

2 days in the Valley

by

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FADE IN

ON THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT

The expansive view from Mulholland looking out over the Valley. All the twinkling lights stretch on as far as you can see and it's a hot night.

DOSMO PIZZO AND LEE WOODS

are parked in a Buick - overlooking the Valley. Dosmo rides shotgun. An Italian from Brooklyn, he wears his hair slicked straight back and is dressed like a mafia wiseguy. His suit, the polished Florsheims, the knit shirt buttoned up to the neck - Dosmo just doesn't fit in L.A. Lee Woods is behind the wheel, a stopwatch in his hand that he keeps starting and stopping. From the midwest, Lee's hair is short so when meeting him, your eyes go straight to his and there's a cold, calculating, brainy edge to them. He wears earphones as he and Dosmo are bugging someone. These men are definitely an odd match. Dosmo, smoking a Kool cigarette, has been talking, filling the time as they wait:

DOSMO

You know that first amount of money you offered me, you understand why I had to turn you down. I make good money when I work! Yeah, I know, where I live, it doesn't look I'm that well off because - that's because I was gambling and I was fuckin' sick and I blew every dime I made 'cause I had the gambling habit - but now I'm tryin' to do the right thing and even though we haven't worked together, I value this new relationship but I won't work for nothin'. Sure - I could use the money but I gotta be paid my quote... you understand that, don't you?

LEE

How long since you've worked, Dosmo?

DOSMO

Hey, you go through a little dry spell, what does it make? It makes you stronger! I'm okay, I always knew I'd be back --

Lee holds up his hand hearing something on the earphones.

DOSMO

What is it?

LEE

Sounds like she's having a bad dream.

Dosmo lifts a pair of binoculars and looks down at

A HOUSE ON STILTS

overlooking the Valley. It's one of those that will slide down in the next big earthquake.

INT. HOUSE ON STILTS - NIGHT

BECKY FOXX sleeps restlessly because it's so hot. She's pretty and has a lean hardbody. Strong and sexy, Becky is an Olympic competitor. She's competed all her life and her room is filled with skiing trophies and pictures of her receiving them from age six on. There is also a Stairmaster, treadmill and Nordic track in the room. Suddenly, she awakens - thinking she heard something. She looks across the room at a man asleep on the couch, in his boxer shorts, lying on his back, snoring, with one leg off the couch because he's too big for it. Also an Olympic competitor - a speed skater - ROY FOXX is Becky's gap-toothed ex-husband. As he tries to get more comfortable on the couch, he shifts and falls off.

BECKY

Roy. Roy!

Roy lands on the floor. Realizing what's happened, he smiles up at Becky.

ROY

I'm on my knees. Where you've always wanted me to be.

BECKY

I never wanted you on your knees, Roy.

ROY

What do I do next, beg or bark?

BECKY

Alright, - come on the bed. Sleep on this side. But go to sleep.

He climbs up, sliding under the sheets next to her. Right alongside her.

ROY

Mmmmmmm... my little worm.

BECKY

Don't call me that.

ROY

Well, you were my little worm.

BECKY

Why did you come over?

ROY

Because - It's our anniversary! I kept remembering the good times. Are you going out with somebody?

BECKY

No. No one special. How many girls are you seeing?

ROY

(ignoring that)

-- Are you gonna try for '98?

BECKY

(wanting to get back to sleep)

No. I'm through with competition. Three Olympics and I never medaled. I'm not doing that to myself anymore.

(beat)

What about you?

ROY

If you don't go maybe I will because, you know, when I saw you before I skated...

(beat)

That's why I fell.

BECKY

Oh, please!

ROY

Becky - I miss you. That's why I came over.

Becky sits up, throws the sheets off her - hot and worked up.

BECKY

Why are you doing this? What are you doing here? You left me!

ROY

(sheepishly)

-- I think I made a mistake.

BECKY

Who was that Norwegian bimbo in
Lillehammer? The one you brought to
watch me race?

ROY

Helga?

(innocently)

Did she distract you?

BECKY

Not at all, looking out of the corner
of my eye and seeing this giant
Viking blonde with big tits and big
blue eyes dressed in a skin tight
leather bodysuit curled around you --
No, it didn't distract me in the
least! I blocked it right out of my
mind and came in fourth again!!!

ROY

At least you came in fourth!

BECKY

-- Let's go to sleep!

She plops back down and pulls the sheets over her -
determined to go back to sleep. Roy stares at her a beat,
then suddenly kisses her. She tries to pull away but he pins
her. She almost gets sucked into the kiss but she pushes him
off.

BECKY

No! No! This is a destructive
relationship and I'm not starting it
up again!

ROY

Why am I turned on? Why am I looking
at you and getting more and more
turned on by my little worm?

He snuggles into her. She turns away, on her side. He
spoons her, pressing his masculinity against her ass.

BECKY

Go call your Viking playmate!

ROY

Becky - I think I still love you.

BECKY

Roy ... stop! I mean it. I'll throw
you out. Now good night.

DOSMO AND LEE

Lee smiles. Dosmo, who is not wearing earphones, asks:

DOSMO
What's so funny?

LEE
He is.

DOSMO
What's goin' on?

LEE
He's trying to screw her.

DOSMO
He's in her bed?

Lee holds up his hand. Dosmo waits impatiently, watching Lee, wondering what Lee's hearing.

DOSMO
Tell me what the fuck is happening?

Lee pulls off the earphones.

LEE
They're going back to sleep. Let's go.

DOSMO
What the fuck happened?

LEE
Does every other word out of your mouth have to be fuck? Is this the extent of your vocabulary, Dosmo?

DOSMO
Oh, it fuckin' bothers you? I didn't fuckin' know.

Lee throws Dosmo a look, starts the car and pulls out.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

The Buick drives down a hill on a lonely stretch of Mulholland. Dark blue sky frames the car.

EXT. BECKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see a glint of the Buick's headlights. It glides down Becky's driveway - the engine cut.

Only the tires on the gravel create a sound. The passenger door opens, Dosmo exits pulling out a pistol.

LEE
(whispers)
Very quietly.

DOSMO
This ain't my first barbecue.
(concerned)
Now, you're sure she don't have a
fuckin' dog?

LEE
(amused)
Dosmo. A tough guy like you is
afraid of dogs?

DOSMO
I ain't afraid of 'em, they just
don't like me. I don't know what it
is - they always growl at me.

Lee gives Dosmo a look, starts toward the house.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Becky's asleep, faced away from Roy who is spooned into her.

THE DOOR HANDLE

turns slowly.

THE DOOR

opens. Lee slips in. Dosmo behind, points his pistol at Roy. Lee tiptoes over to Becky's side.

Lee pulls a hypodermic needle out of his pocket. He uncaps it, then squirts a little serum out of the tip. Dosmo picks up the telephone cord by the bed and cuts it with a knife. Becky stirs... Dosmo swivels his aim toward her. Lee holds up his hand. He doesn't want Dosmo to shoot her. Becky turns over - on her stomach - nestling into the pillow.

Lee nods at Dosmo, then rushes toward Becky - jamming the hypodermic through the sheet into her ass! Roy tries to sit up but finds a gun pointed at his face. Dosmo pushes the gun barrel right into his mouth.

DOSMO
She out?

LEE

Yep.

Lee caps the hypodermic and puts it back in his pocket.

DOSMO

OK buddy, lay back.

Terrified, Roy lays his head back.

DOSMO

Now I'm gonna take the gun outta your mouth and you're gonna be quiet, right? Otherwise I'm gonna havta pull the trigger.

With the gun barrel in his mouth, Roy nods.

DOSMO

Open up so I don't hurt the teeth.

Roy opens his mouth. Dosmo pulls the gun out. Roy, scared shitless, stares at Becky's limp body.

DOSMO

She ain't dead, just sedated. You mind if I smoke?

Roy shakes his head, not knowing what the hell is going on. Dosmo drags up a chair and pulls out a pack of Kools. He taps out his last cigarette, crumples the pack, sticks it in his pocket and lights up. Lee pulls out the stopwatch, places it on the night table and starts it.

LEE

... You have one minute to decide the rest of your life. I'm going to ask you three questions. If you lie, you die.

DOSMO

Why don't you let him sit up?

Lee shoots Dosmo an angry look for interrupting.

LEE

(to Roy)

Get comfortable.

Roy sits up. Dosmo blows a smoke ring and sticks his pinky finger through it.

LEE

Alright. Forty seven seconds, first question.

He holds up a picture of a beautiful blue eyed blonde. The Viking Playmate. It's just a shot of her face.

LEE

You met her in Lillehammer. Who did she say she was?

ROY

Helga. Helga Svelgen? What's this all about?

Dosmo cranes his head to see the picture of Helga as Lee continues:

LEE

Second question. Did Becky know about your other business in Norway? Did she know what you did there besides fall down ice skating?

ROY

I -- I don't know what you're talking about!

Dosmo looks at Lee - Dosmo doesn't know what Lee is talking about either.

LEE

There's no sense trying to protect Helga. She's dead. Twenty six seconds.

Roy's eyes widen with terror.

ROY

Helga is dead?

Lee reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out another photo of Helga. This time she is lying naked on a bed - in a pool of blood. Very dead. Roy looks at the stopwatch. Twenty two seconds to go...

LEE

Now -- The important question. The big one, the one not to get wrong... Was Helga the one who approached you on behalf of the North Koreans? you have sixteen seconds left.

Roy's lips tremble... really terrified.

ROY
(quickly)
I swear I don't know what you're
talking about!

DOSMO
Can I see that picture?

LEE
Will you shut up and let me finish?
(to Roy)
Yes or no? Was it Helga?
(losing his patience)
If you don't admit she was your
contact in the next... ten seconds...

Lee pulls a 9mm pistol out of his pocket. He attaches a
silencer.

ROY
(quickly)
But I swear - I don't know what
your talking about!!

Lee presses the silencer against Roy's head, holding up the
stopwatch for Roy to see.

LEE
Four - three - two...

ROY
Okay! Okay? She was my contact!

Roy looks at Dosmo for help - as if to say 'I really don't
know what's going on.' Lee pulls the silencer back away from
Roy's head and stops the stopwatch. He leans back in the
chair satisfied by the answer. Dosmo stares at Lee -
wondering what this is all about.

DOSMO
This thing isn't about a gambling
debt?

Lee suddenly pushes the silencer against Roy's head and pulls
the trigger. BLOOD SPLATTERS Dosmo's pants!

DOSMO
JESUS CHRIST!!!

A SHIRTLESS BEARDED MAN

with intense eyes stares right at us. His hand comes up and
covers his face with shaving foam. His name is TEDDY PEPPERS
and he is middle aged, Jewish and in a great mood.

He begins shaving off his beard as he sips from a glass of scotch and shoots a look down at his old black Dachshund - BOGEY - who is curled up on the toilet seat alongside the sink. There's a fan on the floor pointed up at Bogey's face.

TEDDY

(to his dog)

Boy, you're in for a shock, Bogey. How long has it been since you've seen me without my beard? Well - we're gonna have a good look tonight.

There's a KNOCK on the front door.

TEDDY

There she is.

Bogey jumps down off the toilet seat, runs out of the bathroom and down the long hallway to the front door. He sniffs the person on the other side and starts BARKING. Teddy takes another sip off his drink and continues shaving. There's a second KNOCK. Teddy still doesn't answer. A key is inserted in the lock. The door swings open. Teddy steps out of his bathroom with his beard half shaved. He looks down the hallway at his landlady, EVELYN, an overweight woman. She looks at Teddy.

EVELYN

... You don't have the rent.

Teddy shakes his head. She looks down at the eviction notice in her hand. Not happy about this.

EVELYN

-- I never I thought it would come to this. I made so many exceptions for you, Teddy... you're paying less rent than everybody else and I even let you bring your dog, for old time's sake because you lived here ten years ago - but now... What would you do if you were me and I hadn't paid rent for four months.

Teddy sips the drink. The dog hasn't stopped BARKING.

TEDDY

I would evict me.

EVELYN

Please make him shut up.

TEDDY

Shut up, Bogey!

The dog stops barking.

EVELYN

I don't want to be an asshole, Teddy.

TEDDY

You're not an asshole, Evelyn.

(beat)

I'll be gone tomorrow.

EVELYN

Where will you go?

TEDDY

Listen, there is one thing you could do. I might be moving around for a while and... would you look after Bogey?

EVELYN

(surprised)

You're not giving him away, are you?

Teddy drains his glass.

TEDDY

No.

Evelyn looks at Teddy ... she's about to leave when she asks:

EVELYN

Teddy - what about your agent, the one you used to have dinner with once a week? Could he advance you some money?

Teddy laughs.

TEDDY

-- He doesn't return my calls.

Evelyn looks at Teddy - there's nothing else to say. She looks down at the dog, then turns sadly, closing the door behind her. Teddy walks back into the bathroom and finishes shaving as Bogey comes back - with a leash in his mouth.

TEDDY

Alright little man, one last walk to the park.

Teddy meets his clean shaven face in the mirror. He approves of his new look. Then he reaches down to the sink and picks up a .22 pistol. It's a small gun - it fits in the palm of his hand. He points the barrel of the gun to his head...

and pulls the trigger.

TEDDY

Bang.

The gun CLICKS. The dog cocks his head and looks at Teddy.

TEDDY

When I do it, I'll load it first.

Teddy slips the gun into his back pocket and lifts the toilet lid to take a piss. There's a roll of toilet paper on a gold statue on the lid. He takes the toilet paper off it -- revealing it to be a television Emmy... To Teddy Peppers For Outstanding Achievement in Directing, Arthur's Last Hope, 1982. He unravels a few sheets of toilet paper and blows his nose into it. As he drops it in the bowl, he focuses on his Emmy -- he picks it up, stares at it for a beat, drops it in the toilet bowl and flushes it.

EXT. STUDIO CITY PARK - NIGHT

As Teddy enters the park walking Bogey now all dressed up in a suit with no tie. The lonely moon hangs high in the hot sky -- Bogey starts biting at the leash and tugging at it.

TEDDY

Alright, alright wait a second, will you!

Teddy unhooks the leash.

TEDDY

Go find yourself an owner with a big house and backyard.

Bogey takes off into the night.

VOICE (O.S.)

Teddy? Teddy Peppers? Is that you?

Teddy turns - RALPH CRUPI - a paunchy, weather-beaten actor in his early 50's, one of those guys who never made it - approaches, walking his mutt. Teddy doesn't recognize him.

RALPH

It's me - Ralph Crupi, I did three day's work on that movie you directed - "Lights Out"? You remember me - Ralph, Ralph Crupi? I played one of the cooks in that food fight.

TEDDY

Oh yeah, I remember.

RALPH

Boy, what a bomb that was! Have you worked since?

(laughs)

Just kidding. Have you gone back to TV?? What else do you do after a feature film debut like that? Wow, those critics were cruel! I don't ever remember a movie getting that many bad reviews. What happened? I read the script, I thought it was a drama, what was all that stuff with that elephant in the middle? I know -- it's a long story! The studio fucked you over! Hey, you got the same dog! You still got that Dachshund.

