.

INT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

A nice breezy feel. The perfect place to shack up.

LYNN

It's Officer White, isn't it?

Bud nods, eyeballs the place.

LYNN

Can I get you a drink?

BUD

Yeah, plain scotch.

Bud watches her move to the bar. God, she's beautiful.

LYNN

I was friendly with Sue Lefferts,
but we weren't really friends.
You know what I mean?

BUD

Are you sorry she's dead?

LYNN

Of course I am. What kind of
question is that?

She steps back with a scotch for both of them.

BUD

Have you ever heard of Dick Stensland?

LYNN

No I haven't. Do you know why Pierce is humoring you?

BUD

You use words like that, you might make me mad.

LYNN

Yes. But do you know?

BUD

Yeah I know. Patchett's running whores and judging by his address, probably something bigger on the side. He doesn't want any attention.

LYNN

That's right. Our motives are selfish, so we're cooperating.

BUD

Why was Susan Lefferts at the Nite Owl?

LYNN

I don't know. I never heard of the Nite Owl till today.

BUD

Did Lefferts have a boyfriend?

LYNN

Like I said we were friendly, not friends.

BUD

How'd she meet Patchett?

LYNN

Pierce meets people. Sue came on the bus with dreams of Hollywood. This is how they turned out. Thanks to Pierce, we still get to act a little.

BUD
Tell me about Patchett.

LYNN
He's waiting for you to mention
mention.

BUD
You want some advice, Miss
Bracken?

LYNN
It's Lynn.

BUD
Miss Bracken, don't ever try to
fucking bribe me or threaten me
or I'll have you and Patchett
in shit up to your ears.

Lynn smiles again. She likes Bud. A beat.

LYNN
I remember you from Christmas
Eve. You have a thing for
helping women, don't you,
Officer White?

BUD
Maybe I'm just fucking curious.

LYNN
You say 'fuck' a lot.

BUD
You fuck for money.

LYNN
There's blood on your shirt. Is
that an integral part of your job?

BUD
Yeah.

LYNN
Do you enjoy it?

BUD
When they deserve it.

LYNN

Did they deserve it today?

BUD

I'm not sure.

LYNN

But you did it anyway.

BUD

Yeah, just like the half dozen
guys you screwed today.

LYNN

(laughs again)

Actually, it was two. You're
different, Officer White. You're
the first man in five years who
didn't tell me I look like
Veronica Lake inside of a minute.

BUD

You look better than Veronica
Lake. Now, Pierce Patchett.

LYNN

He takes a cut of our earnings
and invests it for us. He makes
us quit the life at thirty. He
doesn't let us use narcotics and
he doesn't abuse us. Can your
policeman's mentality grasp
those contradictions?

BUD

He had you cut to look like
Veronica Lake?

LYNN

No. I'm really a brunette, but
the rest is me. And that's all
the news that's fit to print.

Lynn starts toward the door. Bud watches her a moment,
then follows. She takes his glass at the door.

LYNN

It was nice meeting you, Officer.

Out the door, Bud turns back. Blurts:

BUD

Look. I want to see you again.

LYNN

Are you asking me for a date or
an appointment?

BUD

(suddenly unsure)

I don't know.

LYNN

(another smile)

If it's a date I think you'd
better tell me your first name
because I --

BUD

(feeling foolish)

Forget I asked. It was a
mistake.

Lynn watches thoughtfully after Bud as he walks away.
He opens his car door like he's going to tear it off.
A last glance back at Lynn and as he gets in the car...

EXT. TEVERE HOTEL - DAY

An L-shaped walk-up. Jack coasts the car to the curb.
He leaps out with Exley. Exley holds up at the sight
of a late model sedan. He leans down to look in the
window at the two-way on the dash.

EXLEY

L.A.P.D.

JACK

Shit. Someone beat us here.

VOICES from the carport ahead. We see a chrome bumper,
the purple fender of a '49 Mercury coupe. A door slams.
Drawing a .45, Jack starts over with Exley, .38 in hand.

CARPORT

Toting shotguns, Dudley's boys from the Victory Motel,

Breuning and Carlisle, stand by the purple Mercury. Jack and Exley come around the corner, lower their guns.

JACK

Hey.

Breuning wheels, pumps a round into the chamber. He very nearly fires before he sees who it is.

CARLISLE

What the fuck are you guys doing here?

EXLEY

Think of us as back-up.

JACK

What do you got?

As Jack moves to peer through the Merc's window.

BREUNING

Three Ithaca pumps, an empty box of double-ought buck and cash.

Jack spots them. Three shotguns on the passenger side floor, an empty box of shells and loose dollar bills.

JACK

So long, Vice. Badge of Honor, here I come.

CARLISLE

Fuck you, Vincennes. It's our collar.

Breuning actually has to restrain his partner.

EXLEY

Quiet. I'm ranking officer here. We go as a team. End of story.

INT. CORRIDOR - TEVERE HOTEL - DAY

Breuning and Carlisle lead the way with Jack and Exley bringing up the rear. Squinting, Exley reaches to his pocket for something. Not there.

EXLEY

Damnit...

JACK

What?

EXLEY

Glasses.

JACK

(chuckling)

Just don't shoot me.

The door to 414. Two men on either side. Breuning rears back. Jack rears back. They kick at the same instant. The door flies off its hinges to reveal two young black men, LARRY FONTAINE and TY JONES, waking from a couple of flop mattresses.

ROOM 414

Fontaine jumps up. Entering, Carlisle aims, but Exley grabs his arm. The BLAST rips the ceiling. Jack aims.

JACK

Freeze!

Fontaine freezes. Jones doesn't dare get up.

CARLISLE

Ace him, Jack.

EXLEY

Shut up, Carlisle!

Jack and Exley burst into a...

SECOND BEDROOM

Another black, RAY COATES, passed out on mattress, surrounded by empty beer cans. Jack sticks his .38 in his back, starts to cuff him. As the cuff ratchets down...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Dudley watches intently as Ed Exley skims a report, memorizing names and dates. Jack and other brass are also here along with a stenographer. So's Bud. One of

these guys killed Stensland. Through tinted glass, the three suspects in three different rooms.

EXLEY

Casitas Youth Camp... Coates
twenty-two, a boxer... Manager
saw them burning clothes.

Satisfied, Exley sets the report down.

DUDLEY

Ed, I want confessions.

EXLEY

I'll break them, sir.

As Exley steps into the #1 room, Jack joins Dudley.

JACK

You think golden boy can handle
it, Cap?

DUDLEY

I think you'll be surprised what
Edmund's capable of.

INT. #1 ROOM - DAY

Exley closes the door. Ray Coates is cuffed to a chair, dressed in baggy County denims. One eye swollen shut, lip split, a smashed nose with one nostril split.

Exley unlocks his cuffs. drops cigarettes and amatches on the table. As Coates rubs his wrists...

EXLEY

They call you Sugar Ray because
of Ray Robinson?

(no answer)

They say Robinson can throw a
four punch combination in one
second. Do you believe that?

Coates just stares at him.

EXLEY

You're twenty-two, aren't you, Ray?

COATES

Say what and so what.

EXLEY

Did one of the officers work you over a little?

No bite. Coates just stares back.

EXLEY

You look like Robinson after that last LaMotta fight. 'Course LaMotta looked a lot worse. So you're twenty-two, right?

COATES

Man, why do you keep asking me that?

EXLEY

Just getting my facts straight. Twenty-two makes it a gas chamber bounce. You should have pulled this caper a couple of years ago. Get life, do a little Youth Authority jolt, transfer to Folsom a big man. Orbit on some of that good prison brew, get yourself a sissy --

COATES

I never truck with no sissies!

EXLEY

That fucking Larry. I almost believed him.

COATES

Believed what?

EXLEY

Nothing, Ray.

(laughs)

That Larry, he's a pisser. You did the Casitas Youth Camp with him, didn't you?

COATES

Man, why're you talkin' about Larry? His business is his business.

Unseen by Coates, Exley reaches under the table, takes hold of one of three toggle switches.

EXLEY

Sugar, Larry told me you went sissy up at Casitas. You couldn't do the time so you found yourself a big white boy to look after you. He said they call you 'Sugar' because you gave it out so sweet.

Exley flips the toggle.

#3 ROOM

The speaker over Larry Fontaine's head crackles to life.

COATES (V.O.)

Larry gave it at Casitas! Man, I was the fuckin' boss jockey on my dorm! Larry's the sissy! Larry gave it for candy bars!

#1 ROOM

Exley flips up the second toggle.

EXLEY

Ray, you protected Ty and Larry up in Casitas, didn't you?

COATES

You ain't woofin' I did. Stupid down home niggers got no more sense than a fuckin' dog.

Exley flips the switches off.

EXLEY

I heard you like to shoot dogs.

COATES

Dogs got no reason to live.

EXLEY

Oh? you feel that way about

people, too?

COATES

Man, what're you saying?

EXLEY

Ray, we got the shotguns.

COATES

I don't own no shotguns.

EXLEY

Why were you throwing clothes
in the building incinerator?

COATES

(trembling)

Say what?

EXLEY

You guys were arrested this
morning, but none of you have
last night's clothes. You were
seen burning them. Add to that
the fact that you hid the car
you were cruising around in
last night and it doesn't look
good.

COATES

I got nothin' more to say till
I see a judge.

EXLEY

Were you on hop? You were passed
out when you got arrested. Were
you hopped up, Ray?

COATES

Ty and Larry fuck with that
shit, not me.

EXLEY

Where do they get their stuff?
Come on. Give me one to feed
the D.A. Just a little one.

Coates nods. Exley flips up the toggles as he leans
in.

COATES

Roland Navarette. Lives on
Bunker Hill. He runs a hole-up
for parole absconders and sells
red devils.

Exley flips down the switches, stands.

EXLEY

I'm going to take a break.

Exley opens the door, looks back in afterthought.

EXLEY

You know, Ray, I'm talking about
the gas chamber and you haven't
even asked me what this is all
about. You got a big guilty
sign around your neck.

Exley exits.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Exley enters.

DUDLEY

Masterful, Edmund. Your father
would've been proud.

(pointing)

This one's on the verge.

Exley looks through the glass into #2. Larry Fontaine
is weeping. A piss puddle on the floor by his chair.

EXLEY

Fontaine next, but give Jones
the newspaper. I want him
primed.

#2 ROOM

Fontaine tries to control his sniffles as Exley enters.

EXLEY

Larry, Ray Coates ratted you
off. He said the Nite Owl was
your idea. You want to tell me

about it?

No answer.

EXLEY

I think it was Ray's idea. Talk
and I think I can save your life.

No answer.

EXLEY

Larry, this is a gas chamber job.
If you don't talk, you'll be dead
in six months.

No answer.

EXLEY

Son, six people are dead and
somebody has to pay. It can be
you or it can be Ray.

No answer.

EXLEY

Larry, he called you queer. He
said at Casitas you took it up
the ass. He said --

FONTAINE

I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY!

The voice is strong, full of conviction. Exley
glances at the mirror. Then...

EXLEY

Why'd you burn the clothes?

FONTAINE

(sobbing)

I just wanted to lose my cherry.
I didn't mean to hurt her.

Exley can't hide his surprise at this.

