

ANGEL

by

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STREETWISE PRODUCTIONS

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FINAL DRAFT

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SUPER CREDITS OVER:

1 EXT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

1
REV

The harsh morning light reveals the peeling paint of a two story, turn of the century apartment building; a noble structure in its final state of decline.

MOLLY STEWART, a sweet-looking fifteen-year-old, EXITS the building. She is dressed in a fashionable 'preppy' outfit and carrying schoolbooks.

CUT TO:

1A EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - ANGLE ON MOLLY - DAY

1A

walking east on the boulevard. CAMERA FOLLOWS her to an "Automatic Bank Teller". She takes an envelope out of her purse and drops it through the 'overnight deposit' slot.

She turns and walks to the corner as a SCHOOL BUS ENTERS FRAME and stops.

1B ANOTHER ANGLE

1B

Molly climbs into the bus. The doors 'swish' closed. The bus pulls away.

CUT TO:

2 OMITTED

2

3 INT. BUS - TRAVELING - DAY

3

The bus is occupied by a dozen chattering TEEN-AGERS. Molly moves toward the rear, acknowledging two or three kids who say hello to her, with a silent nod. She chooses a window seat, places her books next to her, assuring she will have the entire seat to herself. She looks out the window.

4 MOLLY'S POV - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW

4
REV

Hollywood Boulevard is waking up. A sleeping DERELICT stirs on a bus bench. A SHOPKEEPER hoses down the sidewalk in front of his store. A news-vending machine is by the door... the newspaper headline reads:
BOULEVARD MURDERS.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4
REV

A WINO huddles in a trash-littered doorway. A lone NIGHTWATCHMAN waits for his bus home. A JOGGER lopes past black-iron security gates stretched across unopened stores.

5 ANGLE ON MOLLY

5

Reflective... an enigmatic look on her face. A BOY throws a wad of paper at a girl... across the aisle two GIRLS are giggling. A couple of seats ahead of her, three BOYS hover over a GIRL telling them an off-color joke. Molly is oblivious to the good-natured fun swirling around her.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

6
REV

A modern building set back on a rolling hill. The grounds are immaculately manicured... giant cypress trees shade walkways that cut across neatly-trimmed lawns.

The sign in the f.g. reads: "NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL -- A PRIVATE INSTITUTION -- GRADES 9 THROUGH 12". Some students are lounging about... others entering the building.

SAUNDERS (O.S.)

Now that you've had a chance to
recover...

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

7 INT. NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - ANGLE ON
MOLLY - DAY

7
REV

seated near the front row... looking over her report
card.

SAUNDERS (O.S.)

... from the shock of your report
cards, I have an announcement to
make...

(CONTINUED)

8

FULL ANGLE - FAVORING MR. SAUNDERS

8

REV

late forties... bearded, looking over half-glasses...

SAUNDERS (CON'T)

... which, will endear me in your hearts forever. Your homework for tonight is...

(class groans)

... to read... and digest the first act of King Lear.

(more groans)

Mr. Shakespeare thanks you... I thank you.

The BELL RINGS, signaling the end of class. The grumbling students start to rise. Saunders stops them.

SAUNDERS (CON'T)

Wait! Let me apply the coup de grace...

(smiles impishly)

... there will be a test tomorrow.

More groans as the students rise, collect their books and begin to EXIT class.

SAUNDERS (CON'T)

Molly, I believe your counselor wants to see you when you get a chance.

MOLLY

Thanks, Mr. Saunders...

She smiles her appreciation and EXITS.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - FULL ANGLE

9

REV

Molly is crossing campus. DIANE, a school bulletin in her hand, and two other girls run up to Molly.

DIANE

(excited)

Hey Molly, look you made the top of the honor's list again.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9
REV

MOLLY
(downplaying it)
Yeah, I guess I did...

DIANE
(makes an
exaggerated
funny face)
You may have the brains, Molly,
but I've got the looks.

They all laugh. Diane and the other girls start to
walk off. Diane turns back.

DIANE (CON'T)
Hey, we're all going to cheerleading
tryouts... You wanta come?

Molly starts to shake her head "No".

DIANE (CON'T)
C'mon... you'd be a cinch!

MOLLY
I'd love to Diane, but I don't
have time. Thanks for asking.

Diane and the girls wave goodbye and move off across
campus. CAMERA HOLDS on a wistful Molly.

CUT TO:

10 OMITTED

10

11 INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - FULL ANGLE - DAY

11
REV

PATRICIA ALLEN'S reviewing Molly's file. She is in her
mid-thirties, attractive, wearing tailored clothes. A
KNOCK at the door.

PATRICIA
(looks up)
Come in.

Molly ENTERS.

MOLLY
(tentative)
You wanted to see me, Miss Allen?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11
REV

PATRICIA

Yes, please sit down.

MOLLY

(sitting)

Is something wrong?

PATRICIA

Not at all, Molly. I just wanted to have a little chat.

(a beat)

I'm curious. I see here you're not taking part in any of the social activities at school. Are you having difficulty making friends?

MOLLY

Not really, Miss Allen.

PATRICIA

Molly, your parents are paying a great deal of money to give you the very best education...

MOLLY

(interrupts)

I don't understand Miss Allen. I'm on the honors list.

PATRICIA

There's no question you're an outstanding student. We're very proud of your work. But there's more to life than straight A's. It's important you become the well-rounded person you're capable of becoming... that means excelling outside the classroom as well as inside.

MOLLY

It's my mother, Miss Allen. Since her stroke, she's been paralyzed...

PATRICIA

Yes, I know. I'm terribly sorry.

MOLLY

... I just don't have the time for school clubs and stuff. I have to go home and take care of Mom.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11
REV

PATRICIA

I understand...

(scribbles on
note pad)... If you feel the need to talk
to someone, or if I can help you
in any way...

(hands her note)

... please feel free to call me
... anytime.

MOLLY

Thanks Miss Allen, I appreciate
it.

Molly rises and EXITS. CAMERA HOLDS on Patricia.

CUT TO:

12 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

12

RIC SAWYER, a senior, three-sport athlete, wearing his letter sweater, is talking to HOWIE WILLIAMS, a short, dark-haired senior who enjoys imitating Howard Cosell. Two friends join them. Molly approaches from down the hall.

HOWIE

Hey, Ric...

(indicates Molly)

Check what's coming down...!

RIC

(to Howie)

Hey man, I'm going out for a pass!

Ric assumes a three-point stance to center an imaginary ball to Howie.

HOWIE

On three! Set! Hut! two...
three!

Ric runs a zig-zag pattern down the hall. Howie throws the imaginary ball... Ric cuts in front of Molly and catches it.

RIC

Touchdown!

She ignores him.

RIC (CON'T)

Hey, baby. No applause?

She tries to step around him, but he blocks her.

RIC (CON'T)

I hear you're real smart. C'mon over tonight, help me with my homework, and I'll give you something you can really applaud!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MOLLY

(insincere)

I'd really like to help you out
Ric...

(looks him dead
in the eye)

... but I have better things to
do!

She walks off. She has shot him down in flames in front
of his buddies. They break up laughing. He yells out.

RIC

Egg-head cunt!

HOWIE

(does Cosell)

Ladies and Gentlemen, the
unthinkable has happened. Ric
Sawyer, he of the razzle-dazzle,
destined to become an all-American
has been unceremoniously sacked
by an eighty-nine pound sophomore
of the feminine gender. I mean,
Ladies and Gentlemen, this is
embarrassing!

RIC

Fuck off!

CUT TO:

13 EXT. NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL - FULL ANGLE - DAY

13
REV

FAVORING WAYNE, fifteen, painfully shy, waiting at the
school bus stop. The school is in the b.g. and WE SEE
Molly approaching.

WAYNE

(shy, hesitant)

Molly... I... uh... my name is
Wayne.

MOLLY

I know...

WAYNE

(surprised)

You do...? Well, I a... ahh...
I was wondering... if, could
you... uh... would you like to...
go to a movie?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13
REV

MOLLY

I appreciate your asking me,
Wayne, but my mother thinks I'm
too young to date.

HOLD on Wayne's frustrated look.

SMASH CUT TO:

14 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - ANGLE - NIGHT

14
REV

A young girl leans into a car window talking to the driver. Her hiked-up mini-skirt affords us a great view, as the CAMERA PANS UP her long legs. WE SEE the lights of Hollywood shimmering in the b.g.

DRIVER

Hi! You looking for a date?

15 DRIVER'S POV

15

The girl is Molly! She's wearing a pleated mini, high-heels and white anklets... and modest street make-up. On the street she is known as ANGEL. She smiles seductively.

ANGEL

Could be. How much did you
want to spend?

DRIVER (O.S.)

All I've got is twenty bucks...

ANGEL

Sorry... have a good night...

CUT TO:

16 FULL ANGLE - FAVORING ANGEL

16

walking away from the car. We HEAR a melancholy VOICE singing a cappella, belting out the joys and sorrows of life on the street.

17 FULL ANGLE - THE BOULEVARD

17

UNDER THE MUSIC, we see the boulevard and its myriad colors. It is the shank of the evening.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Angel continues strolling the Walk of Fame, occasionally casting subtle glances at cars slowing down to give her the once over.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. THE BOULEVARD - ANGLE ON ANGEL - NIGHT

18

Standing on the corner waiting for the light to turn. A PICK-UP TRUCK pulls up to the curb. TWO BOISTEROUS 'URBAN COWBOYS' "hit" on Angel. She immediately walks the other way, against the traffic. As the truck pulls away, one "cowboy" leans out the window and flips her a bird! The VOICE continues its rhythmic wail, as it is joined by a piano-organ.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. HUNTINGTON HARTFORD - VINE STREET - NIGHT

19
REV

BLIND EDDIE, fifty-ish, a Greek captain's cap pulled down over dark glasses. He is a one-man band: a ~~harmonica~~ around his neck, a ~~trumpet~~, a cymbal on stands, and playing the portable piano-organ.

