

77

Original screenplay by
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Second draft
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Producers:
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FADE IN:

A black screen, replaced fast by images and sound-track silence. We see black radicals in poster-festooned meeting rooms and agitating on L.A. street corners - black & white news clips. We see news clips of the Patty Hearst kidnapping and mixed-race SLA nuts standing around waving rifles and pamphlets. We see more news shots: LAPD patrolmen beating back a phalanx of black radicals.

The images morph into black & white street shots of South Central Avenue, circa 1974. Big hair abounds; pimps & hos strut; LAPD patrol cars slow-cruise them. The images move into slow-motion; we see into one patrol car. One white cop lip-syncs the words "fucking niggers." A black pimp flips them the bird.

The screen goes totally black. The words "May, 1974" superimpose themselves. On the soundtrack: the din, foot scuffs and door slams of a police-station interior.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. The upstairs office corridor of the LAPD's 77th Street Station. An older cop, in uniform, with sergeant's stripes, is walking the 29-year-old uniformed cop Chuck Lynley down the hall. He's obviously giving him the grand tour of the station.

OLDER COP

77 is the fucking Congo. The jigs pull missionaries off the freeway and eat them raw. This place is fucking wall-to-wall Mau Mau.

Lynley laughs. The older cop points into an office with "Robbery" stenciled on the door.

OLDER COP (CONT'D)

Here's our policy on 211 P.C. You see one or more male Negroes running out of a liquor store with guns and a paper bag, you drop them, no questions asked. Yell "Police officers, stop or we'll shoot" after they're dead. No witness ever remembers the sequence on shit like that.

Lynley nods assent. The two cops walk down a flight of stairs to the jail section. A wide catwalk separates the misdemeanor and felony cells from the queens' tank. The queens' tank is full of black fruits shucking and jiving. The black guys in the cells across the catwalk flip lighted cigarette butts at them; the queens flip butts back.

Squatting in the catwalk: a muscular pit bull with an LAPD badge pinned to his collar, taking a leak. He's obviously the station mascot.

OLDER COP (CONT'D)
(pointing to the dog)
He hates niggers, but you can't
housebreak him for shit.

A very tall queen whips his monster wang through the bars and calls out to Lynley.

QUEEN
(to Lynley)
Hi, blondie! Hi, cutie! Want some of
this?

OLDER COP
(to Lynley, in disgust)
Eugene T. McCoover, aka "Gene the Queen."
(a pause)
Jesus, what a schvantz.

LYNLEY
(smiling, to Gene the Queen)
Hey, Gene. Lets see that beast a little
closer.

Gene the Queen flops his schlong through the bars. Lynley unhooks his billy club and slams it into the bars within inches of the beast.

Gene the Queen screams in shock. The pit bull snarls and barks. The other queen-tank inhabitants start chanting, "Kill the Pigs!"

OLDER COP
(smiling, to Lynley)
You're gonna love 77.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. The older cop and Lynley walk into the 77 Street Station muster room. The pit bull walks beside them.

Twenty-eight cops -- the entire daywatch -- sit in chairs facing the roll-call sergeant -- seated at a desk at the front of the room. A late-arriving black detective, wearing an outdated fedora, slips by the older cop and Lynley. The white roll-call sergeant gestures to him.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT
Hey, Blood, where's your pork-pie?

BLACK DETECTIVE
A nigger mugged me for it.

Some cops crack up; some roll their eyes -- this is stale ritual. Of the 28 cops, 6 are black or latin. The older cop raps on the doorjamb.

OLDER COP
We've got a new man.
(checks his clipboard)
This is Officer Charles V. Lynley. Mr. Lynley is a four-year officer who's worked Wilshire and Hollenbeck Divisions. He was formerly employed by the United States Marine Corps, where he served in Vietnam and was awarded the Navy Cross. Gentlemen, let's hear it for Officer Chuck Lynley.

The assembled cops clap. A few yell, "Semper Fi."

OLDER COP (CONT'D)
Officer Lynley's partner will be Officer Billy S. Burdette, Jr.
(to Lynley directly)
Mr. Burdette is a six-year officer, who's worked Rampart and 77. Mr. Burdette avoided the draft and attended Stanford University Law School. He is a California bar-licensed attorney, and is inexplicably employed as a police officer.

Laughter, hoots, some claps, some yelled "Boolah-boolahs" for Officer Billy S. Burdette -- a tall, 31-year-old black man.

Lynley walks over and grabs an aisle seat. The pit bull jumps in his lap. Lynley pets the pit bull; the pit bull licks his face.

There's a burly black cop sitting beside Lynley. He leans over and starts whispering to the pit bull. The pit bull growls back.

BURLY BLACK COP
(to the pit bull)
You an evil motherfucker. You full of bad juju. Someday I'm gonna shoot your racist ass, and bar b-q you on my hibachi.

Lynley grins. The black cop winks at him. Lynley and Burdette check each other out surreptitiously.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT

Enough bullshit, we're running late.

(pause)

Item one. We've got too many dice games in the parking lots on Central and Broadway, the merchants are squawking, it's gotta stop. Disperse the fucking games, and let it go at that. Item two. Check the D.R. file for the 459 at the White Front store on 68th and Normandie on 12/8/71. The White Front on Imperial Highway got hit last night, and S.I.D. lifted some identical prints. Suspects at the scene at both locations. Two male Negroes, 25 to 30, one short, one tall. Vehicle at both locations, '62 Cadillac, pink over white, rusty lake pipes. We can't make the prints, look for the car, they're probably junkies.

The Roll-Call Sergeant pauses and holds up a bulletin. On it: Photographs of Patty Hearst, Nancy Ling Perry, Donald "Cinque" DeFreeze, Willie Wolfe, Angela Atwood and Patricia Soltysik -- the whole Symbianese Liberation Army crew.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT (CONT'D)

We've got 10 unconfirmed tips that these SLA fucks are roosting in 77. Every car from 3-Baker-9 to 2-Charlie-12 is to door-knock 3 square blocks in your sector and log the not-at-homes.

Most of the cops groan; a few write in their notebooks. A 40ish white cop raises his hand. His nametag reads, "D. Miller."

The Roll-Call Sergeant points to him.

OFFICER DONNY MILLER

(grinning)

If we find Patty Hearst, what do we do?

Some cops hurl catcalls: "Fuck her," "Marry her," "Waste her commie ass." The Roll-Call Sergeant bangs his fist on his desk; the room comes to order.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT

(quietly seething)

Last item. Most of you know a cute little colored girl named Janelle Deakins.

(MORE)

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Her dad owns the laundromat at 78th and Grape, and she always brings lemonade out to our guys when we park by her dad's store.

(pause -- he's genuinely choked up)

She was raped and sodomized in the alley at 83rd and Grape at 2300 last night, and she's stable at Daniel Freeman. The dicks did a mug run. She I'D Marcus and Lavelle Dineen, two well-known local pieces of shit. They always roost in 77. They've got an old coon maroon Caddy with big fender skirts. Pick up mug copies on your way out. You see them, you do not hesitate one fucking second. Do you understand me?

The room is dead quiet.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Dismissed.

Lynley and Burdette walk toward each other and shake hands. A half-dozen white cops low-chant, "Oreo, Oreo." Lynley grins; Burdette gives him a contemptuous look.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. The 77 daywatch men walk out to the parking lot and their patrol cars. Most of the cops walk in twos; Officer Donny Miller walks over to an unmarked felony car, alone.

BURDETTE

(to Lynley, peremptory)

I'll drive, you write.

LYNLEY

(right back at him)

You asking me or telling me?

BURDETTE

I'm telling you. I can also advise you of your right to file a grievance complaint, since I'm an attorney and an overqualified police officer.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley drive their patrol car through Watts. The Dineen brother mugshots are taped to the dashboard.

Both men eyeball the passing scene: sidewalk crap games; hos on the stroll; black juiceheads guzzling malt liquor outside storefront churches, hair-processing parlors and pool halls. Lynley spots a cat with a giant afro and laughs.

LYNLEY

How do you people get your hair to do that?

Burdette points to the USMC tattoo on Lynley's left arm.

BURDETTE

(droll)

Why do you people deface your body?

Lynley flexes his tattoo; the anchor & globe swell.

LYNLEY

Some things you don't want to forget.

BURDETTE

Like loyalty, fraternity and napalm?

LYNLEY

No, like the fact I survived that place, which makes niggertown L.A. look pretty tame.

Burdette shuts up; a tense silence continues. Craaaazy shit goes on in every quadrant of the screen -- squabbles; public urination; wino confrontations; parking lot-layabouts grabbing their crotches when women pass by. Lynley's eyes flit from incident to incident -- this is all new jazz to him.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

Law school, right?

BURDETTE

That's right. Stanford. "Boolah-Boolah's" Yale.

(pause)

You look like a Harvard man to me.

LYNLEY

(grinning and ignoring the jibe)

You must have had your share of mud sharks.

BURDETTE

What's a mud shark?

LYNLEY
(twisting the knife)
A white chick who fucks splibs.

Burdette looks like he'd loooove to kick Lynley's ass.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
(still twisting the knife)
What are you doing here?

Burdette looks Lynley over slowly.

BURDETTE
Slumming.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley now cruise Watts residential streets. They spot Officer Donny Miller house-to-house knocking. The houses are squat cinderblock cubes covered with graffiti.

Burdette and Lynley slow-cruise by Miller. He hard-rousts a black woman on her porch. He shouts questions about the SLA and acts like an asshole.

LYNLEY
How's he rate a one-man car?

BURDETTE
He's the day-car floater. He's been in
77 at least 15 years.

LYNLEY
You think the SLA's hiding out here? You
got a better chance of finding rich-kid
commies at some Jew pad in Beverly Hills.

BURDETTE
They hole up in black neighborhoods.
They feel safer there.

LYNLEY
(openly jesting)
Here's my theory. Patty Hearst's a mud
shark, and that Cinque motherfucker's
hung like Gene the Queen.

BURDETTE
Fucking Gene. He used to snitch for me,
so I got him some free teeth from my
daddy's clinic.

Lynley examines the dashboard mugshots -- the rape-os Marcus and Lavelle Dineen. He takes a deck of cards from his pocket and fans them. Every card is an ace-of-spades. Burdette looks at the cards quizzically.

LYNLEY

Old Marine custom. You kill a VC, you drop one on his chest.

(he taps the mugshots)

I'm going to kill these motherfuckers.

BURDETTE

You read the crime report?

Lynley shakes his head "No."

BURDETTE (CONT'D)

They're long gone. They took \$60.00 in coin receipts off Janelle, she was walking them home for her daddy. They're drugstore hypes, and sixty bucks buys you two weeks' worth of Dilaudid in T.J.

LYNLEY

Bullshit. They scored here, they're holed up with some pieces of shit here, and they'll give them up when the dope's gone.

Burdette shakes his head "No"; Lynley looks up at street signs and sees that they are at 76th and Grape.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

(wheedling)

Come on, it's six blocks.

Burdette nods reluctantly and zooms them to 83rd and Grape. Already there: an unmarked felony car with two white plainclothes cops poking in some bushes.

BURDETTE

Shit. Franz and Keefer.

Lynley makes a "say what?" gesture. Burdette gets out of the car, walks to the opposite side of the alley and starts taking a piss.

BURDETTE (CONT'D)

(to Lynley, over his shoulder)

They're downtown Homicide.

One of the two cops notices the car, walks up and squats by Lynley's window. He's 48-ish, mid-sized, crew-cut.

LYNLEY
Thought you might need help, sir.

PLAINCLOTHES COP
(jovial)
"Sir's" my dad. I'm Vic Franz.

Lynley sticks his hand out. The two men shake. Franz checks out Lynley's left arm tattoo, pulls up his own left sleeve and shows off a tattooed anchor and globe.

LYNLEY
Semper Fi. I'm Chuck Lynley.

Burdette leans on the opposite alley wall. It's as if Franz, Lynley and the other cop aren't there.

FRANZ
The girl died. One of the brothers stuck a roll of quarters up her snatch, and she hemorrhaged.
(a pause)
The 77 brass was soft on her, so we're giving it a pro forma.

Lynley flinches slightly.

LYNLEY
They're hypes. My partner thinks they went down to T.J. to score pharmacy dope.

Franz looks through the car, sees Burdette standing there and shakes his head "No."

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
(to Franz)
I think they're holed up here, geezing. That or they're clouting pharmacies.

FRANZ
(condescending)
Son, niggers are too stupid to clout pharmacies. There's three doors and alarm systems. Pharmacies are for white men.

Lynley smiles; Burdette scowls. The tall, red-headed cop poking in the bushes spots the group, waves and calls out, "Ted Keefer."

FRANZ (CONT'D)
(to Lynley)
Teddy's my partner. Brains to brawn.

Franz reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a sheet of paper and hands it to Lynley.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Vice map of the division. Whorehouses,
drag joints, shooting galleries.

(a pause)

She was a pickaninny, so all it's worth
is a pro forma.

Lynley sticks the paper in his pocket; Franz notices the deck of cards on his lap.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Roll up your right sleeve.

Lynley obeys. Tattooed on his right arm: 14 tiny slant-eyed heads with tongues lolling.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Hand-to-hand?

LYNLEY

Bayonets and closer.

Franz reaches into the car and flicks the two dashboard mugshots.

FRANZ

Love to see you add a couple of
burrheads.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley cruise Avalon Boulevard. Lynley beats time on the dashboard.

LYNLEY

(singing falsetto)

Waaah! Waa-a-waaahtusi! Ooh, baby, it's
the da-a-a-ance made-a-fo' romance!

Burdette groans.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

You didn't say a fucking word around
Franz and Keefer.

BURDETTE

(putting on a broad black
accent)

Some cops you gots to see, some cops you
gots to flee.

LYNLEY
Care to explain that?

BURDETTE
No.
(pause)
They wouldn't let me in their Klan cell.

The patrol car turns onto 104th Street; Lynley and Burdette spot a black wino passed out in the weeds of a vacant lot, under a billboard extolling the Black Panther Party's free-breakfast-for-kids program. Lynley points to the Black Panther sign.

LYNLEY
Your people, huh?

BURDETTE
You're my people, shithead.

An extremely tall black drag queen saunters by. Both cops groan -- it's Gene the Queen. Gene flashes a big smile.

GENE THE QUEEN
Still got your daddy's teeth, Billy, you sweet thing.

LYNLEY
I hope they're dentures. You look like a biter to me.

Gene the Queen saunters on.

BURDETTE
Where'd they teach you to be repugnant to every human being you meet?

LYNLEY
This man's police force.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley drive by the laundromat at 78th and Grape. Mourners stand outside. They're bringing Janelle Deakins' father flowers and baked goods.

BURDETTE
Sad thing.

LYNLEY
(tapping the mugshots)
They're dead.

BURDETTE
They're gone. Patty Hearst's gone, too,
in my considered opinion.

LYNLEY
(pointing back at the
laundromat)
You got a sister?

BURDETTE
Yes.

LYNLEY
Think if it happened to her.

Burdette gives Lynley a long look.

BURDETTE
You got a sister?

LYNLEY
She's dead.
(pause)
Booze.

BURDETTE
You got parents?

LYNLEY
They're dead.
(pause)
Booze.

BURDETTE
You a drinking man?

LYNLEY
(smiling)
When I start thinking about shit too
much.

Their radio blares: "3-Baker-6, see the woman. Possible 315-pursesnatch, 1846 East Beach."

Burdette guns the car; they zoom the short distance to the address. It's the sidewalk in front of a pawnshop. A feisty middle-aged black woman is scuffling with two skinny-ass black punks trying to grab her purse. It's a *wiiiiiiiild* melee.

Burdette and Lynley join the fray -- it's a kicking and gouging fight.

Lynley judo-chops one punk to the ground and cuffs him face down; Burdette kicks the other punk, hurls him face-down and cuffs him.

The woman picks up her purse, and -- amazingly -- pummels Burdette with it.

WOMAN

(weakly swinging her purse)

Billy Burdette, Jr., you nothin' but trash like 'yo trash-dentist get-rich-quick-ass-daddy and his trash rip-off clinics --

The woman runs out of breath and stumbles away. A patrol car pulls up behind the Burdette-Lynley car; two white cops walk over. One of the cuffed punks on the ground spits on Burdette's shoes and says, "Nigger."

Lynley takes Burdette aside.

LYNLEY

Don't take that.

BURDETTE

Let it go. He's a kid.

LYNLEY

You'll look weak.

BURDETTE

(angry now)

I'm senior here, and I said, "Let it go."

Lynley gestures to the two other cops. They form a circle around the punks. Lynley pulls a beavertail sap and beats the shit out of both kids. The kids scream; Burdette looks at Lynley in disgust -- who is this guy?

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley drive in tense silence. They see cops door-knocking about the SLA.

BURDETTE

We didn't do our door-knocks, and now there's no time.

LYNLEY

I'll do it tonight. I've got nothing going.

BURDETTE

Suppose those kids beef you?

LYNLEY
They won't.

BURDETTE
Why not?

LYNLEY
Because they know I'll kick their black asses once a week for the rest of their fucking lives.

Burdette turns onto Manchester Boulevard; they pass an office in the "Doctor Billy Burdette The Credit Dentist" chain.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
(smiling)
My daddy sent me down to see your daddy when I was in high school. This mulatto dentist with a harelip fucks up my root-canal job and says, "Kid, I'll make it up to you." Bam! I've got a Percodan scrip with unlimited refills, and I've got half of Arroyo High bombed.

Burdette shakes his head.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
I popped the harelip. I was working the trap at the May Company men's room. The fucker stuck his dick through the glory hole and waved it at me.

BURDETTE
I popped him in Rampart. He was honking kids in Westlake Park.

LYNLEY
Relative of yours?

BURDETTE
Cousin on my mother's side.

LYNLEY
(slight pause)
Are you fucking with me?

BURDETTE
No, but you'll know when I am.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley sits in the living room of his cheapo pad in El Monte. On the walls: photos of his Marine Corps unit in Vietnam, replete with two Marines holding severed Vietcong heads.

Lynley sips bourbon. He looks restless. He grabs Vic Franz's vice-map and a street map guide, and starts grid-marking pages.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. A dark street in Watts. Shitty stucco houses, junk cars, backyard chicken coops, chained-up dogs.

Lynley, in civilian clothes, knocks on the door of a corner house; he's got his badge pinned to his sport coat. A peephole is slid back; people laugh inside. Lynley knocks again. We hear "Go away." Lynley then pounds on the door.

LYNLEY

(yelling)

Open up, you fucking spooks, I'm de
PO-lice!

No response. A nearby chained up dog lunges at him.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley sits in a ratty Denny's at 108th and Avalon. He's the only white dude in the place; everybody makes him for a cop.

He's drinks coffee; he spikes it with Old Crow; he spots two junkies geez up in a parked car. He stares at the mugshots of the Dineen Brothers.

Then --

A maroon Cadillac with fat fender skirts pulls into the lot. The driver is a black man -- but he is not Marcus or Lavelle Dineen. Lynley scoops up his things --

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Lynley walks out of Denny's, pulls his piece, presses it to his leg and sidles over to the Cadillac. The driver is alone in the car. He's lighting up a reefer.

Lynley duck-walks to the open driver's side window, then springs up and sticks his gun in the man's face. The man is scared shitless. The reefer bobs in his mouth.

LYNLEY
(very soft)
Slow and easy. Where'd you get this car?

THE MAN
(Panic City)
Man, this my car! I lives in it, 'cause
my bitch toss me out, and the job market
be soft!

Lynley pulls his pint of Old Crow, douses the man's lap,
plucks the reefer from his lips, drops it in his lap and
starts a mini-fire. The man screams and bats the fire out.

LYNLEY
(very soft)
Where'd you get this car?

THE MAN
(hyperventilating)
Dineen brothers! Traded them my fuck
car! It by dat curvy offramp by de
freeway!

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley pulls up to a dead-end street
near a Harbor Freeway offramp. Dimly visible: a decrepit
'59 Caddy.

Voices bounce inside the car. Lynley gets out of his car and
creeps over to it. Inside: The Dineen brothers.

They're geezing up heroin. They're giggling. They're
lighting the wrong end of Kool cigarettes and burning their
fingers.

Lynley approaches the driver's side window. The brothers
don't note his presence. Lynley pulls his piece and shoots
them both in the face. The shots echo; their jumbo afro wigs
blow through the top of the roof liner. Lynley drops an ace-
of-spades card on both of their laps.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. It's 3:00 a.m. Lynley is lying in bed
at his crummy pad. He's wide awake. Out his window, a
humming strip of the San Berdoo Freeway can be seen.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. It's 3:02 a.m. Burdette is lying in bed. He's wide awake. Out his window, a beautiful trellis and palm trees can be seen.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/INTERIOR/DAYTIME (CONTINUOUS). Lynley, in civilian clothes, walks in the front door of 77th Street Station. He's carrying a fresh uniform in a cellophane wrapper.

The previously seen roll-call sergeant is sitting behind the front desk, munching an English muffin. The pit bull is sitting on the floor, licking his balls.

The roll-call sergeant sees Lynley and veeery slowly grins. He then holds up an ace-of-spades card.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT

(softly)

It's all taken care of, son.

Lynley looks relieved.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Some merchants put together a basket for you.

(pause)

There's shirts, neckties, even a fucking case of Jim Beam.