EXLEY

Hurt who? Was she a hooker?
Hurt who?

But Fontaine is gone. Head lolling, eyes squeezing

out tears.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Exley steps out of the interrogation room. Dudley braces him.

DUDLEY

Don't get sidetracked. Stay with the Nite Owl.

EXLEY

She may still be alive, whoever she is.

Bud's all ears.

#3 ROOM

Reading, Jones has his feet on the table. Exley bursts in.

JONES

This newspaper shit ain't shit.

EXLEY

Where's the girl? Did you kill her?

No answer, but Jones looks nervous.

EXLEY

You wanted Larry to lose his cherry, but things got out of hand. Is that right?

OBSERVATION ROOM

Everyone's attention is riveted, particularly Bud's. They watch, listen over the speaker.

EXLEY

(over speaker)

Kick loose, Jones. I know you made her bleed, but that doesn't mean you killed her.

No answer, but Jones is squirming.

EXLEY
 (over speaker)
 If that girl's alive, you've
 still got a chance on this one.

JONES
 (over speaker)
 I think she's alive.

EXLEY
 (over speaker)
 You think?

Jack turns to Dudley.

JACK
 He's good. I'll give him that.

They don't notice as the chair back begins to splinter
 in Bud's hands.

#3 ROOM

Exley sits across from him, tries to wrap it up.

EXLEY
 Where is she now?
 (no answer)
 Did you leave her someplace?
 (no answer)
 Did you sell her out? Give her
 to some of your buddies? Tell
 me where the girl is!

The door blasts open. Bud slams Jones up against the
 wall. As Exley stands, he bangs his knee on the table.
 Pulling a .38, Bud breaks the cylinder, drops 5 shells
 on the floor.

BUD
 One in six. Where's the girl?

EXLEY
 Officer White, put down that
 weapon and --

Bud shoves the barrel into Jones' mouth, pulls the
 trigger twice. CLICK, CLICK. Jones starts to slide

down the wall. Bud jerks him back up, roars.

BUD

WHERE?!

Two more clicks. Jones spills.

JONES

S-sylvester F-fitch one-o-nine
and Avalon gray corner house...

EXT. AVALON BOULEVARD - EVENING

A four cordon. They coast up to a GRAY CORNER HOUSE. Dudley Smith behind the wheel of the lead cruiser. Bud White rides shotgun, reloading his revolver.

BUD

Give me one minute.

DUDLEY

You've got it, Wendell.

STREET

Bud is out the door and scooting down an alley. Exley moves to follow, but Dudley cuts him off.

DUDLEY

We're going through the front.

ALLEY

Bud vaults a fence, pads up the back porch. A screen door. Bud slips the catch with a penknife and walks inside.

SCREEN PORCH

Bud heads for a blind-covered door. Unlocked, he enters...

A HALLWAY

Light bouncing from side rooms. We hear the opening

spiel of "Badge of Honor" from the left. Bud wheels into a...

BEDROOM

A NUDE GIRL spread-eagled on a mattress. Bound with neckties. One in her mouth. Her eyes grow wide at the sight of Bud, then flicker to the adjoining room. Directing him. Raising the .38, Bud enters...

THE KITCHEN

Sylvester Fitch sits naked at the table wolfing Rice Krispies and watching "Badge of Honor" on a flickering TV. He looks up, sees the .38 before he sees Bud beyond it. Fitch drops his spoon, raises his hands.

Bud SHOTS him in the face. Dead, Fitch just sits there.

Bud moves behind him. Pulling a spare piece from an ankle holster, Bud FIRES back at the door from Fitch's line of fire, then puts the gun in Fitch's hand.

We hear the FRONT DOOR CRASH OPEN. As Fitch slides off the chair to the floor, Bud dumps the Rice Krispies on him.

EXT. GRAY HOUSE - NIGHT

The Girl on a stretcher. Being carried to an AMBULANCE. Bud White walks alongside, looking like some ferocious pet pit bull. The ATTENDANTS get her inside. One joins her. The other closes the door, pauses to light a smoke.

Bud rips the cigarette out of his mouth, nearly taking the guy's lips with it.

BUD

Get her to the fucking hospital.

One look at Bud, and the Attendant is running around to the driver's side. Exley arrives, steamed.

EXLEY

A naked guy with a gun? You expect anyone to believe that?

BUD

Get the fuck away from me.

Bud starts away, but Exley gets right in his face. Other cops begin to take notice. The ambulance pulls out.

EXLEY

How's it going to look on your report?

BUD

It'll look like justice. That's what that fat fuck got. Justice.

EXLEY

You don't know what the word means, you dumb bastard.

Bud goes after Exley, but ten hands pull them apart. Dudley on Exley. Four cops genuinely having trouble on Bud.

And as if things couldn't get crazier, shouts from the cops on the street. POLICE RADIOS CRANKED UP.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Repeat, three suspects escaped from the Hall of Justice jail. The Nite Owl killers: Raymond Coates, Tyrone Jones and Larry Fontaine. They are considered armed and extremely dangerous. Descriptions are as follows...

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Electrified, "Nite Owl Killers" on everyone's lips. Exley strides through with purpose, beelines to a filing cabinet. Exley pulls the file he's looking for. He scans an interrogation transcript, reads to himself the words he's looking for:

EXLEY

'Give me one to feed the D.A.... Roland Navarette. Lives on Bunker Hill. Runs a hole-up for parole absconders.'

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - JACK'S DESK - DAY

Police rush back and forth. Exley hurries over to the desk, but he's not there.

EXLEY

Anyone seen Jack Vincennes?

A few cops mumble they haven't. As Exley decides what to do, Carlisle from the original arrest steps over.

CARLISLE

Is something up, Lieutenant?

EXT. 1ST & OLIVE - DAY

Exley and Carlisle pull up across the street from a four-story Victorian with paint peeling off the clapboards. They jump out of the car toting SHOTGUNS. Carlisle waits as Exley checks the mail slots: "R. Navarette, 408. "

INT. STAIRWELL - VICTORIAN BUILDING - DAY

Exley and Carlisle take the steps two at a time.

INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - VICTORIAN BUILDING - DAY

Exley squints, reaches to a pocket. No glasses. He passes an elevator, rounds a corner. There's 408. Exley pumps the shotgun, nods to Carlisle who kicks the door in.

NAVARETTE LIVING ROOM

Exley and Carlisle burst in on four men eating sandwiches. Fontaine and Caucasian NAVARETTE at a table. Coates on the floor. Jones by the window. Exley squints.

EXLEY

Nobody move!

Fontaine and Navarette raise their hands. A jostled BEER BOTTLE CRASHES to the floor. Reacting, Carlisle JERKS the TRIGGER. Fontaine goes down.

Navarette draws a .38, SHOOTS Carlisle twice in the chest. Exley BLASTS Navarette.

Screaming, Jones pulls a .45 from his belt. Exley FIRES, blowing him right THROUGH the WINDOW.

Coates draws and FIRES, makes a run for it. A bad pull takes out half a back wall. Coates is out the door.

ELEVATOR

Coates makes it inside, frantically pushes buttons.

HALLWAY

Here comes Exley. Stumbling, wiping Navarette's blood out of his eyes, he closes on the...

ELEVATOR

Coates watches as the elevator doors begin closing.

HALLWAY

Exley charging.

ELEVATOR

The shotgun barrel juts through. The doors bang against it. BLAM!

DISSOLVE TO:

L.A. MONTAGE

TONY BENNETT belts "BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS."

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - DAY

Exley returns to grudging respect. His white shirt flecked with blood, he's clapped on the back by Dudley who dubs him "Shotgun Ed." Exley doesn't enjoy it. He's numb, stumbling along. As he notices the blood on his hands...

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

NITE OWL HERO! Over a photo of Exley.

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVE - DAY

A coffin is lowered into the ground. A WIDOW leans on the Chief's arm, accepts a tri-folded American flag from Dudley Smith. Exley drops a handful of earth on the casket, has trouble getting the wet dirt off his hands.

CHIEF

We mourn the passing of a good man. The loss of Sgt. William Carlisle is the loss of his wife, his family and the entire Los Angeles Police Department...

A sea of dress blues. Jack looks bored, dressed too flashy for a funeral. Bud looks grim, rain dripping off the brim of his cap. As a TWENTY-ONE GUN salute is FIRED...

EXT. CEMETERY (SOUTH CENTRAL, L.A.) - DAY

Larry Fontaine's mother mourns alone as her son is buried.

INT. CITY OF ANGELS HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Exley talks with a tough, starchy NURSE.

EXLEY

I need the girl to give me a chronology of events. No details. Just times.

NURSE

Absolutely not. She barely remembers her own name.

EXLEY

But --

NURSE

I was told the case was closed.
Should I call your superior to
double-check?

EXLEY

No. that won't be necessary.

The Nurse turns, marches away. Exley is left with a nagging doubt.

EXT. ORANGE GROVE (ANAHEIM) - DAY

People cheer as bulldozers mow down orange trees. A banner heralds the future: "On this site: The World's Biggest Amusement Park." Cartoon characters dance among the fallen trees.

INT. STATE ASSEMBLYMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting behind a desk is the Older Gentleman last seen doing his best Alan Ladd impersonation at Lynn Bracken's.

He stares emphatically at the SMARMY LAWYER who stands before him holding a manila folder.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

You tell Mr. Patchett I have no
intention of changing my vote.

The Lawyer simply hands him a stack of photographs. From Lynn Bracken's apartment. The first is the Older Gentleman naked except for his socks and garters.

INT. STATE ASSEMBLY - CHAMBER - DAY

The Older Gentleman rises for an assembly vote.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

It may surprise some, but a mature
man, enlightened by the facts, can
change him mind...

EXT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - NIGHT

Rain. A limo disgorges a heavy-set man who climbs steps, knocks on the door. Lynn answers in an evening gown. He

gives her a peck on the cheek and continues in past her. Lynn's about to follow him in when she pauses to deadpan a look down the street.

Bud's Packard is parked there and we can see his darkened silhouette behind the wheel. Smiling a bit sadly to herself, Lynn disappears inside.

This is no stake-out. Bud watches after her with yearning.

INT. TROCADERO CLUB - NIGHT

Cigarette girls and club photographer make the rounds. Johnny Stompanato enjoys the frenzied floor show.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY

A horse parade, heavy on the law enforcement contingent, Out of place in his suit and tie, District Attorney Ellis Loew awkwardly rides atop a sleek Palomino.

INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The crowd in a frenzy as Vincennes-snitch, the welterweight black boxer, beats the shit out of a white fighter.

INT. MIDDLE CLASS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A father holds out his hand, counts along as Jack slaps \$100 bills into his palm. Maybe four thousand dollars.

Jack says something about "We appreciate your understanding during this difficult time." As "Badge of Honor" comes on the TV, the father responds with "Goddamn actors."

Leading, Jack looks through an open door where Brett Chase's high school "Sweater Girl" is being comforted by her mother. As she locks eyes with him an instant...

INT. PIERCE PATCHETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The monied johns watch horny as hell as "Ginger Rogers"

twirls around the room with a female "Fred Astaire."
Clothes fly as they spin. Still, most eyes turn to Lynn
Bracken as she enters oozing that cat-girl grace.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Reporters scribble as the Chief speaks. Uniforms
everywhere along with Exley and Loew. Bus sits in the
back.