Bogey returns and sniffs Ralph's dog.

TEDDY

This is another one. That one got hit by a car.

RALPH

Oh, sorry. Yeah, I remember when your wife brought that other one to the set when it was just a puppy. How is she, your wife, she was an actress, right?

TEDDY

We're divorced.

RALPH

Oh. Too bad, she was really pretty.

(realizing Teddy
can't do anything
for him)

Well, I hope you get a second chance. Otherwise, see ya' down on the unemployment line.

(laughs)

Just kidding.

Ralph smiles and drifts off into the night with his dog. Bogey stays by Teddy's side. Teddy pulls the .22 out of his pocket. He aims at Ralph's back, cocks the hammer and squeezes the trigger...

BANG!

It's a tire which just BLEW OUT!

ALLAN HOPPER

is behind the wheel of his jade black Lexus Coupe which just had the blow out. He's in his 40's, handsome and dressed in a silk shirt, Armani sports jacket, blue jeans and ostrich skin boots. He's on the phone and it's still the same night.

ALLAN

Shit, I just got a flat, can you believe it, I'm on my way to a three hundred thousand dollar commission and I just got a fuckin' flat! Yeah, I'll call you back, baby.

Allan disconnects and speed dials his office.

ALLAN

Hello, Susan... I'm in beautiful downtown Burbank and I just got a flat! Call Triple A right away - send them to Victory and Burbank, tell 'em to hurry, there'll be a big tip waiting.

(listens)

Yeah, then call Mr. Carnegie and tell him I'll be there as soon as I can. Apologize, you know what to say, then go to my house and feed the dog. Wait there until you hear from me, alright?

(listens)

... Oh, I just assumed you never have plans, Susan. Well then just watch Letterman at my house. Help yourself to some water.

(laughs)

No, seriously, take whatever you want. Okay. Good girl. What would I do without you? Alright. Bye.

Allan pulls over, climbs out and walks back to the tire. His license plate reads ART DELR -- for art dealer. Suddenly, he's jolted by a sudden pain in his side.

ALLAN

Ahhhh!

The pain doubles him over!

ALLAN
Oh shit! Ahhhh!

Then suddenly - as quickly as it appeared, the pain is gone. Allan straightens up - bewildered - his hand feeling his lower abdomen. He starts to open the car when he gets that stabbing pain again.

ALLAN
Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Shit! Ahhhh!

It doubles him over. A convertible approaches. He flags it down. There's a PRETTY ACTRESS behind the wheel.

ALLAN
I think I'm having an appendicitis attack, can you get me to Burbank Hospital?

PRETTY ACTRESS
I can't. I have an audition.

ALLAN
I'll pay you!

PRETTY ACTRESS
I'm sorry. It's a callback.

ALLAN
At this hour?

But she pulls away. Allan tries to flag down the next car but it HONKS at him, swerving around him. He stumbles across Burbank Blvd. trying to flag down a car but people pass around him. Allan crumbles to his knees in the middle of the street, clutching his side. He looks over at a young man sitting behind the wheel of a fire engine red Mustang parked on the curb dressed in a tank top and tight jeans.

ALLAN
Please! Help me!

The young gay - BUCK - stares at Allan, trying to make up his mind whether to help. Buck throws a look back at the bar that the Mustang is parked in front of. There are two gays at the bar saying good-bye to friends. He looks back at Allan - on his knees in the street. He bends down quickly and finishes hot wiring the Mustang. He jumps out, throws Allan over his shoulder in a fireman's carry, dumping him in the back seat. Allan's black Gucci wallet falls out on the street. Buck sees it - Allan doesn't. Buck quickly stuffs it in his pocket, leaps behind the wheel and peels out - just as the car's owner comes out of the gay bar and sees his car being stolen.

MAN

Hey, that's my car!!!

BURBANK HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM

As Buck bursts through the doors - Allan's arm draped around his neck as he pulls him up to the admitting desk.

BUCK

This guy's having an appendicitis attack or something!

ADMITTING NURSE

Have him fill out an admitting form.

BUCK

Lady, this guy's dying, he don't have time for forms!

ADMITTING NURSE

Does he have insurance?

Buck turns to Allan who is in so much pain he can barely talk. Allan reaches for his wallet in his back pocket.

ALLAN

My wallet... it's gone!

BUCK

Maybe you left it in your glove compartment.

ADMITTING NURSE

I've got to have a payment source before he can go in.

Buck reaches in his pocket, pulls out another stolen wallet. He digs through it, looking for a credit card - pulls out an American Express.

BUCK

Here!

He helps Allan into the emergency room. Spots a doctor.

BUCK

Doctor! Over here!

An E.R. DOCTOR rushes over.

E.R. DOCTOR

What's the matter?

BUCK
His stomach is exploding!

ANOTHER DOCTOR
Walter. Help me get this guy into a room.

As the two doctors carry him off, the E.R. Doctor turns back to Buck.

E.R. DOCTOR
Wait outside.

Buck nods - backs out the emergency door and takes off.

CLOSE ON - A BARE BACK

as a female hand with red nail polish massages it.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR ROOM - SAME TIME

MIDORI - an Asian woman in her 20's, petite and exotic - is rubbing down a young man who lies on his stomach on a massage table. A towel over his ass. Midori kneads his back with her hands. A small fan is propped up on a little table next to an economy sized bottle of baby powder.

MIDORI
Feel good?

WES TAYLOR

turns his head and looks up at her. Wes is a soulfully handsome young man in good shape, in his early 30's with longish hair and with an earring. It's surprising to see someone as young and attractive as him in a massage parlor.

WES
Yeah, feels great.

MIDORI
Hot day. Very hot day.

WES
Yeah.

MIDORI
You live California?

WES
-- No, Chicago.

MIDORI
Here for vacation?

WES

... Yeah -- where are you from?

MIDORI

Manila.

WES

Manila? I thought this was a Japanese place?

MIDORI

Mother Japanese. Father Filipino.
I am - how you say...

(laughs)

... a mutt.

WES

No. Your not a mutt. You're a beautiful woman.

MIDORI

(laughs shyly)

Thank you. Turn over please.

Wes turns over as Midori walks around the massage table. She brushes against Wes' jeans which are draped over a chair. His wallet falls out. He notices but she doesn't. He looks down at it - it's open, revealing a Police Badge. Wes looks up at her. Her back is to him as she fills her hands with baby powder. Wes reaches down quickly, closes the wallet and stuffs it on the chair under his jeans just as Midori turns around.

MIDORI

Feel okay?

WES

Yeah - yeah, fine.

She begins massaging his feet.

MIDORI

I do softer this side?

WES

Uh... yeah.

She lightly traces the tips of her fingers up Wes' legs. Now no longer a massage, it's a tease meant to arouse him. She smiles down at him, concentrating her light strokes around his genitals. He is getting aroused.

MIDORI
(laughs)
You like.

WES
It feels good.

MIDORI
You strong. Nice body. Oops! Look
at you. So big!

Wes looks down at himself. He's obviously erect. Midori
pulls her hands away, lets them drop by her side.

MIDORI
Finish.

WES
All done?

MIDORI
-- You want something else?

WES
-- Like what?

MIDORI
What you want?

There's a quiet beat. This is the moment before she gets
busted.

WES
... What could I get?

MIDORI
You be here before?

WES
No, this is my first time. Not my
first time in a massage parlor, I've
been in them before but not in the
Valley. Didn't this place just open?

Midori studies him a moment.

MIDORI
-- You have nice eyes. Yes. Just
open.

Midori laughs - shy. She looks down at his manhood. She
trusts him. Now he's got her.

MIDORI

What you want I do?

Wes stares at her... he's started to like her. A mistake because he's got to bust her.

WES

I'd like um, uh --

He is interrupted as a man's VOICE outside the door starts yelling in Japanese. Midori apologizes back in Japanese.

WES

-- What's the matter?

MIDORI

I take too much time with you. Next customer waiting.

Wes looks at his watch.

WES

Oh, I didn't realize what time it is. I have to meet somebody. What's, um, your name?

MIDORI

Midori.

WES

Midori. Very Pretty. What's Midori mean?

MIDORI

Green. Midori is green. Like after dinner drink.

WES

-- Your mother named you after an after dinner drink?

Midori laughs and hands Wes his underwear. He slips them on.

MIDORI

What your name?

WES

Wes.

She reaches for his pants. He scoops up his wallet quickly, holding it while she holds out his pants and he slips into them. There's more yelling in Japanese from outside. Midori answers back - apologizing - obviously afraid of the owner which Wes notices.

MIDORI
You come back soon.

WES
Do you work tomorrow?

MIDORI
Yes.

She smiles at him but the man outside has made her nervous.

EXT. JAPANESE THERAPY - DAWN

That's what the sign reads in the window. It's located on Ventura Boulevard in Studio City. Another sign reads "Open 24 Hours". It's early the next morning but it's already hot as hell. It's going to be another dog day in the Valley. Wes exits the therapy studio and crosses Ventura Blvd.... to a 7 Eleven.

There is an unwashed four door dark green Chevy parked there with a detective sitting behind the wheel - cup of coffee in one hand and a form letter in the other. He looks up from the letter - noticing Wes approach. He is Wes's partner. ALVIN STRAYER is a dark blonde detective born and raised in the Valley, married and divorced there. Alvin glances down at the letter which wasn't good news. He wipes the sweat off his forehead then carefully folds the letter and slides it back in the envelope. Then, he tucks it into the inside pocket of his sport jacket as Wes climbs in.

ALVIN
-- What happened?

WES
Nothing. She didn't do anything, it was just a straight massage.

Alvin measures his younger partner suspiciously.

ALVIN
What???

WES
Maybe she made me as a cop.

ALVIN
(sarcastic)
Are you trying to tell me that's a legitimate Japanese therapy studio?

WES
No. I'm just trying to tell you nothing happened.

ALVIN

That place is definitely a handjob house and we're gonna raid it tomorrow. Every one of those slanty eyed whores I'm gonna personally throw in the can and make sure they're deported.

He starts the car angrily and pulls out of the parking lot.

WES

Alvin, can I ask you a question?

ALVIN

You know, I hate when people ask me if they can ask a question. Just ask it.

WES

Why do you hate Asians so much?

ALVIN

-- I don't hate Asians. I don't like whores.

Alvin cruises down Ventura Blvd..... Wes studies his partner.

WES

Hey Alvin --

ALVIN

(snaps)

Just ask it!

WES

There's about a hundred massage parlors in L.A. For years Vice has never bothered with them. Why are we starting now?

ALVIN

Because this one's in the Valley! All the others are downtown or in Culver City or Santa Monica. They're all on the other side of the hill but there are NO massage parlors in the Valley! I was born two miles from here, I own a house in Studio City, this is a nice place to live and I'm gonna keep it that way. That fuckin' place opened up four weeks ago and it ain't gonna operate one day after tomorrow. Does that answer your question?

WES

Yeah.

ALVIN

Good.

Alvin's face is beet-red. He is so freaked out, way over the top. Wes knows there must be more to this but he doesn't want to get into it on his first day of work with his new partner.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

Lee and Dosmo's Buick is cruising along Mulholland. Driving east. Behind them - the Valley is covered by a thick grey blanket of smog.

INT. BUICK - DAY

Lee drives, looking out over the Valley.

DOSMO

I'm still waiting for a fuckin' explanation.

LEE

(disgusted)

Look at that smog. How do people live down there?

DOSMO

I thought this was a thing outta New York, I thought this was a bad guy who welched on a bet.

LEE

I know it's cheaper to live in the sweltering Valley but you couldn't pay me enough to walk around breathing in that crap everyday.

DOSMO

Just tell me what's all this shit about Koreans and spies?

Lee smiles at Dosmo. It's a mysterious, twisted grin.

LEE

You know, curiosity killed the cat.

DOSMO

Wow, you're a real pisser, aren't you?

(more)

DOSMO (cont'd)
You like fucking with people's heads,
don't you? Who are you? How did you
find me?

LEE
I looked you up in the phone book
under washout.

DOSMO
(a quiet beat)
Oh, you know about that?

Lee turns right down Coldwater Canyon Blvd. heading down
toward the Valley.

DOSMO
Look -- I'm grateful at a chance for
a comeback, don't get me wrong, I
appreciate this opportunity but I
still want to be treated with respect!

LEE
Why do you deserve respect?

DOSMO
Hey, haven't you ever made a mistake?

LEE
No.

DOSMO
You never make a mistake?

LEE
If I did, I'd be out of the business
like you.

DOSMO
(triggered)
Hey, every guy I whacked before that
stayed dead. And he would've too!
I had the hit perfectly planned but
then I listened an asshole - my
asshole friend - and I went against
my instincts - just goes to show
you - never go against your instincts!

(beat)
Okay, that fuckin' hit destroyed me.
Yeah - you're right. It ended my
career. I haven't worked since. To
tell you the truth, when you called,
you know what I was doin'?

LEE
Flipping pizzas at Dominos.

Dosmo looks at Lee - surprised.

DOSMO
Who the fuck are you? How come you know so much about me...?

LEE
I know more about you than you know about yourself, Dumbo.

DOSMO
My name is Dosmo.

Lee turns off Coldwater - down a dirt road. He pulls the car to a stop at a lonely spot along a hillside of dry brush.

DOSMO
And what do you know about me that I don't know?

LEE
This is where you get out.

Dosmo immediately understands. He reaches for his gun but Lee pulls his out first. Lee presses the silencer right up against Dosmo's heart and SHOOTs him.

Dosmo is JOLTED BACK in his seat against the door! Lee opens the door and kicks Dosmo out. Then he reaches into his pocket and pulls out four 3-gram vials of cocaine. He tosses two on the floor of the car, steps out, drops another on the street and crushes it with the heel of his shoe. Lee pops the trunk. Taped in the rear is a plastic explosive with a timer. Lee sets the timer for 60 seconds then starts the stopwatch and slams the trunk closed. He tosses another vile of cocaine toward Dosmo's body then quickly walks away.

There is a Volvo waiting for him at the end of the block with the windows up and air conditioning on. Lee climbs in the driver side. HELGA SVELGEN - Roy's giant Viking Playmate - the very tall dead blonde in the picture - sits in the passenger seat still very much alive. And she's voluptuous with big blue eyes and an astounding body. This is the kind of woman men throw their lives away for.

HELGA
All done, honey?

Her accent is Norwegian.

LEE
(laughs)
What a complete buffoon.

HELGA
-- Roy?

LEE
No. Dumbo. The pizzaman.

HELGA
But Roy is dead? You killed Roy,
right?

LEE
Why? Will you miss him?

HELGA
Of course not.

LEE
You didn't enjoy yourself with him --
did you?

Lee looks down in the stopwatch in his hand. 30 seconds to go.

HELGA
Lee! Don't we have to get out of
here, like before the car blows up?

LEE
Now, you definitely didn't make love
with Roy, right?

HELGA
No! We're not gonna go through this
again, are we?

LEE
What exactly did you do? Tell me
once more.

HELGA
He kissed me. We necked, that's all!