(long pause off Lynley's
astonished look)

Shit travels quick around here.

LYNLEY

Does Burdette know?

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT

The Lieutenant knows. Burdette's not exactly hooked up to the grapevine.

Lynley considers this.

LYNLEY

I don't want the basket.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT

(surprised)

What do you want?

LYNLEY

I want to see Burdette's personnel file,
and I want you to give that muffin to the
dog.

The roll-call sergeant smiles and tosses the muffin on the floor. The pit bull snarfs it up.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT

Mr. Deakins wants to thank you. He's in the conference room.

Lynley gulps and walks down a side hall to the conference room. Mr. Deakins -- a 45ish, dignified-looking black man -- is alone in the room. He sees Lynley, nervously stands up and walks over to him and extends his right hand. He's holding a cash roll. Lynley squeezes the man's hand and shakes his head.

LYNLEY

Keep it. Start a fund for kids, or something like that.

MR. DEAKINS

(choked up)

What can I say?

LYNLEY

(softly)

You already have.

(pause)

I did the right thing. That's the only payoff I need.

MR. DEAKINS

You look like you need some sleep.

LYNLEY

I always need some sleep.

MR. DEAKINS

I don't sleep much myself.

(short pause)

My laundromat's open 24-hours, and I've usually got a jug.

LYNLEY

(embarrassed by the man's offer of friendship)

Maybe I'll see you.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley walks up to the counter in the personnel office at 77th Street Station. A foxy civilian clerk hands him a manila file and motions him in close.

CIVILIAN CLERK

(whispering)

Officer Burdette got a copy of your file.
He's got pull with Lieutenant Walters.

(whispering extra soft)

You know, the coloreds, they stick together.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley walks through the 77th Street Station parking lot, toward his patrol car. He's skimming Burdette's personnel file. The pit bull is snarling and snapping at a black prisoner being led into the station.

Lynley stops at the patrol car. Burdette, behind the wheel, skims Lynley's personnel file. He looks up, sees Lynley with a file, and stays coooooool.

BURDETTE

(quoting from Lynley's file)

"Officer Lynley's stated ambition is to work detective assignments, but at this point he is too volatile, especially in confrontations with black street suspects."

Lynley climbs into the passenger seat. The mugshots of the Dineen brothers are still taped to the dashboard.

LYNLEY

Law school, huh? I fucking outscored you in every classification.

(puts on a shit-eating grin)

Ninety-fours aren't bad. At least you didn't get in on affirmative action.

BURDETTE

You white-trash motherfucker.

LYNLEY

(grinning)

Not bad. You'll make a good street nigger one day.

Burdette guns the engine and pulls the patrol car out into traffic. Lynley takes a pen from his pocket, X's out the faces on the mugshots and tosses them out the window.

BURDETTE

(incredulous)

No.

(MORE)

BURDETTE (CONT'D)

(pause)

You didn't.

LYNLEY

(with a broad black accent)

Oh, yeah.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley cruise their car-plan sector. Several all white-manned patrol cars pass them; some cops chant "Oreo! Oreo!" Some give Lynley the thumbs-up -- word is spreading that he iced the Dineen brothers.

The streets are sizzling -- parking-lot crap games, Muslims distributing tracts, police-brutality protests outside a community-outreach center. Lynley eyeballs it all -- and actually seems to be digging it.

They turn down a residential street; they see patrolmen door-to-door knocking for tips on the SLA. *They see Officer Donny Miller hard-rousting a middle-class looking black man in front of his house on East 79th street. The man talks back. Miller slaps him.*

LYNLEY

Miller, you fucking hot dog.

BURDETTE

How many doors did you get in last night?

LYNLEY

(pause)

None.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette, with Lynley sheepishly in tow, walks the same shitty street that Lynley tried to door-knock last night. Burdette knocks on the doors of several houses, introduces himself, offers the people answering the knocks discount cards for the Burdette Cut-Rate Dental Chain. Lynley -- shorter and more muscular than Burdette -- seems to shrink in the wake of Burdette's superb social skills.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley are eating doughnuts outside a stand on 103 and Avalon. There's a tattoo parlor across the street; a half-dozen brothers are shooting craps up against the parlor wall.

BURDETTE

(quoting from Lynley's
personnel file)

"Tendency to overreact in minor street
confrontations." In other words, a
reluctance to do things the smart way,
which I just fucking confirmed.

Lynley starts walking across the street; Burdette stares at
him.

LYNLEY

(yelling over his shoulder)
I'm getting a fucking tattoo.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley is sitting in a chair in the tattoo
parlor. The tattoo artist -- an old Jewish hepcat -- sits in
a chair beside him.

TATTOO MAN

So, what do you want? Girls, hearts and
arrows, what?

Lynley rolls up his right sleeve and shows the Tattoo Man the
tattoos of the 14 dead Viet Cong. The Tattoo Man looks
repulsed.

LYNLEY

I want two nigger heads. Big afros, bug
eyes and long fucking tongues.

TATTOO MAN

(shaking his head sadly)
Kid, you don't want that. It's something
you'll regret.

Lynley stares at the Tattoo Man, drops a five-spot on the
table, gets up and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley cruise Watts. Lynley
checks out the passing black women; his eyes linger on the
attractive ones. He seems amused by billboards for Schlitz
Malt Liquor and Kool Menthol; he chuckles at the militant
sentiments expressed on afro-pride billboards. Burdette
watches Lynley as he drives -- he seems to be reading him --
or trying to -- every second.

Their radio blares: "All units Code 3. 211 in progress.
122 East Imperial Highway."

Burdette hits the red lights and siren; Lynley unholsters his gun; they speed to the address. Bam -- there's a shootout going down outside Lucky's Liquor Locker.

Two black heist men are firing from behind their Lincoln Continental convertible in the parking lot. Four white cops - including the two seen chanting "Oreo, Oreo" -- are firing from behind their black & whites -- parked at the curb.

Four more patrol cars pull up and surround the front of the Liquor store; Burdette and Lynley approach -- fast -- from the middle lane. Burdette, looking ferociously intent, cranks the wheel hard left, bangs into the parking lot, half-brakes and broadsides the Lincoln. Lynley looks fucking astonished.

The patrol car stalls out; the heist men run; Burdette and Lynley get out of their car, brace their arms on the roof, fire at the heist men, and miss them. Burdette reaches inside the car and grabs their shotguns. Lynley gestures to the ground; returning fire dings their car. Burdette and Lynley get under their car - and pop off two rounds at the running legs and feet of the heist men. One man takes a leg wound; the other takes off running down the alley behind the liquor store; Lynley and Burdette run in pursuit.

Lynley stops at the fallen man and kicks his gun away. Burdette, in police Oxfords, turns down the alley, slides on loose gravel and falls on his ass. He quickly gets up and begins to gain ground on the heist man. When he is within range, he aims the shotgun at the cat's lower body, and fires off a round that kicks mounds of gravel into the air. His second round blows a piece of the man's foot right off. Lynley comes up behind Burdette; the two of them stare at the wounded heist man -- on the ground, writhing.

BURDETTE

(calmly)

Police. Stop or we'll shoot.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. It's mop-up time at Lucky's Liquor Locker.

Ambulance jockeys haul the wounded men away; lab techs pick up shell casings; detectives interview liquor-store employees in the parking lot. Burdette and Lynley stand by their grille-dented patrol car. Gradually, both men start to tremble a little with the post-shootout shakes.

Afro-militant types at the curb yell "Kill the Pigs!" and "SLA, SLA!" Lynley pulls a half-pint of Old Crow from his hip pocket. He offers the jug to Burdette;

Burdette takes a slug and hands it back. Lynley takes a slug. Both men half-ass smile at each other.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette stares at himself in a mirror over a sink in a swanky, tiled men's room. He splashes water on his face, composes himself, dries his hands and walks out into the bar area of the Pacific Dining Car restaurant.

Already sitting in a booth: Jane Burdette, Billy's sister; Billy Burdette, Sr., and his wife, Ardella. Billy Sr. is tall, skinny and looks bemused -- he's staring at the tail-end of a TV report on the liquor-store heist and the beginning of a Patty Hearst/SLA news report. Ardella is wearing a mink coat. She looks aggrieved. The foxy Jane is dressed in business attire; she's 28, lovely, whip-smart. Burdette slides into the booth.

BURDETTE

Sorry I'm late.

JANE

Crashing cars and shooting off feet must take a lot out of a boy.

BURDETTE

Filing depositions and civil litigation is starting to make Jane a dull girl.

BILLY SR.

(grinning)

The LAPD killed bandits summarily in my day. I'm starting to think you've got liberal notions, which I should report to Chief Davis.

BURDETTE

We sent two cripples to the joint today. Isn't that enough?

(pause)

We spared their teeth, Daddy. Show a little gratitude.

BILLY SR.

(laughs)

Their teeth will rot in the joint.

(pause)

We're 2nd-generation 77, so I see us as guardians of the old way.

BURDETTE

You shined shoes at the station in 1930-
something. You're being disingenuous,
Daddy.

Everyone chuckles. Jane cranes her neck and sees a news
report on the TV: The KKK is forming vigilante groups to
hunt down the SLA.

JANE

(caustic, to Burdette)
Friends of yours?

BURDETTE

Colleagues.

BILLY SR.

I'm going to start a Klavern in Hancock
Park.

JANE

Everyone wants to pass.
(she checks her own skin tone,
smiles)
Damn, I wish I were lighter.

BURDETTE

You'd have to keep your hood on, Daddy.

ARDELLA

And hide your alligator shoes.

BILLY SR.

Three-sixty at the London Shop.

ARDELLA

He's got eight pairs.

JANE

(to Burdette)
Do you want to talk about it?

BURDETTE

Why? It was only exciting for two
seconds.

JANE

It was your partner's idea, right?
Ramming their car?

BURDETTE

No, it was mine.

Jane looks amazed.

BILLY SR.
My boy's no dummy. He aimed low and
spared their teeth.

BURDETTE
(teasing)
Daddy, do you know what a mud shark is?

BILLY SR.
(ginning mysteriously)
My son, I have swum in deep white waters.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. The back steps to the parking lot at 77
Street Station.

Lynley sits with Officer Donny Miller. Both men are in
uniform; Miller is wolfing a hamburger and dripping sauce on
the steps. The pit bull is sitting beside them; Lynley is
holding a can of metal polish and is polishing the pit bull's
collar-badge.

LYNLEY
(to Miller)
You're a fucking pig.

MILLER
I'm your daddy.

LYNLEY
You talk like a nigger.

He points to Miller's hashmarks.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
You've been in the Congo too long.

MILLER
Seventeen years and change in this one
division. Since March, '57.

LYNLEY
You're batshit.
(switching to a Vietnamese
accent)
You dinky dau.

MILLER

(ignoring the comment)

There's a dead whore in a yard by
Nickerson Gardens. The squad guys have
lights up.

Lynley ignores him.

MILLER (CONT'D)

(pressing)

She's got light skin and a big bush.
She's almost like a white chick.

(a pause)

Don't you want to see her bush?

Lynley pets the pit bull.

MILLER (CONT'D)

(soooo pathetic)

I'm a bush man. I'm not ashamed to admit
it.

LYNLEY

(oozing contempt)

Call the coroner. Maybe he'll give you
some time alone with her.

MILLER

Tell me about the spooks. You know,
those coons you waxed.

LYNLEY

I'll make you a deal. Give the rest of
your burger to the dog, and I'll tell
you.

Miller eagerly passes over the rest of the burger; the pit
bull snarfs it and -- inexplicably -- growls at lily-white
Miller. Lynley laughs.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

You've got nigger blood. The fucking dog
just confirmed it.

Miller sulks. The pit bull growls at him. Lynley yuks.

MILLER

Want to cruise the division? Nobody
knows it like me. Come on, I know all
the freebie spots.

Lynley shakes his head "No" and eyeballs the street. Gene the Queen saunters by, spots Lynley, grabs his crotch and spits.

Lynley cocks the pit bull's head toward Gene the Queen and the parking-lot gate. The pit bull tenses and bolts, then runs out the gate, chases Gene the Queen, knocks him down and starts noshing on his ankles. Miller watches, incredulous.

LYNLEY

Fucking dog loves soul food.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley sloooooow-cruises Watts, dressed in civvies, driving his civilian wheels. He bops southbound on Central, consults his street map, seems to say "Fuck it" and tosses the map on the seat.

He's consumed by restless juju. He pulls to the curb, parks his car and enters a dump called the "Cozy Nook." It's full of black pimps, hos, and general scum. The room freezes -- Lynley vibes FUZZ.

There's a bar and a bandstand. Lynley sits at the bar; the folks beside him move away. A barman comes over; Lynley orders straight bourbon.

On the bandstand: A high-yellow black girl vocalist, backed by a junkie trio: drums/trumpet/sax. The whole group is on the nod. The girl sings listlessly.

GIRL SINGER

(singing)

Everybody's fucking, but me. Life used to be such a blast, now it's a pain in the ass! My sex life is so gloomy, even my dog won't do me! Everybody's fucking, but me!

The song ends; the singer and trio get boos; someone shouts, "I'll fuck you, baby." Lynley looks down a corridor and sees Sergeants Vic Franz and Ted Keefer removing coins from a bank of cigarette machines and bagging the booty.

Lynley walks over. Keefer's doing all the work; Franz is lounging. He's wearing an "I choked Linda Lovelace" T-shirt.

FRANZ

(to Lynley, ironically)

Hey, killer.

LYNLEY
 (looking around)
 The regs allow this?

FRANZ
 When your brother rents half the machines
 in the jungle.
 (pause)
 Shit, all the jigs want is chicken wings,
 Hair-o-wine and Kool Cigarettes.

Lynley scans the sergeant's badge clipped to Franz's belt,
 along with a .45 automatic.

LYNLEY
 (wistfully)
 The Bureau. I wouldn't mind a spot
 there.

FRANZ
 (mater-of-fact)
 Here's the formula. Turn thirty, pass
 the Sergeant's Exam, and have a sugar
 daddy to stand up for you.
 (he surveys Lynley)
 You've got two of those already, plus the
 cachet of what you did with the brothers.

Keefer, straining, carries two big coin sacks upstairs.
 Franz takes a fatherly tone.

FRANZ (CONT'D)
 (ticking points on his fingers)
 You're almost 30. You'll *kill* the exam.
 Teddy's got a bum ticker, and he'll be
 going off I.O.D. You pass the test, I
 pass word along that I want you. I tell
 the Captain, "Old Vic needs a hard-
 charger to do the heavy work. I got a
 boy who knows how to handle a phone book
 with the best."
 (a pause)
 We'll have more fun than a barrel of
 monkeys.

Lynley beams. Soul music blasts from the main room.

FRANZ (CONT'D)
 Shit, this place is a barrel of monkeys.

Dance music blasts: the Swim, the Frog, the Watusi.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Go, killer. Teddy gets jealous when he sees me with young stuff. It reminds him that he's near end-of-watch.

Lynley and Franz shake hands.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley sit in the 77th Street watch commander's office. Across a battered desk from them: a grizzled white lieutenant named Murcott and the station's vice squad boss, a bald white sergeant named Dick Huber.

MURCOTT

Muted bravos on Lucky Liquor.

(a pause)

There was a news team across the street working the SLA thing, and they'd have seen you if you took those guys out.

HUBER

Shit. I like a good bandit killing.

BURDETTE

I saw white people in suits across the street. I knew they weren't cops, so they had to be press.

MURCOTT

Those humps confessed to forty 211's total. We've cleaned up lots of blue books.

HUBER

I want you guys to rotate into nightwatch vice for a few weeks. You float. You work fruits, whores, bookies, dope and card games. The bi-racial bit might pry up some SLA shit. As of tonight, we'll have chopper patrols shooting infrared film, which might help us out on topography.

MURCOTT

Gas up your hair so you won't look like cops, and make no actual busts. Write it up for Huber's guys, and drop your leads on the SLA in the roll-call slots.

LYNLEY

Is that it?

MURCOTT

No, there's this. Try not to kill anyone.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley sit in Piper's Coffee Shop at Beverly and Western. They're drinking java and brainstorming.

BURDETTE

We're a stick-up team. Ex-cons. We're new in town, and we dig that left-wing radical shit. We think it's cool.

LYNLEY

We're lames. We're an Oreo heist team with one week to live. We're from Bakersfield. I've got cousins there. I can rap Bakersfield up the ying-yang.

BURDETTE

We escaped from the honor farm up there.

LYNLEY

(rolling his eyes)
Shit, you mean ex-caped.
(pause)
Come on, talk nigger for me.

BURDETTE

(broad black accent)
"Yeah, man, we'll trade your food stamps for some pussy."

LYNLEY

(grinning)
Not bad.

BURDETTE

I took Nigger 101 at Stanford.
(pause)
Which makes me the leader.

Lynley raises a hand in protest.

BURDETTE (CONT'D)

Because I'm black. Because the assholes we'll be working will get off on you as my stooge.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/EXTERIOR/DAYTIME/NIGHTTIME. A dialogue-free montage sequence shows Burdette and Lynley working up their cover. We see them stroll through Hollywood thrift shops and purchase articles of outrageous attire. We see them exit dressing rooms in platform shoes, pork-pie hats, faux-fur capes and bell-bottom leisure suits.

We see them drive east on the San Berdoo Freeway; we see them stop at a rundown El Monte used-car lot. They check out a line of beat-up pimpmobiles and purchase a lime-green and primer-flaked '59 Eldo with giant fins.

The two men take separate cars back southwest. Burdette drives his normal, sedate sedan; Lynley drives the Eldorado. The Orlons' rendition of "Wa-Watusi" hits the soundtrack; Lynley lip-syncs the words.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley are sitting in the previously seen tattoo parlor. The Jewish hepcat tattoo artist is standing near them. He's obviously impatient.

LYNLEY

(contentious)

All the homeys get them. Come on, it takes two seconds, and it's icing on the cake.

BURDETTE

You can never wear short-sleeved shirts on patrol. Think about it in August.

The tattoo man taps his foot -- come on, already!

LYNLEY

O.K., Pops. I'm in.

Burdette shakes his head; Lynley stretches his right arm out on the table; the tattoo man readies needles and ink. Slowly, we see Lynley's right arm emblazoned with the words "Fuck The World."

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley drive west-bound on Wilshire Blvd. in Burdette's sedan. They turn right on Rossmore and enter Hancock Park. Lynley is wide-eyed at the big homes: Spanish, French Provincial and Tudor.

They turn left on 3rd Street, make an abrupt right on Muirfield, then pull up in the porte cochere of the Burdette house.

LYNLEY

You said we were going to your house.

BURDETTE

This is my house. And my parents', and my sister's.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Burdette and Lynley walk inside; Lynley remains wide-eyed.

BURDETTE

I'm going to go change. You stay here, and try not to steal any ashtrays.

Lynley walks into the den, over to a liquor sideboard, and starts examining the bottles. He hears someone clear her throat, turns and sees Jane Burdette standing there. She looks good in a pin-stripe suit.

LYNLEY

(a bit cowed)

I'm Billy's partner.

JANE

(half-amused)

I could pour some samples into a Thunderbird bottle. You could brown-bag it and take it to work.

Lynley laughs.

JANE (CONT'D)

(noticing Lynley's tattoos)

"Fuck The World." That's lovely.

LYNLEY

(sheepish)

Well, the tattoo guy said I'd regret it. I didn't think I'd get called on it so soon, though.

(he eyeballs her)

You're a lawyer. Those striped suits always spell lawyer.

JANE

My brother's a lawyer slumming.

LYNLEY

Lawyers don't shoot heist men.

JANE

Men go to great lengths to prove they're something they're not.

LYNLEY

(smiling)

Or are.

(big change of subject)

It's a beautiful house.

JANE

It's a little too Town-And-Country. My father came from a long line of domestics. He grew up around it, so he had to have it.

LYNLEY

(now his regular street self)

He pulled a lot of teeth to get it.

Jane laughs and covers her mouth; Lynley flashes a big toothy grin.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

I've got the credit clinic mouth, not you.

JANE

Daddy sent us to a dentist in Beverly Hills.

Burdette enters the room. He's wearing outrageous pimp threads. Jane laughs at her brother's preposterous outfit.

BURDETTE

Yeah, and he broke the color line in Hancock Park two weeks before Nat Cole did.

(pause)

Shit, he rushed those papers through.

JANE

And we *still* live at home.

Burdette surveys the plush furnishings.

BURDETTE

Man, how can you beat *this*?

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley cruise South Central Avenue. As they talk, we see *Officer Donny Miller's cherried-out Dodge Challenger* bomb in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley walk into the dark confines of "Leroy's Little Log Cabin." It's a dank dump full of table rows occupied by flashy "players" boozing, popping pills, smoking weed and digging on a black comic with a microphone doing schtick.

COMIC

So, Dracula gets hisself a gig washin' bottles at that blood bank on 84th, and he be flyin' high on all dat junkie blood, an' he wants some pussy, and I be talkin' fine white pussy, like Tricia Nixon or Patty Hearst or that fine cooze on the Captain an' Tenille, an --

A pause as Burdette and Lynley, teetering on platform shoes, find an empty table and sit down.

COMIC (CONT'D)

(interrupted, to Lynley)
Speakin' of white, you be lookin' pretty pasty-faced, white boy. You been hangin' out at Dracula's coffin?