CHIEF

Edmund J. Exley has amassed a
brilliant record in his seven
years with the L.A.P.D. Recently
he evinced spectacular bravery in
the line of duty. It is my honor
to present him with our highest
honor, the Medal of Valor.

Exley steps up. The Chief hangs a gold medallion around
his neck. Flashbulbs pop as the two men shake hands.

Exley then accepts a handshake from Dudley. The
policemen stand on cue, applaud without enthusiasm.
Dudley lifts the medal from his chest.

DUDLEY

Your father would've been proud.

Exley uses the noise to have a private chat with Dudley.

EXLEY

There are loose ends out there,
Dudley. I --

DUDLEY

There always are. But there are
also three men and three guns.
Matched forensically. A few loose
ends don't matter.

EXLEY

Something's wrong. I feel it
inside. Doesn't that sound crazy?

Dudley puts an arm around Exley's shoulder, smiles out as
more bulbs flash.

DUDLEY

Breaking a big case sticks you in
a whirlwind. A little self-doubt?
It's natural. Just keep it
inside. Between you and you.

Exley considers his medal. It is an appealing thing.

In the back, Bud stays sprawled in his seat. No one's
watching as he takes out his gun, kisses it, and blows
pretend smoke off the barrel. As the song ends...

INT. VARIETY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES - STAGE 4 - NIGHT

A "Badge of Honor" fund-raiser for D.A. Loew's re-
election campaign. Hot dogs and sauerkraut. Fishbowls
stuffed with cash. Jack is here, returns a smile half-
heartedly. Loew sits with his wife and teenage daughter
as Brett "Joe Reno" Chase speaks.

CHASE

This election is about the future
of law enforcement in Los Angeles.
Ellis Loew represents that future.
So dig deep and let's get a moral
man re-elected.

Applause. Leaving the podium, Chase smiles at Ellis
Loew's daughter who absolutely gushes. Chase then winks
knowingly to Jack who returns a tired, humorless smile.

Jack scans the room. An odd moment as Jack catches his
own reflection in a mirror across the way. He puts a
hand to his face. Is that him?

HUDGEON (O.S.)

Big V Jack Vincennes!

Jack turns to see Sid Hudgeons approaching.

HUDGEONS

You're back, boychick.

JACK

Sid, how are they hanging?

HUDGEONS

Down around my ankles.

Hudgeons scans the crowd, points someone out.

HUDGEONS

You remember Matt Reynolds?

Jack spots Matt Reynolds -- one of the young actors Jack arrested on Christmas Eve.

HUDGEONS

The Grauman's Chinese pot bust.
He just got off the honor farm.

JACK

What's he doing here, Sid?

HUDGEONS

You tight with the D.A., trash?

JACK

Sure, he just tried to throw me
off the force last Christmas as a
little joke.

HUDGEONS

How'd you like a little payback?
Not to mention a donation to the
widows and orphans fund. Did you
know Loew was a swish?

JACK

And Reynolds?

HUDGEONS

He's queer too. Metro paid him
two grand a week to fake it with
ingenues. On screen and off. I'm
getting him to fuck the D.A. for a
hundred bucks.

(winks)

That's twice the fifty you got for
wrecking his career.

Even Jack's not immune to a comment like that.

HUDGEONS

Matt! Over here!

As Hudgeons heads over, Hudgeons points out...

HUDGEONS

That's D.A. Loew right there.

Reynolds gets a nervous bead on Loew. Hudgeons realizes:

HUDGEONS

You need a drink, kid... Jack,
look after him a minute. Kid,
this is Jack. No secrets between
me and him.

Hudgeons heads off. Reynolds, plae, nods at Jack.

REYNOLDS

Have we met before?

JACK

Yeah.

Jack doesn't really feel like talking to him. Reynolds' nerves won't let him stay quiet.

REYNOLDS

Was it a party?

JACK

Something like that.

REYNOLDS

(misreading)

Oh, I know. A Fleur-de-Lis party,
right?

Jack remembers the name, plays along for what it's worth.

JACK

Fleur-de-Lis. 'Whatever you
desire.'

REYNOLDS

Dope, liquor, hookers that look
like movie stars. Pierce Patchett
has it all.

Jack recognizes the name, bluffs for more information.

JACK

Yeah. Me and Patchett go way
back.

REYNOLDS

Pierce isn't like regular people.

I dig him, but he scares me too.

JACK

Really? How?

REYNOLDS

(shakes his head)

You know, when I came out to L.A.,
this isn't exactly where I saw
myself ending up.

JACK

Yeah. Me neither.

Reynolds looks like he's going to cry. Hudgeons returns
with a double Scotch straight up and a hot dog with
sauerkraut. He hands the drink to Matt.

HUDGEONS

Dutch courage, kid. Drink up.

Reynolds downs a few gulps, looks across the room at
Loew.

REYNOLDS

I don't know if I should do this.

HUDGEONS

Hey, it's not like you don't know
how. And Jack here has
connections on 'Badge of Honor.'
Pull this off and there'll be a
part for you. I smell a comeback.
Don't you, Jack?

Reynolds looks to Jack who gives a noncommittal shrug.

JACK

Loew's free. Congratulate him.

Reynolds nods, drains his glass and heads off. Hudgeons
hands Jack a folded slip of paper.

HUDGEONS

If Reynolds works his charms,
which he will, this is the address
where they'll be. Meet me at
midnight. I guarantee all sorts
of illegal activity.

Hudgeons takes out a President Grant \$50 bill. Jack doesn't take it.

JACK

Sid, why would a guy like Pierce Patchett get involved with running dope and hookers?

HUDGEONS

Where'd you hear that?

JACK

Around.

HUDGEONS

Jackie, all I know is what you know. The man is very rich. And he's invested in freeway construction so he's gonna get a lot richer. But that's it. Patchett's what I like to call 'Twilight.' He ain't queer, he ain't Red, he can't help me in my quest for prime sinuendo.

Jack takes the \$50 as Reynolds returns, shaking his head.

HUDGEONS

What?

REYNOLDS

I can't do it.

HUDGEONS

Talk to him, Jack. Tell him about the opening on the show.

JACK

I'm pretty sure I can get you a part on the show... But tonight? Pretend it's an acting job, kid. Showbiz.

REYNOLDS

And no one'll know about this?

JACK

It'll be our secret.

REYNOLDS

Showbiz.

Emboldened by Jack's promise, Reynolds heads off. Jack and Hudgeons watch as he strikes a conversation with Loew who's captivated. Hudgeons chomps a bite of his hot dog, gives Jack the high sign, but Jack just feels like a pimp.

INT. VICTORY HOTEL - ROOM SIX - NIGHT

Screams. A cauliflower-eared Cleveland mob enforcer on the hotseat.

Breuning works him with a rubber hose as Dudley asks unanswered questions. Bud watches, revulsion growing.

DUDLEY

Where did you intend to start.

Prostitution? Gambling?

(no answer)

Go back to Cleveland, lad. This is the City of Angels and you haven't got any wings.

More screams as the hose thwops down. Bud looks away, then shuffles blindly out of the room.

INT. VICTORY HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bud runs water in the sink to drown out the SCREAMS. It doesn't work. Finally, he leans down and sticks his head under the stream of water. That doesn't work either.

EXT. VICTORY HOTEL - NIGHT

Hair dripping wet, Bud makes it to his car. The tires spit gravel as he tears away. Dudley appears in the doorway, watching curiously. As cauliflower continues to SCREAM...

INT. BUD'S PACKARD - 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN'S) - NIGHT

Bud watches Lynn Bracken's apartment, Colored lights play on the windows. Shadows pass. Finally the front door opens. There's Veronica Lake, all sparkles and spangles, kissing another distinguished gentleman goodnight. Bud watches the man into a waiting limo. As

it pulls away...

INT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Now Lynn just looks tired. As she puts away Scotch bottles and picks up empty glasses, there's a KNOCK on the door. Lynn sighs, become sultry Veronica Lake before our eyes.

INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT

LYNN
(opening door)
Did you forget some --

Bud stands there, filling up the door frame.

LYNN
I wondered when you might ring the bell again, Officer White.

BUD
It's Bud.

Bud looks at Lynn a moment, then down at his own feet. Embarrassed. She smiles.

LYNN
You should see yourself. You look like you're ten years old.

Bud looks back up. Lynn's smile fades as she studies his face. She's not going to ask questions. Lynn looks at him a moment more, then runs a hand through the blonde hair covering one eye.

LYNN
If you'd called first, I wouldn't look this ridiculous.

INT. LYNN BRACKEN'S (1736 NOTTINGHAM) - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lynn comes to Bud naked, her hair brushed back. Bud goes slow, gently, takes time with his kisses: like she was a lonely woman he wanted to love to death.

Lynn plays off his timing: her kisses back, her touches. Finally, Bud forces himself to stop. He pulls back so he can see her.

LYNN

You're wondering if Patchett told me to be receptive.

Bud doesn't answer, but yes.

LYNN

It doesn't matter. I like you, Bud. I really do.

She kisses him. Softly, drawing it out. Not a job. She wants to make love to him. And as Bud stops thinking...

EXT. 5261 CHERAMOYA AVENUE (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT

Jack sits in his car waiting. He checks his watch... 1:30. Well past midnight.

JACK

Come on, Sid. Where are you?

Jack decides. MOVE WITH him as he gets out and crosses the street. The apartment is dark, the front door a few inches ajar. Suspicious, Jack listens. Dead quiet. He enters...

INT. 5261 CHERAMOYA AVENUE - NIGHT

No one here it seems. Till Jack nearly trips over a body. Matt Reynolds. Soaked in blood. Throat slit. Jack looks down in horror as Reynolds seems to stare back up at him. Jack stumbles out the door. We hear his CAR DOOR SLAM shut, the SCREECH of RUBBER down the street.

EXT. 2345 HALBORO (HUDGEONS' HOUSE) - NIGHT

Jack pounds on Sid's door till lights switch on.

JACK

It's Vincennes! Open up!

Hudgeons opens the door. He's in his pajamas.

HUDGEONS

Jackie! You got some good scoop
for the Sidster?

JACK

Sid, cut the crap. I --

HUDGEONS

Give me some Narco skinny. I want
to put out an all hop-head issue.
Shvartze jazz musicians and movie
stars. Maybe tie it into the
Rosenbergs. You like?

Jack grabs him, jerks him into the door frame.

JACK

Shut up!

HUDGEONS

(confused)

What's wrong, Trash?

HUDGEONS

What happened with the kid and
Loew?

HUDGEONS

You didn't get my message? It got
called off. The kid chickened out
at the last minute.

JACK

He's dead. I was just there.
Somebody slit his throat.

HUDGEONS

Jesus. Jack, that's a story.
'Swish Actor Gets The Gay Blade.'
Let me get my camera.

Hudgeons starts away, but Jack grabs him.

JACK

Loew didn't go with him. You're
sure?

HUDGEONS

I put Reynolds in the cab myself.
The night cost me a hundred scoots

and I got bupkis.

Jack lets go of him, starts to ramble off into the night.