LEE
He didn't touch your breasts?

HELGA
No! Lee. Let's go!

She looks at the stopwatch. 19 seconds to go.

LEE
I'm just telling you - if I found out
you were lying, I couldn't handle it.
I would go crazy.

HELGA
Well, don't go crazy, okay? Now
let's go!

She stares at the car, then at the stopwatch. 15 seconds to go. Lee enjoys her fear as he calmly backs away. He turns, shoots a look back through the window.

LEE'S P.O.V.

of the car and Dosmo lying by the side of the car. Only there's one problem -- Dosmo's body is not there anymore.

LEE

LEE
Where'd he go?

Helga turns. Both of them look.

HELGA
Where is he?

LEE
I don't know!

HELGA
Didn't you shoot him?

LEE
Yeah!

Lee's mind races.

HELGA
Could he have rolled under the car?

LEE
Yeah. He must have. He must have!
You're right.

Lee floors the car, speeding down the street - as he hits Coldwater, he takes a right - the abandoned Buick EXPLODES into

A GIANT FIREBALL

CAMERA PANS down to Dosmo's body rolling downhill - through the dry brush and bushes.

His body crashes against a chainlink fence which separates the barren hillside from a swimming pool in someone's backyard.

CAMERA MOVES to Dosmo. His hand reaches for his heart - it stings like hell. He rips open his shirt exposing a velcro bulletproof vest which has an indentation over his heart. He struggles to his knees. His hair, caught on some brush, is pulled off. Dosmo reaches for his balding head. He turns - grabbing his toupee and putting it back on. He pulls himself to his feet and looks through the fence at the pool - his only escape route. What he sees depresses him even more.

There's a pit bull doing laps in the pool. All alone, it's just swimming in circles. Dosmo slumps against the fence.

DOSMO

A dog. Ahhhh shit.

ALLAN HOPPER'S LEXUS - DAY

pulls down a small cul de sac and parks in front of Allan's \$2 million home at the end of the street. SUSAN PARISH (late 30's) climbs out from behind the wheel, hurrying around to open the passenger door. Smart and reliable, she is Allan's longtime personal assistant and general slave. Not a beauty, Susan is ethnic looking and does not possess an enormous amount of self-esteem. Allan gingerly gets to his feet. She moves to help him.

ALLAN

I can walk by myself.

SUSAN

Let me help you.

ALLAN

(in a foul mood)

I don't need help, alright? I'm not a cripple, I'm just sore. Hot and sore. It must be a hundred and ten fucking degrees. What happened up there?

He's looking up at the top of the hill towards the burned grass.

SUSAN

A car fire. I heard it on the radio. I think some kids blew up a car up there.

ALLAN

Nice. I'll tell you, I believe in caning. I know it's not fashionable in the art world, but I --

(remembering)

Did Mr. Carnegie call?

SUSAN

Yeah. He went back to Dallas, he said send pictures.

ALLAN

(grouches)

He's not gonna buy a four million dollar painting from fuckin' slides! That deal is blown. Shit! Where was I?

SUSAN

Caning.

ALLAN

Yeah. Remember when those kids sprayed grafitti on the gallery? I'd love to see them caned.

SUSAN

Well, you remember what it's like being a kid. Sometimes you have to blow off steam. Once I got so mad at my father because he didn't come to my

ALLAN

(overriding)

Look how overgrown those bushes are. These Mexicans are idiots. Talk to the gardener about them, will you?

Allan negotiates his way up the long flight of steep stairs toward his Studio City home - not interested in anything Susan has to say. If she's not talking about Allan, he's not listening.

SUSAN

(walking beside him)

Do you have to follow a special diet now?

ALLAN

Yeah. No more dairy products, no red meat, no milk, no nuts, no coffee, no tea, no chocolate, no sex --

SUSAN
(overriding)
- Are you kidding?

ALLAN
And I gotta drink at least three
gallons of water a day. I never want
to be without a glass of water in my
hand. I have to be constantly
pouring water down my throat --
where's the only joy of my life?

SUSAN
He was in the pool when I left.

ALLAN
You fed him last night? You flavored
his food with bacon?

SUSAN
Yes.

ALLAN
Good girl.

SUSAN
Me or the dog?

ALLAN
The dog is a boy.

Susan is insulted but says nothing. They arrive at the front
door. She pulls out the key, opens up.

INT. ALLAN HOPPER'S LIVING ROOM

As Allan and Susan enter. The interior is modern and
spacious and the minimalist furniture and the contemporary
art on the walls make it feel more like an art gallery than
a home. Like Allan, it's cold. There's a Jackson Pollack on
one wall - a De Kooning on another - and a Fischl. The living
room also contains some sculptures which are expressions of
sadistic sexual fantasy.

Allan moves to a chair and slowly sets himself down in it.
Susan pulls an otoman over and lifts his feet on it.

ALLAN
Turn up the air all the way then let
Mark in.

Susan crosses the living room - toward the kitchen and the
sliding glass door, adjusting the thermostat on the way.

ALLAN

Then I want you to call the Burbank Hospital and find out the name of the fag who gave them his credit card for me. I want to send him maybe a Chagal lithograph.

SUSAN

That's very generous!

ALLAN

Hey, I owe this guy, he might've saved my life.

SUSAN

You must still be sedated. You never gave me a Chagal print and I've worked for you for eight years.

ALLAN

Susan, if you wanted, I could give you something better.

Susan tilts her head and measures Allan. She's secretly always had a crush on her boss.

SUSAN

-- What?

ALLAN

You know, with a little surgery, you don't have to be that homely.

Susan is speechless.

ALLAN

I'd pay for implants and lyposuction but don't take it as an insult, you know how much I like you.

SUSAN

(devastated)

I'll -- let your dog in.

She turns and holding back tears, walks through the kitchen, opens the sliding glass door and walks outside to the pool. Allan, realizing he's offended her, mumbles trying to make himself feel better.

ALLAN

If you fixed yourself up, you might meet a man.

He reaches for the phone. Hits a speed dial number - waits out a woman's recording.

ALLAN

Audie... It's me, your kidney stone-less brother. That's right, I had them last night, did mom or dad ever have kidney stones, the urologist wanted to know. Anyway, I'm alright, I had a lithotripsy and everything's fine. They broke them up with lasers. If you're checking your machine before you leave work, just come on by. I need a nurse. Bye.

He disconnects and yells toward the sliding glass doors.

ALLAN

Susan?! Don't be so sensitive!
(no answer)

Susan?!
(beat, still no
answer)

Susan?!!! Come back inside!!!

Allan gently lifts himself out of the chair, moving across the living room - to the kitchen - wondering where the hell she is. He steps outside - stops short.

Susan is standing by the pool.

Dosmo is in a pool chair drenched in sweat, gripping a pistol in his hand pointing it down at MARK - Allan's pitbull - who is sitting in front of Dosmo - staring up at him. The bullet proof vest is alongside the chair. The whole scene is surreal. Everyone is frozen in place.

DOSMO

Get him off!

ALLAN

-- Who are you?

DOSMO

Call your fuckin' dog off!

ALLAN

Mark. C'mere!

The pitbull turns his head, looks back at Allan but swivels his head back at Dosmo. Sensing danger. Growling at Dosmo.

DOSMO

Call him off!

ALLAN

He's not vicious, he just wants to fetch. He's waiting for you to throw the gun.

DOSMO

I'm tellin' you, get over here an' drag him away or I'll shoot him, then I'll shoot both of you!

Allan and Susan exchange looks. Dosmo curses in Italian to himself.

SUSAN

Do you have something to do with that car blowing up on Mulholland?

DOSMO

Yeah. I was supposed to be in the car. And there's a man that's gonna come lookin' for me. A man that wants to finish a job he botched. And I am sure he will also kill both of you too so there'll be no witnesses - are you gettin' my drift? I'd like to borrow the keys to your car.

ALLAN

(quickly)

Give him the keys.

Susan reaches in her pocket - tosses the keys to Dosmo.

ALLAN

I'm going to pull him away.

DOSMO

Good idea.

Allan feebly walks forward, grabbing Mark by the collar, pulling him back. Dosmo winces as he pulls himself out of the chair. His hand moves to his chest where the impact of the bullet has cracked a rib. Dosmo walks by the pool, sweat running down his face. Allan and Susan notice his pants which are splattered with... what could be blood. Dosmo notices they notice. As Dosmo passes Susan, she thinks she recognizes him.

SUSAN

Do I know you?

DOSMO

-- Me?

SUSAN
You look familiar.

ALLAN
Susan, let him get outta here!

DOSMO
Susan what?

SUSAN
Parish. But I changed it from
Paluzzo.

DOSMO
Paluzzo is a beautiful name. You
shouldn't have changed it.

She holds Dosmo's eyes a beat. He wonders if she's flirting.

DOSMO
Do you have a cigarette?

SUSAN
Sorry, I don't smoke.

DOSMO
Look. I'm not a thief, but I need
money.

He looks at Allan.

ALLAN
I lost my wallet. All I have is -
about forty dollars.

Allan pulls out two twenties sandwiched in a fancy money
clip. Susan opens her pocketbook.

DOSMO
No, not yours.

She appreciates that. Dosmo turns toward Allan. Allan
tosses Dosmo his money clip. Dosmo tries to catch it but
misses. Dosmo bends down but his toupee falls off. Allan
and Susan exchange looks. Dosmo scoops up the toupee, plants
it back on his head. He shoots an embarrassed look at Susan,
then pockets the money and starts for the house.

SUSAN
It's crooked.

Susan gestures toward his head. Dosmo feels his toupee,
straightens it out. He looks back at her then enters the
house.

INT. ALLAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Dosmo peers out the window - there's no one in sight. He opens the door to exit when in the distance SIRENS are heard. He quickly closes the door.

DOSMO

Shit.

Dosmo turns, Allan and Susan are standing by the glass door.

SUSAN

They went by this morning to that car. I don't think that has anything to do with you.

DOSMO

Leave that dog outside. You two come in. Shut that door.

They enter. Susan closes the sliding glass doors behind them. Dosmo wipes his sweating neck, considering his next move. He looks over at Allan and Susan.

DOSMO

Is there anything to eat in this place? I'm fuckin' starvin'. You got any pasta here? Any marinara sauce? Any garlic?

ALLAN

Look. Why don't you just go, take the car and leave.

SUSAN

(shocked)

You want us to cook for you?

DOSMO

No. No. I'll cook.

EXT. LOS ANGELES NATIONAL VETERAN'S CEMETERY - DAY

This is the Cemetery that's north of Wilshire off Sepulveda, where the small white veteran's tombstones are all the same size... a Valley cab pulls into the Cemetery. It drives down the narrow roadway.

INT. VALLEY CAB - DAY

Teddy is in the back seat, sweating. The window is rolled down, and Bogey has his face out the window.

TEDDY

Take a left here. Up the hill.

The taxi driver takes a left. Cruises uphill in the quiet Cemetery.

TEDDY

Stay to the right.

The road forks and the cab goes right. Teddy looks out the window at the row of graves.

TEDDY

Stop. Right here.

He looks at the meter. It's \$16.20. Teddy reaches into his pocket and uncrumples a \$20.

DRIVER

You want me to wait?

TEDDY

No. I changed my mind. Here, keep the rest.

DRIVER

You changed your mind? The only reason I took this fare was it's round trip. Who the fuck am I gonna pick up in a cemetery?

TEDDY

I'm giving you a four dollar tip, you should be more grateful.

DRIVER

Alright, get the fuck out.

Teddy crumples the twenty dollar bill in the Driver's hand then takes the pistol out of his pocket, pointing it at the driver, behind the seat where the driver can't see it. Teddy pulls the trigger. CLICK. Teddy exits the cab.

EXT. LOS ANGELES NATIONAL VETERAN'S CEMETERY - DAY

Teddy walks down the hillside. Bogey stops to piss on a tombstone.

TEDDY

No. Bad boy. C'mere!

Bogey drops his leg and follows. All the small white tombstones are the same size - the row seems to go on endlessly. Teddy finally arrives at his mother's grave.

He looks around the Cemetery... no other person is visiting a grave. Bogey wanders away, sniffing.

TEDDY

Don't piss on any tombstones, respect the dead.

Teddy kneels. He takes the pistol out but this time, he reaches into another pocket - pulling out six bullets.

He carefully loads the pistol and SNAPS the cylinder shut. He sets the loaded gun on the ground and takes out the pint of cheap scotch. He gulps what's left - trying to find the strength to do what he has to do.

VERY WIDE SHOT OF THE LOS ANGELES NATIONAL VETERAN'S CEMETERY

Teddy, kneeling by the tombstone, tosses the bottle aside. He is very small in the lower left hand side of the frame.

CLOSE ON TEDDY

as he lifts the gun to his head. Bogey starts BARKING. Teddy turns. The little dog is behind him - barking like crazy!

TEDDY

Shut up!

Bogey backs away - but keeps BARKING.

TEDDY

Shut up!

But the dog keeps BARKING.

TEDDY

Somebody will find you! Somebody will take you!

The sound of a CAR approaching draws Teddy's attention to the road. A faded Volkswagen with a dented front fender stops about four rows away. A NURSE IN UNIFORM climbs out. Her hair is pulled back in a bun and she's wearing sunglasses and carrying flowers. She walks down a row of markers...not looking over toward Teddy, though she's got to know he's there. She stops in front of a grave and turns - her back to Teddy. She kneels.

Teddy watches her. Bogey tilts his head and watches her.

HIGH WIDE ANGLE

as she rises - leaving the flowers in front of the grave.
Teddy suddenly stands, tucking the .22 into his back pocket.

TEDDY

Excuse me... Miss?

AUDREY (AUDIE) HOPPER turns. Audrey is a lovely woman gracefully approaching middle age. She is Allan Hopper's older sister. Teddy starts toward her. She watches him approach. Bogey follows Teddy.

TEDDY

-- Would you happen to be by any chance interested in a dog? I'm moving and they don't allow pets where I'm going.

AUDREY

Then don't move.

Teddy is surprised by her response.

TEDDY

Well, it's actually a little more complicated than that... I have to leave the country.

Audrey looks at Teddy - saying nothing. He wipes the sweat from his forehead.

TEDDY

Boy - it's really hot today, isn't it.

(beat)

I came here from the Valley. It's hell over there.

She still says nothing.

TEDDY

Anyway, the reason I stopped you is uh, I thought you being a nurse, perhaps one of the patients at the hospital you work at might want a... companion.

AUDREY

What kind of work do you do?

TEDDY

I'm a ... writer-director.

AUDREY

Have you made any war movies?

TEDDY

War movies?? You like war movies?

AUDREY

Yes. They're my favorite.

TEDDY

No - no, I haven't made any war movies. Though, I'm sure there's alot of great stories in this cemetery. My mother was a nurse in World War II.

(beat)

Did you have a family member who died in a war?

AUDREY

I lost... a friend. So would I know something you've done? I don't just see war movies.

Teddy smiles.

TEDDY

Oh please don't make me give you my resume.

AUDREY

Alright. Never mind.