*big noise
amplifier**small
clapping*

Eddie's siren SONG has lured three tourists off-course. A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE and their THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.

Eddie finishes with a flourish. The little girl claps enthusiastically. The father deposits several coins in a Cadillac hub-cap. Eddie smiles 'thank you' and feels for the money.

20 CLOSE ON COLLECTION PLATE

20

As another hand deposits coins into the hub-cap.

BLIND EDDIE

Hello Angel! How's my favorite girl?

21 FULL ANGLE - BLIND EDDIE, ANGEL AND THE FAMILY

21

ANGEL

(laughing)

How do you always know it's me?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

BLIND EDDIE

Easy... I hear your angel
feathers!

Eddie resumes playing. Angel notices the family and the thirteen-year-old girl. She feels a twinge of sadness. She and the little girl exchange looks, a fleeting moment, interrupted by the persistent O.S. SOUND of a BEEPING HORN.

22 NEW ANGLE

22

A car, driven by a pot-bellied middle-aged 'JOHN' pulls up to the curb. Angel goes to the passenger window, leans in and begins negotiating.

23 ANGLE ON FAMILY - FAVORING THE LITTLE GIRL

23

Watching Angel, fascinated...

ANGEL (O.S.)

(barely audible)

Hi! Want to party...?

24 FULL ANGLE - ANGEL AND CAR

24

Angel gets in... As the car pulls away Angel looks back at the girl. Again, they lock eyes... Only two years in age separate them... but they are worlds apart.

CUT TO:

25 ANGLE ON FAMILY - FAVORING THE LITTLE GIRL

25
REV

She watches the car drive away. Her father gently lays his hand on her shoulder... she looks up at him, then the loving family turns and walks down Vine Street. CAMERA HOLDS, then TILTS DOWN to the Walk of Fame. A pair of ankle-top BLACK BOOTS ENTERS FRAME. The boots are flat-heeled and highly polished. The heel of one boot is adorned with a piece of silver jewelry, a delicate replica of a single pronged spur. The Walk of Fame STARS flash by under the sweep of his boots.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. TOM'S #5 HAMBURGER STAND - NIGHT

26
REV

An unmarked POLICE CRUISER pulls to the curb, parks in the RED ZONE. LIEUTENANT HUGH ANDREWS (48 to 55), a big man resembling an overgrown teddy bear, with un-combed hair, and a rumpled suit, gets stiffly out of his car. Favoring a bad back, he lumbers over to the funky sidewalk cafe. A BAG LADY is playing the video game Donkey-Kong. Her shopping cart, filled with goods scrounged from garbage bins, is parked on the sidewalk blocking the entrance. Andrews politely moves it aside and walks up to the order counter.

27 EXT. THE BOULEVARD - ANGLE ON KIT CARSON - NIGHT

27

Tall, lean (70's), with 'Custer-style' hair, beard and mustache, and wearing a fringed buckskin coat and a white cowboy hat... A pair of 'prop' guns are strapped to his waist. He strolls down the boulevard, stopping from time to time to shake a merchant's door to make sure it's locked. (The Old West Marshal, checking his town at night.)

28 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - PATIO - ANGLE ON ANDREWS - NIGHT

28

Eating chicken. Bag Lady continues playing Donkey Kong in b.g. Andrews eyeballs the passing parade on the boulevard.

29 HIS POV - ACROSS THE STREET - ANGLE ON ANGEL

29

Walking past a MIDDLE-AGED MAN seated at a bus stop waiting for his bus. The man speaks to her, she smiles and walks back to him. The BUS pulls up, OBSCURING CAR VIEW. After a beat, the bus roars away. We see the man did not get on. He walks off arm in arm with Angel.

30 BACK TO ANGLE ON ANDREWS

30

Reacting to Angel picking up her 'john'. He knows she can't be over fourteen or fifteen years old. He sighs heavily and throws his chicken aside. It's a scene he's witnessed many times.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

KIT

Well, I'll be hog-tied.

31 FULL ANGLE - FEATURING ANDREWS AND KIT CARSON

31
REV

KIT (CON'T)

... if it ain't Hugh Andrews?

ANDREWS

How you doin' Kit?

They shake hands warmly.

KIT

(looking him over)

You ain't change a bit, Lieutenant.

ANDREWS

(laughs)

Look closer... you'll see four
more years of wear and tear.

Kit laughs, reaches over to Andrews' plate, and takes
a bite of his hamburger. Andrews is not surprised.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

You haven't changed either Kit.

Kit douses the burger with ketchup... Andrews starts to
protest but gives up. Kit takes another bite and hands
it back to Andrews.

KIT

(chewing)

Now, that's much better...

(wipes his chin)

I'd ask what brings you back but
it's plain to me. Terrible thing,
those two girls being killed like
that.

Andrews looks at the burger in his hand, and discards it.

ANDREWS

You always know what's going on,
don't you?

KIT

(steel in his eyes)

This here's been my town for fifty-
two years... gotta take care of it
while I can.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31
REV

ANDREWS

I wish more people felt that way
Kit, but times have changed.

KIT

Yeh, that it has...

Kit hesitates, now lost in thought. Andrews' remark
about changing times has triggered in Kit, a long-lost
memory... or is it a long ago-played scene from a movie?

KIT (CON'T)

Did I ever tell yuh the time I
was nearly strung up for being
a horse thief... it was in
Billings Montana... or was it
Bozeman? No matter... as you
can tell...

(laughs).

... they did a poor job of it...

(chuckles)

... the rope broke... called me
Lucky after that.

(a beat... as

Kit returns

to reality)

There was talk awhile back you'd
hung up your guns.

ANDREWS

That's all it was, talk. I am
up for retirement in a couple of
months, but... 'quien sabe'?

(rises, feels

aching back)

Whoever said the body goes first
sure the hell knew what they were
talking about.

They walk back to Andrews' car.

KIT

(shakes hands)

Get that guy, Lieutenant!

ANDREWS

I plan on it.

Kit walks off in a different direction, continuing his
'duties'. Andrews, favoring his back, winces as he
climbs into his car.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. THE BOULEVARD - ANGLE ON BLACK BOOTS - NIGHT 32

Striding across the Walk of Fame. Suddenly they stop. CAMERA PANS to a pair of rollerskates, then TRAVELS up a GIRL'S bare legs, lingering on her sensuous ass and skin-tight shorts.

33 HIS POV - OVER BLACK BOOTS' SHOULDER - FULL ANGLE 33

The Girl on rollerskates has stopped to listen to a JESUS PEDDLER (woman) preaching to a MAN on crutches and two other PEDESTRIANS. The Jesus Peddler senses a presence behind her, turns and speaks to 'Black Boots', the light of Jesus thining in her eyes.

JESUS PEDDLER

Hello! We're out here tonight,
telling everyone about the love of
Jesus! Have you taken Jesus in...

The expression on her face tells us she has seen something frightening in his eyes. She stares transfixed, then slowly backs away. He walks AWAY FROM CAMERA.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HAMBURGER STAND - CLOSE ANGLE - NIGHT 34
REV

A pair of dice bounces crazily off the asphalt... seven! A hand moves over to a pile of money... before the fingers can squeeze around the cash, the sharp HEEL of a woman's pump ENTERS FRAME, pinning the hand to the pavement.

MAE (O.S.)

That's the fifth straight seven
you rolled, buster!

35 FULL ANGLE - MAE AND ANGEL

35

Angel is standing next to MAE, blond, early thirties, dressed in a slinky, skin-tight white dress, a feather boa casually draped around her slender shoulders. She is standing over three IRANIAN PARKING ATTENDANTS. We will discover later that Mae is a transvestite.

MAE (CON'T)

You wouldn't be trying to cheat
me, would you sperm-head?

She grinds her six-inch spike heel into his hand.

36 CLOSE ON IRANIAN

36

He yelps, and curses in Iranian!

37 FULL ANGLE

37

Mae swings her purse wildly, clobbering the other two as they scatter. Angel backs away, laughing. Mae picks up the cash and the dice. She shows the dice to Angel.

ANGEL

Are they loaded, Mae?

MAE

I've seen sharper corners on
basketballs!

(tosses dice over
her shoulder)

C'mon, honey, let's see if we
can find the girls...

CUT TO:

38 INT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - CINEGRILL COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

38
REV

A BEARDED DERELICT sits in a booth, hunched over a bowl of soup. The SOUND of SLURPING echoes throughout the coffee shop.

CAMERA PANS to the cash register. GEORGE THEMOPOLOUS, the Greek night manager, slams a check on a spiked spindle.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38
REV

He's irritated by the noise and wondering if the bum can pay his check. CAMERA CONTINUES PAN... to a booth where Mae, Angel and two other girls are seated. LANA, blond, nineteen, a typical 'hooker' look is crushing out a cigarette. CRYSTAL, 17 but looking a shop-worn twenty-three has her nose buried in a MOVIE FAN MAGAZINE. It is apparent that Angel, by far, is the youngest of the group.

MAE

(doing W.C.
Fields)

Well, my little chickadee...
what do we have here?

(looks at
Angel's
report card)

Ah, yess... straight A's...
wonderful!

LANA

That's neat, Angel.

ANGEL

(proudly)

Thanks.

CRYSTAL

(looking up)

Yeah, I had a report card like
that once.

MAE

(still W.C.)

No doubt she forged it.
(normal voice)

I don't know about you ladies...
but it is lean out there.

ANGEL

It's the murders Mae, even the
Johns are scared.

CRYSTAL

He's killing hookers... why
should the Johns be scared?

MAE

You ever try to run with your
pants down around your legs?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38
REV

They all laugh, but Lana... who nervously lights up a cigarette.

MAE (CON'T)

If you think about it, every single second, somewhere in this world someone is getting fucked.

LANA

(grumbling)

And I can't turn a trick for a lousy twenty bucks.

MAE

Offer them thirty.