HUDGEONS

Jackie! Big V! Let me get my
camera! Where are you going?!

INT. AFTER HOURS CLUB - NIGHT

The BARTENDER walks down the bar to where Jack arrives.

BARTENDER

What'll it be, Jack?

JACK

(pulls out wallet)

A bottle of Scotch.

As the Bartender turns for one, the only bill Jack finds is the President Grant fifty. The things he's done for fifty bucks... As he looks up with despair at his reflection in the bar mirror, the Bartender sets down a bottle and shot glass. He plucks the fifty from Jack's hand.

Jack grabs the bottle and starts out.

BARTENDER

Hey! Your change!

INT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spent, Bud and Lynn lie in bed. She traces a finger over his bicep as he muses on the ceiling.

BUD

Who was that guy who was here
earlier?

Lynn's tracing finger stops on Bud's shoulder -- a small white scar.

LYNN

It doesn't matter. All they get
is Veronica Lake. You got the
real Lynn Margaret Bracken...

(re: scar)

Where'd this come from?

BUD

When I was ten, my old man threw a bottle at my mother. I guess I got in the way.

LYNN

So you saved her.

BUD

Yeah. But not for long.

Bud looks away. Lynn sees he doesn't want to talk about it.

LYNN

Do you like being a cop, Bud?

BUD

I used to. What I do now is strong-arm. Sitting duck stuff... No, I don't like it. If I could work Homicide like a real detective...

Lynn listens sympathetically. Bud's opening up.

BUD

There's something wrong with the Nite Owl. That prick Exley shot the wrong guys. But they made him a hero and whoever killed my partner is still out there.

Frustrated, Bud pokes at his own chest.

BUD

In here I know it. But I can't prove it. I'm not a detective. I'm not smart enough. I'm just the guy they bring in to scare the other guy shitless.

Bud looks away, embarrassed to have shown so much of himself. Lynn reaches over, turns his face back to her.

LYNN

You found Patchett. You found me. You're smart enough. Be a

detective if that's what you want.

BUD
That simple, huh?

Lynn nods. That simple.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - EXLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Exley looks up as a CLERK enters holding two files.

CLERK
I got the rap sheets on the black
guys, sir. Coates and Jones got
charges a mile long. But except
for some kid stuff, Fontaine's
clean.

EXLEY
Clean?

CLERK
More or less.

EXLEY
Until he gunned down six people.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

Exley stands in the trees as a PARK RANGER approaches.

PARK RANGER
I asked my men, Lieutenant. No
one remembers any colored guys
firing shotguns.

EXLEY
Then who phoned in the report?

PARK RANGER
Not us.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Ray Pinker looks up from his microscope as Bud enters.

PINKER

Bud White, what brings you down to the basement?

BUD

I got a few Nite Owl questions.

PINKER

I don't know if you read the papers, but that case is closed.

BUD

I'm tying up loose ends. Padding my report. You know how it goes.

PINKER

What do you want to know?

BUD

Anything off. Anything that didn't make sense.

PINKER

You mean beside the fact that thirty-five out of forty-five rounds were gratuitous? I can't think of anything.

Pinker is ticked as Bud steps over to where a group of Nite Owl crime scene photos are posted on the wall. Bud pauses at a photo which shows the floor around the table. We see a high heel shoe, blood smears across the floor.

BUD

Whose shoe?

PINKER

Susan Lefferts.

BUD

(pointing)

If she was sitting here, then it's facing the wrong way. What are these smears in the blood?

PINKER

It looks like she was flailing, trying to get away.

BUD

But she's moving away from the

door.

(thinks; points)

Who was sitting at this table?

PINKER

Dick Stensland.

(a beat)

Had to be dumb panic. If she knew him she would've been sitting with him... Right?

Bud wonders, maybe a puzzle piece just fell into place. Pinker remembers something.

PINKER

You know, there is one thing.

Pinker rummages a shelf for a glass jar which he hands Bud. Inside are two wax-saturated cotton balls.

PINKER

Cotton balls. I found them just inside the meat locker door.

BUD

Ear plugs.

PINKER

Exactly. At least one of those animals had the brains to protect his ears.

BUD

It doesn't exactly play like dumb panic.

PINKER

What do you mean?

BUD

It's like they knew they were going to kill everyone before they went in...

PINKER

Yeah, so...

Bud just stares at the picture of Susan Lefferts.

EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE (SAN BERNARDINO) - DAY

A shingle shack dump. Bud walks the front steps, RINGS the BELL. Hilda Lefferts answers. She doesn't look so good.

BUD

Mrs. Lefferts, I'm Officer White with the L.A.P.D. I'd like to ask a couple of questions.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Let my daughter rest in peace.

BUD

Five minutes. That's all.

INT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pictures of Susan smile down from four walls. Vamp poses on a nightclub floor. Mrs. Lefferts is all twitchy and nervous, her eyes darting to a closed door.

BUD

Tell me about the boyfriend she had. The one you mentioned at the morgue.

MRS. LEFFERTS

First I want to go on record as saying that my Susie was a virgin when she died.

BUD

Ma'am, I'm sure she was.

Mrs. Lefferts talks directly to a photo of her daughter.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Susie, I told you I didn't approve of that boyfriend. He was too old for you. You let him come into this house and be fresh to me. I went out one day and old Mrs. Jensen next door saw Susan's boyfriend and another man and thought she heard a ruckus.

BUD

What was that boyfriend's name?

MRS. LEFFERTS

We were never properly introduced. Susan and I were fighting that day. She called him by a nickname. Muns or Lunts or something.

BUD

Stens? Was it Stens?

MRS. LEFFERTS

Maybe. I don't know.

BUD

Look at a picture for me.

Bud hands her a snapshot of Stensland taken in Tijuana. Out of uniform. She recognizes him.

MRS. LEFFERTS

That's him. That's him.

BUD

You said a neighbor heard a ruckus. Was it outside, inside?

Mrs. Lefferts' eyes go crazy, darting to a closed door. Rolled towels are crammed against the bottom of it.

MRS. LEFFERTS

I don't know. You'll have to leave now, Officer.

Bud starts for the closed door.

BUD

What's through here?

MRS. LEFFERTS

No! Please leave!

Bud kicks away the towels, opens the door, steps into...

DEN

Innocuous except for the smell. It hits Bud right off.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Don't mind the smell. I think a rat died behind the wall... My Susie was a good girl!

BUD

Easy. Tell me about the ruckus.

MRS. LEFFERTS

I came home that night and there was blood on the floor. Susan said Stams -- Stens had cut himself. They were acting nervous. And that Stens kept going under the house.

As Mrs. Lefferts goes shrill, Bud beelines out the door.

EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE (SAN BERNARDINO) - DAY

Holding a flashlight, Bud crawls under the house, into...

CRAWLSPACE

Bud elbow-crawls over the dirt, between wooden pilings.

There's a long burlap sack ahead. It smells bad. Bud rips burlap. A rat's nest explodes. Bud sweeps a forearm at them. As they clear, he sees a gristle-caked human skull staring back, a .38 hole in the forehead.

Undaunted, Bud tears the burlap back further. He pats the corpse's pockets, comes up with a wallet. Bud checks the ID. "Turner Meeks." Bus knows him by that name and another.

BUD

Buzz Meeks... Holy shit.

EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE - DAY

Bud crawls out, blinking sunlight and gulping fresh air. Mrs. Lefferts is there. She's scared.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Was it... a rat?

BUD

Yeah. A great big one.

Bud opens Meeks' wallet, pulls out a couple hundred bucks and gives them to Mrs. Lefferts.

BUD

Here. Compliments of the Los Angeles Police Department.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Ray Pinker looks up from an autopsy as Exley enters.

PINKER

Hey, just in time for our stomach of the week. Frankfurters with sauerkraut, French fries, Coca-Cola, alcohol and sperm. Jesus, what a last supper.

The stiff is Matt Reynolds! Pinker continues working away.

EXLEY

The Nite Owl. Anything bothering you about the case?

PINKER

Yeah. The fact that you guys won't let it get filed away.

EXLEY

What are you talking about?

PINKER

Bud White grilled me on it this morning. You know, he's not as dumb as I thought.

As Exley's head swims...

EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE (SAN BERNARDINO) - DAY

Mrs. Lefferts waters the grass, watches as a car pulls up. Exley gets up, starts toward her. She drops the hose and runs for the front door. Exley cuts her off.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Let my Susie rest in peace!

EXLEY

Mrs. Lefferts, I just want to ask a few questions.

MRS. LEFFERTS

That other policeman already checked under the house and found not a thing amiss.

EXLEY

Officer White?

MRS. LEFFERTS

A sweet man.

EXLEY

(thinking
out loud)

Under the house.

MRS. LEFFERTS

All he found were rodents. No signs of foul play. So there.

Exley spots the entrance to the crawlspace. He hurries over, enters nearly flat on his belly. Mrs. Lefferts calls in after him.

MRS. LEFFERTS

My daughter was a virgin!

EXLEY (O.S.)

I don't doubt it -- Oh, God.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - JACK'S DESK - DAY

Jack sits unshaven and hung-over, the dregs of the Scotch bottle on the desk. He considers a framed "Badge of Honor" photo: Jack and Brett Chase, before a banner "To Protect and Serve." Jack punches a fist through it.

INT. LAPD - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Exley walks alongside as a body bag is wheeled into the lab atop a gurney. Pinker steps over.

EXLEY

I need an I.D. ASAP. You talk
only to me on this one.

INT. JACK'S DESK - DAY

Sitting in disgust, Jack spots something amidst all the clutter -- the Great Jerk-Off Books of 1962. He flips one over, looks at the Fleur-de-Lis stamp. Jack remembers something Matt Reynolds told him. He dials the phone.

JACK

Yeah. Sergeant Jack Vincennes
requesting. I need the home
address on a Pierce Patchett.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Please hold, Sergeant...

As Jack waits, Exley appears in front of him.

EXLEY

I need to speak to you.

JACK

Give me a minute, will ya?

Exley clicks off the phone.

JACK

Damnit... What?

EXLEY

I want you to follow Bud White.

JACK

Even I'm not that crazy.

EXLEY

It's not a request. I need to
know what White knows. Follow him
or I'll have you pulled off 'Badge
of Honor.' Permanently.

JACK

Yesterday that might've meant
something. Pull me off. You'd be
doing me a big favor.

EXLEY

Yesterday yes, today no. What happened last night?

JACK

Transfer me, suspend me. Just leave me alone.

EXLEY

You make a mistake?

JACK

Yeah. My whole life.

Jack stands, heads out. Exley follows; he needs help.

EXLEY

Listen, I think I made a mistake, too.

JACK

I ain't a priest, Lieutenant. I can't hear your confession.

EXLEY

Do you make the three Negroes for the Nite Owl killings?

JACK

What?

EXLEY

It's a simple question.

JACK

You should be the last person who wants to dig any deeper into the Nite Owl, Lieutenant.

Exley watches as Jack continues down a hall. Then:

EXLEY

Rollo Tomasi.

Jack stops, looks back at him.

JACK

Is there more to that, or do I have to guess?

EXLEY

Rollo was a purse snatcher. My father ran into him off duty. He shot my father six times and got away clean. No one even knew who he was. I made the name up to give him some personality.