She turns to go.

TEDDY

-- "Arthur's Last Hope". It was a TV movie. Did you see that?

Audrey turns back.

AUDREY

No. I heard of it but I didn't see it. What else did you do?

TEDDY

(long beat)

Something called:

(beat)

"Lights Out".

AUDREY

I saw that! You did that?

TEDDY

(surprised)

You saw it?

AUDREY

Yeah. That came out in the mid eighties! I liked it!

TEDDY

You did?

AUDREY

Yeah. I laughed. I was the only one in the theater laughing but I thought it was really funny!

TEDDY

Were you the only one in the theater?

AUDREY

Almost but I still liked it! Especially that part with the elephant. It was so unexpected. You did that? I'm impressed.

Audrey looks down at Bogey. She bends down - petting him. He rolls over on his back. Wagging his tail.

AUDREY

What's his name?

TEDDY

Bogey. I know it's trite.

AUDREY

Humphrey Bogart was in two great war movies: Across the Pacific and Tokyo Joe.

Audrey rises and takes the leash.

AUDREY

Alright. I'll take him.

TEDDY

(surprised)

-- You will?

Audrey looks at Teddy. He's staring down at his dog. Obviously he doesn't want to give him away because as soon as he does, he's going to kill himself.

AUDREY

Are you sure you can't postpone your trip?

TEDDY

No. Here. Take him.

AUDREY

Why don't you come with me - We'll introduce them. You'll feel better.

TEDDY

Introduce who?

AUDREY

It's for my brother and he already has a puppy that swims.

She gives him the warm, comforting smile of a nurse. This quiet moment is suddenly shattered by...

BECKY SCREAMING

She is sitting up in her bed - having discovered Roy's body. She pulls the blood stained sheet off her body - climbing off the bed! Standing there in only her underwear - freaked out of her mind! Not knowing what the hell happened. Remembering nothing. She went to sleep joking with Roy and now there he is - bloody and dead.

Becky grabs the phone, the receiver hangs loosely in the air. The wire's been cut. She drops it and bolts down the stairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS LIVING ROOM

She grabs the phone there - it's also been cut. She runs toward the front door - grabbing a jacket and pulling on some running shorts - she bolts outside.

EXT. COLDWATER CANYON BLVD. - DAY

As Alvin Strayer's unwashed four door Buick turns from Mulholland down Coldwater toward the Valley.

INT. ALVIN'S CHEVY

Alvin drives. Wes rides shotgun. He's in the midst of inserting a new earring in his left ear. It's a transmitter. Alvin's banging on the air conditioner which doesn't work very well.

ALVIN

Now remember, you gotta get her on tape propositioning you. Just have that earring facing toward her. And you've got to negotiate a price. And be specific. How much for a handjob? How much for a blowjob? You've gotta get it all on tape or the D.A. won't prosecute.

Wes looks at Alvin. Less than enthusiastic.

ALVIN

The backup cars will be outside as soon as you get what we need, we'll all rush in and arrest those whores. Goddamn air conditioner! Hottest day in the Valley and it breaks!

(looks at Wes)

What's the matter?

WES

-- Nothing.

ALVIN

You don't look like you're into this.

WES

What am I supposed to be doing, jumping up and down all excited about busting a massage parlor? You think closing down this place is gonna have a major impact on your precious Valley?

ALVIN

These people spread disease! Why am I justifying your job to you? What the hell did you think you would be doing when you transferred to Vice?

WES

Lemme ask you a question. Have you ever been with a prostitute?

ALVIN

-- No.

WES

Never?

ALVIN

I don't pay for it!

WES

What about when you were in the service? Weren't you in Vietnam?

ALVIN

That's right.

WES

And your whole tour of duty, you were never with a prostitute?

ALVIN

I don't see where this is leading.

WES

I guess you're a saint.

ALVIN

I'm not a fuckin' saint! I'm an honest cop. I protect and serve. I'm a public servant and I do what I'm paid to do.

WES

You wanna know what I think? You really want to know what I think? I was up all last night 'cause when I went into this massage parlor yesterday - to tell you the truth - I liked the girl. Yeah. Who ever runs that massage parlor probably gave her a ticket to come over from Manila and she's working off the debt. The guy who runs the place is a dickhead. I agree we should bust him! But she's just a victim. A victim of circumstance!

ALVIN

(disgusted)

You're a fuckin' bleeding heart liberal.

WES

No I'm not. I'm just fed up! I joined the force to get into homicide. To catch people who commit murders. That's why I wanted to be a detective but I can't seem to make it happen, I just can't get promoted into homicide! So I keep transferring from robbery to bunko to forgery to vice. I've been bangin' around for ten years and I'm just not doin' what I wanna do.

Alvin pulls the car over.

ALVIN

You ain't goin' in there. You ain't gonna make this bust happen. You're gonna fuck it up.

WES

You're right. I'm not going in there!

Wes pulls the earring out. Alvin is disgusted. He picks up his walkie-talkie.

ALVIN
(into walkie-talkie)
24-10, this is AC6. We have a problem. Roger that. We cannot go forward. Over.

WALKIE-TALKIE (O.S.)
What's the problem?

As Alvin starts to answer, Wes nudges him. Coming down toward them, running down the street waving her arms, freaked out of her mind, is Becky.

BECKY
Help! Help!

She runs up to the side of the car.

BECKY
He's dead! My ex-husband's dead, somebody killed him, do you have a car phone? I have to call the police!

Wes sits up. He's been waiting his whole career for this.

WES
Lady, we are the police! Get in!

He shows his BADGE as we CUT TO:

EXT. VENTURA BOULEVARD MOTEL - DAY

It's one of those cheap motels down on Ventura near Lankershim. CAMERA FOCUSES on a room on the second floor as we hear Lee laughing.

INT. VALLEY MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Lee is lying on the bed in his bathrobe, clicking the stopwatch on and off - talking to the bathroom door which is closed. He clicks the stopwatch - starting it from one minute.

LEE
... You know, people don't realize how important a minute is. So much life revolves around a single minute.
(more)

LEE (cont'd)

You have the minute egg, the minute waltz, Minute Rice - people are always demanding you give them a minute. It's always taken for granted, nobody realizes how valuable it is until they only have one left.

(laughs)

Then they talk a mile a minute, are you listening?

HELGA

(from inside the bathroom)

I can't hear you, I'll be with you in a minute.

LEE

(yelling)

Well, come out here now! I don't like talkin' to a door!

The bathroom door opens - Helga steps out in a low cut red teddy. She is a sight to behold. A giant Norwegian Marilyn Monroe.

LEE

Just stand there a minute - I just want to look at you. Turn around. Slowly.

(Helga turns)

Ah, God definitely broke the mold after you, baby.

HELGA

Tell that to my modeling agency.

LEE

The hell with them. You're not too tall, it's the world that's too short. God, you are beautiful.

(laughs, remembering:)

Oh yeah, and when I asked Roy if you were the one who approached him on behalf of the Koreans and he had nineteen seconds to answer,

(laughs)

I think he wet his pants.

Helga sits on the bed and brushes her hair.

HELGA

Why did you go through that ridiculous story? Just to torture him? Sometimes I think you should have been born during the Spanish Inquisition.

Lee stops the stopwatch and mutters:

LEE

Your minute is up.

HELGA

Lee Woods - Minuteman.

Lee drops the stopwatch on the bed and slides his hand up around Helga's neck. He starts to push her back.

LEE

Lay back.

Helga pulls his wrist off.

HELGA

I told you don't put your hand around my throat. I'm not one of your victims.

Lee slides his hand back up to her throat and smiles.

LEE

I think you like it a little bit.

HELGA

I don't. It makes me not trust you.

LEE

You can trust me. You can always trust me. Just like I trusted you - with Roy. Which breast did he touch?

He touches Helga's breasts as he moves between her legs.

HELGA

He didn't have to touch either one, the way it turned out. Why did you change your mind? The whole idea of my having an affair with him was to lure him into the desert where we'd kill him but I know why you did it at Becky's house.

LEE

Why?

HELGA

Because you got jealous! You let this get to you personally. You never did that before.

LEE

I guess I must really be in love with you.

HELGA

Well, love me a little less.

Helga slips her hand around Lee's throat, pushing him back on the bed. She unties Lee's bathrobe, opens it up, sits on top of him. She holds his throat as they start to make love.

INT. ALLAN HOPPER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Susan and Allan - who is finishing a big glass of water - are standing in the kitchen. Dosmo, spoon in one hand, pistol in the other, cooks up some pasta on the stove.

DOSMO

-- You got any rappini?

ALLAN

What is that?

SUSAN

It's an Italian vegetable, like broccoli.

(to Dosmo)

No. He doesn't have any. I do the shopping for him.

DOSMO

You oughta keep some in the house. It's got a ton of vitamins and minerals. It prevents cancer - I eat it on a daily basis.

Dosmo turns and looks out the glass sliding door. Mark, the pit bull, is just sitting there - panting in the heat - staring inside.

DOSMO

Is it thirsty or something?

SUSAN

No. He drinks out of the pool. What are your pants stained with?

DOSMO
(to Allan)
Oh yeah, I gotta borrow a change of clothes.

ALLAN
Why was that car you were in blown up? Why did your partner want to kill you? What were you two involved in?

DOSMO
You think I'm gonna tell you?

SUSAN
He doesn't know. You don't know why your partner tried to kill you, do you?

Dosmo looks at Susan and can't help smiling.

DOSMO
You're a pretty smart cookie, aren't you? Is anybody in your family connected?

SUSAN
No. I'm not from New York, I grew up in Reseda.

DOSMO
We got people out here. We got people everywhere.

Susan, noticing Allan's empty glass, takes it and fills it up from the Sparkletts bottle, and hands it back to him.

DOSMO
You guys are hungry, right?

Allan is non-committal. He wants Dosmo gone.

SUSAN
I can eat.

Dosmo waves the gun, gesturing toward the kitchen table.

DOSMO
Sit down. It's almost ready.

Allan limps to the table. Susan pulls out a chair for him.

DOSMO

Don't do that.

(Susan looks at Dosmo)

You sit in the chair. He's sitting on the floor. He's a rude little shit and that's his punishment.

Allan looks at Susan - not knowing what the hell Dosmo is talking about.

DOSMO

I heard that comment you made while I was by the pool. If you weren't injured, you'd catch a beating.

(to Susan)

Don't listen to any of that plastic surgery bullshit, you're a very attractive woman, don't change a thing about yourself.

SUSAN

You don't think I need a nose job?

DOSMO

Fuck no. You don't need a nose job!

Susan is totally charmed.

ALLAN

Good. Because she already had one.

Dosmo storms over and slaps Allan with a full open hand.

DOSMO

Sit down on the floor.

SUSAN

Please! Don't hurt him!

DOSMO

Over by the window by your dog!

Allan, holding his red face, backs toward the sliding glass door and sits in front of it with his dog on the other side of the glass. Dosmo glares down at him.

SUSAN

He didn't mean anything. It's just part of his nature to be cruel. You can't take offense.

DOSMO

From now on, as long as I'm here, you
don't make no more apologies for him.
That's a new rule. Okay?

Susan doesn't answer.

DOSMO

-- Okay?

SUSAN

... Okay.

DOSMO

As a matter of fact, don't you
apologize for nobody in your life,
including yourself.

(to Allan)

Now do you want to eat any of my
pasta?

ALLAN

No!

DOSMO

Good. Go fuck yourself.

Susan, sets one of the plates of pasta on the table, then
backs away and just stands in the middle of the kitchen.

DOSMO

You're not gonna eat?

SUSAN

Not unless Mr. Hopper does and he
won't eat unless he sits at the table.

DOSMO

(measures Susan)

The loyal type, huh?

SUSAN

-- I'm Italian.

Dosmo looks down at Allan, gestures toward a chair.

DOSMO

Alright. Get up. Give him a plate.

Susan puts a plate of pasta on the table, moves to Allan. As
she bends down to help him up, the DOORBELL RINGS.

DOSMO

You expectin' somebody?

ALLAN
It's my sister.

DOSMO
Get rid of her.

ALLAN
She won't leave. She's coming by to
see if I'm okay. She's a nurse.

Susan peeks out of the kitchen. Through the living room window, she can see Audrey is not alone. Teddy is with her. Holding Bogey in his hands.

SUSAN
She's got a man with her. He's
holding a dog!

DOSMO
Another fuckin' dog?!

EXT. BECKY'S HOUSE - DAY

As the undercover green Chevy pulls down her driveway and stops. Wes, Alvin and Becky climb out. Becky is still in a state of shock.

BECKY
I can't go in there!

ALVIN
That's alright. You wait here.
We're just gonna take a quick look
inside.

Becky nods. Wes and Alvin head toward the front door when Wes notices Becky rubbing her backside.

WES
What's the matter?

BECKY
I don't know. I'm really sore, right
here.

Becky turns and lowers her running shorts.

BECKY
Oh my God! I'm all bruised - I'm all
black and blue back here.

WES
What happened?

BECKY

I don't know!! What is that?

Wes leans forward - looking at the top of her backside.

WES

It looks like a tiny prick - from
a... an injection.

BECKY

(terrified)

What kind of injection?

Alvin and Wes exchange puzzled looks.

WES

Look, just wait right here. We'll be
right out and then we'll get you down
to the station - and have a doctor
look at that. Don't worry. Just
relax.

From the look on her face, Becky's anything but relaxed. Wes
throws Alvin a look as the two of them move toward the front
door.

ALVIN

Don't touch anything!

Wes, who was just about to touch the doorknob, stops his hand
in mid-air.

ALVIN

There could be prints on it.

WES

How do you suggest we get inside?

Alvin doesn't have an answer. Using two fingers, Wes turns
the doorknob.

ALVIN

Well, don't touch anything else.

INT. BECKY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Wes and Alvin enter. Except for the phone wire cut, the
living room is unmolested.

WES

That black and blue mark was weird.
Do you think she was shot up with
something?

ALVIN
I don't know.

Wes turns toward the stairs which lead up to the bedroom. Alvin darts ahead of him, quickly climbing the stairs, which pisses Wes off. Wes follows behind.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

As they enter. Roy's body is twisted in the blood stained sheets. For a beat, both of them just stare at it.

ALVIN
... Jesus Christ - he was shot point
blank in the head.

Wes sweeps his eyes over the room, noting the telephone. With the line cut.

ALVIN
Don't touch it.

WES
(snaps)
I wasn't going to!

ALVIN
Alright. Let's go.

WES
Hold on.

ALVIN
No. We're not wasting anymore time.
C'mon.

WES
I want to look around.

ALVIN
No. You're gonna leave this to
Homicide. You fuck anything up in
this crime scene defense can use it
against the prosecution once they
catch the fuck that did this. C'mon,
Wesley.

Wes doesn't move - dying to investigate.

ALVIN
Let's go!

Alvin takes Wes' arm.

WES
Don't be puttin' your hands on me.

ALVIN
Get downstairs.

WES
Get your hand off my arm.

ALVIN
(a threat)
Keep pushing me.