LYNLEY

(superb improv/broad black accent)
I been wid yo' mama. She be doin patties', 'cause you be late wid de rent.

The comic and some of the players crack up; other lowlives give Burdette and Lynley the fisheye. A foxy waitress slinks up to their table. Burdette whips out a fat roll and fans it at her.

BURDETTE

(moderately feigned black accent)
Two pablums, sister. An two Schlitz tallboys on de side. We be goin' down behind de bull, tonight.

The waitress makes an ughh face at Lynley; Burdette smiles and whispers at her as she departs.

COMIC

(pointing to Lynley and
Burdette)

Sheeeeeit, everbody wants to be black or
associate with black motherfuckers dese
days. It's like dem white chump college
kids hangin' out wid' Cinque and the SLA.

The crowd reacts. Players chant "SLA, all de way." The
waitress brings back two tall glasses of "Pablum" -- scotch
and milk -- and two cans of Schlitz Malt Liquor. Burdette
tips her huge. She genuflects and whispers in his ear.
Lynley guzzles pablum, and almost gags it up -- and chases it
with a chug-a-lug of malt liquor.

COMIC (CONT'D)

I heard that Chief Ed Davis was down here
lookin' to suck black dick the other day.
Dats' right! De chief wants to eat the
black snake!

Lynley drains his drink. The waitress leads a player over to
Burdette; the player whispers in Burdette's ear; the waitress
and player quickly depart.

BURDETTE

(whispering to Lynley)
We been invited to a card game.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. The basement rec room of Mohamed's
Mosque #16 in Watts. It's a cacophonously loud mob scene.

Bow-tied Muslims hobknob with pimps and all-around black
lowlife. Framed pictures of the Honorable Elijah Mohammed
line the walls; booze flows freely.

Burdette and Lynley enter the rec room -- it's a mind-bending
scene. Numerous card tables have been set up; bikini-clad
black women serve drinks. Roulette wheels and card games are
set up. Reefer smoke hangs in the air.

Burdette and Lynley line up to play roulette. A skinny black
dude walks up to Lynley and scrutinizes him.

SKINNY DUDE

You looks familiar. What you buckin'
for, chump? The "White Nigger of the
Year Award" from Ebony magazine?

LYNLEY
I'm your daddy.

SKINNY DUDE
No, you ain't. You either a cop or a convict I knowed at one of the numerous state institutions where I matriculized.

LYNLEY
(cool)
Chino, Soledad or Vacaville. Probably Vacaville, cause that's where they send dings like you.

Lynley sticks out his hand. The skinny dude twists it up to a hi-five soul-phisticated shake.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
Call me "Whitey."

SKINNY DUDE
You dress like a nigger and takes orders from a nigger, so what else am I gonna call you?

Lynley laughs.

SKINNY DUDE (CONT'D)
I'm Leotis King. "King" like that civil rights motherfucker who didn't do shit for your average black criminal.

BURDETTE
Say, Blood, where that floating crap game be? You know, that high-stakes muthafucka.

LEOTIS
Nigger, do I look like the kind of dude who'd divulge confidential shit to some street creep and his lackey-ass white partner?

(pointing to the grinning
Lynley)
Shit, the only way they'll let white boy in is if he robs it.
(pause)
Let me give you the tour.

Burdette and Lynley follow Leotis King down a dingy flight of stairs to a sub-basement. It's a shooting gallery/dope den. Junkies sit on ratty mattresses and geez Big H;

Gene the Queen is passed out on a corner mattress with a spike in his forearm and a tube tourniquet tied to his biceps. Burdette and Lynley turn their backs to him -- he can I.D. them as fuzz.

Leotis whips out a hash pipe filled with noxious-looking shit, takes a big hit and passes the pipe to Burdette. Burdette sucks in a lungful; Lynley follows suit. He sees Gene the Queen start to stir and refill his hypodermic with dope.

LYNLEY

(aside, to Burdette)
Come on, he can make us.

BURDETTE

(pissed, whispering)
That's on you, shithead. You sicced the dog on him.

Burdette feels Leotis staring. He hands the pipe back to him.

BURDETTE (CONT'D)

I gots to get back upstairs, to try to multiplize my roll.

He heads for the stairs.

LYNLEY

(catching up)
Well, he asked for it.

BURDETTE

Why? Because he's a fruit?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley sit down to play cards. The room rumbles with overlapping voices -- we pick up talk about the hiiiiiiigh-stakes crap game that takes place in various housing projects -- it's always on the run.

PLAYER #1

Pigs roust me at my mailbox, pickin' up my monthly reparation from Uncle Sam. My people bein' o-pressed by de po-lice.

PLAYER #2

Which is why you been oppressin yo' fuckin' wife, makin' her turn tricks fo' de patties. Sheeeit, I been up that coal chute myself.

Burdette and Lynley play cards, drink pabulum, lose hand after hand. Lynley draws looks -- he's the only white cat in the room. Burdette flashes his cash roll. Hos crawl under tables and dispense blow jobs.

BURDETTE

Me and Whitey ex-caped from de honor farm
up in Bakers-fuck. Bein' black
do you some good up there. I let
Whitey drive, an' I hides in de trunk.

The players at the table laugh.

LYNLEY

I masterminded the ex-cape.
(feigning anger)
You talkin' shit around your people.

Reefers float around; a stick reaches Burdette and Lynley. With feigned gusto, Burdette and Lynley suck on the stick. Players #1 & #2 start arguing -- with more malice in their voices.

PLAYER #2

You been O-pressin' yo' wife an' yo'
sixteen daughters by various bitches, and
dey be turning tricks with that mangy-ass
dog at the 7-7. That's right! That dog
be fuckin' them with his syphilitic dick!

A shot rings out. Player #1 has just shot Player #2 in the face with a twin-shot Derringer. Player #2 falls over, dead.

Dig it -- pandemonium!!!!

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Pimps, players and muslims run crazily down E. 86th Street. LAPD choppers hover overhead -- they're shooting infrared film and flashing their belly lights, looking for possible sightings of the SLA. Patrol cars -- alerted to the shooting at Mohamed's Mosque #16 -- start blocking off sidewalks and beating on the runners. The fuzz are wielding batons and beavertail saps. The stoned Burdette and Lynley cut down an alley and scale a fence.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley walk north on Central Avenue, carrying their pimp shoes; they're trekking the heart of LA's darktown. They're still heavily bombed. An LAPD chopper flies overhead; it's belly lights blip.

LYNLEY

(yelling at the chopper)

Hey, look at me! I'm a white nigger!

(grins)

I'll tell you a secret. White trash and niggers are roughly the same thing.

Burdette laughs.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

(looks around)

Shit, where'd we leave the car?

An LAPD patrol car, heading in the opposite direction, swerves to the curb to check the grungy ass Oreos out. The white passenger cop gives them a slow once over.

PASSENGER COP

Fuck, Lynley and Burdette.

(pause)

You motherfuckers smell.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley sit in the back seat of the patrol car; the white driver-cop gets on his 2-way radio and taps the surveillance choppers' frequency.

DRIVER COP

3-Baker-8 to all airborne units. We got a problem. We got two Vice guys who lost track of their car.

CHOPPER COP

(abrupt)

What radius?

DRIVER COP

The whole fucking division.

Suddenly, miles and miles of Watts light up noonday bright. Lynley looks out his window and smiles.

LYNLEY

Jesus, it's beautiful.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. It's now morning. Burdette and Jane sit in the kitchen of the Burdette family's house. Jane is deftly cracking eggs to make omelets. Burdette is wearing a tee-shirt and his pimp pants.

BURDETTE

Make enough for Chuck. He'll have to get up sooner or later.

JANE

I hope you're charging him rent.

She flicks an omelet onto a plate and hands it to him. He wolfs it fast. Jane pours pancake batter into a fresh pan.

BURDETTE

He's good.

(pause)

He offed two pieces of shit who killed a little black girl.

Jane flips three pancakes onto a plate and hands it to him. Lynley walks into the room. He's still wearing his flared pants. Jane stares at him. Lynley slides into a chair and starts eating off Billy's plate.

LYNLEY

(politely)

Could I have some pancakes?

(she scrutinizes him)

Come on, don't make me hotfoot it to Denny's, looking like this.

Jane scoops three pancakes onto a plate. Lynley reaches over and grabs it; his waistband gaps; there's a .45 automatic tucked there. Lynley tears into his food.

JANE

One of you's corrupting the other, but I can't figure out which one.

LYNLEY

Billy rammed that car, not me. He shot that cat's foot off, too.

(big grin)

Billy's a shooting motherfucker.

JANE

You don't know Billy. He has principles you wouldn't understand.

LYNLEY

He's changing these days. Nobody could play street nigger as well as he does, without some jungle in him.

She stares at him, obviously offended. Burdette seems amused.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

Pardon me, cop humor.

(smiles up at her)

So, how come you don't have one of those soul-sister names?

(pause)

You want my greatest hits? Shondrika, Sharmisa, Chardonnay, and I swear it's true because I saved the F.I. card - Aquanetta.

JANE

You forgot "Hematoma."

LYNLEY

I like you. How come you don't like me?

JANE

(handing Lynley a fresh plate of pancakes)

Flaunt your armory less. You'll impress more women.

LYNLEY

Are you saying I've got a shot?

JANE

With me? Extremely remote.

(heading for the door)

You know, you're welcome to use the shower.

(pause)

In fact, you're more than welcome.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley, robe wrapped, stands in a tile-and-marble bathroom at the Burdette manse.

He drops the robe and admires his naked body in a mirror. He probes bullet and bayonet scars and looks with sudden disgust at his "Fuck the World" tattoo.

Lynley hears a shower running in the bathroom next door; he calls out, "Partner!" He gets no response, and pushes the connecting door open.

He sees Jane Burdette, nude, in the shower. She sees the nude Lynley. Their eyes meet. Lynley slowly shuts the door.

CUT TO :

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley sit in Burdette's off-duty sedan. They're wearing their regular street clothes and still looked wasted from last night's revelry.

LYNLEY

We've got four hours to kill. Let's hit a lounge. I've got to fucking inure myself to more dope.

BURDETTE

You know, we're way behind on our door-knocks.

(pause)

The other units have hit six blocks, and -

LYNLEY

(cutting in)

You think Patty Hearst's around here? I don't. I think she's in New York. The mud sharks migrate there in the spring, and Patty's a chick who needs that roll of tar-paper.

BURDETTE

Do you remember the last blocks we --

LYNLEY

88th and Compton southbound, and this is all bull --

BURDETTE

(final)

We're doing it.

CUT TO :

Montage sequence - soundless. We see Burdette and Lynley knock on a string of doors. They carry clipboards; they talk to locals; they get negative head shakes, door slams and sullen looks.

CUT TO :

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. We resume regular time as: Burdette and Lynley walk up the step of an ugly hotbox stucco house and see an old lady standing in the doorway. She sees them and grins.

OLD LADY

(smiling)

You cant's repo my TV set, cause it paid in full.

LYNLEY

Police officers. Anything you want to tell us?

OLD LADY

How's dis? My sister and me be goin' down to T.J. to see the Jai-lai, then going to Ensenada to see the bull fights, then --

LYNLEY

(interrupting)

Cut the travelogue, Granny.

Burdette motions Lynley back; Lynley obeys him. The old lady fixes on Burdette.

OLD LADY

You wants me to snitch somebody. That's too bad, Mr. Po-lice, 'cause folks with rat jackets don't last too long 'round here.

BURDETTE

(gentle)

You know what this is. It's rich white kids, Patty Hearst, the SLA. You know it because you watch the news on your beautiful TV set.

OLD LADY

That's right! You right, and since it got nothin' to do with me or mine, I tell you the story that little Tammy Flagstaff tol' me.

LYNLEY

They wore space suits, right? They parked their rocket ship on Compton Boulevard.

The old lady smiles; Burdette poises pen over paper; Lynley makes the jackoff sign.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

(starting to broil)

Come on, Moms. No tickee, no washee.

OLD LADY

Okay, this all happen 'roun 54th and Compton, where Tammy's mama and Tammy's sisters and they various children live. One of Tammy's sisters or daughters or granddaughters sees these white girls in wigs trollin' in the alley at night, always right at that intersection, and Tammy should know, 'cause her address be 1400-somethin' 54th Street, which be near that intersection, and Tammy say that her sister or whoever say they be white boys an girls holed up on that very block.

Lynley and Burdette share a look. Lynley lipsyncs "Newton".

CUT TO :

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. Lynley and Burdette sit in Burdette's car. Tension is thick.

BURDETTE

It's only five minutes.

LYNLEY

Yeah, and it's in Newton, and we're both fried, and Granny was a stone 5150. We go there, we'll witness some felony and spend our next month of days-off in court.

BURDETTE

We're going.

CUT TO :

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. The corner of 54th and Compton. Shitsville L.A., soul style. Burdette and Lynley cruise it and the 1400 block of East 54th -- and see nothing. Lynley makes the jackoff sign the whole time. Finally:

LYNLEY

I told you so.

BURDETTE

Would you stop doing that, please?

(pause)

Yeah, you did.

Then: A score of police cars roll down Compton, fast. Burdette yanks a U-turn back towards 77.

The two cops follow the black-and-whites until the caravan stops on East 84th Street.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. A shitload of LAPD black & whites, plainclothes cars, technicians' vans and an ambulance outside a deserted shack and garage.

Burdette and Lynley swing over and park. They push their way through twenty-odd plainclothes and uniformed cops and see this:

Officer Donny Miller, dead on the garage floor. His pants and shirt have been pulled off; there's a bullet wound in the back of his head; his Jockey shorts have been pulled down to his knees; his LAPD badge has been pinned through his nose.

The assembled cops mutter in shock; the garage is a welter of overlapping voices. We hear "Fucking SLA" and "Some fucking radical group."

LYNLEY

Fuck, Miller.

BURDETTE

What is this? He was a clown.

LYNLEY

Fuck, he was harmless.

Technicians dust the walls for prints; a coroner kneels by Miller's body and sticks a thermometer in his ass; the voices continue and rise in outrage. A uniformed cop waves his arms.

UNIFORMED CAPTAIN

All unauthorized personnel out of here!

We'll go over it at nightwatch roll call..

(pause)

Come on, authorized personnel only!

Burdette and Lynley stand still. Lieutenant Murcott hustles them outside.

MURCOTT

Just be glad it's not you or me.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. The muster room at 77th Street Station. It's packed; uniformed cops line the walls; Lieutenant Murcott stands at the podium.

The stage in back of him is lined with plainclothesmen sitting in chairs -- there's Sergeants Vic Franz and Ted Keefer, along with two other plainclothes pairs. Burdette and Lynley sit together.

LIEUTENANT MURCOTT

You know why we're here. I'm handing it over to Lieutenant Rick Beddoes from RHD. He'll explain what we've got so far.

A tall white man walks to the lectern; Lieutenant Murcott retreats. Beddoes taps the mike, raises static and speaks.

BEDDOES

(into the mike)

A wino found him at 2:40 this p.m. and called it in. He was shot with a .38, and we're assuming it was his own gun, since we didn't see his piece on him. We've dragged two square miles and haven't found any discarded weaponry.

(pause)

We're hypothesizing this. Miller was the daywatch floater. He always worked alone, and he always drove a Department F-car days, then switched to his civilian wheels at night. His F-car is back in the lot, pristine, and none of Miller's shit is in it. His civilian car's missing, along with all of Miller's canvassing sheets on the SLA. We think he was abducted at gunpoint by at least two men, and driven to the crime scene late last night.

A cop raises his hand.

COP

Have you checked Miller's recent arrests? Old arrests? Guys he sent to the joint?

BEDDOES

Miller didn't make many arrests, so I don't buy that angle. Whatever the motive, he was tortured before he was shot. All his fingers and toes were broken.

The muster room rumbles. Beddoes taps the mike.

BEDDOES (CONT'D)

The SLA or black-guerilla fucks like that are our #1 suspects, but we're staying open on our leads.

(MORE)

BEDDOES (CONT'D)

Miller's got an ex-wife in Fontana, no kids and allegedly no current or recent girlfriends. He was known to turn his paperwork in late, and we've got no idea where his canvassing sheets are. We've got three teams from RHD to handle the black radical angle.

(he points to the seated men behind him)

We've got Sergeants Payne and Clifford, Franz and Keefer, and Beltran and Eggers. Questions?

LYNLEY

(raising his hand)

I'd like to dispute the assessment of Miller. In my view, he was a scrounger and a freak.

The room freezes at Lynley's audacity. Vic Franz cracks a big grin.

BEDDOES

(to Lynley, quietly furious)

Lynley, you're good at some things, but assessing character isn't one of them. So shut the fuck up.

Lieutenant Murcott retakes the podium; Beddoes steps back.

MURCOTT

Garcia and Mosher, Jackson and Kilcoyne, Burdette and Lynley, Lambkin and Stone, my office two at a time.

Beddoes steps back to the microphone.

BEDDOES

Miller was a brother officer. Don't be timid out there.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. The 77th Street detective squadroom. Burdette and Lynley stand in front of Lieutenant Murcott's desk.

MURCOTT

(brusque)

You're on Miller's car. Hit the chop shops and check the auto dumps and abandoned garages.

BURDETTE

Let us toss Miller's apartment.

(Murcott sighs)

We'll talk to Beddoes, he's probably got the keys. We'll inventory all the pertinent shit.

Murcott nods reluctantly.

MURCOTT

(to Lynley specifically)

We want a strong presence out there.

That means take no shit from God on down.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Miller, wearing plainclothes, sit in their unmarked F-car.

BURDETTE

You go first.

LYNLEY

O.K., let's call him a buffoon and a hot dog. He leaned on street creeps, but he didn't --

BURDETTE

(cutting in)

Bullshit. He was a black-glove cop.

LYNLEY

Bullshit. I'll bet he had a *third* of my excessive-force complaints.

BURDETTE

O.K., he's a loner. He lives way north, but he rode a white man's hot rod around here, and --

LYNLEY

(cutting in)

We passed his Dodge last night. Remember, 58 and Central. He's going north, we're going south...

BURDETTE

and the fucker's got his brake lights on.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DUSK. Burdette and Lynley enter Rufus' Rumpus Room at 59th and Central. The patrons make them as fuzz.

Burdette stands at the bar; Lynley checks out the men's room. There's a paste-on cartoon of LAPD Chief Davis affixed to the urinal -- so patrons can piss on it. Lynley rips it out and walks to the bar.

Burdette talks to the barman, shows him a picture of Donny Miller and asks if he's seen him around. Burdette is talking so low and gentle that we can hardly hear his voice. The barman's eyes avoid the picture.

BARMAN

Nossir. I ain't seen that man around. I means it. If I'm lyin', I'm flyin'.

Lynley grabs the man by the neck, smashes his face into the bar and grinds it into an ashtray full of cigarette butts. The barman leans back, spits debris, rubs his neck and catches his breath.

BARMAN (CONT'D)

Okay, so Donny scrounged around here. Donny scrounged lots of places, which ain't no news flash, and ain't no motive for murder, if you wants my opinion. Neither's a hankerin' for Rufus's chicken and waffles, even if you white.

(a pause)

Donny talked up all this SLA shit. Nobody knew nothing, but we jived him and fed him.

Burdette and Lynley head for the door.

LYNLEY

Next time, you're the bad guy.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley enter the Snooty Fox bar next door. The dive is near empty; Burdette gulps, grabs the barman by the neck and shoves the photo of Donny Miller in his face. The barman twists free.

BARMAN

Didn't know him, didn't want to, real sorry he's dead.

Lynley scans the near-empty bar. He sees several wires caulked to the ceiling and follows them to a heavy doorway adjoining the rest room. He puts a shoulder to the door, snaps it and enters a 30-desk bookie phone-room.

The black phone men burn their flash paper and run for the windows. Lynley runs over and hauls two men down by the seat of their pants. Other bookies bail out the windows; Lynley hurls barely audible questions about Donny Miller.

BOOKIE #1

He was scroungin'. He'd lay bets here and collect if he won, and fuckin' default if he'd lose. He was scroungin' free shit up and down the Avenue, but it ain't like nobody would off him for it.

LYNLEY

What about the SLA?

BOOKIE #2

SLA, shit. This is a phone-room, not no Communist cell.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley drive northbound on the Harbor Freeway.

BURDETTE

The brass won't let it go down this way. They won't let the papers know Miller was dirty.

LYNLEY

(nodding)

They want it to be the SLA. It *might* be the SLA, but the last time a scrounger cop was murdered was never.

BURDETTE

He had to have snitches.

LYNLEY

(jiggling Miller's keys)

We'll toss his pad. Maybe he's got an address book.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Burdette and Lynley enter Donny Miller's low-rent apartment in North Hollywood. It's a small second-story unit.

They unlock the door and walk in. It's a tidy, one-bedroom crib. Taped-on horse-race posters and beaver photos of white and black women line the living-room walls.

BURDETTE
Fucking freak.

Burdette and Lynley open drawers, check closets, rummage cabinets. They find two dozen cheap handguns in a drawer.

LYNLEY
(scornful)
Throw-down guns. Not that that lazy fuck
ever shot anyone.

BURDETTE
He had 17 years on. He spent it all in
77. Something was going on there.

LYNLEY
I don't know. I'm developing an affinity
for the place myself.