JACK

So what's the point?

EXLEY

Rollo's the reason I became a cop. I wanted to catch the guys who thought they could get away with it. It was supposed to be about truth and justice and Rollo. But somewhere along the way I forgot all that... How about you, Jack? Why'd you become a cop?

Jack looks like he might cry, but smiles instead.

JACK

I don't remember...

Both men are quiet a moment.

JACK

I'm trying to figure what angle you're playing this time, but I sure as hell can't see one.

EXLEY

I've given up angles for awhile. I just want to solve this thing.

JACK

The Nite Owl was solved, Lieutenant.

EXLEY

I want to do it right.

So does Jack.

JACK

Okay, college boy, I'll help you. But I want half the collar.

EXLEY

A third. I don't think we can
make a case without Bud White.

EXT. BROWN DERBY - DAY

A Packard pulls up out front. Bud gets out, heads
inside. Another car pulls up across the street.

CLOSE ON JACK

Watching Bud. Jack gets out, starts across the street.

INT. BROWN DERBY - BAR - DAY

At the bar, Johnny Stompanato looks over as Bud joins
him. Stompanato isn't happy about it, but he smiles
anyway.

STOMPANATO

Wendell White, how's tricks,
paesano?

BUD

I ain't your paesano, you wop
cocksucker.

Nervous, Johnny taps his pinkie ring on a bottle of beer.

STOMPANATO

What do you want, officer?

BUD

You remember an ex-cop named Buzz
Meeks? He works for a guy named
Patchett.

Johnny taps his ring harder. The bottle almost tips.

STOMPANATO

Should I?

BUD

His file listed you as a known
associate. Now spill.

STOMPANATO

Oh, yeah. That was a long time ago. Before your day. The last few years he's been muscle for hire. But I heard he's disappeared.

BUD

More.

STOMPANATO

More's gonna cost you.

Bud's hand flashes out, grabs Stompanato by the crotch.

BUD

How 'bout I give you your balls back?

STOMPANATO

(in considerable
pain)

Before Meeks disappeared he was popping off about trying to move eighteen pounds of heroin.

BUD

Bullshit. Where would a two-bit ex-cop get 18 pounds of heroin?

STOMPANATO

Deuce Perkins. Mickey C's narcotics lieutenant. The night he got clipped, eighteen pounds of Mickey's heroin went missing.

Bud loosens his grip. Stompanato gasps for air.

DOOR

Jack peels in, catches a glimpse of Bud and Stompanato. Too far away to hear anything, Jack quickly ducks out.

BAR

Stompanato's recovering.

STOMPANATO

Meeks is probably in Rio or
someplace like that by now.

BUD

He's under a tract house in San
Berdo. And he don't smell too
good. What happened to the
heroin, Johnny?

STOMPANATO

I don't know. I swear it!

Bud starts to raise a hand. Stompanato cringes, but Bud
just slaps a twenty down on the bar and goes.

INT. BROWN DERBY - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Jack's on the phone to Exley.

JACK

He's in the Brown Derby with
Johnny Stompanato.

(sees Bud exit)

Check that. I gotta go.

EXT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

Jack pulls up, sees Bud knock on the front door. It
opens and Bud steps in. Jack doesn't see who opens it.

EXT. BUSHES - 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

LEAVES RUSTLE. There's movement in the underbrush. Jack
appears, followed by Exley. Jack pulls a gun as they
near a window.

EXLEY

What's that for?

JACK

Bud White. He sees us and we're
dead.

They press up to the glass for a partial view. Bud White
sits on a footstool massaging a pair of women's feet.
Jack and Exley exchange a long, curious look. This isn't
the Bud White they're used to. A pair of woman's hands

take Bud, the arms covered in glitter and satin.

The woman, Lynn Bracken, leans forward to kiss her policeman. It may have been a long day, but she's every inch Veronica Lake. Only the hair's not over her eye.

They stand, kiss again. Lynn's gown spills down around her ankles. Bud scoops Lynn into his arms and the two of them disappear into a bedroom. A long beat before...

JACK

Jesus... Maybe White's not so dumb after all.

EXLEY

Rita Hayworth at the morgue and now Veronica Lake with White. What the hell's going on?

JACK

Movie star hookers. Whatever you desire... It's Fleur-fr-Lis again.

EXLEY

What's Fleur-de-Lis?

JACK

High line whores. With plastic surgery to look like movie stars. And who knows what else? It's run by this guy Pierce Patchett. You want to talk to him?

EXLEY

Yeah. But first I want to brace Stompanato.

INT. BROWN DERBY - ENTRANCE - DAY

Exley and Jack enter.

EXLEY

Check the bar. I got the restaurant.

RESTAURANT

Exley scans. There's Stompanato with a girl who looks amazingly like "LANA TURNER."

Engrossed, Stompanato doesn't look up till Exley's nearly on top of him.

STOMPANATO

Hey, you want an autograph, write to M-G-M.

EXLEY

Since when do two-bit hoods and hookers give out autographs?

STOMPANATO

What?

As Stompanato stands, Exley flashes his badge.

EXLEY

L.A.P.D. Sit down.

"LANA"

Who in the hell do you think you are?

EXLEY

Take a walk, honey, before I haul your ass downtown.

"LANA"

Who in the hell do you think are?!

STOMPANATO

You are making a large mistake.

As Jack arrives, Lana tosses a drink in Exley's face.

"LANA"

Get away from our table!

EXLEY

(grabs her wrist)

Shut up. Being cut to look like Lana Turner doesn't mean you are Lana Turner.

Jack pulls him aside.

JACK

She is Lana Turner.

EXLEY

What?

JACK

She is Lana Turner.

INT. EXLEY'S PLYMOUTH - SUNSET

Rolling. The sky glows ahead.

EXLEY

How was I supposed to know?

A moment before Jack begins to laugh. Exley joins him.

EXT. 1184 GRETNA GREEN (PIERCE PATCHETT'S) - NIGHT

Exley's Plymouth is parked on the street.

INT. 1184 GRETNA GREEN (PATCHETT'S) - LIBRARY - NIGHT

In a silk robe, the unflappable Pierce Patchett smiles at Exley. Jack stands alongside.

PATCHETT

I believe the Nite Owl's your area of expertise, Mr. Exley. I saw you on television getting your medal.

(turns to Jack)

And you're that other celebrity Hollywood policeman, aren't you?

A beat. Exley and Jack don't look like they appreciate being joked with. Patchett finally sighs.

PATCHETT

I'll tell you what I told Officer White when he asked me about Susan's death.

EXLEY

(a look to Jack)

Bud White's been here?

PATCHETT

For the last time. I may suborn women into illicit activities, but they're handsomely compensated, I treat them well and make sure the men they deal with show them every due respect.

EXLEY

Is the Veronica Lake look-alike one of your whores?

PATCHETT

A vulgar term, but yes.

EXLEY

What's her name?

PATCHETT

Lynn Bracken.

EXLEY

Why's she seeing Bud White?

PATCHETT

Why do men and women usually see each other?

EXLEY

Anything else you want to add before I talk to her?

PATCHETT

No.

EXLEY

Not good enough.

PATCHETT

(unfazed)

Then try talking to my lawyer.
Good evening, gentlemen.

EXT. 1184 GRETNA GREEN - NIGHT

Exley and Jack head for the car.

JACK

Guy's as cool as they come.

A call CRACKLES in over Exley's RADIO. Exley picks up.

EXLEY

This is Exley.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Ray Pinker wants to talk to you,
Lieutenant. Says he has your I.D.

EXLEY

Tell him Sergeant Vincennes is
coming in to talk to him.

JACK

What are you going to do?

EXLEY

I'm going to Lynn Bracken's. I'll
meet you at the Dining Car.

JACK

Great. You get the girl, I get
the coroner.

INT. LIBRARY (1184 GRETNA GREEN) - NIGHT

Watching Exley and Vincennes from the window, Patchett
picks up the phone, dials.

HUDGEONS (V.O.)

(over phone)

Hush-Hush. Off the record and on
the Q.T.

INT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN'S) - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KNOCKING on the door. Lynn answers to reveal Exley.

EXLEY

Miss Bracken, I'm Lieutenant
Exley.

LYNN

I know who you are. You're the
policeman Bud told me about.

EXLEY

Really? What did White say?

LYNN

He said you were smart. He also said you were competing with your dead father. How did he put it? Trying to measure up to a ghost.

Exley lets it pass. As he enters...

EXLEY

Let's concentrate on my smarts. Pierce Patchett made you, didn't he? He taught you how to dress and talk and think and I am very impressed with the results. But I need some answers and if I don't get them, I'm going to take you and Patchett down.

LYNN

He can take care of himself and I'm not afraid of you. And you forgot one thing, Lieutenant. Pierce also taught me how to fuck... Can I get you a drink?

Exley can't help but smile. Lynn smiles back.

EXLEY

Scotch.

Exley watches her as she steps over to fix the drinks.

LYNN

I'm curious about you.

EXLEY

Why?

She hands him his drink.

LYNN

Because Bud hates you more than he loves me.

Exley stews. Lynn watches him over the rim of her glass.

LYNN

It galls you that I know so much about you. You don't have

information to compete.

EXLEY

Don't underestimate me, Miss
Bracken.

LYNN

The way you've underestimated Bud
White?

Exley's had it. A menacing step forward. Lynn's smile becomes a laugh. Lost to himself, Exley leans in and kisses her. Lynn pulls back, then kisses back. In a beat, they're rolling to the floor, shedding clothes.

As they trash the furniture, Lynn looks over his shoulder at her own reflection in a closet door mirror.

REVERSE ANGLE - INSIDE CLOSET

Two-way glass. Sid Hudgeons is in here SNAPPING pictures. As Lynn and Exley continue with their frantic lovemaking...

INT. FORENSIC LAB - NIGHT

Ray Pinker rubs his tired eyes.

PINKER

God bless dental records. Stiff
used to be a cop. Turner Meeks.

JACK

Buzz Meeks?

PINKER

You knew him?

JACK

Of him. He was around when I
first joined the force. A bad
egg.

Pinker could care less. As Jack's wheels turn...

INT. LAPD - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

Jack searches dusty filing cabinets with dates like 1939 and 1940. Reading one headed "Meeks," Jack lets out a low whistle. He's found something.

INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - NIGHT

Jack waits at the bar, watches the door anxiously.

JACK

Come on, Exley. Where are you?

INT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN'S) - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Spent, Exley and Lynn sit, half-dressed, on the floor. They're quiet. Then, through a smile:

EXLEY

How was I?

LYNN

Oh, the best I ever had.
Absolutely the best.

EXLEY

(laughs)
You sound like you mean it.

LYNN

The silver screen's loss is your
gain.

EXLEY

How about White?

LYNN

You want to know what Bud's like
in bed?

She actually embarrasses him with that one.

EXLEY

I want to know why you see him.
Is it a Patchett payoff?

LYNN

I see Bud because I want to. I
see Bud because he can't hide the
warmth he has inside him.

EXLEY

I'll take your word for it.

LYNN

I see Bud because he makes me feel like Lynn Bracken and not some Veronica Lake look-alike who fucks for money. I see him because he doesn't know how to disguise who he is. There's more if you want to hear it.