BECKY (O.S.)
What are you guys fighting about?

They turn. Becky comes up the stairs - arriving in the doorway. Alvin takes his hand off Wes. Both are a little embarrassed.

WES
-- Miss, where were you when this happened?

BECKY
I was lying right next to him. I mean, I think I was.

WES
What do you mean, you think?

Alvin looks at Becky, wanting to know that too.

BECKY
I don't remember anything. We were sleeping in bed together last night, he's my ex-husband and he uh, dropped over and we were lying in bed and we fell asleep and I woke up this morning and he was...
(starting to cry)
Oh my God. Roy.

Alvin reaches over, steadying her by the shoulders.

ALVIN
It's okay -- it's okay ...

WES
I'm just a little confused, Ms. Foxx... You were sleeping next to your ex-husband and you didn't hear the shot?

ALVIN

Maybe that's what the injection was.
He put her out and then used a
silencer.

BECKY

God! Who would do this?

WES

Do you know anyone... that would want
to do this to him?

Becky shakes her head. Tears drip down her cheeks. Her hand
is unconsciously rubbing her backside.

ALVIN

-- Why don't we take this downstairs.

Alvin helps Becky out. Wes starts to follow when he notices
something behind the door. He leans down... it's a crumpled
pack of Kools. Dosmo's cigarettes. Wes takes out a pen,
slides it into the crumpled pack, holds it up.

EXT. BECKY'S LIVING ROOM

Alvin is escorting Becky to the door as Wes comes down.

WES

Ms. Foxx - do you smoke?

BECKY

(turning)

No.

WES

Did Roy?

BECKY

No. Why?

WES

Do you have any friends that smoke?

BECKY

I don't allow smoking in my house,
why are you asking me that?

WES

Because I found these in your
bedroom.

He holds up his pen with the pack of Kools on the end.

ALVIN
Where were they?

WES
On the floor, behind the door.

BECKY
That must be the killers'. That must
belong to them!

ALVIN
(excited)
Don't touch them. Wait a second!

Alvin looks around for something to put the Kools in. He opens a cabinet, takes out a clean mug, hurries back and holds it as Wes drops the pack of Kools into it.

BECKY
Look. Can we get out of here?

ALVIN
Sure. Let's go.

Becky walks out the door. Alvin starts to follow when Wes stops him and whispers:

WES
She said - it must have belonged to
them.

ALVIN
What are you talkin' about?

WES
The pack of cigarettes. She said
that must be the killers'. That must
belong to them -- why would she say
them?

ALVIN
It's just a figure of speech. Like
when you find your car stolen, you
say 'they stole it' or someone breaks
into your house, you say 'they robbed
me.' It's just a figure of speech.
Your wanna-be detective brain's
workin' overtime.

Alvin exits. Wes stands there a beat, trying not to let
Alvin get to him - but Alvin is getting to him.

INT. ALLAN HOPPER'S LIVING ROOM

Audrey and Teddy are at the bottom of the stairs leading up to the bedroom. Audrey is on her way up the stairs but Susan steps in front of her.

SUSAN

Can you just wait a few minutes?
He'll be right down.

AUDREY

I'll go up.

SUSAN

No, he wanted you to wait.

AUDREY

Susan - why are you acting strange?

SUSAN

I'm not acting strange. I don't know if Allan's gonna want another dog though.

TEDDY

Where is the swimming puppy? Can we let him in?

SUSAN

Let's just wait until Allan comes down. Why don't you guys come over here and sit on the couch? You want something to drink?

TEDDY

I'd love a scotch.

SUSAN

Sure, I think we have some. J&B alright?

TEDDY

Perfect.

SUSAN

Audrey?

AUDREY

I'm fine, Susan. I'm still wondering about you.

Susan moves to the kitchen as Teddy and Audrey travel over to one of the plush couches. Teddy looks at the artwork as Bogey jumps up on Audrey's lap and she pets him.

TEDDY

Very impressive. Your brother must be a wealthy man.

AUDREY

-- He's a workaholic.

TEDDY

You know - I'm just curious - this friend of yours that's buried in the Veteran's Cemetery...

AUDREY

I don't want to talk about him.

TEDDY

Oh, I didn't mean to be nosy. I just know what it takes to get in there. There are alot of heroes - buried in that place.

(beat)

Was your friend a hero?

AUDREY

(quietly)

He wouldn't have considered himself one.

TEDDY

Did you lose him in... Vietnam?

SUSAN STANDS IN FRONT OF THE LIQUOR CABINET

As her hand reaches in for the bottle of J&B which is right next to a bottle of Midori - she listens for Audrey's answer.

AUDREY (O.S.)

Yes.

(beat)

Now I don't really want to talk about him anymore.

BACK TO TEDDY AND AUDREY

As Teddy shrugs.

TEDDY

Okay - next subject. What if your brother doesn't want to take Bogey?

Audrey looks down at the little Dachsund as she strokes his head.

AUDREY
Then I will.

TEDDY
You'll take him?

AUDREY
Yes. One way or another, he's going
to have a good home.
(to Bogey)
Yes, you are. You're a good dog.
Don't you worry about a thing, I'll
take care of you.

Susan returns with Teddy's drink.

TEDDY
Is she always this wonderful?

SUSAN
Let me tell you something, mister.
This is a great lady. She's always
helping somebody. Her patients love
her. When she takes care of them,
they won't let any other nurse near
them.

She hands Teddy the drink.

TEDDY
Thanks.
(to Audrey)
Have you ever been married?

AUDREY
No.

Out of the corner of his eye, Teddy notices Susan's reaction.

SUSAN
It's not as if no one's ever
proposed.
(to Audrey)
Hasn't just about every single male
patient proposed to you?

AUDREY
(wanting Susan to
shut up)
Susan.

SUSAN
Even guys half her age.

AUDREY

Susan. We're not here to discuss my personal life.

SUSAN

Sorry.

TEDDY

What's the quality all these potential husbands lack?

(Audrey doesn't answer)

Or was it that they just weren't heroes?

Audrey shoots Teddy a look. He's seen right through to her soul. She never got over her young war hero.

TEDDY

I'm sorry. I'm just trying to connect the dots. It's my nature. I'm a writer.

Audrey is quiet. Susan breaks the silence.

SUSAN

I tell you what quality I find lacking in this town - honesty. Honest men are impossible to find.

TEDDY

Why? Were you dating a man who was unfaithful?

SUSAN

Me? No.

Susan looks at Audrey. Teddy follows her look. Audrey sits there on the couch - in her nurses uniform - suddenly on the spot. Again.

AUDREY

I dated a married man for many years.

TEDDY

Oh. Did he tell you he was going to leave his wife?

Audrey looks at Teddy.

TEDDY

Oh, you're still seeing him?

DOSMO STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF A HUGE WALK IN CLOSET

It's the size of a small room. Dosmo's holding his gun on Allan who stands a few feet away.

DOSMO
Jesus Christ, you got more clothes
than a fuckin' broad. What was this,
a bedroom you converted into a closet?

ALLAN
I entertain a lot.

Allan looks down at the stains on Dosmo's pants.

ALLAN
That is blood, isn't it?

DOSMO
What size suit you wear?

ALLAN
Forty regular.

DOSMO
Fuck, I'm never gonna fit into these.

ALLAN
That blood's from the person you
murdered last night, isn't it?

DOSMO
Have you noticed I don't answer your
fuckin' questions?

ALLAN
Yeah.

DOSMO
Then stop fuckin' askin' 'em!

Dosmo rummages through the suits - finds a nice one. He
pulls it off the hanger.

ALLAN
That won't fit.

DOSMO
Because it's an expensive suit?

ALLAN
It won't fit you.

Dosmo checks the size on the inside of the suit... he turns and looks at Allan, winds back with his pistol to strike him. Allan cowers.

DOSMO

Fuckin' liar! You lie to me again, I'll knock your teeth out! That's a Forty two.

ALLAN

Some in there are forty regulars.

Dosmo grabs Allan, throws him toward the suits.

DOSMO

Yeah? Show me one!

Allan rummages through them. He can't find a forty regular.

ALLAN

They're at the cleaners. But that suit's not gonna fit you. I had the waist custom tailored. I have a thirty one inch waist.

DOSMO

I'll fit into 'em.

Dosmo unbuttons his stained pants and takes them off, revealing baggy faded blue boxer shorts. He notices Allan grimacing, massaging his side.

DOSMO

How do you get kidney stones?

ALLAN

Too much calcium or uric acid in your diet, I don't know, one of the nurses thinks it's caused by stress.

DOSMO

Fuck, then I probably got 'em.
(measures Allan)

What do you got to be stressed out about? A big house. All this money. All this art.

ALLAN

-- It's all relative.

DOSMO

(sarcastic)

Oh, you're lonely? It's tough being rich? You can't find someone who loves you for who you are and not for your money?

ALLAN

Look, I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth! My sister and I - we were brought up in a trailer park. My father abandoned us and our mother couldn't even afford to send me to college. I might be an asshole but I worked hard to become one.

DOSMO

Well you've definitely achieved your goal.

ALLAN

How much do they pay you for a hit?
Five thousand? Ten thousand?

Dosmo is insulted.

DOSMO

Ten thousand dollars? What do I look like, an amateur?

Allan looks at Dosmo - standing there in his baggy boxer shorts, gripping a gun with his toupee on crooked.

ALLAN

No. You look very professional.

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Becky is being walked out to the parking lot - accompanied by two Homicide detectives, both seasoned veterans. DETECTIVE CREIGHTON - early 50's, and DETECTIVE VALENZUELA - a darkly handsome Mexican-American, in his mid 30's. They walk - one on each side of her.

CREIGHTON

You'll be at this number, Ms. Foxx,
if we need to get in touch?

BECKY

Yeah, I'll be at my girlfriend's -
the one who's picking me up.

CREIGHTON

If you go anyplace else, you'll let us know.

BECKY

Okay.

VALENZUELA

Now don't worry.

BECKY

-- When will they have, you know, my um... urine analyzed?

CREIGHTON

We should have the results by tomorrow morning but as the doctor told you, we're almost certain it was a sedative of some kind.

VALENZUELA

We're gonna find out who did this, I promise you.

BECKY

It's just all so weird...

Becky spots a black Camry in the parking lot.

BECKY

-- There she is, that's my girlfriend.

VALENZUELA

Mrs. Foxx, do you need to go back to your place for any reason?

BECKY

I never want to go there again... and call me Becky.

VALENZUELA

Okay, if you think of anything - Becky - anything at all that you think might help us - give me a call.
(takes out his card)

I'm putting my home phone number on the back so you can call anytime you want. Even if you just feel like talking, feel free to call.

BECKY

Thanks. You guys have been great.

Valenzuela gives her a sympathetic pat on the shoulder. His hand lingers a bit longer than necessary. She nods to both detectives, walks toward the Camry. They watch her cross the parking lot.

CREIGHTON

You weren't coming on to her now, were you, Carlos?

VALENZUELA

You know, she's one hell of an athlete, I watched her compete on TV.

CREIGHTON

Did she ever medal? I don't follow skiing.

VALENZUELA

She just missed. She's come in fourth in the last two Olympics.

CREIGHTON

Ouch.

VALENZUELA

Yeah. That must drive her crazy. Forget never having won a race, but to come in fourth twice in a row --

CREIGHTON

Ain't it cruel. Nobody loves a loser.

As they walk off to their car, CAMERA PANS to the black Camry.

INT. BLACK CAMRY

As Becky slides in the passenger seat and looks over at her 'girlfriend'. It's Helga! Becky slams the door and Helga pulls out of the parking lot.

HELGA

-- How did it go?

BECKY

How did it go? How did it go?? How could you kill Roy in my house, right in my bed with me sleeping next to him??? I thought you were gonna shoot him at his place!

HELGA

We didn't tell you where we were gonna do it, Lee told you he didn't want you to know when or where it would happen. That way, you're out of it. You can't be connected.

BECKY

Can't be connected?! I was three inches away from him!!!

HELGA

That's why they'll never put it together.

BECKY

-- Did Lee drop a pack of Kool cigarettes?

HELGA

-- Why?

BECKY

Because they kept asking me about them.

HELGA

Yes, they were planted. I'm not gonna tell you anything else because the less you know the better. They asked you about them and you answered honestly. You don't know anyone who smokes them. That's the way it's supposed to go, Lee knows what he's doing. He's protecting you!

BECKY

Were you ... there too?

HELGA

-- The less you know, the better! You hired us to do a job, it's done.

(beat)

Just pay us our money and we're gone. Where's the money? Lee wants you to bring it.

BECKY

Well - we have a little problem there.

HELGA

What problem?

BECKY
It's in my house..

HELGA
In your house?

BECKY
In a safe beneath the floor in my
bedroom.

HELGA
Our money is underneath your bed?

BECKY
Yeah.

HELGA
Our thirty thousand is underneath
your bed???

BECKY
That's right.

HELGA
How can you leave that kind of cash
lying around???

BECKY
Don't yell at me!

HELGA
... Lee is going to freak! You are
in trouble, girl.

The two women stare at each other. There is no love lost
between them.

MARK ON ONE SIDE OF THE SLIDING GLASS DOOR, BOGEY ON THE
OTHER

sniffing each other.

ALLAN HOPPER'S KITCHEN - WIDE

Teddy and Audrey are watching them.

TEDDY
Is he a doctor? This married man?

Audrey looks at Teddy.

TEDDY

A writer's instinct. If I was creating your character, I'd pair you with a doctor.

AUDREY

Well, I don't work in a hospital. I work in a rest home. So I'm not a total cliché -- and as a matter of fact he doesn't visit any patients there.

TEDDY

Oh - that's why giving away my old dog bothered you so much?

AUDREY

Do you always stereotype people, Mr. Peppers?

TEDDY

I try not to. But most people are usually more forthcoming than you, Miss Hopper.

AUDREY

I'm not interested in talking about myself.

TEDDY

What happens when someone else is?

She looks him in the eyes.

TEDDY

You know when you look at me that way - it makes me nervous.

AUDREY

Look at you what way?

TEDDY

You have a very direct look. Most people don't look you in the eyes when they talk to you - You maintain very direct eye contact.

AUDREY

And here you are complaining I'm so evasive. Can't you make up your mind?

She holds his look - not looking away. Teddy can't help laughing.

AUDREY
What's so funny?

TEDDY
I don't know. You just make me smile. That's a bad line. That's probably why I'm not working anymore.

AUDREY
No, it's not a bad line. And you should be working, you're very talented.

TEDDY
Do you do this everyday, just make everybody feel better?

AUDREY
I try to.

TEDDY
And who makes you feel better?
(before she can answer)
And please don't tell me you feel better when you make others feel better because then I'll go back to cliches.
(beat)
But as long as we're being so honest, may I say I find you very attractive.

AUDREY
-- Thank you.

Susan enters, interrupting them.

SUSAN
He's coming.

Audrey, Teddy and Susan turn as Allan walks into the kitchen. Dosmo is right behind him - in Allan's suit. Holding a gun at Allan's back. The suit pants are not buttoned. Dosmo's stomach bulges over the waist.