They walk into the bedroom. There's more beaver pix on the wall, covered with crusted semen.

BURDETTE
Donny shot a mean load.

LYNLEY
(smiling)
Let's leak this shit to the *Times*.

They toss more drawers; they find an address book. Burdette thumbs through it. We see listings for previously seen dive clubs in South L.A. and a listing for "phone room-Cent. Ave." Burdette shows it to Lynley.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
Yeah, that place we roused.
(a pause)
Scrounging motherfucker.

Burdette flips more pages -- and sees a listing for "Leotis King." He shows it to Lynley.

BURDETTE
That skinny little cocksucker at the
White Front. Want to bet he was Miller's
snitch?

Lynley nods, opens more drawers, sees a bankbook and thumbs through it. We see what he sees -- a dismal list of deposits and withdrawals -- then, a huge \$14,681.01 windfall, twelve days earlier, on April 28.

Burdette flips back to the "Phone-room" listing and dials the number. We hear three rings and a muffled, "Yeah?"

BURDETTE (CONT'D)

This is Officer Burdette, LAPD.
Remember, we were over at your place an hour ago.

VOICE ON PHONE

Yeah, I remember. Burn my paper, lose me, a fuckin' fortune, motherfucker.

BURDETTE

(conciliatory)

I had a question...Did Donny Miller win big on April 28? As in 14 grand?

VOICE ON PHONE

Fuck, no. Donny never won more than 14 bucks, and we lost that day. And Burdette, your quack daddy sucks Chihuahua dick.

There's a click noise -- the cat has hung up. Burdette looks a little taken aback.

LYNLEY

(smiling)

Come on, we'll roust Leotis.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley drive south on Vermont Avenue. Their radio is on. LAPD Chief Ed Davis speaks.

DAVIS

(in mid-sentence, on the radio)

.....and Officer Donald J. Miller was a policeman of exemplary morals, and his death smacks of a left-wing ritualistic killing.

BURDETTE

(flicking off the radio)

Yeah, and he forgot to mention that Donny shot a mean load.

LYNLEY

Commies. He's got his mind made up already.

BURDETTE
You think the homicide guys can read
cues?

LYNLEY
(imitating Burdette's fake
black accent)
Oh, yeah.

BURDETTE
We give it one week. We develop our own
evidence and turn it over then. One fat
summary report could get us out of
bluesuits forever.

LYNLEY
(smiling)
Just when I'm starting to like the Congo.

BURDETTE
You'll end up like Miller. Ramar of the
Fucking Jungle.

LYNLEY
I loved that show. The jigs always knew
their place.

BURDETTE
Fuck you, Bwana.

They pull off Vermont, drive east on 74th Street and knock on
the door of Leotis King's cinderblock dive. Nobody answers;
Lynley jiggles the doorknob; the door opens.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Oh, shit --

Leotis King hangs from a ceiling beam. His tongue sticks
out; there's a rope around his neck; some stroke books lie on
the floor below his feet. A toppled-over chair rests a few
feet away. Left-wing posters -- extolling Che Guevara and
the SLA -- are tacked to the walls.

Burdette and Lynley -- thunderstruck -- close the door behind
them and examine the body. Lynley touches King's arms.

LYNLEY
Still warm.

Lynley examines King's dangling hands.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

No abrasions. You always see them on these jack-off jobs.

BURDETTE

(examining King's broken fingernails)

Look, he was trying to haul himself down.

LYNLEY

Fuck, it's a murder.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Burdette and Lynley walk outside and back to a small garage. Burdette flashes a penlight on the lock. It's been snipped by bolt-cutters.

They enter the garage. Burdette flashes his light on the dirt floor and points to tire tracks in the dirt. Lynley squats down and examines them.

LYNLEY

High-performance Pirellis, with a wide wheelbase. Miller's Dodge was here.

Burdette flashes his penlight around the garage. He sees a folded open Yellow Page Directory on a shelf. The book is open to "Automobile Dumps," and one page has been torn out. Lynley walks over and examines it.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley stand in a pay-phone booth on Central Avenue. They flip through the Yellow Page Directory, find the automobile section and the missing page: a full-page ad for Nick's Auto Body in Carson.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley pull through the open gate of Nick's Auto Body. The dump is midnight deserted; junk cars are piled in heaps.

They scan the dump with their high beams; they spot Donny Millers' Dodge parked off to one side. They exit their car and walk over. Burdette squats down, studies the incoming tire tracks, and sifts the dirt.

BURDETTE

Moisture. It was driven here recently.

Both car doors are open; Burdette scans the interior with his pen-light. Lynley walks to the rear of the car and tries to jimmy the trunk.

Bam -- an explosion sounds inside the trunk. The lid blows off and almost hits them -- booby trap.

There's a pile of sizzling paper inside; Lynley wedges it out -- but the pages are far-gone scorched. The edge of one sheet is unscathed -- Burdette grabs it fast.

The fire spreads back over the car. Burdette and Lynley run to their car, slalom to obscure their tire tracks and get the fuck out.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. It's 1:30 a.m. Burdette and Lynley sit in the empty Pacific Dining Car restaurant. They look fried and nervous; they're both belting double bourbons.

LYNLEY

Let's say the fire department's there by now. There's an APB on the VIN numbers, which means they'll call LAPD fast, which means we cannot let anyone know we were there.

BURDETTE

(nodding along and examining the burned sheet of paper)
It's a canvassing sheet -- see these lines at the top? That means the rest of the sheets at the dump are toast.

LYNLEY

(bending a table lamp over the sheet)
I see sweat whirls. We might get half of a latent. You need 12 comparison points for court ID's.

BURDETTE

Come on. For our purposes? Wouldn't six make you fucking delirious?

LYNLEY

They've got those SLA posters in the squadroom. They'll have print cards attached, and Miller's stats will be up by now.

BURDETTE

Vice'll have a print card on Leotis.

LYNLEY

Donny Miller -- you poor, fucked-up motherfucker.

BURDETTE

I've got an evidence kit at my parent's house.

(pause)

You know, you say "motherfucker" more than your average street spook.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. We see Burdette and Lynley work in Burdette's room by the swimming pool at the Burdette family's house. Burdette gets out his evidence kit and dabs ninhidrin on the partial print they got off the scorched page at the auto dump; several loops and whirls occur. Burdette and Lynley study the print with magnifying glasses, then study the print cards on Donny Miller, Leotis King and at-large SLA members Willie Wolfe, Nancy Ling Perry, Cinque DeFreeze, Angela Atwood and Patricia "Mizmoon" Soltysik. They squint and count whirls and swirls -- then shake their heads negatively.

LYNLEY

Nothing. Shit, F. Lee Bailey couldn't make this fly.

BURDETTE

Shit, my sister couldn't.

They look exhausted; they've been up all night.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Lynley and Burdette climb over the low fence that separates the Burdette family's back yard from the Wilshire Country Club. Burdette is carrying a putter and a bucket of golf balls; Lynley is swinging a 5-iron. He's tossing a ball into the air, baseball-swinging crazily at it and missing. Normally compact, muscular and lithe, Lynley now looks like a doofus.

Billy dumps the balls on the green and begins putting; Lynley watches him. Sprinklers snap on automatically in the far sections of the golf course.

LYNLEY

People actually try to get good at this?

BURDETTE

Some do. Mostly it's a rich folks' diversion.

LYNLEY

(wildly swinging his club and missing the ball)
Don't tell me. The club won't let you in.

BURDETTE

The club won't let me in.

LYNLEY

Shit, I'd let you in.

BURDETTE

Why join when you can play for free?

Lynley surveys the dark hills of the golf course. Sprinklers pop on and douse the fairways, closer to them now.

LYNLEY

It's pretty, even in the dark.

They hear footsteps and glasses clinking behind them. They turn around and see Jane climbing over the fence. She's carrying a martini shaker and three glasses.

BURDETTE

(to Lynley)

Gin at 5:00am. She's trying to turn me into a lawyer-drunk, so I'll quit the Department.

JANE

There's a long-standing tradition of alcoholic jurists.

LYNLEY

Drunk cops outnumber drunk lawyers.

Jane places the shaker on the bench behind the green and pours three martinis. Burdette and Lynley hoist their glasses; Jane follows suit.

JANE

To...

Her voice trails off. Lynley clears his throat.

LYNLEY

To us.

They look at Lynley, taken aback.

JANE AND BURDETTE
(finally, in unison)
To us.

The three drink their cocktails; a sprinkler pops on closer to them.

JANE
Did Billy tell you why we're blacklisted?

LYNLEY
No, but I can guess.

JANE
(shaking her head and smiling)
It's not what you think. They fear our
superior sense of rhythm.
(pause)
Even though we're 40-plus handicaps.

BURDETTE
Scapegoat 101. I learned it in the 7-7.
Being black forgives all failures.

LYNLEY
I'm white trash. That's my scapegoat.
If I had your pedigree, I'd be fucking
Arnold Palmer.

Lynley tosses a ball in the air -- once, twice, three times -- he swings, misses wildly, loses his balance on the last swing and careens into Jane. They extricate - embarrassed, but aware of a vibe.

BURDETTE
(sipping his martini)
To us.

LYNLEY AND JANE
(overlapping)
To us.

A sprinkler comes on and douses them; Jane grabs the martini shaker; all three head for the fence. Lynley runs close to Jane.

LYNLEY
I was thinking we could go out sometime.

JANE
(sweetly)
Where, to a Klan rally?

LYNLEY
I was thinking about dinner.

JANE
Why should I go out with someone I see
every day?

LYNLEY
Come on, don't make me beg.

JANE
(climbing back over the fence)
I like to see men beg.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. The packed muster room at 77th Street Station. The room is S.R.O.; Franz and Keefer, and the two other RHD teams, are seated behind the lectern. Burdette and Lynley, in plainclothes, lean against a wall. RHD Lieutenant Rick Beddoes stands at the lectern and delivers an update.

BEDDOES
The Carson Fire Department found Miller's car at an auto-body dump. It was booby-trap torched, and all the papers inside, which looked like canvassing sheets, were burned up. The car's useless as evidence -- it's a fucking crispy critter.

The room rumbles. Burdette and Lynley share a look.

BEDDOES (CONT'D)
We think the car was stashed at the pad of Miller's informant, a male Negro named Leotis Tyrone King, DOB 8/16/38. Unfortunately, he be dead.

(pause)
It's either a 187 or a jack-off auto-asphyxiation suicide, but I lean toward the former.

A cop raises his hand.

COP
What I can't get around is Miller. If I was an SLA guy, I'd kill Lynley.

The room erupts in laughter.

BEDDOES

It looks like the SLA killed Miller and King at King's pad, strung King up, drove Miller to that deserted garage, then ditched the car at the auto dump. The booby-trap and the left-wing posters we found at the King crime-scene indicate commies. But, there was a uniform dust coating on the walls, including the spaces under the posters. Plus King had 16 pimp and 4 dope convictions, which makes him a street thug, not a left-winger.

The assembled cops make a jumble of noises; some take notes.

BEDDOES (CONT'D)

Here's what we do now. One, we try to reconstruct Miller's canvassing beats over the last two weeks and find out who he's braced. Two, we hard-roust all the left-wing storefront joints in the division.

The muster room echoes with cheers. A cop raises his hand; Beddoes points to him.

PATROL COP

Well, you know, Miller drove his Dodge around the division E.O.W., and he was always getting parking tickets. He shined them on, but, uh, we could check the carbons for dates and locations.

Beddoes nods; a meter maid with the nametag "K. Cordova" raises her hand; Beddoes points to her.

K. CORDOVA

(mortified)

I was the only traffic officer who did that. I'd spot his car and leave a note saying "Meet me for coffee," that kind of thing. I never filed carbons, and I've wracked my brain, but I can't remember the locations.

BEDDOES

(seething)

I appreciate your candor, but, shit, never do anything like that again.

K. Cordova nods; Sergeant Vic Franz stands up.

FRANZ

We got a good report from officers Lynley and Burdette. They checked Miller's pad and found a bankbook with a \$14,000 deposit. We checked around and learned that Miller played the ponies. He was hoarding the money until he got enough to make a balloon alimony payment. His ex-wife confirmed it.

BEDDOES

Good work, Vic.

(pause)

We're hitting storefronts in an hour. The Panthers, Community Outreach, Socialist Labor, all those fucking Zulus. Garcia, Ganz, Jackson, Burdette and Lynley, fall out.

The meeting disperses. K. Cordova walks straight past Burdette and Lynley.

BURDETTE

(a whisper)

She's holding back.

Lynley nods and scrutinizes K. Cordova.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/INTERIOR/DAYTIME (CONTINUOUS). A patrol unit pulls up in front of the storefront office of the "Pan-Peoples' Political Party." Burdette, Lynley and two big Homicide cops walk in.

There's a skinny black man sitting at a desk; the room is packed with commie posters and leaflets.

HOMICIDE COP #1

The easy way or the hard way?

BLACK COMMIE

Your call, pig.

Homicide Cop #1 picks up the commie and whacks him with a beavertail sap. Burdette, Lynley and the other Homicide cop start smashing framed leftist posters. Burdette looks sickened by the work.

Homicide Cop #1 bashes the black commie.

BLACK COMMIE (CONT'D)

Fuck you, pigs! Fuck you, pigs!

Homicide Cop #1 hits him harder.

BLACK COMMIE (CONT'D)
I don't know nothin'. I don't know
nothin'. I ain't no cop-killer!

Lynley hears the whimpers. He's about to smash an Eldridge
Cleaver poster -- but stops in mid-swing.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley sit outside a hot dog
stand on 103rd and Lew Dillon.

LYNLEY
So, the meter maid's hinky.

BURDETTE
That's right. She be lyin' and flyin'.

LYNLEY
We'll have to brace her.

BURDETTE
We're in deep now. We're lucky nobody
saw us at the dump or King's pad.

LYNLEY
Yeah, but if we make a major part of the
case, we'll go downtown.

BURDETTE
Headquarters Detectives.

LYNLEY
Franz has got blinders on. Fourteen G's
to pay off the ex? Miller was a
scrounger. If he laid bets, he bet two
buck a throw.

BURDETTE
My son, Vic Franz was born with blinders
on.

LYNLEY
What's that supposed to mean? If you've
got some groovy Franz story, tell me.

Burdette stands up, sniffs the air; Lynley looks northeast
and does the same.

LYNLEY
Cordite.

BURDETTE
(nodding)
Cordite and smoke.

Dimly, a siren can be heard. Then: another siren, another, another. Then: sirens overlapping. Then: sirens as a cacophony. Then: smoke in the air, due northeast. Burdette and Lynley stand up. Then: a black & white pulls to the curb beside them. The passenger cop leans out his window and jabs a finger northeast.

PASSENGER COP
(excited)
S.L.A.

LYNLEY
Where?

PASSENGER COP
54th and something. Some lady called the
Newton desk.

The black & white peels rubber. Lynley and Burdette share a telepathic look. They run to Burdette's sedan.

CUT TO :

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette drives fast in the direction of the gunshots and smoke. Lynley drums his fingers on the dashboard.

BURDETTE
Fuck. It can't be.

LYNLEY
Fucking Newton.

BURDETTE
We were close.

LYNLEY
Fuck. Maybe it's not...

BURDETTE
Shit, you know it is.

They cut over to Compton Avenue. Heavy traffic runs northbound: black & whites and unmarked felony cars, sirens blasting; gunshots pop up ahead.

LYNLEY
Fuck. We were *that* close.

BURDETTE

No, man. "Fuck, we were there".

68th Street, 67th Street -- a huge cop aggregation looms. 66th Street straight up to 58th -- parked cop cars make street progress impossible. Burdette brodie his car and brakes it to a halt. He and Lynley get out and pin their badges to their suit coats. Burdette makes stirrups out of his hands and boosts Lynley up to eight feet. Lynley braces his legs against the car and makes binoculars from his hands. We see what he sees. There's the house. There's the flashpoint of gunfire: there's the address - 1466 East.

LYNLEY

(yelling down at Burdette)

That's it. That old lady said 1400-something.

Burdette lowers Lynley abruptly. They fast-walk to a sea of cops standing behind a final barricade. They push into it. They hear brief snatches of cop talk: "...Lady called it in yester--", "One SLA guy", "You mean William Harris", "Yeah, Harris": "Boosted some socks, Inglewood somewhere": "Shit, the Newton switchboard lit up like a fucking Christmas tree". "Patty's in there." "Hey, Patty, where you be?".

Lynley and Burdette reach the front line of cops and halt. There's the action: gunfire from inside the house; police gunfire pouring back; cops evacuating houses up and down the street.

BURDETTE

(to Lynley, slowly, with
resignation and awe)

Fucking madness.

He starts to walk away, disgusted.

LYNLEY

Come on, stick around.

(pause)

It's a Cinque bar b-q.

Burdette disappears in the swarm of cops. An aerial shot shows the mob scene - it's now hundreds of cops and cop cars deep.

CUT TO :

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. On the soundtrack: overlapping electric bass thumps simulate hundreds of heartbeats. Lengthening shadows show the passage of time.

Camera clicks catch freeze-frame details: anxious cop faces; Lynley's anxious face; hot dog carts feeding cops at the rear of the swarm; Lynley wolfing hot dogs; SWAT cops donning gear. Each image is synced to a typed-on time designation at the bottom right of the screen. Then: regular time resumes as the house at 1466 East 54th Street explodes into flames.

Lynley is watching, smiling and rapt. He's way at the back, standing on tiptoes, a no-priority cop digging the show.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. A convoy of over a hundred LAPD cars and vans, fire trucks and ambulances, drive slowly north on the Harbor Freeway.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley is jammed with 50 other cops into an examination room at the L.A. County Morgue. He scopes the action from a back corner of the room. Technicians have the five stiffes on slabs. They remove blisters from fingertips, yank fingertips off whole, soak them in solution and roll the clean tips in ink. They then consult fingerprint cards on the wall and notch comparison prints. The tension stretches for long minutes, then -

TECH MAN

We've got Wolfe, DeFreeze, Atwood, Perry
and Soltysik. We've got no Patty Hearst.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Burdette and Lynley drive up to an outdoor bay at the LAPD crime-lab annex on North Alameda.

LYNLEY

It was some show.

BURDETTE

(rolls his eyes)

I'll bet you dug that bleacher view.

Donny Miller's scorched Dodge is up on a lift. Tech men and Sergeant Vic Franz examine the undercarriage. Burdette and Lynley exit their car and walk over.

FRANZ

No fucking hair, no fucking fibers, no
fucking trace elements. They can't
fucking match anything from those SLA
fucks or their fucking safe-house to
Miller's fucking car.

Burdette and Lynley share a look.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Hey, you heard about the Hearst Burger?
You open it up and there's no Patty.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Burdette and Lynley are parked outside an apartment court in Hollywood. Lynley's holding a pint-bottle of bourbon.

BURDETTE

I checked her personnel file. Karen Marie Cordova. Civilian employee since '56. She's had three leaves to dry out at the county farm.

LYNLEY

Let me run the show. I'll know when to lube her.

BURDETTE

Let me run it.

(a pause)

She'll be more scared of a black man.

LYNLEY

(grins)

Well, she should be.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Karen Cordova opens her door, sees the two cops and tries to slam it shut. Lynley's too fast -- he wedges a foot in as Burdette shoves the door open.

They shut the door behind them. They stare at Karen Cordova. She stares back.

There's an empty glass on a table. Burdette pours a stiff bourbon. Karen Cordova downs it quicksville.

Burdette notices a torn-in-half stack of bills on an armchair. He goes over, pores through them and puts the pieces of paper together. Lynley and Cordova stare at him.

BURDETTE

(scanning the papers)

Phone bills. She's called Miller and Leotis King at least 30 times in the past two months.

Karen flips Burdette the bird. Burdette pours her another shot. She downs it quicksville.

BURDETTE (CONT'D)

You can tell us, or Homicide. There's a guy named Vic Franz I could call.

CORDOVA

Let it go. The SLA's good for it.

LYNLEY

(decisive)

No. You left him notes in your citations, so what did the notes say?

CORDOVA

(twirling her glass)

I'd see attractive women, and I'd run their plates for Donny. He was a phone freak. He'd get their numbers, call them, and talk dirty stuff.

BURDETTE

You called Miller and Leotis King regularly. They were more than casual relationships.

Cordova holds her glass out. Burdette pours her a shot; Cordova drains it ultra-quicksville.

CORDOVA

Donny and Leotis had a jones for this high-stakes crap game. It floated around the projects, in the basements, so they could burn their money if Vice showed. I was in and out of the Nickerson Gardens giving citations, so I had a pretty good idea how the game rotated.

LYNLEY

Remember what Leotis said? "The only way a white boy would get into that game is to rob it."

CORDOVA

Look, I was sleeping with him, he was nice to me, so I played along with his crazy dreams, O.K.?

BURDETTE

You knew the rotations, so you know the guys who ran the game.

(a pause)

(MORE)

BURDETTE (CONT'D)

I'll bet you snatched their rap sheets
for Leotis and Donny.

Cordova gulps; Lynley makes a fork-it-over gesture. Cordova exits the room, comes back a moment later, and hands Lynley three folders with mugshots attached.

CORDOVA

I had a key to Donny's apartment. When I heard they found his body, I went in and got them.

CUT TO:

Mugshot blow-up visuals -- voice-over narrated by Chuck Lynley. As each full-face mugshot fills the screen, Lynley narrates the asshole's stats.