LANA

Fuck you... Mae.

CRYSTAL

(oblivious to
the animosity)

I thought they were supposed to pay us.

Mae looks at Angel. Angel looks at Lana. They all shrug.

MAE

I think I'll raise my price.
(noting their
look)

That's the answer to everything...
I wanna go out and buy me a whole new wardrobe, all designer labels ... shoes, furs, dresses, minks... you name it. I want to be the best dressed broad in town.

LANA

I want to get the hell out of this town. Go somewhere where there's clean air.

(thinks a
moment)

Maybe Tahiti.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38
REV

ANGEL

Why Tahiti?

MAE

Because the men there use their
dicks for oars, that's why.

They all laugh, except Lana.

LANA

God damn it, Mae, Sherry and
Faye aren't even cold yet...
and you can't stop with the
jokes.

MAE

Ever hear of whistling in a
graveyard, kid?

CRYSTAL

Look...

(opening the
fan magazine
to a picture
of Richard Gere)

Isn't he awesome.

Now it's Mae's turn to give Lana a dirty look.

CRYSTAL

(oblivious to
it all)

What I wanna know is where's
the guy who said he was gonna
put me in the movies...?

ANGEL

(matter of fact)

You know those stars on the
boulevard Walk of Fame? My
father installed some of them.

Crystal gives her a dubious look.

ANGEL (CON'T)

No, it's true. He was a terrazo
stone artist.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (4)

38
REV

Themopolous moves to the booth, pours a round of coffee.

ANGEL (CON'T)

When I was about five, he'd take me to the dedication ceremonies. There'd be all these famous movie stars... he'd boost me on his shoulders, so I could see them. It was the most wonderful time of my life.

CRYSTAL

Is he still alive?

ANGEL

(an odd look)

Of course, he's still alive... He's working on a project... out of town.

Angel looks at Mae. Crystal starts to say something, but Themopolous interrupts.

THEMOPOLOUS

You kids shoulda seen Hollywood Boulevard twenty-five years ago. Then, this boulevard was something to see. Now, it's a toilet.

A SOUND (O.S.) captures Themopolous' attention.

39 HIS POV - DERELICT

39

rapping his coffee cup with a spoon. A finger protruding from a tattered glove points at his empty cup.

40 BACK TO THEMOPOLOUS AND BOOTH

40
REV

THEMOPOLOUS (CON'T)

An ulcer. That bum is going to give me an ulcer.

(to Angel)

How's your mother, Angel?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40
REV

ANGEL

Much better, Mr. Themopolous.
She loved your soup.

THEMOPOLOUS

(looks at
derelict)

So does that bum!

Themopolous leaves, grumbling.

They all crack up. Lana spoons sugar into her coffee. Her hands trembling so badly, she spills sugar all over. She lifts the cup to her lips, then becomes aware the laughter and conversation have died out. Everyone is staring at her. She puts the cup down, holds out her shaking hands.

LANA

(trying to
make light)

Brain surgery, anyone?

No one laughs.

MAE

When you gonna quit snorting that
shit?

ANGEL

It's going to kill you Lana.

LANA

What the fuck difference...?
In this business you're an old
lady at nineteen.

No one seems to have an answer to that. Lana's on the verge of tears. Angel reaches over and holds her hand. Mae breaks the spell.

MAE

C'mon girls, let's go... They're
out there... waiting for us.

She rises, exits the booth... then stops.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40
REV

MAE (CON'T)

Just remember Mae's eleventh
commandment Girls, Thou shalt
not fuck young jocks. Covet
thy older john... He's safer.

Even Lana has to smile over that one.

CUT TO:

41 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - ANGLE ON COFFEE SHOP DOOR - NIGHT 41

Swings open as Themopolous pushes the Derelict out into
the lobby, cursing and following him out.

THEMOPOLOUS

Goddamn it! Don't tell me no
money. You pull this no money
shit on me before.

Angel and the girls ENTER FRAME as Themopolous raves
on...

THEMOPOLOUS (CON'T)

(calling out)

And don't come back.

(looks at girls)

At least hookers got money.

They pay.

Mae lights two cigarettes (a la Bette Davis/Paul
Henried), places one in Themopolous' mouth.

MAE

(doing Davis)

Here, dear boy, puff on this!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

They walk away leaving Themopolous with the cigarette dangling from his lips.

MAE (CON'T)

I've never known it to fail...
Give a man something to suck on,
and he's happy!

CUT TO:

41A ANOTHER ANGLE - ON GIRLS - FAVORING MAE AND LANA

41A

as they move out into the corridor and stop at a restroom door.

MAE

We'll see you two later... Right
now, I really must freshen up
for Kato.

CRYSTAL

Is it true what they say about
Oriental men?

MAE

(halfway through
restroom door)

Every won-ton of it, darling.

The "Ladies" room door CLOSES INTO CAMERA.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CLOSE ANGLE - NIGHT

42
REV

A dangerous looking KNIFE is being used to clean the wielder's finger-nails. ANGLE WIDENS to show lower half of man's body and his black boots. The man is leaning against the building, one boot crossed over the other. CAMERA PANS to front entrance. Angel and Crystal EXIT. They wave goodbye and separate. After a beat, the boots follow Angel. They stop at the SOUND of an OFF-SCREEN BEEP.

43 FULL ANGLE

43
REV

Angel leaning over, looking into a car at the DRIVER.
He is in his late twenties, dressed in a suit and tie.
They're negotiating a deal, but we can't hear them.
In the b.g. the shadowy owner of the boots watches.

Angel gets in the car... the Driver pulls away from
the curb and into traffic.

44 EXT. THE BOULEVARD - ANGLE ON CRYSTAL - NIGHT

44

Walking away from CAMERA, her hips swaying suggestively,

45 BACK TO BLACK BOOTS

45

Follows Crystal.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. WAX MUSEUM - CLOSE ON SPINNING YO-YO - NIGHT

46
REV

Spinning on the sidewalk.

YO-YO (O.S.)

That's called 'walking the dog,'
folks.

ANGLE WIDENS to disclose YO-YO CHARLIE performing for a small group of spectators in front of the Wax Museum. Yo-Yo is an impish-looking fellow, wearing a frock coat and derby. His mustache and eyebrows are pencilled in ... (a hint of Chaplin). Next to him is a small table for his props and yo-yos. Crystal ENTERS FRAME, as Yo-Yo wraps up his act.

YO-YO

(grins shyly)

Hi, Crystal! You look great!

CRYSTAL

Thanks, Yo-Yo.

YO-YO

(spins a yo-yo)

How's business...?

CRYSTAL

Like your yo-yo...

(giggles)

Up and down...

He grins at her double-entendre. He reaches into a bag and pulls out a beautiful red and white top.

YO-YO

Lemme show you a new trick...

He spins the top, releasing it on the sidewalk, then stoops down and lets the top spin onto his palm.

YO-YO

Hold your hand out...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46
REV

She sticks out her hand, her eyes glow with wonderment
as he transfers the spinning top from his palm to hers.

CRYSTAL

It's beautiful....!

YO-YO

(closing her
hand on it)

It's yours...

CRYSTAL

Thank you, Yo-Yo...

YO-YO

(shyly)

Maybe I'll see you after work?

CRYSTAL

You can bet your top on it!

She walks off with a deliberately sexy swagger. Yo-Yo
smiling to himself, spins another top.

The Black Boots walk through FRAME.

47 INT. CAR - TRAVELLING - ANGLE ON ANGEL AND DRIVER -
NIGHT

47

It's the same man who picked her up in front of the
Roosevelt Hotel.

DRIVER

You do this very often?

ANGEL

Every chance I get. It's good
exercise.

The driver grins. He's hit the jackpot.

ANGEL

(dryly)

I walk a lot...

CUT TO:

48 OMITTED 48

49 INT. ANDREWS' CAR - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD - NIGHT 49

Andrews stops at a crosswalk to allow the Bag Lady and her shopping cart to get across the boulevard. He turns to look O.S., as another car pulls alongside.

50 ANDREWS' POV - ANGLE ON CAR 50

He sees Angel in the passenger seat. She looks at him ... their eyes lock.

51 ANGLE ON ANDREWS 51

He remembers her as the young hooker who picked up the 'john' at the bus stop. The car with Angel moves on.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. THE BOULEVARD - ANGLE ON CRYSTAL - NIGHT 52

"Trolling." She senses someone behind her. She pauses ... hoping it's a 'john' looking for a good time. She turns around.

53 WIDE ANGLE - FEATURING CRYSTAL AND BILLY

53
REV

BILLY (BILLY BOY) is lean and sinewy... a sleeveless-vest accentuates his muscular arms. He has curly hair. WE SEE Crystal ask him a question. He nods. She smiles and takes his arm. They WALK AWAY FROM CAMERA, Crystal feeling his bicep. WE CAN just perceive the words.

CRYSTAL

Ohhh... just what I like... nice and strong!

CUT TO:

54 INT. CAR - BACK TO ANGEL AND DRIVER

54

DRIVER

I thought you and me could have us a little party.

ANGEL

(putting him on)
I'm under age, Mister... or are you one of those perverts who gets off on little girls?

She gives him a cold look. He squirms uncomfortably... taking his eyes off the road.

54A ANOTHER ANGLE - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

54A

A PEDESTRIAN darts in front of the car, causing the driver to slam on his brakes.

DRIVER

Stupid bastard!

We CAN SEE Mae standing on the curb. She waves. Angel opens the door.

54B ANGLE - ON ANGEL

54B

exiting the car, as Mae approaches.

(CONTINUED)

54B CONTINUED:

54B

ANGEL
(for Mae's
benefit)
Thanks for the ride, Officer!

She closes the door. Mae looks in.

MAE
(to the Driver)
Good night, Numb-nuts... time to
go home and spank your monkey!

The Vice Cop, angered at being 'made', peels off.

MAE (CON'T)
(to Angel)
For a while there, I thought you'd
been busted!