DOSMO
Alright. Everybody sit down.

AUDREY
Allan, what's going on?

ALLAN
This guy's holding us hostage.

AUDREY

Who is he?

SUSAN

He won't tell us his name but I know
I know him from somewhere.

DOSMO

Alright, shut up, everybody.

(to Teddy)

Didn't I tell you to sit down?

Teddy stares at Dosmo, his hand hovers near his back pocket where he has the loaded .22 that no one knows about except him. Dosmo meets his eyes - sensing a guy who is thinking of trying something.

DOSMO

-- Be smart.

Audrey reaches up for Teddy's hand - pulling him down into the chair at the kitchen table. Dosmo stares at Teddy, recognizing a loose cannon. It's almost as if these two were destined to meet. Both of them fucked up their careers. Now here they are - a hit man and a movie director. One with a gun in his hand, the other with a hidden gun in his pocket. Dosmo begins pacing the kitchen floor, considering his next move.

DOSMO

Alright - here's the situation.
We're all gonna take a little ride.

ALLAN

Not me, I have to lay down.

DOSMO

Then you lay down in the trunk.

SUSAN

-- Going where?

DOSMO

You'll see when you get there. Now,
I don't wanna shoot nobody but I will
if it becomes a necessity. If
everybody behaves, nobody's gonna get
hurt. Miss Paluzzo, you're gonna
drive.

Audrey looks at Susan.

AUDREY

-- Who's Paluzzo?

SUSAN
That's my real last name.

AUDREY
How does he know?

ALLAN
She told him. She's been with me forever and I never knew she even had another last name, he meets her and five seconds later, they're bosom buddies.

AUDREY
Because you've never asked Susan anything about herself.

DOSMO
(to Teddy)
What are you doin'?

Teddy has grabbed a notepad and pencil from the kitchen table and is writing as fast as he can.

TEDDY
(without looking up)
Just taking notes.

AUDREY
He's a television writer.

DOSMO
That's enough, wiseguy.

Teddy ignores Dosmo and keeps writing.

TEDDY
(writing)
Can you talk slower?

DOSMO
Put that fuckin' pencil down!!!

Dosmo shoots forward and grabs the pad out of Teddy's hands. He levels the pistol right at Teddy's head. Bogey starts BARKING.

SUSAN
No!!!

AUDREY
Don't!

DOSMO

He thinks I'm fuckin' around - you better tell him I'm not fuckin' around, Susan!!!

SUSAN

He's not fuckin' around.

Now Mark starts BARKING on the other side of the glass, trying to claw the window. Freaking out.

DOSMO

Alright. Everybody up.

TEDDY

Give it back.

DOSMO

(explodes)

Get the fuck on your fuckin' feet!

He throws the notepad at Teddy. Both dogs are going crazy. Teddy debates whether to pull the gun out. Mark is trying to bite the glass.

DOSMO

SHUT THOSE FUCKIN' DOGS UP!!!!

EXT. JERRY'S DELI, STUDIO CITY - DAY

Alvin's Chevy is in the parking lot.

INT. JERRY'S DELI

Wes, at a table eating a jumbo turkey sandwich, watches Alvin hang up the phone across the room and return to the table.

ALVIN

Alright, we're back on -- tomorrow we'll do the massage parlor.

(measures Wes)

You got no problem with that, right?

WES

No. No problem.

ALVIN

Good. You know - I been thinking and I'd like this partnership to work out. I mean, I know we got uh, different political points of view but we both want what's best for the community, right?

(more)

ALVIN (cont'd)
That's why we became cops in the
first place. To get the bad guys,
right?

But Wes isn't hearing Alvin anymore. Across the deli - by
the take out counter is...Midori. Picking up an order to go.

WES
-- I'm gonna hit the restroom.

ALVIN
Yeah, g'head.

Wes rises - and walks across the dining room - toward the
restrooms. Not toward the take out counter up front by the
cashier.

EXT. JERRY'S DELI PARKING LOT - DAY

Midori comes out the door carrying a large take out order.
She starts walking down the sidewalk - past Jerry's Deli...
Wes suddenly comes from around back, appearing in front of
her. She stops, surprised.

WES
Hi, Midori. You remember me?

MIDORI
Of course. Wes.

WES
(smiles)
Right. So you uh, bringin' back food
for everybody at work?

MIDORI
Yes. You come tomorrow?

Wes looks at her. He wants to tell her not to go to work
tomorrow. He wants to warn her...

WES
Yeah. I'll be there.

MIDORI
Good. I must go. Soup get cold.
Owner get mad.

WES
-- Are you working off a debt at that
place?

Midori looks at Wes, surprised by the question.

MIDORI
Why you ask that?

WES
-- You are, aren't you?

ALVIN - IN JERRY'S DELI

Looks around for Wes... he rises from the table, walks over - looks toward the restrooms. Something's weird. He pushes open the door, pokes his head inside - it's empty. He looks over by the pay phones - no Wes. As he walks back into the dining room, something catches his eye - outside. He steps out to the patio and sees Wes talking to Midori on the street.

ALVIN
Son of a bitch.

BACK TO - WES AND MIDORI

as Wes asks her:

WES
How much do you owe him?

MIDORI
What you know about massage business?

WES
I'm just guessing... I've read articles in newspapers... and I wondered if you were um, you know, trapped in circumstances.

Midori looks at Wes... suddenly realizing.

MIDORI
You policeman.

Wes looks at her. He wants to deny it but the words can't come out and all he says is:

WES
I want to help you.

Midori looks in his eyes then suddenly hurries away down the sidewalk.

WES
Wait. Midori?

She turns, looks at him and starts running... she drops the bag of take-out and keeps going.

WES
Shit. Wes, you are a jerk. Such a
jerk. Dammit!

ALVIN

finishes up his sandwich as Wes crosses the dining room,
coming from the men's room area. Wes takes a seat across
from Alvin. Distracted.

ALVIN
You alright?

WES
Yeah, I - I just had some cramps.

ALVIN
(wipes his mouth)
You ready to go?

Alvin rises. Wes reaches for the check but Alvin gets it
first.

ALVIN
That's alright. I got it.

WES
You sure?

ALVIN
Sure. You're my partner. I depend
on you. It's my pleasure to buy you
a sandwich.

WES
Thanks.

As Wes collects his newspaper, Alvin stares down at him. His
eyes go cold. Ice cold. Alvin turns to go. Wes walks along
and suddenly stops Alvin.

WES
Alvin, you know yesterday, when you
said you're a good cop, you protect
and serve. You do what they pay you
to do.

ALVIN
Yeah?

WES

Protect and serve, you know that means everybody - including people who might not obviously fall on that list. What I'm trying to say is --

ALVIN

I know what you're gettin' at. That victim - the one you met inside that massage parlor who you're obviously a little mixed up about - what do you think she's doing right now, rocking a baby?

WES

The law isn't just black and white! There are mitigating circumstances, people aren't just good or bad.

ALVIN

Yeah, but they either break the law or don't. Our job is to arrest those that break the law and if you don't understand that, you better find another job.

EXT. VALLEY MOTEL - DAY

Helga's black Camry is parked outside.

LEE'S 9MM WITH SILENCER ATTACHED

lying on a table as Lee's hand picks it up.

INT. VALLEY MOTEL ROOM - WIDE

Lee holds up the 9mm, slams a clip into the stock. Helga is in the room with Becky, who is nervous.

BECKY

What are you gonna to do?

Lee looks at her - controlling his anger. Pissed off but containing it.

LEE

I'm going to get our money. It's time for us to say good-bye to California and we'd like to take our money with us.

BECKY

But those detectives are up at the house.

Lee smiles.

LEE

No problem.

BECKY

-- What are you going to do?

LEE

I'm going to be back in half an hour. Then Helga and I will be saying good-bye. Until you get the check from his insurance company. Then, you'll contact us and we'll divide it in half.

(to Helga)

Get packed. Have everything in the car, honey.

HELGA

Okay, baby.

Lee tucks his pistol in his waistband.

BECKY

I just wish I knew you were going to kill Roy in my house. I would have wanted to discuss it.

HELGA

I've already been over this with her.

Lee moves close to Becky - looks her straight in the eye.

LEE

Look, Darling - it's over and there's no turning back. Stay calm and follow the plan and everything will happen the way it should.

BECKY

Is there --

LEE

No more questions.

BECKY

Is there someone else in on this? Someone I should know about?

LEE

No.

BECKY

We're in this together, why don't you just tell me the truth? Why are you torturing me??

HELGA

Oh, just tell her Lee, what's the difference?

LEE

Alright -- just to show you that I'm a good guy I'm going to put your mind at ease so you can sleep at night.

(beat)

Yes, there was another person involved. And he's gonna take the fall but you don't have to worry about him talking because he's already dead. Everything will lead back to this person and it will appear as if he's been hired to kill your ex-husband because of a drug deal gone bad.

(beat)

Now you know almost everything.

BECKY

What else is there to know?

Lee smiles at Helga.

HELGA

Becky... Becky, we have to keep some secrets from you, don't we? In case you forget to call us when you get your insurance check.

LEE

Exactly.

Lee meets Helga's eyes - something is communicated between the two. Lee turns and exits.

EXT. VALLEY MOTEL - DAY

Lee comes down the stairs to another rental car. He slides behind the wheel and pulls out of the motel parking lot taking a right onto Ventura Boulevard -- CAMERA FOLLOWS him to the light ... as he hits the left turn signal to go up toward Mulholland. Another car pulls alongside him. It is Alvin in his four door unmarked green Chevy banging on the air conditioner.

CAMERA PICKS UP Alvin - driving down Ventura Blvd. to Whitsett... He takes a right, passing the Studio City par three golf course, then takes a left down the next street. At the end of the block, he turns into his modest one story home, climbs out of his car. He looks at his front lawn and grits his teeth. There's half a dozen golf balls littering his manicured front lawn. Every day he comes home to find golf balls on the lawn - and everyday it makes him a little crazier. He picks up the golf balls and one by one angrily hurls them back over the fence back onto the par-three golf course. Then he picks up his newspaper and heads toward his front door as...

CRASH!

A golf ball just flew past him, SMASHING his living room window! Alvin turns, furious. A GOLFER on the other side of the fence - who just teed off - sees Alvin and darts behind a tree.

ALVIN

That's it! I've had it with you
assholes, that's the third time
somebody's broken my window!

Alvin storms across the street.

ALVIN

I see you hiding behind that tree!
Come out with your hands up! I'm a
police officer!

Alvin whips out his service revolver. The GOLFER'S FRIEND on the tee throws up his arms.

GOLFER'S FRIEND

I didn't do it! It wasn't me! It
wasn't me!

Alvin aims through the chain link fence, right at the tree. The golfer, now more terrified, stays hidden.

ALVIN

Step out, Godammit! I know you're
there! I can see you!

The golfer's friend turns and runs back toward the clubhouse. Alvin looks over toward him and the golfer behind the tree uses the distraction - drops his golf bag and runs across the fairway...

ALVIN

God Damn you!!! God Damn you all!

... Alvin takes a breath - forcing himself to calm down. He holsters his pistol, walks back toward his house and lets himself in.

INT. ALVIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There are kids toys strewn around the living room... a kid's bicycle, a catcher's mitt and ball... Alvin punches on the air conditioner and sits on his couch. There's a picture of himself, his wife and nine year old son on the table. He looks at the picture - of a family that's gone. Gripping the picture, he moves toward the liquor cabinet, grabs a bottle of gin, fills a glass and drinks - trying to numb the pain inside. Then, setting the picture down, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out the letter he was reading in the 7-Eleven parking lot. He reads it over again.

ALVIN

Son of a bitch... son of a bitch!

EXT. JAPANESE THERAPY - SAME TIME

CAMERA PANS from the massage parlor across Ventura Blvd. ... Wes is in his car - a Camero. Off duty now, he's dressed in a sport jacket, T-shirt and jeans. He stares at the massage parlor, wanting to go in. Wondering what's happening in there. Wondering what Midori told the owner.

The door to the massage parlor opens and Ralph Crupi - the paunchy actor who Teddy encountered in Studio City Park - exits the massage parlor. Midori had opened the door for him. He tips her and waves good-bye.

Wes starts his car - stomps on the accelerator and drives down Ventura Blvd. Somehow seeing Midori with a customer blew the relationship. The one he's fantasized about in his head. She wasn't a prostitute in his dreams. But seeing her accept a tip brought reality crashing back down on him.

WES

I guess she's not rocking a baby.

INT. VALLEY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Becky is watching Helga - dressed in a skin tight white bodysuit that accentuates her long legs - pack a suitcase. Mixing in her clothes with Lee's.

BECKY

-- Aren't you and Lee engaged?

HELGA

Yeah. Why?

BECKY

It doesn't bother him that you slept with Roy?

HELGA

I didn't sleep with Roy.

BECKY

(laughs)

And Lee believes that you guys just - fooled around?

HELGA

The thought really bothers you, doesn't it?

BECKY

I'll tell you what bothers me - that he's gonna walk in there and murder those detectives.

Helga zips up the suitcase and sets it on the floor.

HELGA

What do you care about them?

She opens her pocketbook and checks her pistol. A chrome .32.

BECKY

Look - Roy was one thing - he never stopped cheating on me during our whole marriage. He was a rat. Then he sued me for alimony! I was paying him alimony, did you know that? No, I don't feel bad about Roy, but those two detectives - they were so nice to me - I don't want to be a part of them being killed!

HELGA

Then you shouldn't have left our money under the bed.

BECKY

HOW DID I KNOW YOU WERE GOING TO SHOOT ROY AT MY HOUSE!!!

HELGA

DON'T RAISE YOUR VOICE AT ME!!!

BECKY

CAN'T YOU CALL HIM OFF???

HELGA
NO I CAN'T -- NOW LOWER YOUR VOICE
YOU LITTLE BITCH!!!

BECKY
-- What did you call me?

HELGA
A bitch! Roy put up with a lot of
shit too! You were never supportive
of his career. Yours always came
first. You made your husband feel
like shit, that's why he cheated on
you! He deserved alimony!

BECKY
(realizing)
-- You liked him?! You really liked
him.

HELGA
Of course I liked him! Roy was a
likeable guy. Sensitive and a great
listener. He knew how to treat a
woman but how would you know? You
were always too busy training for
your next event. That's why he went
to other women. His little worm
couldn't even satisfy him in bed.

Becky suddenly SLAPS Helga! Helga who towers over Becky
hauls off and SMACKS Becky twice as hard. Becky springs at
Helga. They tumble to the floor. A vicious fight is on.
And these are both very physical women. This is as brutal as
any two men fighting. They scratch, punch, kick and bite
each other. Helga ends up on top of Becky - pinning Becky's
arms to the floor with her knees. She punches Becky in the
face. But Becky manages to throw Helga off. They both get
to their feet. Becky flings a lamp at Helga who ducks. The
lamp SMASHES against the wall. Helga hurls the nightstand at
Becky, then grabs her purse, pulling out the .32. Becky
leaps on her, fighting for the gun.