LYNLEY (V.O.)

Shondell NMI McCline. Three stat rapes, two 211's, fourteen dope and gambling busts. Rumored to pimp sissies in Soledad.

A pause.

LYNLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jack Jimmerson Norsworthy, A.K.A. "Fat Jack." Sixteen wienie wagger beefs, registered sex offender, four 211's, two forced oral cop convictions. Considered a psycho muff diver.

A pause.

LYNLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Montell Maurice Tubbs. Six rapes, four aggravated assaults, two sodomy jobs. Rumored to pimp his mother and six sisters. Rumored to pimp the retarded daughter he fathered with his mother.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/INTERIOR/DAYTIME/NIGHTTIME. Through the eyes of Burdette and Lynley, we see the evil fucks collect money from hos and habituate poolhalls; we see them shoot parking lot craps. The scenes are intercut with newspaper headlines:

"Chief Says SLA Looks Good For Officer Shooting;" "LAPD Calls Dead Radicals 'Key Suspects in Officer's Execution;" "Martyred Policeman - Was He On Radical's Trail?"

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. Lynley sits at a hot-dog stand bench across from the Nickerson Gardens housing project. He looks very pensive. He watches Burdette cross the street and sit down opposite him.

BURDETTE

They're in the north basement. They're checking it out for their next game.

(pause)

We cannot fuck this up...

LYNLEY

We won't.

BURDETTE

Like we did 54th Street.

LYNLEY

But they have to confess -- or we've blown it again.

BURDETTE

(smiling)

They're ours, nigger.

LYNLEY

Arrests won't do it. We'll lose our bust, and they'll invoke Miranda.

Burdette nods. Lynley empties the contents of a paper sack on the table. There's brass knucks, a beavertail sap, a length of rubber hose.

LYNLEY

(smiling)

Think of Miller, nigger. He was a shit, but he didn't deserve what he got.

BURDETTE

I never thought I'd say "nigger." To a white boy, either.

LYNLEY

White trash boy.

BURDETTE

(stuffing his knucks, sap and hose in his belt)

Alright.

(getting up)

Let's go.

Burdette and Lynley walk across the street and take outside corridors down to the long Nickerson Gardens basement.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME (CONTINUOUS). Burdette and Lynley walk softly toward the north basement. Giggling voices are heard in the distance. The voices grow louder, then --

Burdette and Lynley reach the entryway. McCline, Norsworthy and Tubbs sit on the floor, sniffing cocaine. They see the two cops -- and giggle harder.

BURDETTE

It's about Donny Miller. You're not getting out of here until you give us --

McCline pulls a .38 snub and shoots Burdette in the face. One of his eye sockets bursts; Burdette falls over, dead. The three assholes get up and run. Burdette lies on the floor, his legs and feet twitching. Lynley kneels by him, touches his face and starts pumping his heart two-handed. Blood spews from Burdette's mouth. Lynley's windbreaker gets drenched. Lynley screams.

He pulls his gun and chases the fucks. He fires twice; ricochets almost hit him -- the corridors wind and cut back; there's no way to fire and hit them.

The chase extends through a labyrinth of corridors; the assholes gain ground on Lynley. They hit a 5½ foot wall below an open window that they can vault to freedom. They lay their three guns on the window ledge and get ready to vault. Lynley, sprinting and gasping, enters the room. The fucks turn around. They see Lynley, holding his gun, his right hand shaking, standing five feet away.

They all put their hands up. Tubbs and McCline piss their pants. Lynley looks at each man individually. He walks up and shoots all three men point-blank in the head.

The gunshots fade into dirge music; the screen goes black, then fades to black on white dots, representing pixilated newsprint. The newsprint expands into newspaper headlines; the headlines become readable; garish photos of Tubbs, McCline, Norsworthy and Billy Burdette Jr. accompany them. The headlines read:

"Policeman Shot In Confrontation With Cop-Killing Suspects;"
"Second Police Casualty At 77th Street; "Funeral Honors Slain Miller and Burdette."

The dirge music fades into the sound of a needle buzzing. We fade off the newspaper text/pix.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. A private room at a swank southside funeral home. We see the previously seen tattoo man standing over the open casket of Billy Burdette, Jr., dressed in LAPD dress blues. Lynley, in dress blues, is standing by the tattoo man. The right sleeve of Burdette's uniform shirt and coat are pulled up.

TATTOO MAN

I don't know. His skin's pretty dark.

LYNLEY

Just do it, all right?

The tattoo man tattoos "Fuck the World" on Burdette's right forearm. Lynley rolls Burdette's sleeve back up and pulls his coat sleeve down, then shuts the casket lid. The lid-slamming sound blends into the sounds of car and motorcycle engines idling.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. A huge scene at the northern-most Griffith Park edge of Forest Lawn. This is Forest Lawn as we have never seen it: brown grass, smoggy sky, Mex kids playing frisbee near the back gate.

We see dozens of police vehicles; Mayor Tom Bradley standing with Ardella, Jane and Billy Burdette, Sr. Previously seen cops -- Lieutenant Rick Beddoes, Lieutenant Murcott, and Sergeant Huber -- stand on a platform reserved for high brass. Other previously seen 77th Street "Oreo" chanters are in attendance. Chuck Lynley -- standing near the back of the crowd -- stares at the two caskets on a bier. Every cop wears a black armband; the pit bull, roaming the crowd, wears a blue-and-gold LAPD dog blanket.

Two ministers -- one white, one black -- approach the lectern and offer contrapuntally expressed platitudes and prayers. The soundtrack spews gibberish -- it's obvious that we are hearing the noise filtered through Lynley's perspective.

Lynley bolts to the parking lot, pulls a pint jug from his pocket and takes a pop. Lieutenant Murcott spots him and jogs over. The men face off, tensely.

MURCOTT

You're required to stay. It's compulsory attendance.

LYNLEY
Ask Billy if he cares.

MURCOTT
This isn't about Billy.

LYNLEY
I figured that out.

MURCOTT
(sighing)
He was your partner, I understand. But
you've killed five men in three weeks,
and you're not quite yourself.
(pause)
You'll get over Billy, I promise you.

Lynley flips Murcott's necktie in his face.

LYNLEY
You're a fuck for the city.

Lynley walks away; Murcott stares at him, stunned. The pit bull runs after Lynley, leaps, hits him in the back and knocks him down. Lynley hugs the pit bull; the pit bull licks his face.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley walks to his car in the Forest Lawn lot; the pit bull follows him. Lynley reaches his car and sees a card under the wiper blades. It's from Lieutenant Rick Beddoes, RHD. On the back: "My office, 5:00 tonight."

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. A hallway at Parker Center, the LAPD's administrative building. Lynley sits on a bench. Plainclothesmen walk by, tap Lynley on the knee, wink at him, or say, "Hey, Killer." One man drops a two-day old Herald in his lap and smiles. The headline reads: "Southside Leaders Deplore SLA Shoot-out." Below the fold: a pic of Lynley, captioned: "Medal of Valor for Young Officer?"

A door opens; a secretary calls Lynley into Lieutenant Rick Beddoes' office. Beddoes sits behind his desk; Lynley takes the chair in front.

BEDDOES
I talked Murcott out of a trial board.

LYNLEY

You could have talked him into a transfer.

BEDDOES

(coldly smiling)

Murcott and I agree on one thing -- you're a 77 lifer.

LYNLEY

Why's that?

BEDDOES

Why's that, "Sir."

LYNLEY

(insolently)

Sir.

BEDDOES

The coloreds are afraid of you now. They're out of line since the SLA thing, and you're the kind of cop who can snap their chains. As of tonight, you're on the a.m. watch. You're breaking in some probationers, and you make sure they come out hard-chargers.

LYNLEY

Burdette and I solved the Miller case, so how do I rate this treat--

BEDDOES

(cutting in)

You and Burdette solved *shit*. McCline and Tubbs were in Sheriff's custody the night Miller was killed. We could hand you up for killing the wrong guys, but we won't.

Lynley starts to shake; his hands twitch.

BEDDOES (CONT'D)

Son, here's how you do something like this. First, you *tell your superiors*. Then you get the three fucks alone, and pop them with phone books until they give it up. The coroner found Tubbs' and McClines' release papers in their fucking pockets. This is one fucking epic snafu, which you created, and for which we will crucify you if we ever see you around the Miller job again.

Lynley's knees shake.

BEDDOES (CONT'D)

The papers think we've solved it, so we'll let them think it. We'll solve it in our own good time, and guess what? We won't file with the D.A. or let it come near the fucking criminal justice system.

Lynley laces his hands to keep them from shaking.

BEDDOES (CONT'D)

Get out of here. You just got a *biggg* favor, and you're too dumb to know it.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley is at his pad. He's in a state of shock. He's staring out his window at freeway traffic.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. There's a big wake at the Burdette house. It's a sedate mob scene. Muirfield Road is packed with police vehicles, cops in dress blues and well-dressed civilians. They enter the Burdette house. Cops erect barricades on 3rd Street.

Lynley sits in his '61 Chevy. He watches, stone-faced. Big-wigs enter the Burdette residence. A cop walks up to Lynley's car -- the junker seems out of place here. Lynley holds his badge up; the cop nods and keeps walking. Lynley continues to stare at the house with yearning.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Bright sunlight reflects off the sliding glass door of Chuck Lynley's living room. Lynley slides the door open, steps out on his ratty balcony and stares at the traffic on the San Berdoo freeway.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley walks through the entrance foyer of 77th Street Station, and sees a civilian worker placing portraits of Donny Miller and Billy Burdette, Jr. on the "Honor Wall" of previously slain officers. He turns left and enters the muster room; the pit bull falls in step with him. The entire morning watch -- 24 strong -- stands in one long line and applauds loudly in unison.

LYNLEY

(brushing tears from his eyes
and pointing to the dog)
His name's "Billy" now. You don't call
him Billy, I'll frame you all on dope
beefs.

The cops laugh; the burly black cop previously seen taunting
the pit bull pipes up.

BURLY BLACK COP

He still looks like he hates the
brothers.

LYNLEY

Shit, do you blame him?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. The muster room at 77th Street Station.
The morning watch, seated, watches the roll-call sergeant as
he reads the crimes. Lynley is seated. He's wearing a short-
sleeved shirt; he fingers his "Fuck the World" tattoo.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT

Two things to note. One, RHD's running
an investigation out of that unused
conference room down the hall from the
D.B. It's going to be padlocked, and
what goes on there is none of your
business, although it doesn't take a
genius to figure it out.

COP #1

(raising his hand and mouthing
off)

You sayin' Lynley popped the wrong guys,
but the Department's too embarrassed to
admit it?

COP #2

Who cares? There's three less assholes
we got to contend with.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT

(ignoring the jibes)

Here's the main thing. Since the SLA
shoot-out, the natives around here think
they got a fucking mandate to misbehave.
Let's teach them otherwise. We've got
three new men tonight, and three men as
their T.O.'s.

(MORE)

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 Crawford goes with Sanchez, McAthie goes
 with Lynley, Lutz goes with Horan. You
 make it a point to reestablish our
 presence.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley and his kid partner, Dean McAthie, walk toward their black & white in the parking lot. There's a note under one wiper blade; Lynley plucks it off and reads: "The Bel-Air Hotel, room 218, tomorrow night -- Jane"

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Lynley and McAthie cruise Watts. McAthie keeps running profane shtick.

MCATHIE
 I think Patty Heart's a lez. She's
 hiding out at one of those dyke joints on
 Florence.

Lynley ignores him -- and stares at the passing scene. The LAPD is out in force. Pimp rousts; ho rousts; cars full of black citizens pruned out on the street. White cops give black motorists field sobriety tests -- they make them raise their arms and scratch their armpits like apes.

MCATHIE (CONT'D)
 I don't hate spooks, 'cause I dig Redd
 Foxx. I heard he fucks white chicks
 though, and that ain't right.
 (pause)
 Sammy Davis, too. But Sinatra gets him
 all his white tail.

Again, Lynley ignores him. Their car radio squawks: "3-Baker-12, see the man, 8419 South Avalon, 415 in progress."

Lynley and McAthie drive to the address. It's a liquor store. They exit their patrol car.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Lynley and McAthie enter the liquor store. Two bombed-out black teens are eating out of potato chip bags and guzzling from tallboys of Olde English 800. The proprietor -- an old man wearing a yarmulke -- is holding a shotgun on them. His hands shake; epithets fly both ways.

OLD MAN
 You fucking *schvartzes*. Leave my store
 immediately.

TEEN #1

Hey, pops, you heard of the term
"Reparation?" That means whatever you
gots is ours. You heard of Jomo
Kenyatta, W.E.B. Dubois, Langston Hughes
and Count Basie? They says, 'You bloods
take what you needs, which includes that
kike kayak you gots out back.'

TEEN #2

That mean white pussy, includin' yo wife.
I calls it the "Declaration of Free
Pussy." Brother Cinque be workin' on it
when the pigs...

The kids notice Lynley and McAthie.

TEEN #1

(laughing)

That be Mr. Lynley. He want to kill all
de brothers.

Lynley grabs the old man's shotgun and hands it to McAthie.

LYNLEY

Kill them.

The teens blink.

MCATHIE

(whispering, to Lynley)

You're crazy.

Lynley grabs the shotgun and hands it back to the old man.

LYNLEY

Kill them, Hymie. We'll square it for
you.

The old man starts to shake. The kids start to shake.
McAthie starts to shake. Lynley grabs the shotgun, fires
over the kids' heads and blasts a row of canned goods. The
kids run out of the store, shrieking. The old man takes his
shotgun back, reaches behind the counter, grabs two fifths of
Johnnie Walker Black and hands them to Lynley and McAthie.
He's doubled over with laughter.

MCATHIE

(to Lynley, with awe)

Man, you made those niggers fly.

Lynley grabs McAthie by the neck and shoves him into the
wall.

LYNLEY

Don't ever use that word in front of me.

MCATHIE

(squirming free)

Man, it's every other word out of your mouth.

LYNLEY

I've earned it.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley is sitting in his junker '61 Chevy, in a self-park lane of the Bel-Air Hotel lot. He's eyeing the hotel nervously. Finally, he bolts. He enters the hotel and crosses the foyer diagonally; heads turn his way -- his face has been all over the newspapers and TV recently. He goes out to the bungalow area, follows signs to suite 218 and knocks on the door.

Jane answers. She's dressed in a gray suit. They survey each other nervously. Jane motions Lynley in and shuts the door behind him.

JANE

I liked your dress blues.

LYNLEY

Special occasions and funerals.

(pause)

I like your suit.

JANE

It's for court, mostly.

LYNLEY

(a smile)

I like this place.

(pause)

I could have come to the house, though.

JANE

Too many people. I drove myself crazy trying to remember names.

LYNLEY

I'll bet you don't know my full name.

JANE

(smiling)

Charles Voight Lynley.

A long silence follows.

LYNLEY

You want to get out of here? I know a nice place where nobody will know us.

JANE

I like it here.

LYNLEY

It's a miniature golf course. The guy's got two deuce warrants, so he's compromised.

JANE

Let me guess. He'll turn the lights off, and I'll bring the martinis.

LYNLEY

I can't believe I only knew Billy for three weeks.

(pause)

If I could talk to him for five minutes...

JANE

(shyly moving toward Lynley)

Talk to me.

She pulls him toward her and kisses him tenderly; Lynley returns the kiss hard. Jane gracefully removes her clothes. Lynley flicks his shoes off, almost loses his balance, pulls his socks off standing up and almost falls, pulls off his jacket and shirt and almost topples onto the bed. He's a nervous wreck.

JANE (CONT'D)

(tenderly)

We've seen each other naked before, remember?

Lynley pulls off his belt; his gun/badge/handcuffs go flying. He falls into bed with her. Jane laughs. They move into a hard embrace.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley and Jane lie in bed, talking softly.

LYNLEY

The guy's got sno-cones.

JANE
(smiling)
I don't want to play golf.

LYNLEY
(tentative)
Can we do this again?

JANE
This? What do you think?

LYNLEY
I'm surprised it happened so fast.

JANE
(a pause)
There's different kinds of mourning.

Lynley checks his watch on the nightstand. It's 11:30p.m.

LYNLEY
Shit, I go on duty at midnight.

JANE
Punishment duty?

LYNLEY
They think I shoot too many people.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley and McAthie patrol Watts. McAthie is still running shtick; the LAPD is still hard-rousting black citizens on the street.

MCATHIE
You're a legend. I'm lucky to have you
for a T.O. Usually legends take a while,
but not with you--

Lynley stares at the street scene.

MCATHIE (CONT'D)
Sidney Poitier gets lots of white trim,
but he won an Oscar. See, what I'm
saying is, there's always a specific
reason why white chicks take that leap
and bang a coon.

Lynley stares at the street scene.

MCATHIE (CONT'D)

Wilt Chamberlain gets white chicks, but he's hung like a rhino, and he scored a hundred points in a game once.

Lynley stares at the street scene.

MCATHIE (CONT'D)

Hey, are you listening to me?

LYNLEY

I'm trying to break it to you easy.

MCATHIE

Break what?

LYNLEY

Your momma's a spook.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. It's dawn now. We're in the parking lot at 77th Street Station. Lynley is sitting in his civilian car; he's obviously got no place to go. We see three unmarked Homicide cars enter the lot. Vic Franz and Ted Keefer get out of one and haul boxes inside. Lynley snaps out of his lethargy and watches them intently.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley dawdles upstairs at 77th Street Station, near the empty detective squadroom and the padlocked room the Homicide cops are using. A civilian clerk, carrying an envelope, spots Lynley and walks over.

CLERK

Are the Homicide guys coming back tonight?

LYNLEY

(slight pause)

I doubt it.

CLERK

Are you on the Miller job?

LYNLEY

(improvising)

Yeah, I am. They just brought me in.

(pause)

What have you got?

CLERK
Routine infrareds. Useless, if you ask
me.

LYNLEY
(casual)
I should take a look.

The clerk hands them over.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley's at his apartment. He's examining the infrared shots under a table lamp, and squinting into a magnifying glass.

Most of the shots reveal blurs, hazy cars and stick figures. Then --

One shot shows the late Leotis King and slain SLA-er Willie Wolfe. King is handing Wolfe a gun. There's a box on the hood of the car. Lynley squints and reads: "M11911.45 cal Colt/Cosmoline."

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley is stretched out on his bed. A light from the hallway casts a glow into the bedroom. He sees a plastic basket overflowing with dirty laundry.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley, in his civilian car, pulls up in front of the all-night coin laundry on Grape Street in Watts.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/INTERIOR (CONTINUOUS). Lynley walks into the laundry. The previously seen Mr. Deakins, owner of the laundry and father of the slain Janelle, is in the joint. Deakins sees Lynley and beams.

DEAKINS
(smiling)
Knew you'd make a late-night appearance
sooner or later.

LYNLEY
You can't sleep, you may as well be
productive.

Deakins smiles and hands Lynley some slugs. Lynley walks to a washer, dumps his laundry in and feeds two slugs into a coin slot. Water starts to rise; Lynley dumps in some detergent and returns to Deakins; the two men sit down on a laundry-folding table. Deakins hands Lynley a short dog of cheap bourbon; Lynley takes a pop and hands it back.

DEAKINS

(patting the booze bottle)

I only drink on my own property. Foils
the 77 boys' chance to bust me for plain
drunk or deuce.

Lynley reaches into his pocket and hands Deakins a police business card with "Officer Charles V. Lynley, 77th Street Patrol" printed on it. Deakins puts the card in his shirt pocket.

DEAKINS (CONT'D)

(bemused)

Billy gave me one of these. Some other
bluesuits, too. They work unless I stray
into Newton.

Lynley puts his hand out; Deakins passes the jug. Lynley takes a pop and hands it back.

DEAKINS (CONT'D)

(bemused)

You tired of killing black people, yet?
You setting some kind of record, and my
guess is you got mixed feelings about it.

LYNLEY

Why do you say that?

DEAKINS

You can't tell me there's no all-night
laundries where you live.

LYNLEY

(smiling)

None with bar service.

Deakins passes the jug; Lynley takes a pop and passes it back.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

August has got to be nice around here.
Your people killing your people in the
heat.

DEAKINS

(wistful)

The riots started in August. Nine years ago this summer.

LYNLEY

Snag anything good?

DEAKINS

Monkey see, monkey do. Got myself a Zenith TV and a year's supply of Sweet Lucy.

(a pause)

Man, I could run then.

LYNLEY

So, was it a "riot" or a "rebellion"?

DEAKINS

Neither one. It was my peoples' party at your peoples' expense.

LYNLEY

(slightly grinning)

Were you scared?

DEAKINS

No more than Korea. You scared around here?

LYNLEY

No more than Vietnam.

DEAKINS

That's what I always liked about Billy. He was a scaredy kind of boy, but he always did it, anyway.

The jug makes the rounds back and forth. The men do not see the rear laundry door open and Gene the Queen push a shopping cart full of outrageous drag clothes inside. He wheels the cart up to the first set of dryers and emits a long sigh.

DEAKINS (CONT'D)

(still staring straight ahead)

Gene, if that's you, and you try to stiff me with slugs again, I will kick your tall, sissy ass from here to Compton.

GENE THE QUEEN

(tossing clothes and soap in a washer)

Not me, Mr. Deakins.