ANGEL
All I wanted was a ride down the
boulevard... I had "Porky" made
the minute I got in the car.
(grins)
Didn't I have the best teacher in
the world?

MAE
Spare me the bullshit! C'mon,
I'll buy you an ice-cream cone.

They cross the street heading for SWENSON'S.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. PINK SOMBRERO MOTEL - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

55
REV

A cottage-type motel set in from the street. Cottages form a U-shaped perimeter around a courtyard.

55A INT. TRICK CRIB - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

55A

Two naked hookers TANYA and ROXIE giggling and laughing as they get dressed. An old GEEZER is passed out on a bed. Tanya grabs the man's wrist... feels for a pulse, shrugs, lets the arm flop on the bed. They are both consumed with convulsive laughter as they continue dressing.

55B EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

55B

Billy and Crystal move across the courtyard toward another trick-crib.

Suddenly, a cottage door opens, a shaft of light slices across the courtyard. WE HEAR Tanya and Roxie laughing. Immediately, Billy grabs a shocked Crystal from behind with a suffocating choke-hold, dragging her back into the shadowed recesses of the carport.

55C ANGLE - ON TANYA AND ROXIE

55C

EXITING their crib. Roxie slipping a sweater over her head, as they walk across the courtyard.

TANYA

Damn it, I forgot my panties.

ROXIE

Don't bother. I think that old buzzard ate 'em.

They giggle some more... then stop in front of the carport to light up a joint.

56 INT. CARPORT - CLOSE ON BILLY AND CRYSTAL - NIGHT

56
REV

Hidden in the shadows. Visible only is his hand clamped around her mouth, and her terror-stricken eyes, pleading silently for help. She struggles, but is locked in a steel-vise.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

TANYA

(giggling)

I thought he was dead at first...

ROXIE

(sucking in smoke)

The only thing dead was that wick
between his legs.

As Billy listens to the hookers rapping, he slowly eases
the blade of his knife between Crystal's ribs. She
flinches... her eyes widen in horrified shock!

ROXIE (CON'T)

C'mon... the night's still young...

(they move away)

... maybe we'll get lucky...

57

ANGLE - ON CRYSTAL'S FEET

57

FRAMED in the f.g. ... they jerk spasmodically, then
are still. In the b.g. Tanya and Roxie walk on down
the street.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. BOULEVARD - SWENSONS - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW - 58
NIGHT REV

CLOSE on FAT LADY eating an enormous amount of ice-cream from an equally-gigantic dish. CAMERA PANS to Andrews EXITING Swenson's. He's eating an ice-cream cone. He heads for his car at the curb... sees something and stops.

59 HIS POV - JENKINS AND TWO HOOKERS 59
REV

JENKINS, a thirty-five year old Black uniformed patrolman rousts two hookers. He gives them back their I.D.'s and gestures for them to move on. He turns to see Andrews watching.

60 FULL ANGLE 60
REV

JENKINS

(smiles)

Lieutenant!

(they shake hands
vigorously)

Good to see you back...

ANDREWS

(indicates girls)

I see they're keeping you busy.

JENKINS

(shaking his head)

You'd think with a psycho loose,
they'd stay off the streets.

ANDREWS

Nothing stops the action, Jenkins.
A tidal wave could hit this
boulevard, and the whores would
bob up like corks.

JENKINS

(through laughter)

You got it Lieutenant.

(sobering)

I guess that's why you're back,
isn't it?

Andrews nods, takes a bite out of his ice-cream.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60
REV

JENKINS

Let me tell you, this guy is
one sick sonavabitch... and he's
got us running around in circles.
(more to himself)
What makes that sleeze-bag tick?

ANDREWS

They don't need reasons... some
enjoy it... they get off on it.
I'd say our man got dumped by
his father when he was a kid...
and it wouldn't surprise me if
his mother... sexually assaulted
him!

JENKINS

Christ!

Andrews spills ice cream on his coat. But doesn't miss
a beat.

ANDREWS

We know he's a necro... He's
probably li-sexual...

Andrews pulls out a handkerchief, rubs at the spot
without looking, but only makes it worse.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

... maybe impotent. And I'll
tell you something else, this
bozo's just starting. His guts
are so twisted with hate and rage
he's got to explode again.

Jenkins stands open-mouthed, impressed.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

But, the one thing we got going
for us... down deep... this
sonavabitch wants to get caught.
(a sigh)

We've just got to get to him
before he kills again.

JENKINS

(shaking his head)
You're better than the computer
Lieutenant.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60
REV

ANDREWS

(slow grin)

Got carried away, didn't I?
Look, I'll need help from
someone who knows the area...
Interested?

JENKINS

(ear to ear)

I thought you'd never ask.

In the b.g., WE SEE Angel and Mae EXIT Swenson's.
Andrews gestures in their direction.

61 THEIR POV - ANGEL AND MAE

61

ANDREWS (O.S.)

You operated that hooker yet?

62 BACK TO ANDREWS AND JENKINS

62
REV

JENKINS

No, but I've seen her around a
lot.

(as afterthought)

She keeps her nose pretty clean.

62A FULL ANGLE

62A

Andrews finishes the last of his ice-cream cone.
Angel... looking back... recognizes Andrews.

CUT TO:

62B EXT. BOULEVARD - AT HIGHLAND - NIGHT

62B

A man in a wheelchair scooting south on Highland... just
making the signal at Hollywood Boulevard. He's heading
home for the night.

CUT TO:

62C EXT. BOULEVARD - NIGHT

62C

A MAN wearing a beret... Middle-east look.. pedaling
west on the sidewalk. His bicycle has one large front
wheel and the normal-sized back wheel.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. BOULEVARD - COURTYARD CHINESE THEATRE - FULL
ANGLE - NIGHT

63
REV

BULBS are POPPING. A small group of JAPANESE TOURISTS taking pictures. The subjects are varied. A BALLOON SCULPTOR creates a green standard poodle. A man dressed like Fred Astaire is immobile. Spectators can't figure out if he's wax or human. CAMERA PICKS up Kit entertaining a handful of tourists. He flips his guns into the air, catches them, and in one motion slides them back into their holsters.

KIT

Learned that trick from Tom Mix
... used to double him in all his
movies. As a matter of fact, I
worked with a lot of the old
Western stars... Buck Jones, Ken
Maynard... William S...

Kit suddenly stops talking, and slowly raises his hands.

ANGEL (O.S.)

(drawls)

I got a forty-five finger in
your back pardner. One false
move, and you're a goner.

64 FULL ANGLE - FEATURING KIT, ANGEL AND MAE

64

Angel has her forefinger pressed in the small of his back.

KIT

You slippery little sidewinder,
you snuck up on me again.
Shoulda knowed it was you two...

(hands autograph
to a tourist)

Hang that on your wall, pardner...
Tell 'em you got it from Kit
Carson, in person!

(to Angel)

Why ain't you home, little girl...
It's past midnight.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

ANGEL
(imitates Kit)
Heading that way now pardner!

KIT
I'd be happy to escort you ladies.
Angel and Mae each take an arm.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

65
REV

Mae and Angel are playing hop-scotch in front of C.C. Brown's Ice-cream Parlor. It is an incongruous sight, to say the least. Mae, having difficulty negotiating the jumps with her high heels, staggers, and nearly falls down. Kit and Angel crack up. Mae laughs too, and they continue walking.

KIT

Did I ever tell you Angel about
the time your pappy and I got
thrown out of the Brown Derby?

ANGEL

Yes... but tell me again. I
love that one...

KIT

(pensive)

... or was it Musso and Frank's?
I tell you, when you been around
as long as I have... the memory
dims like a campfire at sunrise.

Angel and Mae exchange glances, as Kit's mind drifts to another time, another place, then back again.

KIT

He and I used to tip a few, let
me tell you... your pappy and me...
I miss'im.

ANGEL

So do I.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

66
REV

Angel, Kit and Mae ENTER FRAME. They pause at the front gate. Kit looks at the old building.

KIT

That building's the only thing
on this boulevard older than
I am.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66
REV

MAE

(looking him up
and down)That's why they want to condemn
it.

ANGEL

They better not condemn it.

Kit and Mae exchange meaningful looks.

KIT

Your daddy knows this boulevard
honey... If he ever comes back
he'll...

ANGEL

(interrupts...
flaring)I was born here. When he comes
back, he'll expect to find me
here... and this is where I'll
be...(she kisses his
cheek)

Goodnight.

KIT

Night. Say 'hello' to your Ma
for me.

(tips hat)

My pleasure ladies.

CUT TO:

67 INT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - FIRST FLOOR ENTRYWAY - FULL
ANGLE - NIGHT

67
REV

Angel and Mae ENTER. Mae pulls a key from her purse,
as they walk down the hall and stop at Room 102.

MAE

(doing W. C.
Fields)

Can I interest you in a drink,
my dear? Say... a glass of 100-
proof milk.

ANGEL

I don't think so, Mae... I'd
better get upstairs to bed.

VOICE (O.S.)

I thought that was you faggot.

MAE

(without turning)

Bring out the spray, Angel. I
hear a cockroach.

They turn.

68 THEIR POV - SOL MOSLER

68
REV

his head protruding from a doorway... two rooms down the
hall. Mosler is in his early fifties, smoking a stub
of a cigar. He has on reading glasses... one ear-piece
is missing and he's replaced it with a rubberband that
loops around his ear.

SOL

Girls... c'mere... I wanta show
you my latest masterpiece.

CUT TO:

69 INT. MOSLER'S APARTMENT - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

69
REV.

Angel and Mae ENTER. The decor is early Andy Warhol... nothing matches. A 'still-life' is set up on a table next to an easel.. a bowl filled with fruit, sitting on a crimson-velour drape. Propped against the bowl is a .44 Magnum revolver.

The 'painting' is a garish potpourri of colors, vaguely representing a bowl of fruit. Mosler, wearing paint-spattered trousers and a grimy tank-top, points at it proudly.