INT. VALLEY MOTEL ROOM - FIRST FLOOR ROOM BELOW THEM

An older couple - watching TV - hears the fighting.

OLDER WOMAN
Henry, Call the police!

Her husband reaches for the phone as a SHOT is HEARD. Then
another SHOT! Followed by a SCREAM. They hear FOOTSTEPS
stumbling down the stairs outside. The Husband dials 911.

OLDER MAN

Hello police! I think somebody just got shot.

EXT. VALLEY MOTEL - NIGHT

Rebecca reaches the bottom of the stairs, looks up at the balcony. Helga slumps against the railing - one hand on her blood-soaked jump suit, the other gripping her pistol.

HELGA

You bitch!

Rebecca runs toward Ventura Boulevard as Helga FIRES at her!

EXT. BECKY FOXX'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

An unmarked car is parked in the driveway. The entire house is cordoned off by yellow police tape.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM

Creighton and Valenzuela are combing through the room. Roy's body is now gone. Valenzuela is admiring a picture of the U.S. Ski Team with Becky standing in the first row.

CREIGHTON

Maybe she'll give you skiing lessons.

VALENZUELA

This girl's in great shape.

CREIGHTON

She should be. Look at all this equipment. And in her bedroom! You think she's a little obsessed?

VALENZUELA

Hey. That's what it takes to win. You gotta be obsessed. I admire her - she never won but she hasn't stopped trying.

CREIGHTON

Well, you want to know what bothers me about all this? This job is so clean - so professional -

VALENZUELA

Yet he drops a pack of cigarettes.

CREIGHTON

I know we're Valley detectives so
we're not that bright. But how
stupid does he think we are?

EXT. BECKY'S HOUSE

Lee approaches the home... very quietly letting himself in
the front door.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM

Creighton and Valenzuela:

VALENZUELA

-- Unless he doesn't care.

CREIGHTON

(overriding)

Shhh... you hear something?

VALENZUELA

No.

CREIGHTON

I'm gonna check downstairs.

Creighton exits the bedroom.

INT. BECKY'S LIVING ROOM

Lee is flattened up against the wall as Creighton comes down
the stairs. Lee steps out, levels his gun and PFFFFT!
Creighton is shot between the eyes! Lee catches him as he
falls. Lee drags his limp body over to the hall closet and
dumps it in there.

VALENZUELA

heard the closet door close.

VALENZUELA

John ... ?

Valenzuela pulls out his service revolver and steps toward
the door. Lee suddenly steps into the doorway and FIRES.
Two rapid shots. Valenzuela crumbles to the floor. Dead.
Lee steps over his body and pushes the bed aside. And finds
the latch in the floor. He opens it, reaches in and pulls
out a strong box. He lifts the lid. Inside there's thirty
thousand in cash. Lee closes the lid and heads for the door
but as he passes the window he sees Wes has pulled up and is
exiting his Camero walking up the driveway.

LEE
(mutters to himself)
Who is this?

Lee looks over Valenzuela's body. He lays the strong box on the bed and bends down to pull Valenzuela's badge off his breast pocket.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Wes knocks on the front door.

WES
Hello ... ?

Wes pushes the door open - takes a few steps into the living room - calling up the stairs.

WES
You guys up there?

Lee comes down - with Valenzuela's police badge tucked in his breast pocket.

LEE
Can I help you?

Wes flashes his badge.

WES
I'm Van Nuys Vice. My partner and I discovered the crime scene this afternoon.

LEE
Oh, right.

WES
I hope you don't mind. I dropped by to see how you were doing.

LEE
Well, we're kind of busy right now.

WES
Yeah - I know you are, I was just curious, you know that pack of Kools?

LEE
Did you find those?

WES
(proudly)
Yeah.

LEE

Good work.

WES

Thanks - Anyway, when I asked Ms. Foxx about them, her response was that they must have been the killers. That must have belonged to them.

LEE

What's your point?

WES

I think Becky Foxx could be in on this.

LEE

-- Really?

WES

Yeah. Maybe she hired the hitmen. I know it sounds far fetched, but she and the victim were recently divorced. Maybe that's something to check into. Maybe the divorce was a messy thing. I don't know - the fact that she said "them" has always bothered me. What do you think?

Lee approaches Wes, closing the gap between them.

LEE

Interesting. It's reaching but worth consideration. Listen - would you be willing to do a little leg work for us?

WES

(excited)

Absolutely. Whatever you need!

LEE

Look, I have to take a ride down to the station and see if the lab has an I.D. print of the cigarette pack. You want to ride along? We'll talk on the way. Maybe you could find out who the divorce lawyer was and look into this.

WES

And I should look into the insurance policies.

(more)

WES (cont'd)

You know, a lot of times couples get divorced and don't bother changing the beneficiaries on their policies right away.

LEE

Good idea. C'mon.

Wes heads to the door. Lee behind him - in a quick move - pulls his gun with attached silencer out pointing it at the back of Wes' head. Just as he is about to fire, Helga BELLOWS outside:

HELGA (V.O.)

LEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Helga stumbles from the Camry, profusely bleeding from her abdomen - her white bodysuit is becoming a sea of red...

HELGA

BECKY SHOT ME! THE BITCH SHOT ME!

Wes turns to Lee as Lee pulls the trigger but the gun CLICKS empty. Lee angrily SLAMS Wes across the forehead with enough force to crush a normal man's skull. Wes collapses, out cold. Helga stumbles inside.

HELGA

Lee, it hurts so bad. Help me, Lee.

She collapses in his arms. He drags her to the couch - propping her up.

LEE

What happened???

HELGA

She shot me with my own gun. She shot me. Look at me. Oh my God!

LEE

Oh baby, my baby. Where is she?

HELGA

Look at me, Lee. Look! Am I dying?

LEE

Helga? Is Becky dead?

HELGA

No. She ran, I took a shot at her but I don't know if I hit her!

(more)

HELGA (cont'd)
Oh Lee, it hurts so bad, Lee, take me
to a hospital.

Lee examines her wound. It's bad and she's lost alot of
blood.

LEE
Oh no -- no, no, no, no, no, no!

Helga looks up at Lee - her breath getting shorter. The
wound is robbing her of her strength and she can feel her
energy oozing away.

HELGA
Lee ... ?

Lee stands up, backs up a step and looks down at Helga
deciding what to do.

HELGA
Lee - what are you doing?

LEE
This is a tough decision for me.

Lee's eyes well up with emotion.

HELGA
Decision...? What decision?

Lee ejects the empty clip from his 9mm. He pulls a fresh
clip from his pocket and slams it into the stock. He kneels
by Helga, placing a hand on her knee.

LEE
Honey, I love you.

He pulls back the slide on his 9mm, loading a fresh round in
the chamber.

HELGA
Lee???

LEE
There's no other way, baby. I can't
take you to a hospital, you
understand.

He aims the pistol at her.

HELGA
-- Give me a minute?

Lee frowns. He doesn't have the time.

HELGA

You give everybody else a minute.

Lee impatiently pulls out his stopwatch, starts it.

HELGA

Lee -- maybe the wound's not as bad as it looks.

LEE

No. You lost too much blood. You're definitely dying. I'm doing you a favor finishing you off.

She starts to cry.

LEE

Honey - just tell me the truth, I gotta know. Did you sleep with Roy?

HELGA

Lee! I am dying! How can you ask me that now?!

LEE

You're right. I'm sorry -- honey, I gotta get outta here. Oh, and just for the record, I think you did sleep with him.

He aims the pistol at her heart - and pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

It doesn't fire. Lee tries to pull back the slide but it's stuck.

LEE

Goddamn automatics! They always jam!

He tries to force the slide back but the gun is jammed.

LEE

Damn! Hold on a second.

Lee throws the pistol aside, walks to Wes' unconscious body. He flips Wes over, reaches into the shoulder holster and pulls out the .38.

LEE

You don't mind if I borrow this, do you?

Wes, unconscious, doesn't hear a thing. Lee checks the cylinder. It's loaded. He snaps it shut and turns back but Helga's gone! All that's left on the couch is a bloodstain. The trail of blood leads across the living room carpet... He follows it... to a door. He pulls it open - it's to the laundry room. The trail of blood leads across the linoleum floor to the back door which is open.

EXT. BACKYARD

It's dark as Lee comes out. She went down the hillside but in which direction?

LEE

Dammit!

(beat)

Helga...? Where are you? No. Not now. Not now!

INT. ALLAN HOPPER'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Dosmo opens the front door and everyone exits. Everyone except Teddy. Dosmo turns. Teddy stands there, the thumb of his right hand hitched into his pocket containing his palm sized .22.

DOSMO

Let's go.

TEDDY

I don't think so.

Dosmo points the gun at Teddy.

DOSMO

You think I'm kidding? You think I won't shoot you?

TEDDY

Go ahead. Shoot me.

DOSMO

What, are you fuckin' crazy?

AUDREY

I think he's suicidal.

TEDDY

We all have our flaws.

DOSMO

You know, I've had a bad feeling about you right from the beginning.

Dosmo grabs Audrey and shoves the gun in her back.

DOSMO

What if I shoot her?

TEDDY

If you harm a hair on her body, I'll kill you! I am not fucking around, you point that gun somewhere else right this second or I swear to you, you'll be sorry!

Teddy locks eyes with Dosmo. Teddy's eyes are on fire. He is not fucking around.

DOSMO

You'll come with me?

TEDDY

If you give me your word once you get safely out of the Valley you'll let everyone go.

ALLAN

How can you take this loser's word?! You can't believe him!!!

TEDDY

I'll take his word over yours.

(back to Dosmo)

In my experience, I've learned that more times than not, a loser has more honor than a winner.

DOSMO

I give you my word.

Teddy nods. Dosmo removes the gun from Audrey's back. Teddy takes Audrey's hand and starts down the path but now Allan balks.

ALLAN

I'm telling you there's not enough room in the car.

Dosmo turns on Allan - exploding!

DOSMO

Don't you start with me, you little selfish prick, 'cause you I don't give a shit about.

ALLAN

Hey, I can't go, I'm in alot of pain!
Doctors compare the pain of passing
a kidney stone to a woman giving
birth to a baby! Bouncing in the car
will hurt. I've gotta take
painkillers and lay down. Tell him,
Audrey! You're a nurse, make him
understand!

DOSMO

Alright, you wanna kill your pain and
stay home?

Dosmo cracks Allan on the head with his gun. Allan crumbles
to the floor. Dosmo kicks his body inside and slams the door
behind him. He turns to face Audrey who is grabbing the door
to go to her brother but Dosmo jams the gun in her side.

DOSMO

He's out of pain now. Let's go.

AUDREY

You're a bastard!

DOSMO

As soon as I'm out of the Valley,
I'll let you all go.

Teddy takes Audrey's hand.

TEDDY

Audrey.

He places her hand over his back pocket. She feels the
pistol inside. Audrey looks at Teddy. Teddy smiles,
comfortingly.

TEDDY

It will all work out.

Audrey looks back at Dosmo and starts down the path with
Teddy. Dosmo follows, Susan alongside him.

DOSMO

I didn't wanna have to hit him.

SUSAN

You lost your temper, sometimes that
happens.

DOSMO

Yeah.

SUSAN

When I was a kid, once I got so mad
at my father because he didn't come
to...

Her voice trails off - by habit.

DOSMO

Yeah? What didn't he come to?

SUSAN

-- My piano recital. I got so mad,
I... I set fire to the garage.

DOSMO

Did you really?

(laughs)

Good for you. So you still play
piano?

SUSAN

No, I gave it up.

DOSMO

Ain't too late to start again.

Susan looks up at him. Not only is he interested in what she
has to say but he's encouraging her as well. She never met
a man that did this.

EXT. BECKY'S BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Where the backyard ends, woods begin... Lee searches the
woods - looking for Helga - beginning to lose his cool... He
runs through the sloping woods! TRAFFIC is HEARD as the
woods let out on Coldwater Canyon Blvd. He arrives at the
clearing where the road begins. He stops short.

Helga's staggering down Coldwater Canyon Blvd... Luckily,
there are no cars. Lee steps out. He takes careful aim with
the .38. In the distance, a car is approaching.

Helga turns and sees Lee aiming at her. She runs toward the
sound of the car and trips before Lee can get a shot off. Her
body rolls down Coldwater Canyon as the car arrives.

LEE

Shit!

Lee runs back into the woods.

INT. ALLAN'S LEXUS - NIGHT

Everyone is crammed inside. Susan drives. Teddy is in the passenger seat. Dosmo is in back with his gun shoved up against Audrey. They drive up Coldwater toward Mulholland.

SUSAN

Where are we going?

DOSMO

I'm gonna drop everybody in Pasadena.

SUSAN

Then you're going back to Brooklyn?

TEDDY

What's this?

Susan slows down as they pass by a car pulled over in the middle of the street. Three people are crowded around what looks like a body lying in the middle of Coldwater Canyon. Dosmo looks out the window. The three people are crouched over an extremely tall blonde lying in the middle of the road. The driver of the car that stopped is taking his coat off and putting it over her - because she's bleeding badly.

AUDREY

Stop. I'm a nurse. Let me get out!

Susan looks up in the rear view mirror. Waiting for Dosmo to give permission to stop. He's staring out the window at Helga's body...

TEDDY

Let her out.

Dosmo opens the door. Audrey climbs out, hurries over. Dosmo exits too. Audrey kneels by Helga, asking the man who just draped the coat over her:

AUDREY

What happened?

DRIVER

I don't know. Is that a gunshot wound?

Teddy approaches as Audrey takes the coat off to examine Helga's wound closely, trying to comfort her.

AUDREY

It's alright. Try and relax. Take my hand.

Audrey takes Helga's bloody hand in hers. Helga whispers incoherently - in a foreign language. Teddy crouches down.

AUDREY

What language is that?

TEDDY

-- Sounds Swedish.

Dosmo who is standing a few feet away knows. In that moment, he knows who Helga is.

DOSMO

It's Norwegian.

Teddy looks at Dosmo who is staring up the hill in the direction of Becky's home. Dosmo notices Teddy staring at him. Dosmo runs back to the Lexus. Susan is behind the wheel.

DOSMO

Get out.

SUSAN

What's going on?

DOSMO

I need the car.

SUSAN

I'm driving you!

She's adamant. Dosmo jumps in the passenger seat. She pulls away. Teddy looks up. Audrey is feeling Helga's pulse. She shakes her head. Teddy helps her cover Helga's body with his coat then rises, staring at Dosmo's car driving away. Instinctively, he knows that where Dosmo's going is where he came from. Teddy starts running up the hill...

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lee returns - through the back door. He hurries upstairs. A beat later, he comes downstairs, holding the strong box with the thirty thousand in it. But now Wes' body is missing! Not where it was.

EXT. BECKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lee hurries out to the front yard. Wes, bleeding from the head, is trying to make it to his vehicle. Lee levels the pistol as Allan's Lexus screeches up. Dosmo jumps out, gun in hand. He yells at Wes:

DOSMO
Get the fuck down!