Exley shakes his head. He's heard enough.

LYNN

Does all that make it harder for you to hate him or easier?

EXLEY

I don't hate White. I really don't. It's just, in my business, it's the wild cars you have to watch out for.

LYNN

You don't like that you don't know how to play him. He doesn't follow the same rules of politics you do. That makes him dangerous.

EXLEY

You cut to the heart of things, don't you? What about Lynn Bracken? She going to be a hooker all her life?

LYNN

I came out here with a dream. That's gone, but I settled for reality.

EXLEY

Some reality.

LYNN

No. This is the means to the reality. But I'm not going to tell you what it is.

EXLEY

Why not?

LYNN

Because you'll use it against me.
Won't you?

Exley doesn't answer, but the answer is yes. Lynn smiles.

LYNN

You're tougher than Bud thinks you are.

EXLEY

(smiles)
You're the first person to ever call me tough.

LYNN

Like recognizes like. I'm pretty tough, myself.

EXLEY

You, me and White, huh?

LYNN

Actually, Bud's only tough on the outside.

As Exley kisses her...

IN CLOSET

Exasperated that he's still stuck in here, Sid Hudgeons checks his watch, shakes his head in disgust.

EXT. 9608 VENDOME (SILVERLAKE) - NIGHT

Jack knocks at a darkened house. The porch lights come on. The door opens to reveal Dudley Smith in his bathrobe.

DUDLEY

John Vincennes. It's three A.M., lad.

JACK

Two minutes, Dudley. It's important.

DUDLEY

Lucky for you that my wife and four fair daughters are at the beach in Santa Barbara.

INT. 9608 VENDOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack sits at the table while Dudley makes coffee.

JACK

You remember Buzz Meeks, Dudley?

DUDLEY

A disgrace as a policeman. Straight D fitness reports from every C.O. he ever served under. What about him?

JACK

Twelve years ago he worked a vice roust with Dick Stensland. They arrested a Pierce Patchett on an extortion scam. Guy ran hookers. He'd have them photographed with their johns, then double-dip for some blackmail. Charges got dropped. Insufficient evidence. You were supervising officer on the case and I was wondering if you remember anything about it.

DUDLEY

What's this all about, lad?

JACK

Part of it has to do with a murder. I've been working with Ed Exley on it.

DUDLEY

You're Narco, lad, not Homicide. And since when do you work with Edmund?

JACK

It's a private investigation. I

fucked something up and I want to make amends.

DUDLEY

(smiles, then...)

Don't start trying to do the right thing, John. You haven't had enough practice.

Dudley walks over, hands Jack his coffee.

DUDLEY

Have you discussed this with anyone else, John?

JACK

No.

DUDLEY

Not even with Exley?

Jack shakes his head. Dudley raises a REVOLVER. He FIRES it at point-blank range, right into Jack's heart. Jack hits the floor, his cheek pressed flat on the linoleum.

Jack opens his mouth to speak. His lips form the words, but no sound comes out. Dudley crouches down beside him.

JACK

Have you a valediction, lad?

Dudley leans low, gives Jack an ear. As he dies...

JACK

Rollo Tomasi...

Dudley frowns in ignorance at the name.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Nothing mobilizes the police like losing one of their own. Dudley is at the podium along with Exley. Dozens of detectives take notes, including Bud White.

DUDLEY

Sergeant Vincennes' body was found in Echo Park at ten o'clock this morning. Killed by a single .38

round to the heart. One of our own, gentlemen. We cannot tolerate it. Justice must be swift and merciless. That's all.

As the men move odd, Dudley approaches Exley.

DUDLEY

Edmund, a word with you. We received a tip this morning. Did Vincennes ever mention the name Rollo Tomasi?

Exley tries to look like he's thinking as Jack calls from the grave. Screaming the name Dudley!

EXLEY

No... Where'd the tip come from?

DUDLEY

Anonymous. Probably nothing.

As Dudley moves off, Exley watches him go. Scared.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - BUD WHITE'S DESK - DAY

Bud looks over as Dudley sits down across from him.

DUDLEY

You're perplexing to me these days, Wendell. You're not your old, cruel self anymore. I need proof that the extracurricular work I had planned for you remains within your grasp.

BUD

What work?

DUDLEY

I've long been involved in containing hard crime in such a way that myself and a few colleagues might someday enjoy a profit dispensation. That day will soon be here and you'll share handsomely. Grand means will be in our hands, Wendell.

(MORE)

DUDLEY (CONT'D)

Imagine crime limited to the criminal element who perpetrate it. Imagine the means to keep the nigger filth sedated. But don't stop there. Extrapolate. Imagine the police in control. It's big, lad.

BUD

You lost me, Dudley. I don't know what you're talking about.

DUDLEY

You have your extracurricular secrets, I have mine. We'll hold a clarification session soon. For now, I need your fearsome old habits at the Victory Motel. We're going to brace a man who may know who killed Jack Vincennes. Can I count on you?

BUD

Sure, boss. Sure you can.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Pinker looks up as Exley enters.

EXLEY

I want to know what you and Jack Vincennes talked about last night. Anything and everything. Start with the I.D. on the corpse.

A put-upon Pinker sighs.

PINKER

An ex-cop. Buzz Meeks. I pulled his police academy photo.

Pinker goes to his desk for a twenty-year-old photo of Meeks. he hands it to Exley, whose wheels are turning.

EXLEY

We got a dead ex-cop and a girl who looks like Rita Hayworth at

the Nite Owl. Another dead ex-cop
under the house of Rita's mother.
It's not a good week for ex-cops.

PINKER

I got Vincennes in the next room.
It's not a good week for cops in
general.

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - DAY

A RAIN STORM has turned the courtyard into a mud bath.
As usual, a light burns in room six. Bud White parks
alongside the other cars already here. He makes a dash
for the door.

INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM SIX - DAY

Sid Hudgeons is cuffed to the hot seat. Dudley sits
across from him. Dudley's henchman Breuning looms. Bud
enters.

DUDLEY

This is Mr. Hudgeons, Wendell.

HUDGEONS

I'm happy to cooperate. You don't
need to tie me down.

DUDLEY

It's for your own safety. Now
what can you tell us about
Sergeant John Vincennes?

HUDGEONS

Trashcan Jack. The Big V. I can
tell you he's on the Night Train
to the big adios.

Breuning cuffs Hudgeons in the side of the head.

HUDGEONS

Take it easy! I didn't have
anything to do with him getting
killed if that's what you mean.

DUDLEY

But you were business associates?

HUDGEONS

What does that have to do --

Breuning cuffs him again.

HUDGEONS

Okay so we worked together. It was an information exchange. I got him first class collars and he got me good stories. We were friends for Chrissakes!

DUDLEY

Alright. We'll drop that line for now. Next topic. Please comment on Pierce Patchett.

Bud looks over at mention of the name.

HUDGEONS

You think he had something to do with Vincennes getting iced?

Dudley sighs, looks to Bud.

DUDLEY

Wendell. I want full and docile cooperation on all topics.

Hudgeons flinches as Bud steps up, twice Breuning's size.

HUDGEONS

Okay. Okay. Everyone knows Patchett's worth a boat-load of greenbacks. From aviation, freeway construction. But the man has hobbies, too. He bankrolls B movies under the table and runs movie star look-alike hookers. And try this on: he's rumored to be a periodic heroin sniffer. All in all a powerful behind-the-scenes strange-o.

DUDLEY

And?

HUDGEONS

And what?

Bud digs a fist into Hudgeons' gut. As Hudgeons gasps to get his breath back.

DUDLEY

Reciprocity, Mr. Hudgeons, is the key to all relationships.

HUDGEONS

He runs call girls. Primo tail. Fixed up like movie stars.

Bud looms, rests his hands on the back of Hudgeons' chair. He doesn't like where this is going.

DUDLEY

And?

HUDGEONS

In my car. Blackmail shit. The trunk under the carpet. Patchett got me to photograph a cop fucking this gorgeous cunt Lynn, looks just like Veronicaaa --

Wooden slats pop as Bud tears the bolted chair right out of the floor. Hudgeons and the chair land sideways.

DUDLEY

Wendell!

Bud can't hear him. He uprights the chair one-handed. As his fist cocks back, he's restrained by Breuning and Dudley. This is no act. They can barely hold Bud back.

HUDGEONS

Get him away from me!

Bud breaks free, heads outside.

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - HUDGEONS' CAR - DAY

Bud jams a tire iron into the trunk seam and pops it with a ferocious yank. He tears at the carpeting. A manila envelope. Bud rips it open and 8x10 glossies of Exley and Lynn spill out. Raindrops dot them, as Bud's in his Packard and tearing out of there.

INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 6 - DAY

Dudley and Breuning watch from the door.

DUDLEY

I wouldn't trade places with
Edmund Exley right now for all the
tea in China.

Breuning laughs. So does Hudgeons.

HUDGEONS

Dudley, I thought you were gonna
let the dumb bastard kill me.

(to Breuning)

And you! Learn to pull those
punches a little better.

Dudley and Breuning stare at him. A bit grimly.

HUDGEONS

You can uncuff me now, fellas.

But no one moves to do so.

HUDGEONS

Fellas?

(nervous)

We had a deal. You, me and
Patchett, We're a team!

(scared)

Come on, we're friends. We're --

As Hudgeons protests, Dudley slaps a hand over his mouth.

DUDLEY

Hush-hush...

As Breuning and Carlisle move in...

INT. RECORDS ROOM - LAPD - DAY

A wormish CLERK searches dusty filing cabinets with dates
like 1939 and 1940. The same ones Jack looked through.
Exley steps over from another row.

EXLEY

Anything?

CLERK

Nothing.

EXLEY

So on active duty, Meeks didn't
make an arrest from 1938 to '43.

CLERK

Someone must've pulled the
records.

Exley ponders the implications. Taking out the photo of
Meeks, he gets an idea.

EXLEY

Where are the police academy
files?

CLERK

I don't have time. I have --

EXLEY

Just show me where they are!

EXT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

Blue, Lynn sits on her porch watching the rain come down.
A SCREECHING on the wet street as Bud's PACKARD pulls up.
She watches as he gets out and starts for the house.
Lynn stands, holds her arms out. Bud stops short on the
steps, out of reach, the rain soaking him.

BUD

Did you talk to Exley?

LYNN

Come in out of the rain. In the
morning we'll have both our
stories for breakfast.

Lightning flashes. Bud shakes his head.

BUD

I want to know about Exley.

LYNN

He's the opposite of you. He's
more like me. Cold, calculating.

BUD
How'd you get to know so much
about him?

More lightning. Lynn looks God-awful sad.

LYNN
Come in out of the rain, Bud.

BUD
You gonna tell me what happened
with you and Exley?

LYNN
We talked.

BUD
So tell me about it.

LYNN
(looking away)
In the morning.

BUD
No. Now.
(a beat)
You fucked him.

Too tired to lie anymore, Lynn finally just nods.