(MORE)

GENE THE QUEEN (CONT'D)
I have changed my evil ways.
(pause)
Who's that cute blondie sitting with you?

DEAKINS
(still staring straight ahead)
You know him better in his bluesuit.
(pause)
That's Mr. Charles V. Lynley.

Gene the Queen storms-flounces up to Lynley and Deakins.
He's trembling with effeminate rage.

LYNLEY
Hey, Gene. How's it hanging?

GENE THE QUEEN
(hands on hips, towering over
Lynley and Deakins)
It's hanging scared, if you must know,
and I need it to earn a living.

LYNLEY
Just call it jealousy.

GENE THE QUEEN
You think it's easy being a 6'11" drag
queen? Everyone knows you're not a real
woman.

LYNLEY
Yeah, O.K., I'm sorry.

GENE THE QUEEN
It's the tool of my trade, and you almost
decommissioned it.

LYNLEY
I said "I'm sorry."

GENE THE QUEEN
I'm sorry about Billy.
(pause)
I've got his daddy's teeth in my head,
though.

LYNLEY
I'm glad to hear that.

GENE THE QUEEN
But those dog bites that got infected?
They cost me all my food stamps for
penicillin.

LYNLEY
(laughing)
Dogs have to eat.

Gene the Queen heads back to his shopping cart. Lynley and Deakins pass the jug in silence. Finally --

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
You ever had the chance to go at something really big, that could take you down or give you everything you never had before?

DEAKINS
(looking hard at Lynley)
I've always taken the safe route.
There's times I'm glad I did, there's times I wish I hadn't.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley is back at his pad. He's affixed corkboards and white masking paper to the living-room walls. He then tacks the Willie Wolfe-Leotis King infra-red shot to the board and begins writing in bold capital letters next to it. As he writes, the camera pans slowly across the words.

LYNLEY (V.O.)
Leotis King -- tight with Donny Miller, in on the 211 of card game. Millers' car stolen from King's garage. King sells Willie Wolfe guns. Guns or gun remnants found at SLA shoot-out scene? Check squadroom inventory. Miller in on gun deal? Check gun store 459 reports. Who ditched Miller's car? Gun listings in posted SLA paperwork?

The camera pulls back and scans the words from Lynley's subjective viewpoint; the audience gets a long look.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley is standing in the 2nd story hallway of the 77th Street Station. One whole wall is devoted to taped and tacked-on reports, under the banner "Miller-SLA". He checks out a list marked "Known Enemies;" the few names make no sense to him -- or to us.

He then turns to a 3-page list marked "Inventory-SLA Safehouse," flips through it and sees listings for "melted pots & pans" and much more minutiae. We hear Lynley say voice over: *"No listings for guns."*

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley drives up to the scorched rubble of the SLA safehouse. Uniformed cops are perimeter-guarding it; local soul brothers, sipping tallboy cans of malt liquor, are scowling at the fuzz.

Lynley parks his car and gets out. The brothers see him and start making "Oink, oink" sounds. A group of cops wave to Lynley. Lynley walks over to them. He's carrying Billy Burdette Jr.'s previously seen evidence kit.

COP #1
(to Lynley)
Souvenir patrol?

LYNLEY
(noting the age of the young men)
Scalp hunting. I took a few in 'Nam, and thought I'd try for some hippie scalps here.

The cops laugh.

BALDING YOUNG COP
(touching his head)
You find some, let me know. I'm losing it on top.

Lynley walks into the rubble; the sun beats down; the spades stand on the sidelines, sip malt liquor and start jiving.

Lynley pokes in the rubble -- first haphazardly, then systematically. Montage cuts and the fading arc of the sun indicate that hours are passing. Snatches of soul music from passing car radios are heard.

Lynley pokes in the rubble. He carries the evidence kit and a big flashlight. He finds scorched left-wing posters and pamphlets, burned clothes and canned goods. He kicks through rubble and takes the back cement steps down to the house's basement. It's a mass of melted pipes and foundation steel. Lynley gingerly steps between melted, folded over, and exploded gas mains.

The walls are scorched wood. Lynley trains his flashlight on them -- and sees a random scattering of exploded bullets stuck in the wood. He digs 3 bullets out with a penknife.

The bullets have thus been expended from the inside -- set off by catastrophic interior heat.

Lynley opens the evidence kit and pulls out a tape measure. He awkwardly holds the flashlight in one hand, puts the end of the tape measure to various bullets and measures their trajectory back to the rubble. He's dripping sweat; he's fumbling the tape measure and flashlight.

He measures six trajectories -- they track back to plain dirt and rubble. Then --

He measures back to a section of fused pipe. He shines his light on it and sees odd shapes of metal stuck to the pipe. He sees the *scorched barrels, slides and grips of Colt .45 automatics.*

He leans on the pipe section and snaps the gun pieces off. He shines his light on the slides, brushes off soot, sees serial numbers, grabs his pocket pen and writes the numbers down on his arm. He jams the gun section down his pants and runs upstairs.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME (CONTINUOUS). Lynley, in the fading daylight, runs for his car, gets in and peels rubber. The brothers make "Oink" sounds and toss malt-liquor cans at his back fenders.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley is back at his pad. He's got the gun sections and Billy Burdette Jr.'s evidence kit spread out on his coffee table. Beside them: the previously seen fingerprint cards of Donny Miller and Leotis King.

He gets out fingerprint dusting powder and a brush, brushes all the sections of steel and brings up a series of smudges. He then takes his pocketknife and scrapes the pieces free of non-print-sustaining scorch flakes and melt marks. Shit -- he cuts his fingers in the process.

He's sweating. He's fumbly. He re-dusts the flake and melt-mark-free gun sections, hits all the surfaces and brings up two partial prints and 2/3 of a viable thumbprint on a slide section.

He examines the dusted print whirls. He compares them to Leotis King's card, shakes his head and places it face-down. He examines Donny Miller's card; he squints; the camera captures his eyestrain; he counts comparison points -- print card to print; he loses count;

he goes back and forth between the two; his lips move as he counts: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Lynley looks ecstatic. He pulls a small tape recorder from the evidence kit, activates it and begins speaking. His voice-over words are synced to flashback images on the screen.

LYNLEY (V.O.)

Miller was the daywatch floater. He was on the SLA canvass. His canvass sheets got burned up in his off-duty car. The Homicide guys thought he got whacked behind his canvass work.

Bam -- the above words are synced to previously seen images of Donny Miller's torched car and previously seen images of Lieutenant Rick Beddoes addressing the 77th Street muster room.

LYNLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Say Miller's canvassing. Say he makes contact with the SLA. Say Karen Cordova feeds him leads. Say Leotis King makes the contact.

Bam -- the above words are synced to *infrared* shots of Miller, King and Cordova talking to grungy leftist types.

LYNLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Where did Miller and King score the fucking guns?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley walks through the upstairs hallway of 77th Street Station. The Miller task-force door is open; Lynley pokes his head in and sees the six Homicide detectives making phone calls and digging through file boxes. Vic Franz is on the phone. He waves to Lynley; Lynley waves back. Billy the pit bull is draped across Franz's lap. All four walls are covered with corkboards hung with official reports, teletypes, and readouts.

Lynley walks into the detective's squadroom; he's trying to act nonchalant. Three detectives lounge at their desks; one of them notices Lynley.

DETECTIVE #1

(to Lynley)

How's it hanging, killer?

LYNLEY
(faux-cool)
A hard yard.

The other cops stir and make gun-pop noises; Lynley -- nervous -- cringes slightly and walks to a filing cabinet marked "Burglary/459 P.C./1 to 4/74."

He finger-walks through the files in the cabinet, reads names and dates, and slams the drawer shut.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
(faux-nonchalant, to the three
detectives)
You got any loose 459's? Say, going back
3 or 4 months?

DETECTIVE #1
(bored)
Check the boxes by the water cooler.

Lynley walks to the back wall, squats and finger-walks through the top box. He reads names on folders; he sees: "B&B Gunshop/79 & Grape/459: 4/16/74.

He pulls the file. He reads the first inside page. The print goes blurry and shaky -- per Lynley's focus. We see: "Reporting Officer: D. Miller." We see: "Saw open door on routine night patrol." We see: "Stolen: Army Colt .45's/1 40-unit box." We see: a final disposition stamp. It reads: Unsolved/5/12/74.

Lynley replaces the file. Detective #1 coughs; Lynley almost jumps out of his skin.

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)
Hey, killer. If a nigger and a Mexican
jump off the City Hall roof at the same
time, who hits the ground first?

LYNLEY
(smiling nervously)
I don't know.

DETECTIVE #1
The nigger, 'cause the Mex has to stop on
the way down and spray "Ramon Y Lucita"
on the wall.

Lynley laughs hysterically --

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley exits 77th Street Station and walks over to the outdoor motor pool. A bunch of dyke meter maids are waxing their 3-wheelers. Lynley walks up to the nearest one. She sneers at him.

LYNLEY

Is Karen Cordova around?

METER MAID

She went on a bender. She's drying out at Queen of Angels. Why? You got a red-hot thing for Karen? I thought killing jigs was your bag.

The dyke and all her dyke pals laugh at Lynley; Lynley laughs back and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley and Jane sit on adjoining lounge chairs near the family's backyard pool.

JANE

How long will you have to work mornings?

LYNLEY

They've got two options. One's forever. Two's until they've punished me enough.

JANE

For what?

LYNLEY

For getting your brother killed.

Jane sits quietly.

JANE

Blunt and candid. That's you.

LYNLEY

(ignoring the jibe)
When can I see you again?

JANE

(smiling)
You're seeing me now.

LYNLEY

You know what I mean.

JANE

My parents know that men and women sleep together, but under their roof is another thing.

LYNLEY

I've got a roof.

JANE

(checking her watch)

Twenty miles from here. It's 9:20 now, and you go on duty at midnight.

LYNLEY

(pulling out a key)

I used to work Wilshire. Some of the married guys chipped in for a place. You know, to bring their girlfriends.

JANE

You mean a 'Fuck pad'?

LYNLEY

Well, yeah.

She stares at him a moment.

JANE

Well, I can't say I've done it before.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. In separate cars -- Lynley's junker, Jane's Mercedes -- the two pull up and park in front of the Park LaBrea Apartments.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley lets them into the modest apartment. Four couples sit around the living room, smoking and drinking highballs. Three couples are white; one couple is black. All eyes turn to Lynley and Jane.

JANE

(looking at the apartment)

I was expecting something out of Tijuana.

Everyone laughs.

LYNLEY

(playing courtly)

This is my friend, Jane Burdette.

(MORE)

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
 Left to right, we've got Officer
 Lefferts, Officer White, Officer Ferguson
 and Sergeant Bethel.

The women throw out an overlapping jumble of first names and
 condolences about Billy Jr. Jane, ever gracious, shakes
 hands with everyone.

OFFICER LEFFERTS
 (to Jane)
 You used to be a Deputy D.A., right? I
 think I filed a case with you.

JANE
 (smiling)
 '71. Two ADW's. The guy went to Chino,
 6 to 10.

Lynley, surreptitiously, points to the string of bedrooms off
 one hallway. Officer Lefferts - on the QT -- points down the
 hall.

OFFICER LEFFERTS
 (whispering, to Lynley)
 Last on the left.

LYNLEY
 (courtly)
 Excuse us, please. We'd like to be
 alone.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. The bedroom is sparsely furnished -- a
 bed and nothing else. Lynley and Jane embrace, then make
 slow, tender love. Lynley keeps one eye on the bedside
 clock; a low voice echoes down the hallway: "You think a
 woman like *that* would sleep with a guy like *that* if he didn't
 waste the guys who killed her brother?"

LYNLEY
 (softly)
 Would you have? Slept with me, I mean.

JANE
 (softly)
 Maybe.

LYNLEY
 I saw you naked, remember?

She laughs.

JANE

Hey.

LYNLEY

Hey, what?

JANE

Hey, will you get rid of that tattoo?

LYNLEY

No.

JANE

Why?

LYNLEY

It's for Billy.

There's quiet in the room.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

Was this alright, being here?

JANE

It's alright, for tonight. But I'd like to see your place.

LYNLEY

Let me clean it up first.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley and his partner are patrolling Watts. Lynley is driving; McAthie is keeping the logbook. They spot protesters -- in African garb and carrying toy spears and signs -- outside a "Community Outreach" Center. Their signs read "*Black Pride Now*" and "*Justice for Brother Cinque*."

MCATHIE

I heard white chicks dig Ben Vereen. I don't believe it myself. He looks like a swish to me.

LYNLEY

(sighing, bored)

If you want to rap on the jigs, say something funny. Billy was funny as shit, and he was a jig himself.

MCATHIE

Okay. If a nigger and a Mexican jump off City Hall at the same --

LYNLEY
I've heard it before.

McAthie sulks. Lynley looks agitated. He guns it northbound, drives twelve blocks, hangs a U-turn and pulls up in front of the Snooty Fox Club.

MCATHIE
(gulping)
Hey, we're off our car-beat.

LYNLEY
(brusque)
It's a routine stop. You stay in the car.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley enters the Snooty Fox, in full uniform. A jukebox is blasting funkadelic. The dump is full of black riffraff. Lynley yanks out the jukebox cord; every geek in the room stares at him.

LYNLEY
(pulling a plastic bag full of white powder out of his pants pocket)
Look what I've got.
(as the geeks grouse about "Humbug" rousts)
You know what it means. I can call a whore wagon, bust all of you, hold you for 72 hours, and sweat you for warrants.
(pause)
Or, you can grab a scratch sheet off that pool rack, write down all the shit you know about Donny Miller, fold it up and keep it anonymous.
(the geeks -- overlappingly -- mutter "fuckin' Lynley" and "punk pig motherfucker.")
It's your call, but I hate to think of all the warrants I could turn up in this room.

The room sloooooowly thaws. Eight men walk to the pool rack, grab betting scratch sheets, write notes on the back, fold them, drop them on the pool table and glare at Lynley.

Lynley plugs the jukebox back in; Sly & The Family Stone blast "Stone Soul Picnic."

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
How can you listen to that shit?

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. It's dawn. Lynley is sitting in his '61 Chevy in the 77th Street Station parking lot. Billy the pit bull is on Lynley's lap, noshing a rib bone from "Uncle Roscoe's Soul Kitchen."

Lynley intently watches the parking lot gate; he holds a giant wad of gummy red wax. Minutes pass -- then the three Homicide cars enter the lot and park near the rear entrance to the station. Franz and Keefer and the four other Homicide cops exit their cars and walk into the station.

Lynley eases Billy the pit bull off his lap, runs to the nearest car, checks the steering column and sees no keys in the ignition. He runs to the second car, hunkering low to avoid being seen. Ditto: no keys in the ignition. He runs to the third car, again hunkering low. Bingo -- keys in the ignition.

The car door is unlocked. Lynley opens the door, plucks the keys from the ignition, peels off strips of gummy red wax and makes impressions of every key on the keyring. His hands are shaking.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. We hear the sound of keys being ground; we see Lynley sitting on a chair in a ratty southside key shop. Behind the counter: the black proprietor grinding keys.

Lynley digs in his pants pockets and pulls out the folded pieces of paper he glommed at the Snooty Fox. He opens them, reads them and tosses them on the floor. We hear what he reads off each wad of paper -- voice-over -- in varying black accents.

NOTE #1 (V.O.)
Fuck you, Lynley. You a fuckin' white punk.

NOTE #2 (V.O.)
Donny M. had this pal, Leotis. Leotis had all these pictures of womens fuckin' dogs. Woof, woof, motherfucker!

NOTE #3 (V.O.)
Miller had this snitch he used to whip on -- tall fuckin' sissy named "Gene the Queen." Gene be one mean queen.

(MORE)

NOTE #3 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He shiv some paddy at Quentin. Gene, he sweared he get Miller.

NOTE #4 (V.O.)

Miller be craaaaazy. He say he gonna get Patty Hearst and make her turn tricks for him.

NOTE #5 (V.O.)

Miller, he got off on hos and black cooze an' all that crazy SLA shit. He say he got fuck flicks of Patty and Brother Cinque.

The key-grinding wheel screeches; Lynley drops the last piece of paper.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley lounges in the doorway of the 77th Street Station detectives' squadroom. The squadroom is dinnertime deserted.

He's got the previously seen evidence-kit camera in one hand; he's eyeing the task force room next door. Moments pass -- then the six Homicide detectives leave the room and padlock the door behind them.

Lynley waits, then walks to the door. He jabs keys at the padlock hole. There's a flashlight tucked in the back of his pants.

Lynley jabs keys. He's hellaciously nervous. The sixth key lets him in. He shuts the door. He fumblingly works in the dark. He holds the camera and flashlight and camera-shoots every piece of report paper tacked to every wall surface. He shoots, reloads his camera, shoots, reloads, shoots, reloads. His heaving breath fills the soundtrack --

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley drives south on Vermont in his '61 Chevy, passing billboards for "Soul Train"; Colt .45 Malt Liquor; left-wing exhortations featuring lean blacks with big afros and African spears; and a commie ad -- black-bordered -- mourning the slain SLA'ers.

He pulls over outside "Photo King - Open All-Nite."

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley enters the Photo King shop, walks up and dumps six rolls of film on the front counter. The man behind the counter scowls at Lynley's attitude.

MAN

So when do you need them?

LYNLEY

Six hours.

MAN

(stiffening)

That's pretty short notice. Don't tell me, it's a police priority.

LYNLEY

It's a police priority.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley and McAthie drive northeast in their black & white; Lynley seems beaucoup intent; McAthie anxiously watches street signs.

MCATHIE

Jesus, we're off our beat.

LYNLEY

(smiling)

No shit, Sherlock.

(pause)

Get on the horn and ask for stats on a fruit named "Gene the Queen." He's 6'11", and he did Quentin time. He allegedly shivved a guy there, so he may have picked up an AWD filing.

The cop car hits 34th and Broadway. There's black junkies cooking dope, black dopers snorting dope, black hos dispensing head jobs. They're sitting against the edge of a building.

Lynley pulls up on the sidewalk; the lowlifes are too dope-addled to run. Lynley exits the car, whips out his baton, walks the line of lowlifes and pokes them. Some get up and hug the wall -- they know the drill. Inside the car, we see, *but Lynley does not see*, McAthie furtively pick up and use the 2-way radio mike. Lynley makes repeated circuits of the lowlife line -- poking, kicking, jabbing with his baton, muttering the whole time.

LYNLEY

Come on, just pretend I'm Santa Claus.
Ho, ho, ho, stand up. Come on, you want this all night, or you want it over with?

Gradually, all the lowlifes struggle to their feet and hug the wall. Lynley walks the line, pulling pills, syringes, and dollar bills out of their pockets and dumping them on the ground. He picks up a half-dozen Seconal "Red Devil" caps -- and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley bombs the black & white westbound. McAthie fidgets.

MCATHIE

Eugene aka "Gene the Queen" McCoover,
male negro, age 38. Address: 818 East
94th Street. Works nights at a drag bar
called the Queen Mary.

LYNLEY

(hanging a hellacious u-turn)
That's in Rampart. 9th and Alvarado.

Lynley zooms northwest; the furtive McAthie puts on his seat belt.

MCATHIE

We're eight miles off the beat. We could
get a call any --

LYNLEY

Jesus Christ, act like a fucking man.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley and McAthie pull up in front of the garish Queen Mary fruit bar. On the sidewalk: Black, Mex and half-breed Mexicoon drag queens teeter on 6" heels; music blasts out the swinging doors. Lynley starts to exit the car, but --

He sees one of the previously seen Homicide cars parked two cars up -- and Vic Franz and Ted Keefer hauling Gene the Queen out of the bar.

LYNLEY

Franz and Keefer. How'd they...

MCATHIE

Tall sucker. If he wasn't a fruit, he'd
be playing basketball.

Franz and Keefer toss Gene the Queen in their car and pull out northbound. Lynley waits a few seconds, then follows the car, with two cars between them. McAthie is in a tizzy.

The Homicide car heads east on Sunset Boulevard. Lynley follows it from a discreet distance.

Both cars head east; the Homicide car turns right and heads into the Elysian Park Hills. Lynley follows it; Lynley stops at a sign that reads "LAPD Academy ½ mile."

LYNLEY
(slapping the dashboard in
frustration)
Shit.

McAthie remains silent. They're up in a wooded park area. The Homicide car's taillights disappear.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. It's 8:00 a.m. Lynley, now back in civilian clothes, is sitting in his '61 Chevy, outside the previously seen all-night photo shop. He's going through the photos he dropped off.

Lynley skims the photos; the camera follows his eyes in close-up. We see shots marked "Chronology," "Known Associates," "DM's I.D. cards," "Probable Canvassing Beats," "Background," and a final sheet marked "Known Enemies." Lynley skims that final sheet twice.

LYNLEY
(to himself, with Billy
Burdette's fake black accent)
Gene the Queen, how they find you?

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley sits in his car in the 77th Street Station parking lot. He looks exhausted and deeply abstracted. Billy the pit bull is draped on his lap. Lynley dozes; there's a rap on the windshield; Lynley opens his eyes and sees Vic Franz.

FRANZ
Come on, killer. I'll buy you breakfast.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley and Franz sit in a booth at Piper's Coffee Shop at Beverly and Western. Franz has just snarfed a big plate of steak and eggs and is lighting a cigarette; Lynley has only coffee in front of him.