Wes drops down and Dosmo and Lee OPEN FIRE at each other! GUNFIRE ECHOES through the canyon. Lee ducks back into the house. Dosmo yells back at Susan:

DOSMO
Get behind the car and stay there!

Dosmo starts toward the house but Lee FIRES. Dosmo ducks behind a tree. Wes - caught on the front lawn - tries to get to his feet.

DOSMO
Stay the fuck down!

Lee darts out and SHOOTs at Wes - dirt explodes an inch from Wes' head. Dosmo - behind the tree - SHOOTs back and Lee ducks back into the house. Dosmo peers out at Wes - knowing the next time Lee won't miss. Lee peers out from behind the front door.

LEE
Go on. Save him. Because the next shot is going to blow his brains out!

DOSMO
Who is he?

WES
I'm a police officer! Stay where you are! Do not jeopardize your safety for me!

Lee swings out FIRING at Wes! Dosmo BLASTS back - forcing Lee back in the house.

DOSMO
You shoot a guy when he's down?
Where's your guts?

LEE
You can save him! Go get him!

DOSMO
Fuck him. I'm comin' to get you.

LEE
Come get me, Dumbo!

Susan, hiding behind the Lexus, peers out.

SUSAN

Dosmo, don't! He'll kill you!

Wes - on the front lawn - looks up at Dosmo. In pain.

WES

Stay there. That's an order!

Lee darts out and FIRES! A POOF of blood spurts up from Wes' calf.

WES

AAHHHH!

DOSMO

You mother fuckin' cowardly prick!

LEE

(taunts)

Come on, Dumbo!

Dosmo looks down at Wes who is holding his bleeding calf. The next time Lee will finish Wes off. Dosmo stares at the front doorway. He takes a breath. Susan, watching Dosmo, yells:

SUSAN

Dosmo! Don't! You know you'll get killed! You know it!

Dosmo looks back at her - turns toward the front door.

Lee, behind the doorway, grins.

Dosmo runs out from behind the tree - going for Wes - BLASTING away. He grabs Wes' collar - firing at the front door as he drags Wes toward the tree. Lee FIRES! Dosmo is shot in the back! He keels over, his face thudding into the ground.

SUSAN

DOSMOOOOO!!!

Lee walks out. He strolls up to Wes' body and rolls Wes over with his shoe. He steps on his neck, holding Wes' head down as he pushes the barrel up against Wes' head.

LEE

Time's up.

Dosmo's arm suddenly raises up, holding the pistol. He pulls the trigger but the gun clicks empty. Lee looks down at Dosmo - tears open Dosmo's shirt revealing the velcro bullet proof vest!

LEE

(laughs)

You tricky bastard. You almost got away with it. But that's your life, isn't it Dosmo. Almost. But not quite.

Lee cocks the hammer on his .38, leveling it at Dosmo's face. A single shot RINGS out. But it's more like a PING! than a BANG! Lee looks down as a thin stream of blood leaks from his chest. He looks up - past Dosmo and Wes to the street... Teddy standing there out of breath, grips his .22 amateurishly between both hands. Lee topples with a sickening THUD! - dead. Dosmo sits up, looking back at Teddy - standing in the street.

Dosmo looks over at the strong box which opened when Lee dropped it. Thirty thousand in neat bundles is stacked inside. Dosmo snaps it closed. He tucks it under his arm and looks at Wes who is staring at him. SIRENS fill the air as squad cars are HEARD approaching. There's a HONK. Susan yells from the Lexus.

SUSAN

C'mon, Dosmo!!!

Dosmo looks back at Wes. Whose life he saved.

WES

Get outta here. Go. Now. Quickly!

Dosmo turns, hurrying toward the Lexus. He stops in front of Teddy. The two men have ironically redeemed each other's lives.

DOSMO

... Thanks.

Dosmo extends his hand. Teddy shakes it, smiles back.

TEDDY

Thank you.

Dosmo measures Teddy. Though he doesn't fully understand what Teddy means, he senses that somehow he has had as profound an effect on Teddy's life as Teddy had on his. Each has given the other a second chance. Teddy holds out the .22.

TEDDY

You want this?

Dosmo throws a look at Susan who is impatiently waiting behind the wheel of the Lexus. He looks back at Teddy. Shakes his head.

DOSMO

Nah.

Dosmo hurries toward the Lexus. He leaps in it and the car speeds away... Teddy moves to Wes, helping Wes to his feet. As he carries him across the front lawn, the SIRENS draw closer and we DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - DAWN

The sun is just beginning to rise - illuminating the narrow road which cuts through the Santa Monica Mountains. This is where Mulholland ends at the Pacific Ocean. We see a figure running high up on a hill. It's a woman - and her breathing is heavy - it fills the entire soundtrack. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER revealing it's Becky... she's running as fast as she can, covered in sweat -- her hair is dripping wet but she just keeps running.

Up ahead are three guys on ten speed bikes, decked out in racing helmets, skin tight lycra and all the colorful racing gear. Becky turns it on... running past the bikers. The two up front take her on, shifting into a higher gear, picking up speed. They pull alongside her but Becky sprints faster... they pedal harder but she kills herself - outrunning them! They try to catch up but Becky runs with every drop of strength she has left... she has to win this race and the bikers... finally give up. Becky keeps going to the end of Mulholland where it descends down a rocky hillside... Becky runs down the hill. The bikers stop at the road's edge and watch the woman who beat them on foot run down the hill and across the Pacific Coast Highway onto the beach.

BECKY RUNS ACROSS THE SAND

to the ocean. She collapses to her knees at the water's edge. CAMERA SWOOPS IN CLOSE and we notice for the first time that she is bleeding from a bullet wound. Helga did shoot her. Becky's breathing becomes more and more shallow. She looks out over the ocean and gasps:

BECKY

... I won... I won.

Becky lays down in the sand... gasping... and curls up into a fetal position... then the fourth place skier who won her first race today... expires. We hold on Becky's body curled up on the beach as the water laps around her body. Slowly DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. SHERMAN OAKS REST HOME - DAY

A BMW is parked in front. Audrey is talking to a DOCTOR - the married man she's been having an affair with for many years. He is gray haired, distinguished and visibly upset. Next to Audrey is one of her patients - a wrinkled old man in a wheelchair. He watches as the Doctor and Audrey argue. We can't hear what their saying - we are in a LONG SHOT - but she's definitely breaking the affair off and the Doctor is trying to talk her out of it. The Doctor pleads with Audrey. She shakes her head. The Doctor storms back to his BMW. She watches him drive away - a bit sad but she knows she made the right decision. The old patient reaches out and squeezes her hand reassuringly. She turns - manages a smile and starts to wheel him back inside the rest home when she sees

ACROSS THE STREET

A man is standing with a Dachshund on a leash... Teddy and Bogey.

TEDDY

crosses the street. Audrey takes a few steps forward leaving the patient under the shade of the front awning and meets Teddy in the middle of the path.

TEDDY

-- Hi.

AUDREY

I wondered what happened to you. My brother said you went back to the house to get your dog but you didn't leave a number.

TEDDY

I didn't have one. I do now.

AUDREY

Oh, good.

TEDDY

Hey, I heard your brother got robbed that night.

AUDREY

Yeah, the guy that took him to the hospital stole his wallet. He went to the house and cleaned Allan out. But my brother's fine. His paintings are insured for more than they're worth and he's going to make a bundle.

(more)

AUDREY (cont'd)
(smiles)
Some people never change.

She holds Teddy's eyes.

TEDDY
-- Robby Stein.

For a moment, Audrey is stunned. Just the mention of Robby's name causes her to lose her breath for a beat.

AUDREY
You went back to the cemetery.

TEDDY
Yeah, I was curious. Robby was a medic in Vietnam. Twenty one is too young to die - I'm sorry.
(beat)
Were you two engaged?

AUDREY
Yes - we were. I guess I never got over it.

There's an awkward silence.

TEDDY
I don't know what to say. I don't know what's appropriate.

AUDREY
Say nothing... how are you doing?

TEDDY
Good. My agent called. One of the studios is interested in me writing about the whole thing.

AUDREY
That's great!

TEDDY
Yeah - but I told him to go fuck himself. The agent, that is, then I called the studio myself to talk to them about other things. I'm not gonna write about it, it would be anti-climactic. I pitched them another story - not one of my usually cynically downbeat numbers but a story with hope. Like the kind I used to write a long time ago.
(more)

TEDDY (cont'd)
(laughs)
And they gave me a little option
money.

Teddy clears his throat.

TEDDY
What I'm trying to say is I'd like to
take you out to dinner.

Audrey holds his eyes.

AUDREY
Well, I've always had a thing for
heroes.

Audrey smiles. So does Teddy.

AUDREY
I get off at six and I'd love to
hear about your script.

TEDDY
One of the characters is a nurse.
(beat)
But this dinner is not research.

AUDREY
Good. I'll look forward to it, Teddy.

TEDDY
-- Me too.

For a beat, they just stand there like two kids. Then Teddy suddenly kisses her. She's taken totally by surprise..... but she doesn't pull away. He puts his arms around her. Her arms, unsure at first, suddenly embrace him and she's into the kiss. Someone starts CLAPPING. Audrey turns - it's the old patient - he is applauding. Audrey laughs, embarrassed. Bogey senses the passion and starts barking as we DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. STUDIO CITY 7-ELEVEN - DAY

Wes sits in Alvin's car. He's got a large bandaid over his head where he was struck. But he's back on the job. He looks out the window.

ALVIN

is inside the 7-Eleven having just bought a jumbo cup of coffee.

WES

Shifts in his seat. Alvin's sport jacket that was lying there falls on the floor, Wes pulls it back on the seat. The envelope falls out. Wes picks it up. It's from the USC Medical Center. Curious, Wes opens the form letter Alvin's been reading.

The Letter:

We regret to inform you the results of the second test confirm you are HIV POSITIVE.

WES

is shocked - Alvin is HIV Positive! Wes looks up. Alvin is standing at the car and has seen Wes reading the letter. Alvin climbs in. For a long beat, he sits there, says nothing.

WES

-- It fell out of your pocket.

Alvin is stoic. He sips his coffee.

WES

I'm sorry - I didn't know ...

ALVIN

Nobody knows.

Alvin continues, softly:

ALVIN

I'm not gay. I lied to you. I've been with a prostitute. I got it in Santa Monica. From a hooker I picked up off the street.

(beat)

Now you know. I can't keep it a secret anymore ... this is my last day on the job, I can't be an HIV Positive cop. If I don't report it tonight you've got to - it's your duty as a cop. I can't be on the job in this condition, if I bleed somebody could catch it. Alright. At least it's over with now. You heard what I said? If I don't tell the captain, you tell him. Don't let me talk you out of it. I'm finished.

(sanguine)

I'm glad. Finally get it off my chest.

Alvin is entirely calm - not a trace of emotion.

WES

Alvin...

ALVIN

No. I'm fine. I just --

Alvin turns away. Suddenly overcome by emotion.

ALVIN

I just wanted to be a cop. A good cop. It's my fault.

Alvin is crying - turned away from Wes - he's losing it.

Wes leans over, tentatively touches Alvin's shoulder. Alvin is gone. Wes turns his partner around and embraces him. Alvin hugs Wes back. Wes holds him, steadying him, trying to comfort him.

WES

Just let it go, man... Let it out. I'm here.

ALVIN

Shit.

Alvin pulls himself together.

WES

It's okay. Whatever I can do, let me help.

ALVIN

There's nothing you can do...

Wes takes out a handkerchief, hands it to him. Alvin wipes his face.

WES

We gotta finish out the day, right?
We gotta finish this job.

Alvin looks through the windshield - across the street at the massage parlor. Wes reads his look.

WES

We're gonna take this place down,
right partner? I'll check it out.
I'll be right back. Get ready.

Wes climbs out of the car. He walks across Ventura Blvd., limping slightly from his wound.

EXT. JAPANESE THERAPY - DAY

Wes approaches the door, rings the bell. The short JAPANESE OWNER answers the door, smiles.

JAPANESE OWNER

Hello, come in, come in!

WES

I want to see Midori.

OWNER

No working. Fired.

WES

Fired? When?

OWNER

We have other girls. Come in.

WES

Do you - know where she went?

OWNER

She go back to Philippines. But she no good girl. Prettier girls. Make you more happy. Come in! Come in!

He reaches for Wes' arm. Wes pulls away and measures the Japanese owner.

WES

She didn't go back to the Philippines. You're lying.

OWNER

I don't know where she is! She no show up for work. No good masseuse, no make customers satisfied. You come in! These girls satisfy you.

Wes turns - looking across the street. Looking out over the Valley. Midori is somewhere out there - and Wes makes a promise to himself that he's going to find her.

OWNER

You come in??

WES

How many girls do you have working now? I'll bring my friends.

OWNER

Two girls. Three at night. But come now. Bring a friend...

WES

Alright, I'll be right back.

Wes turns as the owner closes the door. CAMERA FOLLOWS as Wes walks over to Alvin's car.

WES

You ready partner?

Alvin looks up at Wes. Knowing and appreciating Wes giving him this last day. Alvin steps out of the car.

ALVIN

Yeah, I'm ready.

WES

Let's go get 'em.

ALVIN

(into walkie-talkie)

24-10, this is AC-6. We are going forward. Just the two of us. We'll sting it alone. Roger that. We are going forward. We are going in.

Alvin and Wes walk toward the massage parlor, crossing Ventura Blvd. side by side. Partners. Finally working together. Going to do one last undercover bust together.

U.S. HIGHWAY - DAY

Allan's Lexus Coupe drives by.

INT. LEXUS COUPE - DAY

Susan drives. Dosmo rides shotgun. They have just passed through Kansas en route to New York. Dosmo stares at Susan.

DOSMO

-- You know, you do know me.

Susan looks at him.

SUSAN

-- From Domino's Pizza in Studio City.

DOSMO

-- You knew?

SUSAN

I realized it when you were cooking
but I didn't want to say anything.
I didn't want to embarrass you.

Dosmo leans over, kisses her on the cheek. Susan turns into the kiss - holding it for a dangerous beat as she tries to keep her eyes on the road. They part. Susan smiles. She has never looked more beautiful. Dosmo looks down at the strong box in his lap which contains the thirty thousand.

DOSMO

You know, this could be seed money to
open a pizzeria in Brooklyn.

SUSAN

There's just one thing that bothers
me. It's been bothering me since I
met you. Can I do something? Don't
get mad - just try it.

DOSMO

What???

Susan gently picks the toupee off Dosmo's head.

DOSMO

Gimme that!

SUSAN

You look much better without it. You
really do.

Dosmo takes his toupee back and snaps:

DOSMO

Don't ever do that again.

Dosmo slaps down the visor and looks into the mirror. He's about to put the toupee back on his head when he looks at himself - without it. He smooths the balding hairs back and checks himself out. He looks over at Susan. She says nothing. Dosmo looks down at the toupee for a beat, then tosses it out the window.

SUSAN SMILES

And the car drives on.

DOSMO'S TOUPEE

... rolls down the highway.

THE END