LYNN
I thought I was helping you. I
thought --

Bud backhands her, hard. Lynn faces straight into the next one as Bud hits her again. A third time as the sins of the father are visited on the son. Bud stops short as the self-realization slams home. Lynn waits stoically. She doesn't start crying till Bud turns and runs back into the rain.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - LAPD - DAY

Drawers are open. Files are everywhere. Exley's reached the end of the line. As he looks through one last file, he finds a stack of official photos. Then he stops short. There's a photo of four cadets and an academy instructor.

Two of the cadets are IDed as Turner Meeks and Dick Stensland. The instructor is Dudley Smith!

Exley looks up at the sound of FOOTSTEPS and Bud is there. Fury. He slams Exley, knocks him flat.

Bud's here to kill him. He hauls Exley up, pummels him, then throws him over the table. Then up into a wall. Plaster cracks. Bud's on some gonzo animal plane. Bud strangles him. Exley gags. It'll be over in moments.

Until Exley's flailing hands finds Bud's .38. Yanking it from his waistband, Exley smashes Bud in the forehead. Bud reels. But, blind with rage, he moves back in only to have the barrel of the .38 placed right between his eyes.

EXLEY

Why?

BUD

Lynn.

EXLEY

She told you?

Bud shakes his head. He's coiled, ready to make a move.

EXLEY

Who told you? Did Dudley have anything to do with you finding out?

Bud hesitates, the answer obvious.

EXLEY

Listen to me. Dudley killed Jack. It has something to do with Buzz Meeks.

Exley points out the academy photo on the floor.

EXLEY

Look. Dudley and Meeks go way back. Stensland, too.

Bud sees, but does he really? As Bud reaches for the photo, Exley relaxes slightly. Bud slaps the gun away, drops Exley to the ground. He grabs, begins slamming his head into the floor.

EXLEY

Think, goddamn you. Think...

Exley's almost out. But maybe Bud heard him. The attack slows, stops as Bud does think. Exley stays conscious.

BUD

I knew Stensland and Meeks knew each other. Meeks was with Sue Lefferts on Christmas Eve. The night I met Lynn. Lefferts' mother I.D.ed Stensland as Lefferts' boyfriend, but Stens pretended he didn't know either one of them.

EXLEY

Stensland and Meeks. What were they up to?

BUD

Johnny Stompanato told me when Meeks disappeared, he was trying to move the 18 pounds of heroin that went missing when Deuce Perkins was shot.

EXLEY

Stensland and Buzz Meeks. Two-man triggers knocking off Mickey Cohen lieutenants. When they killed Deuce Perkins, they got heroin as a bonus.

BUD

Then something goes wrong. Meeks gets killed. Maybe Stens got greedy, killed Meeks and left him under his girlfriend's house.

(a beat)

The night he died, Stens was all mysterious. Said he had something big going down.

EXLEY

The Nite Owl! Stensland was going there to sell the heroin.

BUD

Somebody got wind of it, killed them all.

EXLEY

It wasn't the Negroes. The Griffith Park report was a phony. And, who says the purple Merc was spotted outside the Nite Owl?

BUD

Dudley.

EXLEY

The first guys to the car when Jack and I got there were Bruening and Carlisle.

BUD

Dudley's guys.

EXLEY

They didn't find the shotguns. They planted them.

BUD

It all keeps coming back to Dudley.

EXLEY

It's Dudley for the Nite Owl.

They just stare at each other a beat as it sinks in.

EXLEY

Pierce Patchett figures in, too. That's the angle Jack was working. Dudley must work for Patchett.

BUD

Let's just kill them.

EXLEY

What?

BUD

For Jack, for Stensland, for anybody else who got in the way. I've been trying to be smart. A detective. But killing those two fuckers, that would be justice.

EXLEY

Stay smart, Bud. We build a case.
We play by the rules.

BUD

There are no rules! Why the fuck
are you doing this? The Nite Owl
made you. You want to tear all
that down.

EXLEY

With a wrecking ball. You want to
help me swing it?

Bud smiles. For a second he likes Exley.

EXLEY

Let's go see Pierce Patchett. Run
a good-cop-bad-cop.

BUD

Which one are you and which one am
I?

EXT. 1184 GRETNA GREEN (PIERCE PATCHETT'S) - DAY

Exley and Bud make their way up the walk. Bud pulls his
.38 from its shoulder holster, shoves it in his
waistband.

EXLEY

You expecting problems?

BUD

Patchett uses a lot of ex-cop
muscle.

FRONT DOOR

Exley RINGS the BUZZER. Looking back, Bud sees a
pitching wedge and pile of golf balls abandoned in the
grass. A single ball floats in the koi pond. Bud's eyes
narrow at the sight. Not like Patchett at all.

BUD

Come on.

And Bud shoulders the heavy door right off its hinges.

INT. 1184 GRETNA GREEN - HALLWAY - DAY

Bud draws his .38 as he strides in. Exley tries to keep up.

EXLEY
(a screaming
whisper)

What?

Double doors on the left open into a library. Bud stops short, slowly lowers his gun. Exley steps up beside him.

LIBRARY

Hanging from a ceiling light, Patchett's body slowly twists around, a toppled chair beneath him.

EXLEY
I don't think his ex-cop did him
much good.

Bud goes to the body while Exley heads for a side table on which rests a typed sheet of paper.

Bud checks Patchett's right hand, the knuckles are split, two of the fingers badly distended.

EXLEY
It's a suicide note. Says he
killed Jack because Jack had
figured out a pornography scam
Patchett was running.

BUD
He had help getting up there. Two
of his fingers are broken.

EXLEY
We had one thing figured wrong. I
don't think Dudley worked for
Patchett.

BUD
At least not anymore.

EXLEY
Patchett's dead. He sent you

after me. I'd say Dudley's tying up his loose ends.

BUD
(it hits him)

Lynn.

Bud dashes to the PHONE, dials. It RINGS. No one answers.

EXLEY
I got a guy who owes me in the Sheriff's department. West Hollywood station. He can be at her house in two minutes.

Bud shoves the phone into his hand.

BUD
Call him.

EXT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

A county sheriff's unmarked parked out front. A DEPUTY behind the wheel. Exley's Plymouth pulls up behind. The Deputy gets out. MOVE WITH him as he steps BACK TO Exley, who's rolling down his window.

EXLEY
Is she inside?

DEPUTY
We took her to Hollywood Station for safekeeping. Someone worked her over pretty good. She wouldn't say who.

Exley looks at Bud. Bud looks down in shame.

EXLEY
Hold her as Joan Smith. No one sees her unless I okay it.

DEPUTY
You got it, Exley. And now we're even.

As the Deputy moves off.

EXLEY

Ellis Loew.

BUD

What about him?

EXLEY

Jack thought he was up to his neck
in all this.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

A SECRETARY looks up as Bud and Exley beeline Loew's
door.

SECRETARY

You can't go in there!

INNER OFFICE

Loew looks up as they burst in.

SECRETARY

Do you want me to call the police,
Mr. Loew?

EXLEY

Ask for Captain Dudley Smith.
We'll have a party. Hot dogs and
sauerkraut.

A beat as Loew considers his options.

LOEW

It's okay. These are police.
(as she leaves)
What do you want?

EXLEY

I want D.A. bureau men to tail
Dudley Smith twenty-four hours a
day; I want you to get a judge to
authorize a wire tap on his home
phone; I want authorization to
check his bank records and I want
it all in an hour.

LOEW

On what evidence?

EXLEY

None. Call it a hunch.

LOEW

(incredulous)

Absolutely not. Dudley Smith is a highly decorated member of this city's police department and I won't smear his name without --

EXLEY

Without what, his smearing yours first? What's he got on you, Loew? Pictures of you and an out of work actor with your pants down?

LOEW

Do you have any proof?

EXLEY

The proof had his throat slit.

(a beat)

So far you're not denying it.

LOEW

I'm not going to dignify you with answers. If you'll excuse me, I've got a Jack Vincennes press conference to prepare for.

Loew enters his bathroom. Bud looks to Exley who nods: Go.

OFFICE BATHROOM

Loew is at the mirror clipping a few stray nose hairs. Bud enters full of menace followed by Exley.

LOEW

Unless you're here to wipe my ass, I think we're through.

Bud just glares at him. Loew shakes his head.

LOEW

Don't try this good cop/bad cop with me. I practically

invented it. And so what if some
homo actor is dead. Boys, girls,
ten of them step off the bus to
L.A. every day.

The MIRROR SPIDERWEBS as Bud slams Loew's face into it.
Bud swings him around, forces him forward and shoves his
head in the toilet.

He holds it there, finally lets Loew up for breath. Then
backhands: one, two, three.

BUD
Dudley Smith. Spill.

LOEW
Call him off, Exley!

EXLEY
I don't know how.

More backhands. Holding Loew by the scruff of the neck,
Bud marches him past Exley and back into the...

INNER OFFICE

Bud heaves up the window, practically throws Loew through
it. Loew catches hold of the window framing. Bud
hammers his hands loose with a fist and pushes him
through.

OUTSIDE

Bud holds his leg. Loew screams as coins, comb and
wallet spill from his pockets, plummet toward the street
below.

INNER OFFICE

Bud shakes Loew, could drop him at any time.

EXLEY
Bud...

BUD
If I let you go, there'll be ten
more lawyers to take your place

tomorrow. They just won't come on the bus, that's all.

OUTSIDE

We hear Loew's PANT LEG TEARING loose.

LOEW

Okay! You're right! Dudley's got photos of me and Reynolds.

EXLEY

What's Dudley's scheme?

More TEARING. Loew's life may depend on the answer.

LOEW

Dudley's rotten to the core. He's taking over Mickey Cohen's rackets, his own hand-picked cops'll be the new franchise holders. Because of those pictures I won't be able to prosecute. Oh Jesus pull me up!

INNER OFFICE

Exley helps pull Loew back inside. Bud dumps him on the floor. Bruised and bloodied, Loew looks up at Exley.

LOEW

Dudley's got everyone under his thumb. Not just me, but the Chief of Police, the lieutenant governor, everybody!

Exley pulls his .38, shoves it into the side of Loew's neck.

EXLEY

Not everybody. You tip-off Dudley and Officer White visits you alone next time.

Loew looks at Bud, nods, his face a bloody mess.

EXT. CITY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Exley and Bud exit. Bud's wheels are turning.

BUD

They never made a match on the
shotgun serial numbers. What if
Breuning and Carlisle took them
from the evidence room? Couple of
cold pieces that had been hanging
around a year or two.

EXLEY

We should check the records, and,
we should talk to Lynn.

Bud just stares at him a beat.

EXLEY

You want to talk to her?

Bud looks away, shakes his head "no." Finally...

BUD

You do it. I'll check the files.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Lynn looks up as Exley enters. her face is puffy,
swollen.

LYNN

(dry)

If I knew you were coming I'd have
baked a cake.

EXLEY

Forget everything else for a
second, Lynn. Is there anything
you can give me on Dudley Smith?

A blank look from her.

EXLEY

A police captain. I think he's
behind all of this.

LYNN

(shakes her head)

I work for Patchett. I had a

feeling that there was someone else, but I never knew who.

EXLEY

Okay. Look, if it helps, Bud hates himself for what he did.

LYNN

(a beat)

I know how he feels.

A beat as Exley wonders how he should interpret this.