SOL

I call it Fruit with Gun!

MAE

I call it shit!

SOL

(glowers at Mae)

What do you know, fagala? You don't even wear the right clothes.

MAE

The hell I don't Monkey-brains... this dress cost me six-hundred bucks!

ANGEL

Okay, you two, that's enough.

(absent-mindedly

picks up gun)

This is some cannon, Mr. Mosler. Where's you get it?

MAE

Like everything else in this dump. An ex-tenant left it.

SOL

(snatches the
gun)

Whattya crazy? This ain't no toy.

(to Mae)

For your information, I bought it today.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69
REV

MAE

What for? Bear season ain't
open yet.

SOL

If that psycho killer shows up
around here, I'll blow his head
off!

(tucks the gun
in his waistband)
You ready for a little game?

MAE

Why not? Break out the board!

As Mosler produces a cribbage board and cards...

ANGEL

(gives Mae a
kiss)

Goodnight. I got a test tomorrow.
Gotta study.

(heads for door)
Goodnight, Mr. Mosler...

SOL

Sleep tight, Molly...
(watches her
exit)

Have you noticed our little Molly
is growing?

MAE

I noticed you noticed. You keep
your dirty hands off her...

(points to gun
in belt)
An' take that thing outta your
pants, before you blow your
balls off!

CUT TO:

69A INT. APARTMENT STAIRWAY - ANGLE ON ANGEL

69A

climbing stairs to the third floor landing... She walks to her apartment, number three-twenty-one. At the far end of the hall is an old-fashioned wood and glass telephone booth.

SOUND OVERLAP: SHOWER RUNNING.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

70 INT. ANGEL'S SHOWER - NIGHT

70

Angel soaping herself... an introspective look on her face. She is scrubbing off the night life. CAMERA HOLDS...

CUT TO:

71 INT. PINK SOMBRERO MOTEL - BATHROOM - CLOSE ON SINK - NIGHT

71

Billy is scrubbing his hands with manic obsessiveness. He is bare-chested. He dries his hands.

72 INT. MOTEL ROOM - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

72
REV

Billy ENTERS from the bathroom... crosses to the bed.

Crystal's body is on the bed. A sheet covers all but her head.

72A ANOTHER ANGLE

72A

Crystal's eyes are open. Billy's face ENTERS FRAME. He kisses her full on the lips.

72B FULL ANGLE

72B

Billy gently pulls back the sheet to expose Crystal's naked body... then slowly unzips his fly.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

73 INT. ANGEL'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH - NIGHT

73
REV

Angel as a little girl is perched on a man's shoulders. The inscription on the photo reads: "To Molly, an Angel on my shoulder, love Daddy."

ANGLE WIDENS to show the photograph is one of several pictures on the wall. CAMERA PANS the room, painted in shades of lavender and white. A giant teddy bear rests on a canopied bed. Old Christmas cards and birthday cards are taped on the dresser mirror.

73A NEW ANGLE - ANGEL

73A

ENTERS from the bathroom. She is wearing a peignoir, her breasts visible... She opens her closet, takes out an outfit to wear to school in the morning, and hangs it on the closet doorknob... then crosses to her dresser and sits.

74 NEW ANGLE - ON ANGEL'S IMAGE IN MIRROR

74

She opens a MUSIC BOX (a present from her father) and as she listens to the music, begins to apply night cream to her face. Her eyes fall on a birthday card propped against the music box. She picks it up.

75 HER POV - ANGLE ON CARD

75

It reads: "Molly, my angel on earth, Happy Birthday, Daddy. P.S., I love you"...

76 ANGLE - ANGEL'S IMAGE IN MIRROR

76

Her eyes tear up... she sways slightly to the music, lost in the bittersweet memories of her childhood with her Daddy.

DISSOLVE TO:

77 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - WIDE ANGLE - SUNRISE

77
REV

FEATURING Mann's Chinese Theater in f.g., and the quiet,
almost deserted boulevard in the b.g. CAMERA PANS to
the Las Palmas Arms... and HOLDS.

CUT TO:

78

INT. ANGEL'S KITCHENETTE/DINING ROOM - ANGLE ON ANGEL 78
- DAY REV

Sunlight filters through a window... Angel's preparing a breakfast tray. She's wearing the outfit she laid out the night before. She opens the 'fridge', pours a glass of orange juice, and puts it on the tray. The doorbell RINGS.

SOL (O.S.)

Sol...

ANGEL

Just a minute, Mr. Mosler.

She retrieves a painting from in back of a desk and hangs it on the wall. On the bottom of the landscape is the artist's name, S. MOSLER. Angel unlocks the door... opens it.

SOL

(grinning)

Morning, Angel... It's rent time, honey.

ANGEL

I almost forgot, Mr. Mosler.
C'mon in... I'm just giving Mommy her breakfast, and I'll have her sign a check.

Intently, Mosler watches her pick up a checkbook at the desk, tuck it under her arm, then carry the breakfast tray in to her mother's bedroom. He notes with a degree of pride, his painting hanging on the wall. His reverie is interrupted by Angel's return with the rent check.

ANGEL (CON'T)

Mommy said to say hello, Mr. Mosler.

SOL

(scrutinizes
check)

How is your mother these days?

ANGEL

She's improving.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

SOL

Give her my best. Oh...
(hands her slip
of paper)

... here's your receipt. Thanks
Angel, and I'll see you later.

Mosler EXITS. She removes his painting from the wall,
and hides it back behind the desk. She slips the
receipt into an accordian file, then brings the file
with her back into her mother's room.

79 INT. MRS. STEWART'S ROOM - FULL ANGLE - DAY

79

Angel ENTERS. The room is EMPTY. The bed stripped.
The dresser bare... no pictures on the walls... no trace
of anyone living or having lived in the room.

She crosses to the bed, sits down next to the breakfast
tray and checkbook. She takes out a huge wad of cash
from the file, counts it... stuffs it into an envelope
and seals it. She then takes a stack of bills from the
file, and spreads them out. She opens the checkbook,
and while munching on toast, she begins to write checks.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. GARDEN COURT APARTMENTS - FULL ANGLE - DAY

80

Angel EXITS and walks toward Highland Avenue... Several
books cradled in her arms.

80A ANOTHER ANGLE

80A

Angel at a mailbox, deposits several bills into the
slot... then walks over to a bench to wait for the
school bus...

CUT TO:

80B EXT. NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL - ATHLETIC FIELD - FULL
ANGLE - DAY

80B

Angel, pensive, sits alone in the bleachers. She's
watching the cheerleader candidates rehearse routines.
Diane, dressed in a colorful outfit with matching
pom-pons, is clearly the best of the three girls.
Diane waves at Angel. Angel waves back... forcing a
smile.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. PINK SOMBRERO MOTEL - CLOSE ANGLE ON YO-YO - DAY

81
REV

tears welling in his eyes. ANGLE WIDENS... to reveal the motel room... Andrews is interrogating him. Jenkins is next to them. In the b.g., a Forensics team and members of the Coroner's staff are busy working.

YO-YO

I was supposed to meet her...
this afternoon... When she
didn't show up... I came here...
and...

(breaks down)

ANDREWS

(softly)

How long did you know her?

YO-YO

(recovering)

Not very long... she was new in town. She...

(looks up)

How could anyone do a thing like this?

ANDREWS

Can you account for you whereabouts last night?

YO-YO

Yessir...

ANDREWS

Good...

Andrews notices Yo-Yo's hand clutched around an object.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

What have you got there?

He gently pries Yo-Yo's fist open... to reveal a blood stained top.

CUT TO:

81A INT. ANGEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

81A

Angel ENTERS. She's wearing the same clothes she wore while watching the cheerleaders work out. She pulls off her sweater... slips out of her skirt, and takes off her bra as she moves into the bathroom.

81B ANOTHER ANGLE - BEDROOM - MIRROR ON ANGEL'S DRESSER.

81B

Angel's face appears in the reflection. Her damp hair piled high atop her head. She sits down, and WE SEE a towel covers her body. In a series of cuts, she applies make-up, eyeliner, lipstick.

81C FULL ANGLE

81C

She gets up, crosses to the bed, takes off the towel to show she is wearing bra and panties. She slips on silk hose and a garter belt. The SOUND of the DOORBELL startles her.

She puts a robe on, as CAMERA FOLLOWS her to the living room door. She opens it a crack, then pulls it open to reveal Mae, an odd look on her face.

ANGEL

What's the matter, Mae?

MAE

It's Crystal!

CUT TO:

82

EXT. PINK SOMBRERO MOTEL - COURTYARD - DAY

82

A couple of police cars are parked in the b.g. A coroner's wagon is pulling away. Angel, Mae, Kit, Lana, Yo-Yo and several street people surround a uniformed policeman. They're all talking at once. Andrews ENTERS FRAME... makes his way through the group.

ANDREWS

Hey, everybody settle down...
What's the problem?

ANGEL

(turns to
Andrews)

Three of my friends are dead.
That's the problem. What are
you going to do about it?

Andrews recognizes Angel as the little hooker he saw
the night before.

ANDREWS

(patiently)

We're doing the best we can.

ANGEL

(at his throat)

That's not good enough!

ANDREWS

Look, we're bringing in more men,
and putting out more patrols.
But we can only do so much. We
need help from you people, and
I mean you "ladies of the night."
Be careful out there. Don't take
chances; work in pairs, if you
can, and for Christ's sakes
stick to regulars...

The hookers in the crowd look at each other, nodding
agreement. Some are tickled that a cop is telling
prostitutes how to run their business.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

LANA

You'd make a great sugar pimp,
Lieutenant!

They all laugh. Andrews, unruffled, moves into the crowd handing out business cards.

ANDREWS

You see anything suspicious, give
me a call... no matter how trivial.
It could be important.

He holds out a card to Angel... she studies him for a moment... sees something she can trust and takes the card.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

83

Two figures in the distance approach. We see it's Angel and Lana.