FRANZ
We'll get some beef bones for Billy.

Lynley makes an open-handed, "What have we got" gesture.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

You want in, don't you? You sit out in the lot every morning like fucking Stage Door Johnny scrounging autographs. You look like Donny Miller outside Uncle Remus' soul kitchen.

Lynley smiles and laughs.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

I don't blame you for wanting in. Some shine piece of shit kills your partner, so you up and kill the first three available shines, who certifiably did not kill Officer Donny Miller. Poor Lynley. No Medal of Valor, no transfer downtown. Poor Lynley and Billy Jr., because they went off half-cocked and dumb.

(pause)

There's ways to learn what to do, son. And Uncle Vic was the guy you should have come to.

Lynley twirls his coffee cup.

LYNLEY

It won't happen like that again.

FRANZ

You took three spooks off the welfare rolls. Dead spooks are dead spooks, not to put too fine a point on it.

LYNLEY

My partner was black.

FRANZ

Billy was an honorary white man.

LYNLEY

You're inviting me in? Murcott and Beddoes warned me out.

FRANZ

They're pagues and cunts, and we won't be able to keep this thing hushed up indefinitely. Besides, you are in. One of my informants saw that stunt you pulled at the Snooty Fox.

LYNLEY

Shit, you've got fucking eyes everywhere.

FRANZ

(smiling)

Yeah, and I thought you showed some panache. You went into the apes' den and backed down the apes. You were like fucking Ramar of the Jungle.

Lynley smiles.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Get anything off those snitch sheets?

LYNLEY

Just worthless shit like "Fuck your white honky ass."

(a pause)

Oh, and Leotis King made his girlfriends fuck dogs.

Franz laughs uproariously and stubs out his cigarette. Lynley smiles along with him.

FRANZ

Leotis took pictures. We bagged them and made dupes. I'm going to rig some up and send them out as Christmas cards. "Rover loves the Congo. Merry Christmas to Spot and all the pups."

Lynley howls --

FRANZ (CONT'D)

(turning serious)

Here's your fucking Michelin Guide to Donny Miller. He was a ding, he thought the SLA was cool, he fucked nigger hookers, the coroner found cocaine and amyl nitrate in his system, he reported a 459 on a gunshop in April, and we found a pipe-spreader at his pad with paint chips on them that matched the pipes from the shop. My bet is he stood lookout for Leotis King, and that skinny-ass little spook did the actual job. The cocksucker had no boundaries or restraints. He robbed that card game, he gambled and never paid off, every jungle bunny in captivity wanted him dead.

LYNLEY

(casual)

Did you talk to Karen Cordova? She was Miller's quasi-girlfriend.

FRANZ

She's non-compass at Queen of Angels. She went on a run with T-Bird and Mennen Skin Bracer. She's fucking pickled.

LYNLEY

(pause)

So -- am I in?

FRANZ

Not quite. We've got a suspect we can't break. Big nigger queen, a real watusi. He's afraid of you, and he's got no alibi. You're a gifted cop, son. But killing jigs is one thing, and extracting information from them is another.

(pause)

Anyway, we bring you in to work him. You nail him, you exonerate him, however it falls.

LYNLEY

And then?

FRANZ

We'll get the right guy sooner or later.

LYNLEY

And?

FRANZ

And we'll let you kill him.

Lynley sticks his hand out. The two men shake.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley feverishly cleans up his pad. We watch him:

Dump four canned martinis in a bowl with some ice on his coffee table; place his Vietcong/severed head picture in a drawer; spray his sliding doors with Windex, wipe them with a soiled dish towel and straighten his shelf rows of well-thumbed paperback books.

The doorbell rings; Lynley opens the door. Jane walks in; she and Lynley kiss in the doorway.

Lynley kicks the door shut; Jane removes her jacket and places it on a chair. Lynley grabs two canned martinis, and hands one to her. She tries not to make a face.

LYNLEY

Come on, you said you knew cops.

Jane drinks from her can, then hoists it toast-style.

JANE

Well, when in El Monte.

A silence stretches.

LYNLEY

(very quiet)

We were friends for ten seconds, then he's gone just like that. But I still wish he'd approve of us.

JANE

All right, so here's the short course on Billy and me.

(pause)

He was everyone's favorite, and he became a cop to get some distance on being a Burdette. He got some distance for six years, four months and eighteen days, but he was always a Burdette, and he got killed anyway.

LYNLEY

You're saying you never had your shot to run like he did.

JANE

You're my shot. You gave Billy something, and he got what he wanted for those ten seconds.

LYNLEY

You're pretty fucking precise with the numbers.

Lynley drains the can and crumples it.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

There's something else, too. I don't know who killed Donny Miller.

JANE

(shocked)

Well, I do.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)
Shondell McCline, Montell Tubbs... Come on, don't make me say their names.

LYNLEY
We killed some commies, so they were good for it. Then I killed the guys who killed Billy, so they looked better.

JANE
(wincing)
You're saying you killed the wrong men?

LYNLEY
The right ones for Billy, the wrong ones for Miller.
(pause)
Don't look at me that way, it makes perfect sense to me.

A long silence stretches again. The sound of cars on the nearby freeway rises.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
Sometimes I wonder where all the cars are going.

JANE
Reach any conclusions?

LYNLEY
(deadpan)
Yeah, east.

Jane laughs and covers her mouth.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
Come on, show me your teeth.

Jane removes her hand, flashes a big grin and closes her mouth fast.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Your daddy, or your cousin with the hair-lip?

JANE
(shaking her head)
You've got a lawyer's memory.

LYNLEY
(gently)
A cop's memory.

JANE
You're a lawyer slumming.

LYNLEY
(gesturing around the room)
You're a lawyer slumming.

JANE
(quietly)
That makes three of us.
(pause)
You know, you can't be a cop forever.

LYNLEY
No, just 35 years, give or take.

JANE
Let Daddy put you through law school. Be better than you were starting out, and quit going to places where people get killed.

LYNLEY
(quietly emphatic)
You don't understand. *I love it.*

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley drives his '61 Chevy up the road that separates the newer L.A. Police Academy buildings from the old, disused gymnasium.

It's 1:05A.M. Lynley parks and walks toward the gym. He peers to his right and sees brightly lit windows: empty rooms with blackboards can be seen in some; insomniac cadets can be seen in others.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley walks through the gym and the disused locker room and back to the showers. Vic Franz and Ted Keefer are standing there. Placed on a table: a phone book, brass knucks, two beavertail saps. Wet towels, seeping blood, dot the floor; the tiled walls are streaked with blood. Gene the Queen is handcuffed to a straightbacked chair. He's battered and bloody. He sees Lynley and emits a sob.

FRANZ
Hi, killer.

KEEFER
Good night for it, huh?

GENE THE QUEEN

Where's your dog and your nightstick,
Lynley?

Lynley nods at the two cops; Franz nods at Gene the Queen. Lynley grabs the phone book and hits Gene in the ribs. Gene dribbles blood. Keefer starts doing a square-ass version of the "Watusi," replete with lame dance steps.

KEEFER

(singing)

Wa-wa-a-watusi! Oh baby, the gas
chamber's gonna fry you!

LYNLEY

Why'd you kill him?

GENE THE QUEEN

Where's your dog? You know you aren't a
real man without him.

Lynley hits Gene the Queen with the phone book -- in the chest, in the shoulders. Gene spits blood at Lynley, Franz and Keefer; they dodge the globules. Lynley swings the phone book extra hard -- and hits Gene in the neck. He knocks Gene and the chair down, then places them upright.

LYNLEY

He fucked you over, right?

GENE THE QUEEN

Sweetie, he fucked everyone over. He was
an equal-opportunity motherfucker.

Franz phone-books Gene the Queen in the ribs. He knocks Gene and the chair down, then places them upright. Gene's drag gown rides up; his dog-bite scars become visible.

KEEFER

Look at those scars. He cut his ankles
on the wood in the garage. He dumped
Miller there and fucked himself up.

(pause)

That was rough wood, remember?

Franz nods.

LYNLEY

(shaking his head)

Dog bites. I sicced Billy on him.

FRANZ

Billy's a pisser. We've got to get some of Leotis King's bitches, maybe make a little film. We'll call it "Billy Does 77."

Keefer does the "Watusi" again, with spastic footwork.

KEEFER

(singing)

No matter which nigger kills you, Watusi is the dance to do!

Franz laughs and bangs Gene the Queen in the knees with his beavertail sap.

FRANZ

Give us that alibi again, faggot.

Gene the Queen sobs.

KEEFER

The coroner made Miller dead 12 hours when the wino found him.

(pause)

We reinterviewed the wino and ran a second toxicology on Miller. We got a 10:00 to 11:00 p.m. time of death. Sambo here went on stage at midnight. He's got no alibi up to then.

Keefer kicks Gene the Queen in the head. A mouthful of Burdette cut-rate clinic teeth depart Gene's mouth and sail across the room in a slow-mo trajectory. Lynley shudders.

Keefer kicks Gene and knocks his chair to the floor. Lynley picks the chair up and stands between Franz and Keefer.

LYNLEY

He didn't do it.

FRANZ

(pause)

Meaning what?

LYNLEY

Meaning, Billy and I saw Miller in his car that night. I checked my watch. I was on the horn, and it was something like 11:00 to 11:15.

KEEFER
(softly)
Bullshit.

FRANZ
(softly)
Bullshit.

LYNLEY
(softly)
Bullshit. I saw it.

KEEFER
(softly)
Come on, he's good for it.

LYNLEY
(to Keefer)
It doesn't work, numbnuts. Do the
arithmetic.

A long moment passes.

FRANZ
(getting out his handcuff keys)
The luck of the Irish. You Irish, Gene?

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley and Gene the Queen drive
the deserted Westlake Park area.

GENE THE QUEEN
Buy a girl a drink, will you, Lynley?
Come on, just a short dog.
(pause)
I'm not saying be seen in public with me,
I'm just saying --

Lynley hangs an abrupt U-turn and pulls up in front of a
cheezy liquor store.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Lynley walks into
the store, grabs a short dog bottle of Thunderbird wine,
plops some change on the counter and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley gets back in the car, hangs a U-
turn and heads in his original direction. Gene the Queen
drains the short dog and tosses it out the window.

GENE THE QUEEN

T-Bird. Breakfast of champions and
brutalized transvestites.

Lynley pulls up in front of the Queen Mary. They sit in
silence a moment.

LYNLEY

Try girls, will you? You'll be better
off.

(pause)

And take care of yourself.

Gene the Queen hops out and blows Lynley a kiss as he limps
across the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley drives eastbound on the San
Berdoos Freeway. He sees two LAPD unmarked cars up ahead of
him. He swerves right, hunkers down, sees Franz and Keefer
in one car and two of the previously seen Homicide cops in
the other. Lynley jams his '61 Chevy hard right, pulls down
an off-ramp, zooms along surface streets and pulls up to the
back door of his apartment building.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley enters his apartment through the
back door, pulls his penlight out and works in the dark. He
hurriedly pulls all of the photographed documents from the
walls, places them in a paper bag and looks out his front
window. The two LAPD unmarked cars are just pulling up.

Lynley grabs the bag and bolts out the back door --

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley pulls into the parking lot of
"Chuy's All-Nite Taco Hut" in El Monte. The lot is full of
cholos selling dope to passing motorists.

A fat cholo in slit-bottom khakis and a Sir Guy shirt
approaches Lynley's car. Lynley flashes two twenties at him.

CHOLO

You look like fuzz.

LYNLEY

I'm a fuck film star. They call me
"Charlie the Wadd."

CHOLO

(serious - and seriously
stupid)

Yeah, I seen you, man. You're the dude
with the big *chorizo*.

LYNLEY

I choked Linda Lovelace.

(pause)

Uppers. What's forty get me?

CHOLO

Four rolls, *Ese*. *Primo*.

Lynley slips the cholo forty scoots; the cholo slips Lynley
four Benzedrine rolls.

CHOLO (CONT'D)

When's your next flick coming out? My
old lady grooves those big-dick flicks.

LYNLEY

Next week. It's called "Billy Does 77."

The cholo moves his lips to memorize the name. Lynley zooms
out of the lot.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley is in the office of "Nestor's
Hideaway" Motel in El Monte. He's forking over cash and
signing the register. We see him write the name "John
Smith." The Mexican clerk smiles at the name.

CLERK

We got lots of "John Smiths" here.

LYNLEY

That's my righteous name.

CLERK

Sure, man. I believe you.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley is sitting on the bed in his
shitty room at "Nestor's Hideaway." The sound of people
fucking echoes on both sides of his room. Lynley picks up
the phone and dials a number.

LYNLEY

(into the phone)

Jane?...Yeah, I know it's late.

(MORE)

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

No...I'm out working. No, I can't talk about it. When can I see...Okay, Perino's at six. Yeah...I know it's a high-ticket joint. Yeah, I've got the threads. Yeah, right. 'Night, baby.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley sits at his motel-room desk. He's popping Bennies, guzzling coffee and writing on a yellow legal pad.

The camera hones in on Lynley's pile of evidence photos and legal pad. He grabs the *previously seen* "Known Enemies" photo -- with check marks after six names. He writes "Re-interview" on his pad, along with "Richard Wiggis" and his southside address; "Darnell Goines" and his southside address; "Lionel Dupree" and his southside address; "McCoy Blevins" and his southside address; "Roscoe 'Shag' Dalrymple" and his southside address and Vincent aka 'Vicious Vince' Philbrick and his southside address.

He underlines the names, pulls the sheet off the pad and stuffs it in his pocket -- he's obviously wired out of his skull.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. A stylized montage sequence shows Lynley futilely knocking on darktown doors. He's got his badge pinned to his belt and is wearing a suit. The street signs and curb plates that are glimpsed indicate that he's going out to re-interview the names on the "Known Enemies" list. Lynley's five doorknocks are synced to his voice-over variations pertaining to each one.

LYNLEY (V.O.)

Richard Wiggis - no answer. Darnell Goines -- no fucking answer. Lionel Dupree -- "Go away, Lionel be gone." McCoy Belvins -- "Go away, Mr. Po-lice, we on private property." Shag Dalrymple -
- no fucking answer. Vince Philbrick owned a bar -- no way he'd be open yet.

(pause)

Zero, zilch, fucking nigger jive.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. The frantic-looking Lynley is sitting in his car, parked outside the last pad he unsuccessfully door-knocked.

He starts pulling scrawled notes out of his pockets; he sees a slip of paper with "Karen Cordova -- Queen of Angels" written on it.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. The women's dipso ward at Queen of Angels Hospital. A doctor walks up to Lynley; Lynley rapidly flashes his badge.

DOCTOR

Miss Cordova. This is about her, right?

LYNLEY

(big hurry)

That's right.

DOCTOR

She checked out, against medical advice. She heard me talking to a policeman on the phone. It seemed to scare her.

LYNLEY

Did the officer tell you his name?

DOCTOR

Yes, Sergeant Keefer. He said his partner was Sergeant Franz. Is that you?

LYNLEY

Yeah, Keefer couldn't mak--

The words "Stet, Stet" -- heavily amplified -- echo down the hallway. The doctor makes an "Excuse me" gesture and takes off running --

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley approaches the cab stand outside Queen of Angels. A black youth runs the operation; cabs are queued up; people wait for rides.

Lynley walks up and badges the kid; the kid gulps.

LYNLEY

(brusque)

Karen Cordova. White, brunette, middle-aged. Did she give you a destination?

KID

Uh, no, man. But I heard her talk to the cabbie.

Lynley slips the kid a twenty; the kid palms it and beams.

KID (CONT'D)

She said she wanted to go to the Store-Ur-Self joint in Eagle Rock. Like, Colorado Boulevard, I think.

Lynley whips another twenty on the kid; the kid beams anew.

LYNLEY

Two more cops will be bracing you about her. You tell them the beach, all right?

Lynley slips the kid another twenty.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley pulls up in front of the Store-Ur-Self joint in Eagle Rock and jumps out of his car.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley jogs through the long corridors of the Store-Ur-Self joint. All he sees are a few oldsters moving furniture. He looks wired and bug-eyed intent.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley sits in his car outside the Store-Ur-Self joint. He keeps scanning the sidewalk and checking the rear-view mirrors, then:

A shaky Karen Cordova appears down the block. She walks up to the entrance of the Store-Ur-Self joint. Lynley gets out of his car and walks up to her. Karen turns around and squints at him -- she can't make out who he is. Then recognition crosses her face.

KAREN

(pathetically)

I was short on cab fare. I had to walk a whole mile.

LYNLEY

(gently)

Do you remember me?

KAREN

(gumption rising in her)

You let that sweet colored boy Billy down. You got him killed.

(pause)

But I'm not afraid of you, because I've got something all the cops want.

LYNLEY

I'm sorry about Billy. Would it change things if I told you how much I miss him?

KAREN

I believe you. You let him take the lead, when you hassled me about Donny.

LYNLEY

We just wanted the truth. We figured the other cops would hang it on somebody, just to shitcan it.

KAREN

Donny was nice to me. He never hit me, and he wouldn't let Leotis screw me or take pictures of me.

Lynley stays silent. Karen digs in her purse, pulls out a key and shows it to him.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(taunting now)

See? I've got the key that everyone wants, but there's no locker number on it, and you can't make me tell.

LYNLEY

(shrugging, but obviously
playing her)

You're right, I can't.

KAREN

So why should I?

LYNLEY

Because I'm the only one who cares.

KAREN

For Donny?

LYNLEY

No, for Billy.

Karen slowly hands him the key.

KAREN

(softly)

It's 313.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley again jogs through the Store-Ur-Self corridors, finds Locker 313 and opens it with the key. Inside, he finds: Three German lugers, a bag of weed, filled-out LAPD canvassing sheets, beaver photos of ho-looking black women -- posed Poloroids. Shots of Leotis King and Donny Miller in front of a banner displaying the SLA's 3-headed snake, shots of Miller and Leotis with SLA'ers Cinque, Willie Wolfe, Angela Atwood, Nancy Ling Perry and Patricia "Mizmoon" Soltysik.

Lynley's hands shake. The photos fall and scatter on the floor. He picks them up and runs to the exit door.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley and Karen sit in the front seat of Lynley's car; Karen's got the shakes -- *baaaaad*. Lynley's checking out -- in a cursory way -- the canvassing sheets. They're covered with printing.

KAREN

I was drinking Aqua Velva at the end there.

LYNLEY

(distracted)

Did Donny keep *blank* canvassing sheets in the trunk of his Dodge? Maybe that was what caught fire.

KAREN

I need something. My nerves are all spasticky. I was mixing turpenhydrate with that skin bracer stuff.

LYNLEY

One question, and I'll give you some RD's and get you a roof. Just one --

KAREN

(near wacko)

Yes, yes! I watched Donny toss his blanks in the trunk of that stupid so-called car he --

Lynley hangs a U-turn and zooms eastbound.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/INTERIOR/DAYTIME (CONTINUOUS). Lynley helps the very shaky Karen Cordova into Room 12 of the Valley Vista Motel. She falls on the bed; Lynley dry-feeds her the two Red Devil capsules. He dry-swallows some Bennies himself;

he looks even more bug-eyed intent. Karen squirms, curls into the fetal position and passes out.

LYNLEY
Sweet dreams, lady.
(quietly)
You deserve them.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley changes into his uniform in the 77th Street Station locker room, and joins the throng of officers headed for the muster room.

The cops find seats in the muster room; we see Dean McAthie two rows over from Lynley. The nightwatch roll-call sergeant stands behind the lectern, bangs his gravel for silence, and gets it.

All 24 nightwatch cops face the dais; the roll-call sergeant beams.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT
Item #1 be an all-timer, because --
(pause, while he lapses into an
Amos & Andy voice)
Jus' bout' one hours' ago, de gunshot
riddled body of dat famous ho-mo-sex-u-
all Gene de Queen McCoover be discovered
in de dumpster at 78th and Lew Dillon, an
--

The room erupts in applause. Lynley looks stricken. He gets up and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley, in uniform, gets into his '61 Chevy and guns it to 78th and Lew Dillon. He sees kids jumping up and down and trying to peek into the dumpster; a father holds his kid up to look in; an ice cream truck sells popsicles. Lynley sees uniformed and plainclothes cops joking and jiving. He parks his car, runs to the dumpster and looks in.

Gene the Queen lies dead. He's got five bullet holes in his face. Flies hover over his raggedy drag gown. His brains have blown out the back of his head.

Lynley is shaking. He hears a toot, turns and sees Vic Franz sitting alone in his F-car. Lynley walks over. The passenger-side window is down; Lynley squats with his hands on the ledge.

FRANZ

That boy needed a lifestyle adjustment.
Looks like somebody gave him one.

LYNLEY

(cold)

Did you do it?

FRANZ

(bland)

Why? You exonerated him. Teddy and I
believed you.

Lynley has no ready answer. He looks in the car and sees
that Franz has taped a series of Leotis King's dogs-fucking-
women shots to the dashboard.

LYNLEY

(in frustration)

Revenge.

FRANZ

(rolling his eyes)

He's a seven-foot butch queen. Tell me
he didn't owe rent money, booze money and
dope money to half the Mau-Maus in this
coal chute. Tell me his life expectancy
wasn't fucking next week.