EXLEY

I don't know if it's pathetic or romantic, but when this is all over I'd like to see you again.

Lynn looks away, can't help an ironic smile even as she starts to cry. As Exley gives her his handkerchief...

INT. LAPD - EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Bud waits at the cage window as a RECORDER returns with some information.

RECORDER

I got your guns, Bud. Signed in April 3rd, 1950. Remember the First Western bank robbery? They were used in that.

BUD

I want to see them.

RECORDER

No can do. I can't find them.

As Bud thinks, a ROOKIE-TYPE approaches.

ROOKIE-TYPE

Uh -- Sergeant White?

BUD

What?

ROOKIE-TYPE

Dispatch just got a call for you. Lieutenant Exley wants you to meet

him at the Victory Motel.

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - SUNSET

Bud's Packard crests the rise looking down on the Victory. Exley's Plymouth is in the courtyard.

INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 6 - SUNSET

Exley in the hotseat. Sitting there thinking. At a CAR DOOR CLOSING, he goes to the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Exley opens the door as Bud approaches, toting a shotgun. The sun is down. The sky is just a dull glow.

BUD

You wanted to meet here?

EXLEY

Me? You called it. I got a message that...

As the reality sinks in, Bud and Exley hear TIRES on the GRAVEL; CARS are COMING. Being in a concavity, they don't see them yet. Then the CARS STOP. But still Bud and Exley can't see anything. They hear the CLICKS of CAR DOORS OPENING, but they don't hear them shut. There are FOOTSTEPS, MURMURED WHISPERS. More CARS PULL UP.

EXLEY

Shit... Come on.

Exley starts for his car, but Bud holds him back.

BUD

Too late.

A beat. Resigned, Exley nods. They retreat back to Room 6, disappear inside. A beat. There's MOVEMENT in the shadows to the left. To the right.

INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 6 - NIGHT

There's a big back window. Bud covers most of it with a

ratty old mattress. He pumps the shotgun.

He pulls a .45 automatic from his waistband.

BUD

Here.

He throws the auto to Exley, pulls out a .38. Bud's armed for bear.

EXLEY

You figured this was a set-up?
And you showed up anyway?

BUD

A lot of bad stuff happened here.
It's as good a place as any for it
to end.

Bud switches off the light. They wait in silence. Then:

EXLEY

You know, all I ever wanted was to
measure up to my father.

BUD

(softly)
I spent years trying not to live
down to mine.

(MORE)

BUD (CONT'D)

(thinking)
We should block off the bathroom.
They could come through --

A CREAK outside the front door. Bud levels the SHOTGUN.
BOOM! The DOOR is BLOWN OFF ITS HINGES. We see the
figure of a man sprawl back in the dirt. In the darkness
beyond, MUZZLE FLASHES from all around. Exley and Bud
RETURN FIRE.

We hear the BACK WINDOW BREAK under a MUFFLED BLOW. Bud
charges back, yanks down the mattress revealing two men
climbing through. Sitting ducks: torn apart by THREE
TRIPLE-AUGHT ROUNDS close in. A beat, then...

EXLEY

We got him!

Bud smiles, in on the plan as theres an answering WHOOP. A third man looks through the window. BOOM! Bud nails him.

Bud motions Exley to stay put, then slips out the window.

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - NIGHT

Bud crouches, looks between the cinder blocks supporting the room. Two sets of feet shuffling along. Bud FIRES the SHOTGUN. Shrieks as the men go down. Bud extends the .38 to fire point blank headshots. Then...

Bud flattens himself as a wicked CROSSFIRE TEARS UP ROOM 6.

INT. VICTORY MOTEL - NIGHT

Exley is forced down as well, lying flat as plaster rains down.

The door frame splinters as more Dudley men charge in. Four men with rifles. One is Patchett's Burly Bodyguard. They spot Exley lying there. Hushed whispers as they approach: "Dead meat." "Be careful." Kicks in the side. The men look at each other, sneer.

Exley jerks a foot. The foot man stumbles as Exley spins around SHOOTING. FIRING the .45 and his own .38. All four men go down. Exley stands, digs into his pocket to reload.

Bud scrambles back through the window. Exley looks over and smiles as Bud reloads the shotgun. It's dead quiet.

EXLEY

I'm thinking we might walk away
from this.

At that instant, Dudley steps through the bathroom door. He's got Exley dead to rights. As he squeezes the trigger, Bud leaps forward, pushes Exley hard to the ground.

The SHOT passes through Bud's back by his left shoulder blade. It spins him around. A SECOND SHOT to the stomach slows him to a walk as he charges Dudley. A THIRD ROUND SHATTERS Bud's jaw, but still he comes.

Driven by rage, his hands reaching for Dudley's throat. He even gets hold before a FOURTH SLUG tears his chest.

Bud falls hard.

Dudley swings his aim to Exley who's just managed to shake the cobwebs of being flattened by Bud. A frozen moment.

DUDLEY

I'm loathe to kill my brother officers, Edmund.

EXLEY

Tell that to Jack Vincennes. To Stensland.

DUDLEY

Jack was a shame, but Dick Stensland had the audacity to try to sell me my own heroin. Through his whore girl friend. I sent him to make the buy. The rest is history.

EXLEY

Why?

DUDLEY

A vacuum, Edmund. That's what we have in Los Angeles. Sending Mickey Cohen up created it. My containment work maintained it. Certain photographs guarantee it. Organized crime has been held back, but there's still a demand for the services it provides.

EXLEY

And now you'll provide them.

DUDLEY

Absolutely. Prostitution and gambling are victimless crimes. The heroin we'll run down to the coloreds. Anesthetize them. As long as it's not a middle class problem, no one will care. It's still a crime free city... for respectable people.

Dudley aims the .38, cocks back the hammer. We hear
DISTANT POLICE SIRENS.

DUDLEY

This isn't politics, Edmund.
There won't be winners and losers
when it's over...

Dudley doesn't see Bud stir, reach into a pocket.

DUDLEY

Just the living and the dead.
It's always been that way in the
Bureau. You should've realized
that before you became a
detective.

It's over. Dudley's finger tightens on the trigger. But
Dudley screams as Bud buries a switchblade into his left
calf. It took all Bud had left. As he collapses...

Dudley wails; Exley dives for Bud's shotgun. Dudley
FIRES, misses. A wild SHOTGUN BLAST takes out half the
wall. Dudley stumbles out the door. SIRENS BLARE.

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - NIGHT

Dudley drops his gun as the cruisers stream down. Exley
steps out behind him, but doesn't drop the shotgun. The
two of them are bleached white by headlights.

Dudley raises his badge over his head.

DUDLEY

We're policemen!
(winks)
Let me do the talking. They'll
make you Chief of Detectives.

Exley steps ahead to block his way.

EXLEY

No.

DUDLEY

Why not, lad? Absolute justice?

EXLEY

Something like that.

DUDLEY

Really? Would you be willing to rig crime scene evidence to support a prosecuting attorney's working hypothesis?

Exley doesn't answer. Dudley smiles.

DUDLEY

Would you be willing to beat confessions out of suspects you knew to be guilty?

Exley glares. Laughing, Dudley brushes by, limps toward the gathering policemen.

DUDLEY

Are you willing to shoot hardened criminals in the back to offset the chance they'll --

The SHOTGUN BELCHES flame. Dudley goes down, shot in the back. Exley drops the gun, raises his hands over his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

L.A. MONTAGE

"RAGS TO RICHES" PLAYS.

EXT. ROSE BOWL PARADE - DAY

Riding in a convertible, waving to the crowds is the Grand Marshal -- the new Vice President, a young Richard Nixon.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

A midnight assembly. The Chief, D.A. Loew and several high ranking brass. Their attention riveted THROUGH the one-way glass into...

INT. ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Bloody, exhausted, Exley sits across from two INTERNAL AFFAIRS DETECTIVES.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS #1

You have a lot of explaining to do, Lieutenant.

EXLEY

Yes. I do.

As Exley begins...

TELEVISION SCREEN

Where we're informed that tonight's episode of "Badge of Honor" is: "Dedicated to the memory of technical advisor Sergeant Jack Vincennes."

EXT. VENTURA FREEWAY - CAHUENGA PASS - DAY

A ribbon is cut. Eager motorists roll down the blacktop.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - DAY

Ronald Reagan applauds as Jane Wyman plunges her hands into fresh sidewalk cement.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The brass exchange concerned looks and raised eyebrows as they watch Exley THROUGH the glass, his VOICE heard OVER the SPEAKERS.

INT. UNION STATION - DAY

The Flatnose Frisco loan shark and Cauliflowered Cleveland enforcer seen earlier at the Victory Motel return to L.A., ready to fill the vacuum.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Hush-Hush is delivered. The headline: "Actor Reynolds in his Final Role: Conductor of the Night Train to Slice

City."

INT. ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Exley stares across at the Internal Affairs Detectives.

EXLEY

That's it. That's the whole
story.

As Exley looks to the gray-tinted wall mirror...

OBSERVATION ROOM

Loew leans over, whispers to the Chief.

LOEW

The press would have a field day
with this.

CHIEF

(a beat)

When in doubt, feed them a hero.
In this case, we'll need more than
one.

CUT TO:

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER HEADLINE:

R.I.P. DUDLEY SMITH
Fabled L.A. Cop Dies Defending City
from Organized Crime!

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Exley in his dress blue uniform. The Chief smiles, pins
gold stars to his shoulders.

CHIEF

Captain Edmund Exley. Chief of
Detectives. Los Angeles Police
Department.

Applause. Flashbulbs. Lynn watches from the back as
Exley runs a handshake gauntlet. Finally, he spots her.

She's returned to her natural brunette. Looks even better. Exley steps over.

EXLEY
 (ironic smile)
 I tried to throw it all away and
 they give it back in spades.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Exley walks Lynn out.

EXLEY
 Where will you go?

LYNN
 Bisbee, Arizona. The air's good
 for pensioners and I know where
 everything is.

EXLEY
 When?

LYNN
 Right now, before I back down.

EXLEY
 Where is he?

Lynn gestures ahead. They walk to her car. She opens the back door. Bud's in the back. Braces on his legs, head sutured. Jaw wired shut and tubes running in and out. But his hands still look strong. Bud forces a smile through the wires, tries to say something, but can't.

EXLEY
 Thanks for the push.

Exley takes his hand. Bud squeezes till both men wince.

EXLEY
 You just did what you did. No
 rank, no glory.

Exley slips his Medal of Valor into Bud's hand.

EXLEY
 From me to you. It'll mean

something if it's yours.

Bud takes it, turns away so Exley won't see the tears.

LYNN

We should go now.

As Exley steps back, Lynn closes the door. PARTY noises drift from upstairs. Exley looks to Lynn.

EXLEY

Do you think I ever could've been
in the running?

LYNN

Some men get the world. Others
get ex-hookers and a trip to
Arizona.

A beat. Exley wishes he'd gotten the trip to Arizona. She kisses him on the cheek, gets in the CAR. STARTS it.

Exley looks back at Bud. Bud presses his hands to the glass. Exley touches his side, palms half the man's size. Hands against hands.

The car moves. A turn into traffic, a good-bye TOOT on the HORN. Exley's all alone. As he watches them go...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END