ANGEL (V.O.)

A 'john' I know has a travel
agency... Says if we go in
December we get twenty percent
off.

LANA

Tahiti in December! Bitchen!

ANGEL

But if we go as sisters -- that's
family... It's fifty percent off!

84 EXT. THE BOULEVARD - CLOSER ANGLE - ANGEL AND LANA - NIGHT

84

They stop at the corner.

ANGEL (CON'T)

He gave me some brochures...

She digs them out of the tote bag she uses to carry her books and starts to hand them to Lana... But sees Lana is looking OFF SCREEN and smiling.

85 ANGEL AND LANA'S POV - BILLY

85

On the next corner. He's leaning against a building, his face partially in shadows.

86 BACK TO ANGEL AND LANA - FULL ANGLE

86

LANA

I think I see our down payment.

Lana walks across to Billy... says something to him. His face comes out of the shadows for a brief moment... He nods, yes. She takes his arm and they walk off down the side street.

87 ANGLE ON ANGEL

87

Watching Lana and Billy walk away. She smiles.

88 EXT. THE BOULEVARD - NORTH SIDE - ANGLE ON "PED"
PATROL - NIGHT

88

Two UNIFORMED POLICEMEN, on foot patrol, roust a YOUNG MAN for his I.D.

88A EXT. BOULEVARD - NORTH SIDE - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

88A

Several motorcycles neatly parked alongside each other. A spit and polish shine on each one. They belong to the BIKERS chewing the fat in the b.g. Most of them are in their late forties. One of them, DOG MAN, is feeding his two malamute dogs, scraps of pizza.

89 EXT. BOULEVARD - SOUTH SIDE - ANGLE ON KIT - NIGHT

89

"Walking" his boulevard... tipping his hat to the ladies ... eyeballing the drifters and weirdos... making sure they don't hassle the tourists.

89A EXT. BOULEVARD - SOUTH SIDE - ANGLE ON BAG LADY -
NIGHT

89A

slowly pushing a market-basket full of odds and ends... She stops, leans against a car... pulls a butt from one of her pockets, and lights it.

90 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE BOULEVARD - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT 90

Andrews' car slowly cruises by... he's patrolling the boulevard.

CUT TO:

90A EXT. HOLLYWOOD GLENN MOTEL - NIGHT 90A

Another TRICK-CRIB, not as sleazy as the Pink Sombrero.

90B INT. MOTEL ROOM - ANGLE ON LANA - NIGHT 90B

FRAMED in the doorway of the bathroom. She is completely nude. She waits a long beat, then provocatively MOVES TOWARD CAMERA. She stops, and gives Billy Boy her best girl-scout smile.

LANA

Honey... why haven't you taken off your clothes?

CUT TO:

91 INT. CINEGRIL COFFEE SHOP - CLOSE - NIGHT 91

on a transparent plastic TRIANGLE being set down on a piece of white paper. Another hand ENTERS FRAME with a pencil, and the hand traces a line down the side of the triangle, and in a series of quick moves, WE SEE the construction of a medium-sized Geometric three-cornered figure.

ANGLE WIDENS to show Angel doing her Geometry homework. Text books are open next to the papers. Her tote bag is next to her on the seat. She is totally engrossed.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me, miss.

Angel looks up.

92 FULL ANGLE

92

A paunchy MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN dressed in a tweed suit, holding his hat in hand.

THE JOHN

You were recommended to me.
Would you be interested?

ANGEL

(looks him over)

Why not?

She snaps her books closed and puts them in her purse.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. HOLLYWOOD GLENN MOTEL - ANGLE ON CAR - NIGHT

93
REV

pulling into the courtyard and parking. The "John" and Angel get out and head for the trick crib.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. MOTEL ROOM #2 - CLOSE - NIGHT

94
REV

On "Occupied" sign hanging on the doorknob.

ANGEL (O.S.)

My girlfriend and I share this
room.

ANGLE WIDENS to show the "John", no longer the gentleman, trying to run his horny hands all over Angel. Angel parries as best she can.

ANGEL (CON'T)

(knocks)

Time's up, Lana...

No response.

JOHN

(shouts at door)

What's the matter... can't talk
with your mouth full.

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94
REV

He thinks this is the funniest thing he's ever said.
He bangs on the door.

JOHN (CON'T)

(laughing)

Don't eat it all Buster...
leave some for me.

(more laughter
bangs on door
again)

C'mon, let us in... We'll make
it a "menage-a-twat!"

He roars with laughter. Angel starts to move away.

ANGEL

Look, we better make it another
time.

He grabs her roughly by the arm.

JOHN

You're not going anywhere you
little cunt... use your goddamn
key!

Angel glares at him.

ANGEL

Let go of my arm!

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

JOHN

(backs off)

Okay... okay...

He pulls two one-hundred dollar bills from his vest pocket... tucks them in Angel's blouse.

JOHN (CON'T)

Now let mee see that smile again.

(chuckles)

You better be fourteen baby, or
I'll have to throw you back in
for being too old.

He laughs again, as Angel unlocks the door. They ENTER
the darkened room.

95 INT. MOTEL ROOM - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

95

Angel flips on the light. The room is empty. The John
can't wait... he grabs for Angel... and tries to un-
button her blouse. He gets one button loose, but Angel
backs off.

ANGEL

Wait! Go get cleaned up first...

JOHN

All right... baby, you pour
yourself in that bed. I'll be
right back.

He starts backing toward the bathroom... never taking
his eyes off her. He EXITS into the bathroom and
closes the door. Angel starts to undress...

96 NEW ANGLE

96

Suddenly the bathroom door is yanked open! The John appears in the doorway, gasping for breath, his face chalk-white...

ANGEL

(partially
undressed)

What is it? Are you all right?

He tries to speak, but he can only manage gurgling sounds. He staggers across the room and out the door.

97 ANGLE ON ANGEL

97
REV

Alarmed, she looks at the partially-open bathroom door. She sees nothing, hears nothing. There is just an ominous silence -- SHATTERED by the SLAM of a car door, a MOTOR STARTING, then the SQUEAL of tires, as the car ROARS off.

Angel's impulse is to run out as well, but the 'pull' to the bathroom is stronger. She retrieves her blouse, slips it on, and moves slowly, cautiously, fearfully toward the door.

98 NEW ANGLE - ON ANGEL

98

Approaching the bathroom door. She stops, listening for a sound, a movement... anything that would stop her from going in. Her hands trembling with fear, she pushes the door gently... easing it open.

99 HER POV - IN BATHROOM

99

The sink, the mirror... the toilet, the shower stall. Nothing!

100 FULL ANGLE - ON ANGEL

100
REV

Stealthily moving into the bathroom. She sees nothing unusual... then she moves deeper into the bathroom. The tub has a shower curtain drawn across. She stares at the curtain, afraid to look behind it, but unable to resist the impulse. She pulls it aside. Her eyes widen in horror! Repulsed by what she sees, she staggers back, gasping... then she begins to cry, her insides racked by choking, heaving sobs.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100
REV

As she backs out of the bathroom, she passes the medicine cabinet mirror. Reflected in the mirror is a portion of the bathtub. We catch a brief glimpse of Lana's mutilated remains in the tub.

101 OMITTED

101

CUT TO:

102 ANGLE - ON ANGEL

102
REV

backing away... Sobbing.

SOUND OVERLAP.

103 INT. POLICE STATION - ANDREWS OFFICE - ANGLE - NIGHT

103
REV

on POLICE ARTISTS putting the finishing touches on a
SKETCH that vaguely resembles Billy Boy.

ANGEL (O.S.)

(lashing out)

Will you leave me alone! I told
you all I know...

104 FULL ANGLE

104
REV

Angel crying, sits in a wooden chair. The Police Artist
with a sketch pad sits nearby. Andrews hovers over her.
Jenkins is at the door. SOUND is normal.

ANGEL

It was dark, I couldn't see him
that well.

ANDREWS

What about his voice?

ANGEL

He was across the street.

ANDREWS

Then what the hell can you tell
me?

ANGEL

(lashing out)

He killed Lana... I can tell you
that.

Andrews grabs the sketch and shoves it in front of
her face...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104
REV

ANDREWS

Is that him?

(she turns away)

Look at it. There must be
something else you remember.

Angel doesn't respond. Frustrated, he gives the sketch
to Jenkins.

ANDREWS

Have this Xeroxed, and put out
an APB.

Jenkins EXITS... Andrews motions for the artist to
leave. He turns, sees Angel, staring at the floor. He
looks at her for a long moment... she looks so young,
a helpless orphan.

His jaw clenches... all the anger and steam leaves him.
He pours two cups of coffee, crosses back to Angel and
holds one out to her. She shakes her head no.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

Take it!

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104
REV

She takes it, stares at it numbly, then mumbles a toast.

ANGEL

Here's to Tahiti...

ANDREWS

What?

ANGEL

Tahiti. Lana had this fantasy about going to Tahiti. She wanted to get away...

Andrews takes a sup of coffee... after a beat...

ANDREWS

You got a pimp?

Her red-rimmed eyes look at him... in disbelief.

ANGEL

You think I'm stupid?

ANDREWS

Why would I think you're stupid. You got it all going for you... you're young, attractive, healthy ... and you're swimming in a toilet. Now why in the world would I think you're stupid?

ANGEL

(defiant)

It's my life.

Unexpectedly, he grabs her roughly by both arms, his barely controlled rage, sifting out through gritted teeth.

ANDREWS

The hell it is. You're not out there by yourself! I'm out there too goddammit! Everytime I see a kid like you turning a trick I want to blow up the goddamned street.

ANGEL

(tearing herself loose)

Leave me alone! You're not my father! You haven't any right to judge me...! You don't know anything about me!

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (3)

104
REV

ANDREWS

How old are you? Fifteen, sixteen?
You got any idea what happens to
used-up whores? They don't end
up in Leisure World... they get
strung out on hard shit, and booze,
and they spend half their time in
the slammer. You're living in
a fantasy world too baby. The
reality is you need a kick in the
ass.