LYNLEY

Did you do it?

FRANZ

No, did you? I'm 48 years old, with 26
years on. You're 29 with four years on.
I've never killed in the line of duty.
You've killed five jigs since the first
of the month, *killer*.

Lynley has no comeback. He stands up and puts his head on
the roof of the car. Franz points to one of the canine fuck
pictures.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Look, he's porking her with his tail.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley walks into Vince's Polynesian
Lounge on 64th and Vermont. Black pimps and players fisheye
him. There's a tall black man standing behind the counter;
Lynley walks up and braces him.

LYNLEY
Vince Philbrick?

The man bows and sticks his hand out. Lynley shakes it.

PHILBRICK
Mr. Lynley. Your reputation precedes you.

LYNLEY
Then why'd you shake my hand?

PHILBRICK
Because Montell Tubbs raped my ex-wife,
and you wasted his no-account nigger ass.

Lynley leans into the barlight and sees that Philbrick's face is cut, bruised and contused.

LYNLEY
Franz and Keefer?

PHILBRICK
They gave me a tune-up at the Academy. I
guess I convinced them I didn't kill
Miller.

LYNLEY
Did you?

PHILBRICK
No, I did not. When half the world wants
someone dead, you be wise to just wait.

LYNLEY
Why are you on Miller's enemies list?

Philbrick pours two shots of bourbon; Lynley knocks his back;
Philbrick pours him a refill.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
Come on, don't string me out on this.

PHILBRICK
(smiling)
You be lookin' strung out behind your own
self.

(pause while Philbrick wilts
behind Lynley's glare)

(MORE)

PHILBRICK (CONT'D)

O.K., so I owns a couple of porno theaters in Pacoima, and Donny and me made a deal for him to film me some loops. He gave me more than I bargained for, so I killed the deal.

LYNLEY

(twirling his shot glass)
Who's in the films?

PHILBRICK

Certain French-fried radicals and some Western Avenue hos that Miller was shaking down. I gots insurance copies, in case you interested. Sorry to say you can't see no Patty Hearst.

Lynley guzzles his next shot, pours two more and guzzles them. The booze is smoothing out his Benny high.

LYNLEY

Walk me through it. No side shit, right to it.

Philbrick downs two more shots. Lynley gives him a "move it" gesture.

PHILBRICK

O.K., so as I understand it, Donny was doin' this canvassin', and he figures out where the SLA punks were pretty early on, then he kept up the canvassin', just as a cover. He sent Leotis over there to suck up to them, 'cause they was black-o-philas, and next thing Donny's selling them guns and giving them dope, and flipping out behin' cocaine an' takin' down that card game for 14 G's. He's tryin' to stiff me, and Leotis says that the SLA guys wants him clipped, 'cause they be afraid Donny'll sell them fuck flicks to one of them Pussycat Theatres in West Hollyweird, then they thinks, "Shit, we can't just up and kill no cop like that." They figures they gots to trust Donny not to go public with all his fuck shit, but they gots to kill someone to scare Donny into not misbehavin', so they string up old Leotis.

Lynley pours another bourbon and downs it; he's intently focused on Philbrick.

LYNLEY

I buy it so far. Now, wind it up, wrap it, seal it and fucking stamp it.

PHILBRICK

Donny called me to say he gots a scare call from the SLAers. They copped to Leotis, which makes me think Donny called the Newton an' 77 switchboards to rat the location of the house, 'cause SWAT got there real quick after that SLA guy traded shots with that dude in Inglewood.

(he pours two more drinks)

So I sees it that somebody independent of the SLAers killed Donny, sees that Leotis ain't around, stashes his car in Leotis's garage, finds that hangin' skinny body there, and puts them posters up to point you bluesuit motherfuckers to the SLA.

Philbrick pours another shot; Lynley's getting juiced now.

LYNLEY

They all hated him, except for one woman. I've got six billion certified, qualified, quantified, diversified and unverified fucking suspects.

PHILBRICK

(smiling)

Donny had delusions of grandeur. There's this other rotating game, twenty K plus at the Hawaiian Gardens on alternate Tuesdays, which be tomorrow night. Donny said he was gonna take that game down. Shit, Mr. Franz and Mr. Keefer gots part of that game, which don't bode well for no bluesuit robber.

Lynley ponders the Keefer/Franz revelation.

LYNLEY

Show me the films.

PHILBRICK

Yeah, but I wants to keep them. They might be collector's items one day.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley stands with Philbrick in a small projection room behind Vince's Polynesian Lounge.

Philbrick rolls the film; Lynley snaps evidence-kit Poloroids of the players' faces.

We see Brother Cinque fucking black hos; Willie Wolfe fucking black hos; Mizmoon Soltyskik, Nancy Ling Perry and Angela Atwood dildo gang-banging a *particularly beat-up black ho*. Chuck Lynley looks sickened to the bottom of his soul.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley walks through the foyer of Perino's Restaurant. The maitre d' shows him to Jane Burdette's table. Jane is elegantly dressed; she scowls at the sight of Lynley in uniform. The waiter tries to pull Lynley's seat out; Lynley abruptly grabs the chair, throws one leg over and plops down.

LYNLEY

Hey, baby. Sorry I'm late.

(a pause)

I'm AWOL, too. I've got my civilian car.

JANE

Where were you?

LYNLEY

I've been a little self-absorbed lately.

I'm sorry.

JANE

You have been. And now you're drunk.

(pause while Jane surveys him)

And unshaven.

(pause)

Don't tell me. You're working undercover, in your uniform.

Lynley laughs; a wine waiter sidles by; Jane shoos him off.

LYNLEY

Actually, I was drinking at Vicious Vince's Polynesian Lounge. Vince has a certain *je ne sais quois*, so I'm sure you'd dig him.

JANE

(pause)

Have you thought any more about law school?

LYNLEY

(sincere)

It's not for me, sweetie. I've got "77 Lifer" stamped on my file.

JANE

Are you determined to live out my brother's destiny?

LYNLEY

(off a long silence)

Maybe parts of it, yeah.

JANE

You haven't learned --

LYNLEY

(cutting her off)

I learned some things from Billy. And you taught me that I don't want to be a lawyer.

JANE

Do you really understand my aversion to what you do?

LYNLEY

We're just two different things.

JANE

Yes, that's obvious.

LYNLEY

(forcefully)

It's not race. It's class and money. And I don't let people pay my way for me.

Lynley is quiet for a moment. Jane takes his hand.

JANE

What are you thinking?

LYNLEY

That class is out of my reach, but money isn't.

JANE

Don't define us that way.

LYNLEY

I'm not. I'm just saying what you did.

JANE

It's a factor, yes.

LYNLEY

And it would help.

JANE
It always helps, sweetie.

LYNLEY
(checking his watch)
Shit, I've got to clock in.
(a pause)
Can I kiss you here?

JANE
No, please. Show some...

LYNLEY
Class?

Jane looks down. The half-drunk Lynley storms through the restaurant. He sideswipes a serving cart; a flaming dessert goes flying.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley gargles Listerine and straightens out his uniform in the locker room of 77th Street Station. Billy the pit bull guzzles toilet water. Dean McAthie sees Lynley and ducks out an exit door.

Lynley walks out to the main station corridor. He's met by Lieutenant Murcott, Lieutenant Beddoes and Sergeant Ted Keefer.

MURCOTT
You're five hours AWOL, son.

BEDDOES
And in uniform, yet.

MURCOTT
We need to talk, son.

BEDDOES
We're thinking you're a little ahead of us. This isn't a reprimand. We just need to know what you know.

LYNLEY
(blithe and steely)
Sir, all I got was a tip on Gene McCoover. I shared it with Sergeant Franz and Sergeant Keefer, and I interceded on Mr. McCoover's behalf with an honest eyeball alibi, and Mr. McCoover's dead now.

BEDDOES

You're lying. You were seen at Queen of Angels, and we think you've got Karen Cordova stashed somewhere. Officer McAthie saw you developing film at a photo shop, and we think you filmed paperwork in the task force room.

LYNLEY

(stiffly)

Sir, I did not.

MURCOTT

(snorting)

Maybe he's kosher. Maybe he's been too busy fucking his partner's jungle-bred sister.

Lynley takes the ugly crack stoically.

LYNLEY

I'm taking 3-Baker-12. I'm going on routine patrol, and I'd prefer to work alone tonight.

Lynley walks straight through the assembled cops; they part to let him through.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley cruises Watts in his solo black & white. The 2-way radio squawks; Lynley turns it off and cruises in silence.

He stops at a phone booth, pulls the citywide directory, finds the "K's" and rips out the page with Theodore Keefer's address. He gets back in his car and rides.

He drives by previously seen scenes with Billy Burdette Junior. He stops at Lucky's Liquor Locker and the scene of the parking-lot fracas. He's sobering up now. He's a man looking at everything he's lost and the bottomless pit of his future.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. It's a quiet residential street in the Valley in the wee small hours. Lynley's '61 Chevy is parked down the street. Lynley's crouched by some bushes.

Ted Keefer pulls his F-car up to his house, gets out and starts to lock it. Lynley crouch-runs over and jumps him.

He pulls his suit jacket down to restrain him, then bounces his head on the roof of the car. He hits him repeatedly with a beavertail sap.

LYNLEY
Did you kill him?

KEEFER
Fuck you.

LYNLEY
Did you kill him?

KEEFER
Fuck you.

Lynley saps the shit out of him. Keefer slumps to the ground.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley walks into Parker Center, the LAPD's downtown administrative building. He elevators up to the fourth floor and walks through a door marked "Central Vice." There's one bored cop on duty. He's scanning the foldout of "Penthouse" magazine. He holds it up and points to the woman's pubic hair.

BORED COP
Look, scratch and sniff. They must soak the paper in tuna.

LYNLEY
(impatient)
Can I see your whore picture file?

BORED COP
Six cabinets. Two for 77, the rest for Newton, University, and Central. Stats, known addresses and LKA's on the back.

Lynley nods and walks to the cabinets. He takes his Polaroids from the SLA fuck films and spreads them out on a table, with the canvassing sheets he got at the Store-Ur-Self joint beside them. He pulls file drawer after file drawer and tries to match the attached mugshots on the back to the ho photos -- but none of the mugshots match to the pictures on the back.

Then:

He sees a shot of the whore who was badly beaten up in the film. He turns the card over and gets her stats -- "Tammy Lorelie Rudolph" -- and arrests going back to '69. Her last known address is 419 East 79th Street.

Lynley checks the canvassing sheets. He finds that the address was canvassed way back in late March. The screen goes black for a split second. We see a *previously seen shot of Donny Miller hassling a middle-aged black man, on his 79th Street porch, at the near-beginning of the story.*

The flashback ends. Lynley thinks voice-over.

LYNLEY (V.O.)

I transferred in on May 1. I saw that guy on my 3rd or 4th day on.

He flips the canvassing sheets ahead. He spots Miller's sheets for 5/1/74 to 5/5/74. Miller canvassed East 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, -- but omits *East 79th Street from his canvassing reports.*

Lynley gets goosebumps. He turns the whore-file pic over, sees that 419 East 79th is "Owned by suspect's brother, Charles NMI Rudolph," DOB 1/15/27, no criminal record."

Lynley runs into an adjoining clerical room. He fills out a DMV request form with shaky hands and gives it to a clerk. She's a good-looking brunette.

BRUNETTE

I'd offer you coffee, but I think you've had enough of that -- or something -- already.

LYNLEY

(grins)

Am I starting to smell?

BRUNETTE

Not quite.

(pause)

Hold on, I'll expedite this.

The clerk goes to a teletype machine, feeds Lynley's form in, pulls a sheet out of the machine and hands it to Lynley.

There's a driver's license photo. Bingo -- it's the man Donny Miller was hassling in early May -- the brother of the SLA porno-abused ho. Lynley tingles and weaves on his feet.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley drives by the ho stands on South Western Avenue. He's got the pic of Tammy Rudolph and all the other SLA film whores on his seat -- but he does not spot any of them. He slams the wheel in frustration.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley covertly circles 419 East 79th Street on foot. Lights are on in the house. He goes through a back gate, looks in windows and sees Charles Rudolph tending his sister Tammy in a hospital bed. She's still bruised and bears signs of her fuck-film beating. Brother Charles brings her an ice pack and orange juice.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley is holed up in his cheap motel room. He's eating Bennies and guzzling bourbon. A pump shotgun and ski mask rest on the bed. He's got the TV on, with the sound off. There's a news recap on the SLA shootout. Where's Patty Hearst?

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley parks his Chevy across the street from the Hawaiian Gardens housing project. It's 2:00 a.m. Lights beam from a basement window.

Lynley slips on a ski mask and gloves, grabs the shotgun and walks across the street.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME (CONTINUOUS). Lynley takes a series of labyrinthine corridors down to the basement. He hears voices within. He rears back and kicks the door in. Pimp types play high-stakes poker at six card tables. The room freezes.

Lynley pulls a gunny sack from his back waistband, tosses it at the floor and gestures at it. Words bubble up; men start to protest. A big black dude -- obviously the boss -- shushes them, picks up the bag, circuits the tables and dumps the cash in.

Lynley jacks a round in the shotgun. The big man walks up to him. Lynley averts the shotgun's barrel. The big man hands him the bag, then -- very fast -- pulls up Lynley's jacket waistband and pulls his badge off his belt.

BIG BLACK MAN
(examining the badge)
Number 7946.

(MORE)

BIG BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
I'll bet that be Mr. Lynley. Since Mr.
Franz got a piece of this game, that
means he be a dead man.

The card players laugh.

BIG BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
(to Lynley)
What's the matter, boss? Too many
niggers to kill all in one place?

More laughter. Lynley slowly backs out of the basement.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. Lynley walks into the Miller task force room at 77th Street Station. Vic Franz is alone in the room. Lynley shuts the door. Franz looks up and smiles. There's a spray of Leotis King's dogs-fucking-women photos pinned to the wall above his desk. The sign above them reads "Fuck, Spot, Fuck."

FRANZ
You hear about Teddy? He's brain-dead at
Burbank Memorial. Somebody jumped him
last night. You wouldn't know anything
about that, would you?

LYNLEY
Blame it on the niggers. That's the way
things work around here, isn't it?

FRANZ
Did you do it?

LYNLEY
Yes.
(pause)
I took down your card game, too.

FRANZ
(smiling)
I told Teddy's wife to pull the plug on
him. He'd be dead soon anyway, and he
was a heart attack waiting to happen.
(pause)
He was never you, killer. You're the
best I've ever seen.

LYNLEY
McAthie stiffed that radio call to you.
It's the only way you could have beaten
us to the Queen Mary.

FRANZ

(serious)

He's my sister's kid, so no reprisals.

(long pause)

Look at it this way, killer. We didn't know that faggot from the man in the moon until you handed him to us, so don't give me any song-and-dance about *your* innocence.

(pause)

Six jigs and a cop in one month, and Uncle Vic lets you walk on all of it. Think about it the next time you feel high and mighty.

LYNLEY

Why'd you kill him?

FRANZ

You had your choice. A seven-foot drag queen or your partners. You made the wrong choice, and you won't do it again.

(pause)

As for the card game, well, you won't do that again, either.

LYNLEY

You think you know me, don't you?

FRANZ

You didn't exist until I found you, and if I drop you, those niggers at the card game will kill you.

LYNLEY

So, I'm you in twenty years. That's your hole card.

FRANZ

You're me if you're lucky.

LYNLEY

You're Donny Miller. You've got a buck-ninety-eight in the bank, and you'll die with your shorts pulled upside your head and your badge pinned through your nose. The brass will know you're dirty,

(pause)

so all you'll get is a pro forma.

Franz turns pale. Lynley turns and walks toward the door, hyper-tense, ears cocked. He, and we, hear a chair scrape.

Lynley turns and catches a heavy wooden chair, hurled by Franz, in the chest. It knocks him down. Franz walks over, steps on a chair slat and pushes it into Lynley's neck. Lynley strains against the slat -- it's useless -- too much weight pins him down. He jerks his neck to the side; Franz loses his balance; Lynley kicks him in the leg and knocks him down.

Franz hits the floor. Lynley's up; he steps on Franz's neck until Franz turns blue. Then Lynley hauls him to his feet, bends him over and smashes his face into the glass-topped desk. Franz is near insensate. There's blood in his eyes and his mouth; his cheeks are gouged deep. Lynley yanks Franz upright and stagger-walks him to the door. He looks outside, sees no one, hauls Franz into the hallway, and steers him down a short flight of stairs to the queens' tank. The queens are shucking and jiving; Lynley racks the door open and tosses Franz in. Queens hover around him; Lynley re-racks the door.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/NIGHTTIME. The 77th Street Station parking lot. Lynley walks to his Chevy, and sees Dean McAthie walking toward him. McAthie looks scared. Lynley grabs him and flips his necktie in his face. McAthie quakes.

LYNLEY

Get out of here while you've still got a soul.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. Lynley walks into Jane Burdette's swanky downtown office. He's neatly groomed, wears his best suit and carries a briefcase. Jane is shocked to see him.

JANE

You finally got it right.

(pause)

Your clothes, I mean.

LYNLEY

I'm not a cop anymore. I figured I should start dressing civilian.

JANE

What's in the suitcase?

LYNLEY

\$22,881.

JANE

Did you inherit it, or win it at the track?

LYNLEY

It's start-over money.

JANE

For some people, yes.

LYNLEY

Anybody, this side of you.

JANE

Did you really quit your job?

LYNLEY

I've burned too many bridges.

JANE

Was it worth it?

LYNLEY

I don't know yet.

(pause)

You know, you never told me you loved me.

JANE

I guess I never quite got there.

LYNLEY

I did.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR/DAYTIME. Lynley's driving down East 79th Street. Though rundown, the neighborhood aspires to be middle class; the ramshackle homes are tended with dignity. There's a Mom & Pop grocery store on the corner. Lynley parks and knocks on the door of 419. Charles Rudolph opens up. It's instant two-way recognition. Both men stare at each other -- the Killer vs. Murder Suspect.

RUDOLPH

Yes?

LYNLEY

Come on, you know.

Rudolph stares at Lynley. Three long beats go down.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

Come on, man. You know.

RUDOLPH
(pointing to Lynley's
briefcase)
You moving in?

LYNLEY
We should both move out.

RUDOLPH
Why's that?

LYNLEY
You know I know.

RUDOLPH
What's in the briefcase?

LYNLEY
Your getaway stash.
(pause)
I had a good day at the track.

RUDOLPH
Where's the choppers and SWAT? LAPD
don't usually send one white man with a
briefcase.

LYNLEY
(deadpan)
You lured Miller to the garage. You said
let's talk. Maybe you promised him
money. He told you King was dead, but
they hadn't found him yet. You killed
him, you put those posters up at King's
pad to point to the SLA, you got worried
that he might have documents, so you
drove the car to the dump and booby-
trapped it.

RUDOLPH
Chapter and verse, but all I see is one
skinny white man.

LYNLEY
(putting the briefcase down)
I know what Miller did to your sister.
I'm the only one who makes you for it,
and I'm giving you a walk.

RUDOLPH
Why would the famous "Killer" do that?

LYNLEY

I figured it out, the fucking movie still exists, and there's no guarantee the other cops won't make you for it. When they do, they'll kill you. Get your sister and get out.

Rudolph looks at the briefcase. Lynley toes it toward him.

RUDOLPH

This is for real?

Lynley nods. Rudolph checks the street.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

Maybe we should trade cars. You know, cause some confusion. I got a '71 Riviera.

(pause while he looks around)
Shit, I'm ready to go now.

LYNLEY

You need a hand?

RUDOLPH

(shaking his head)
'61 Chevy. White man's car. Beats nothing, I guess.

LYNLEY

(looking around)
I'll miss this place.

RUDOLPH

(caustic)
I won't.

Lynley hands Rudolph his car keys; Rudolph hands Lynley his. Lynley walks across the street to the Mom & Pop store, leans against the door and exhales. He walks into the store; a black man stands behind the counter.

LYNLEY

Half pint of Schenley's and a ham sandwich. Rye and mustard.

The man nods, grabs the pint, and carefully makes the sandwich.

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

You know Mr. Deakins? Has the laundromat on Grape?

MAN

Yeah, I knows him.

LYNLEY

Tell him Chuck Lynley says goodbye.

MAN

All right. I'll do it.

The man bags the items and puts them on the counter. Lynley plops down a five and gets sixty cents change back.

Lynley goes outside, slowly walks to his "new" '71 Riviera and gets in. He unwraps the sandwich and eats his lunch as the shadows on the street begin to lengthen. He appears both thoughtful and numb. A gunshot sounds in the distance. Lynley flinches. More gunshots overlap, then subside.

Lynley finishes his sandwich. After awhile he sees Rudolph help his sister walk out of the house, with the briefcase and a couple of suitcases. They get into their new '61 Chevy.

Both men start their cars up and gun them in opposite directions. Lynley goes south on Avalon, then heads west on Manchester and crosses Wall Street, Main Street and Broadway. Rudolph turns north off 79th onto San Pedro, and passes Florence and Gage Avenues until, like Lynley, he finds an on-ramp for the Harbor Freeway.

An aerial shot shows them moving further and further from each other -- Lynley southbound, Rudolph northbound -- until their cars disappear as specks in the swarm of traffic.

Fade out/roll credits.