She stands up, and through her tears, lashes out at him.

ANGEL

You think I'm proud of what I'm
doing? A bunch of old fat slobs
drooling and slobbering all over
me... I hate it. Sometimes I get
so disgusted with myself, I think
I'm going to throw up.

ANDREWS

Then, why do you do it?

ANGEL

I have my reasons... besides I
have no intention of doing this
the rest of my life.

ANDREWS

You think you're going to walk
away scot-free? Everything in
this world costs something Angel.
Whatever you do, you pay a price.
Somewhere down the line, you're
going to have to pay.

ANGEL

Then, I'll pay.

For a moment, they stare at each other... breathless,
silent. After a long beat, Andrews sighs... He gets a
handkerchief out of his pocket... and holds it out to
her.

ANDREWS

Blow your nose.

She looks at him... her eyes watering.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (4)

104

ANDREWS (CON'T)

Please...

She wipes her nose and dries her tears and hands the handkerchief back to him.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

C'mon... I'll have someone drive you home.

ANGEL

Thank you.

CUT TO:

105 INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

105

The room is austere, suggesting the starkness of a jail cell. O.s., we HEAR a GRUNTING SOUND, breath being EXHALED. CAMERA PANS the room... the bed with its neatly-tucked corners... several Blue Boy magazines stacked on a nightstand, a number of photos taped to the wall... pictures of Billy and an older woman, his mother.

CAMERA PANS to Billy, stripped to the waist, glistening with sweat, doing sit-ups on a slant-board rigged at a steep angle. He ends his last set, picks up a towel and crosses to the window. MANN'S CHINESE THEATER is directly across the street. He looks down at the pedestrian traffic. Light from the marquis casts a red glow on his face. He rubs himself sensually with the towel, thinking about Crystal... and how he almost got off with her.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. MANN'S CHINESE - ANGLE FEATURING KIT' AND MAE - NIGHT

106
REV

Kit is holding court with a few tourists.

KIT

I'd have to say the toughest star I ever worked with was Franklin Farnum in Rough Going... an' lemme see, I reckon Wild Bill Cody in the Fighting Sheriff had the fastest draw.

In the b.g., a Black and White approaches.

107 INT. POLICE CAR - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD

107
REV

Jenkins driving Angel home. She spots Kit and Mae in front of the Chinese Theatre.

ANGEL

You can let me out here.

JENKINS

Lieutenant told me to take you home.

A couple of PUNKERS, their hair ablaze with iridescent colors, cross in front of Jenkins' car, causing him to come to a halt.

ANGEL

This is my home.

She opens the door, and gets out. The ORANGE-HAIRED PUNKER hollers at Jenkins.

PUNKER

What's the matter 'Porky' not gettin' enough at home?

108 FULL ANGLE

108
REV

Mae crosses over to greet Angel; as Jenkins pulls away.

ANGEL

(her eyes
watering)

Lana's dead, Mae...

MAE

I know, honey... I know... C'mon,
let's go home.

Mae puts her arm around Angel's shoulder. CAMERA HOLDS, as they walk away... a shop-worn transvestite and a child/woman whose world is slowly crumbling around her. Kit follows them.

108A NEW ANGLE - ON BILLY'S WINDOW

108A

CLOSE on his face FRAMED in the window... staring intently down the boulevard... in the direction of Angel, Mae and Kit. CAMERA HOLDS on the WINDOW. His face begins to FADE AWAY (his eyes being the last thing WE SEE). CAMERA CONTINUES TO HOLD on the window as NIGHT gradually FADES into MORNING.

DISSOLVE TO:

109 EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL - FULL ANGLE - EARLY MORNING 109

CAMERA MOVES IN FEATURING the entrance to the Cinegrill coffee shop.

110 INT. CINEGRILL - ANGLE ON ANDREWS - DAY 110

Seated in a booth, studying police reports. He sips his coffee and glances out the window.

CUT TO:

111 ANDREWS' POV - ON ANGEL 111

Walking past the shop. He watches her board a SCHOOL BUS.

112 BACK TO ANDREWS

112

Puzzled. He's trying to reconcile the image of the feisty young hooker from the night before, with this freshly-scrubbed Miss Teen-Age America, obviously on her way to school.

CUT TO:

113 INT. SCHOOL BUS - TRAVELING - DAY

113

Angel sits alone, preoccupied... thinking of Lana. Now and then a tear rolls down her cheeks.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL - DAY (ROTUNDA)

114

Angel gets off the bus and joins other students walking to the main building. A YOUNG COUPLE standing near the entrance are holding hands and kissing. She glances furtively at the couple as she passes them on her way into the building.

CUT TO:

115 INT. ANDREWS' CAR - ANGLE ON ANDREWS - DAY

115

The car pulls to the curb. Through the windshield, we see the North Oaks sign in the f.g. He has just seen Angel go into the private school. He shakes his head, intrigued.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - FULL ANGLE - DAY (TO BE SHOT @ 445)

116

FEATURING Angel walking. She notices a couple holding hands. Another boy has his arm around his girl's waist... the girl is wearing his letter sweater. She reaches her hallway locker.

117 NEW ANGLE

117

Angel opens her locker, puts her books in, and is about to close the door. A figure ENTERS FRAME and prevents her from closing it.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

ANGLE WIDENS to show Ric holding the door open with his left hand... his right hand curled around the edge of the open locker. She tries to force the door closed, but can't. Howie, watching a few feet away, eggs him on.

HOWIE

C'mon, Ric, when the going gets tough, the tough get going.

RIC

(laughs)

Strong, aren't you? I bet you're wild in the sack.

MOLLY/ANGEL

Please, Ric... I'll be late for my gym class.

RIC

You don't know what you're missing, Molly... Why do you think they call me "Razzle-Dazzle?"

To make his point, Ric grabs at his crotch with his left hand... unthinkingly releasing the door. Angel steps back and slams the door on the hand that's still part way inside the locker. Ric leaps back ROARING with pain. Clutching his injured hand, he holds it up to Angel.

RIC (CON'T)

(half crying)

That's my pitching hand... you bitch... you trying to ruin my career?

His eyes glazed with hate, he turns to Howie, who's trying to suppress a grin.

RIC (CON'T)

Don't just stand there, asshole, get me to a doctor...

CUT TO:

118 INT. SCHOOL - GIRLS' GYM LOCKER ROOM - FULL ANGLE - DAY

118

A DOZEN GIRLS in various stages of undress; two bare breasted girls in f.g., towel themselves.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

CAMERA PANS to Angel, in bikini panties... THREE GIRLS in cheerleader outfits have just finished dressing... they take up their pom-poms and EXIT.

Angel notices two pom-poms laying on the bench. She starts to call out, realizes it's too late... she's alone. She picks up the poms-poms, emulating a cheer-leading routine. She stops suddenly, looks at the pom-poms, thinks what's the use, angrily throws them on the floor... and continues dressing.

CUT TO:

119 INT. CINEGRILL COFFEE SHOP - FULL ANGLE - DAY

119
REV

FAVORING Kit and HORACE ZIGMAND, a short balding lawyer nose-to-nose. Kit has hold of Zigmand's tie with one hand... the other hand presses a gun against Zigmand's throat. Mae watches, amused.

KIT

I'm telling you I ain't goin' to
no retirement home.

ZIGMAND

(gasping)

Will you please put that cap pistol
away, Mr. Cornwall.

KIT

(tightens)grip)

Carson. The name is Kit Carson.

Angel ENTERS, runs up to them.

ANGEL

What's wrong, Kit?

MAE

(jerks a thumb
toward Zigmand)

Baldy here is the executor of
Kit's estate. He says he's made
arrangements for Kit to go to
this retirement home.

KIT

That'd mean I'd never walk the
boulevard again.

ANGEL

(to Zigmand)

You can't force him to go can
you?

KIT

(re-tightens grip)

You bet he can't.

(CONTINUED)

ZIGMAND

(choking)

No...

(Kit lets up)

Thank you.

ANGEL

Why don't you leave him be.

ZIGMAND

Young lady, you...

Mae stands, towering over him.

MAE

(in her deepest
male voice)You heard the young lady, Shorty.
Now get your ass out of here.

Totally shocked to learn Mae is a man, Zigmand backs off, nearly knocking a tray out of the hands of a waitress, and EXITS. Kit, grinning, holsters his pistol.

KIT

When I'm ready to be put to pasture, I know exactly where I'm goin'... the Motion Picture Home. Now, that's a wonderful place... all my friends are out there.

(thinking)

Hell, I'll be able to see Tom Mix again.

MAE

I think Tom Mix is dead, Kit.

KIT

That's right... I plumb forgot.
Hell, then Hoot Gibson.

ANGEL

I think he's dead, too!

KIT

Dammit! There ain't none of us
left anymore.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119
REV

ANGEL

I'm glad I found you two. I'm
on my way down to the morgue.

Kit and Mae exchange quizzical looks.

ANGEL (CON'T)

For Lana. Don't you know what
they do with unclaimed bodies?

KIT

Can't say as I do.

Mae shakes her head no.

ANGEL

I don't know either, but whatever
it is, it can't be good.

MAE

We better get down there before
she ends up in the tomb for the
unknown hooker!

CUT TO:

120 INT. POLICE STATION - ANDREWS' OFFICE - CLOSE - DAY

120
REV

ANDREWS

(concerned)

Angel, the last place you should've
gone was the morgue.

121 FULL ANGLE - ANDREWS - ANGEL - MAE AND KIT

121
REV

ANGEL

(upset)

We have a right to claim the body.
We're all the family she had.

ANDREWS

I can appreciate that, but I
don't make the rules, Angel.

MAE

What in the hell do you need an
autopsy for? We know what killed
her.

ANDREWS

(patiently)

There's nothing I can do about
it. It's the law.

MAE

Then the law sucks... you should
pardon the expression.

ANGEL

You got Lana...

(can hardly

say the words)

... in an icebox, while you
people sit around and...

(her eyes water,

her voice

chokes up)

She needs to be buried... but
you don't give a damn! That's
because you're nothing but a
cop. You've got no feelings
inside!

(to Mae and Kit)

C'mon let's get out of here.

MAE

(parting shot

to Andrews)

Remind me never to get murdered.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

Andrews watches them leave. After the door closes, he throws his pencil on the desk, rises and crosses to the window, thinking about what Angel has said.

The door OPENS. He sees that Angel has come back in... she stands there trying to find the right words.

ANGEL

(after a long
beat)

I came back to apologize... You
didn't deserve that last shot.

Andrews doesn't say anything. She turns to leave...

ANDREWS

Hey kid... you like Armenian food?

CUT TO:

122 INT. BILLY'S ROOM - DAY

122

CAMERA PANS slowly over a series of snapshots... a young man is sitting next to an older woman. A photo ripped in half, showing a seven-year-old with long shoulder-length curls. He's wearing a Lord Fauntleroy outfit.

CAMERA HOLDS on a formal portrait of the stern, lantern jawed woman. It's signed: "To my devoted, wonderful, glorious son, Billy Boy." CAMERA PANS to Billy's face ... staring at the photo, his forehead beaded with sweat. He licks his lips.

ANGLE WIDENS as he crosses to the refrigerator, gets out an egg... flicks his knife open, uses the point to prick a tiny hole in the egg...

He sits on the bed, and sucks the raw egg, while intensely staring at his mother's portrait on the wall.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. ARMENIAN PATIO CAFE - CLOSE ANGLE - DAY

123

On two plates of falafel as they are set on a table.

ANDREWS (O.S.)

I must have been about thirteen...

124 FULL ANGLE - ANGEL AND ANDREWS

124

They are seated at a patio table... a WAITER has just served them... the waiter walks away.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

My mother couldn't believe I had stolen a car... until the cops came knocking. That night she belted me on the nose!

Angel chuckles... she picks up her falafel to take a bite, but it starts to fall apart.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

The secret to eating these things is to keep them from falling apart.

ANGEL

Is she still alive?

ANDREWS

Mom? Yeah, and kicking. 72 next month. She has a chicken ranch up in Porterville. You ever been on a farm, Angel?

ANGEL

No... sounds like fun...

ANDREWS

What about your parents?

ANGEL

My mother's an invalid...

ANDREWS

I'm sorry...

ANGEL

That's okay... She's getting better.

ANDREWS

Your father?

ANGEL

He's gone...

(catching
herself)

I mean, he's out of town a lot...
in oil.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREWS

If that's the case, why are you
on the street?

ANGEL

(thinking fast)

I didn't say he sent us money.

ANDREWS

Some girls would rather starve
than hit the street.

ANGEL

(defensive)

Maybe some girls have a choice!

ANDREWS

For a kid you're a real smart ass!

ANGEL

(defiant)

I am not a kid!

ANDREWS

(a beat)

Your mother doesn't know, does
she?

ANGEL

What if I told you, she hooked
too?

ANDREWS

Right... and you go out as a
team! Introducing Mom and Angel
... take your pick, gentlemen;
age and experience versus youth
and beauty!

ANGEL

(rises)

Andrews... you're a bastard.

She storms off.

ANDREWS

Hey... I thought this was a
truce...

His falafel falls apart.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NEAR CHEROKEE - FULL ANGLE 125
- DAY

Two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS hand a sketch of Billy to a store owner.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - WEST OF CHEROKEE - FULL 126
ANGLE - DAY

FEATURING Billy walking.

127 HIS POV - ANGLE ON POLICE OFFICERS 127

Walking in Billy's direction. Kit is in the f.g.

128 BACK TO BILLY 128

Having seen the police, he ducks into a porno theater.

129 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - FULL ANGLE - DAY 129

Kit displaying his dexterity with his guns for TWO KIDS. The two officers ENTER FRAME. Kit nods to them as he does his lightning draw, flipping the peace-makers up in the air, catching them, and twirling them back into their holsters. The kids are wide-eyed. So are the cops.

CUT TO:

130 INT. PORNO THEATER - DAY 130

A handful of patrons watches the latest in sex-sleaze. An USHER walks down the aisle... spots a man with his feet wedged between the seats. His light beam flashes on a glint of silver. He shines the light into the man's face.

USHER

Hey scum-bag, take your dirty
boots off the seats, this
ain't your fucking office!

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

Billy's eyes glare with hate, but he doesn't dare draw attention to himself. He obediently complies.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. THE BOULEVARD - FULL ANGLE - DAY

131

Two Police Officers and Kit. The older of the two cops is holding Kit's guns.

KIT

Them are genuine peacemakers.
A gift from Tom Mix.

OLDER COP

These are really nifty, Kit,
great balance.

(examines firing
pins)

Lucky for you, the firing pins
have been removed, otherwise...
I'd have to haul you in.

KIT

I know what I'm doin' Deputy,
my pappy didn't raise no
turnip farmer.

The cops laugh, return the pistols, and walk off.

132 ANGLE - ON TWO COPS

132

YOUNG COP

Who's Tom Mix?

CUT TO:

133 INT. PORNO THEATER - FULL ANGLE - DAY

133

The Usher and the Older Cop walk slowly down the aisle
... the Usher's flashlight beam showing the way. The
Cop has his weapon drawn. The Usher leads him to where
Billy was sitting... the beam shows an EMPTY seat.

USHER

Well, goddamnit, he was here!

OLDER COP

Shhh!

134 ANOTHER ANGLE

134

Billy, who switched seats, hears the commotion, perceives the Cop. He slips the ASIAN FLIP KNIFE out of his boot, flicks it open, slashes a hole in the cushion and tucks the knife inside the hole. He gets up.

135 BACK TO USHER AND OLDER COP - FULL ANGLE

135

The Usher spies the dark figure, swings his flashlight around and catches Billy's curly hair in a shimmering halo.

OLDER COP

(yells)

Hold it right there!

CUT TO:

136 INT. POLICE STATION - ANDREWS' OFFICE - CLOSE ANGLE - 136
NIGHT

On Andrews... his head is UPSIDE DOWN. WE HEAR the SOUND of a DOOR opening.

JENKINS (O.S.)

Lieutenant?

137 FULL ANGLE

137
REV

Andrews is hanging upside-down, stretched full-length on his "Gravity-Back Swing," going through a daily routine designed to ease his back problems. His feet, shackled to the swing, are pointed to the ceiling.

ANDREWS

Yes... what is it?

JENKINS

They've got a suspect, sir...
fits the description.

Andrews swings right-side-up... his face red from the blood rushing to his head.

ANDREWS

Pick up Molly Stewart... first
thing in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137
REV

Jenkins hesitates, puzzled.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

The girl they call Angel!

(a beat)

And have a line-up ready.

CUT TO:

138 INT. POLICE STATION - LINE-UP ROOM - DAY 138

CAMERA PANS a half-dozen SUSPECTS, among them, Billy, second from the left. The others are similar in size, weight, and coloring.

139 INT. VIEWING ROOM - ANGLE - ANDREWS, ANGEL, JENKINS - DAY 139

They are seated in semi-darkness, looking through a two-way mirror. The Line-up room is the size of a small classroom. THREE DETECTIVES, a UNIFORMED COP (all unarmed) are seated in rows of folding chairs. TWO ATTORNEYS, BAILBONDSMAN and a REPORTER sit a couple rows back.

Angel studies the suspects.

ANDREWS
(gently prods)
Angel...?

ANGEL
I'm not sure... He could be the second one from the left...

ANDREWS
Could be? I've got to have more than that, Angel.

ANGEL
I only had one look at him... it was dark. I'm sorry, I can't swear it was him.

140 INT. LINE-UP ROOM - FULL ANGLE - DAY 140

A ROOKIE COP ENTERS... with coffee for the detectives.

141 CLOSER ANGLE - ON ROOKIE 141

He's also unwittingly bringing a gun into the room.

142 ANGLE - ON BILLY 142

His eyes flicker for a second as he sights the gun.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

ANDREWS (O.S.)
(on intercom)
Okay, you can take the men back...
thank you for your assistance,
gentlemen.

Billy smiles slightly... he's fooled these bastards.

143 INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

143

JENKINS
(noticing for
the first
time)
Lieutenant... that rookie with
the coffee... his weapon's in
his holster!

A Plainclothes Detective starts to lead the line-up out.

ANDREWS
(pressing the
intercom button)
Will that officer with the coffee
please exit the room.

The Rookie, puzzled, starts to make his way out the
same door as the suspects. A glint of silver catches
Angel's eye... Andrews still has the intercom button
pressed down.

ANGEL
(yells out)
That's him! The man with the
spur on his boot!

144 INT. LINE-UP ROOM - DAY

144

Angel's VOICE echoes through the room. Billy reacts
immediately. He grabs the Rookie from behind, applies
a choke-hold with one arm, then jerks the cop's weapon
from the breakaway holster and starts shooting!

145 NEW ANGLE

145

A Detective is struck in the chest and hurtles back
against the door, slamming it shut.

- 146 ANOTHER ANGLE 146
- Billy wheels, blows away one of the other Detectives, Everyone is diving for cover. An attorney, mortally wounded, is sent crashing into the folding chairs.
- 147 INT. VIEWING ROOM - ANGLE ON ANDREWS - DAY 147
- His gun aimed at the two-way mirror. He blasts through the mirror, shattering it into a million slivers.
- 148 ANGLE - ON ANGEL 148
- Stunned.
- 149 REVERSE ANGLE - ON BILLY 149
- Using the Rookie Cop as a shield. Billy's eyes lock for an instant with Angel's. Now he knows who fingered him. He aims at her...
- 150 ANGLE ON ANDREWS AND ANGEL 150
- Andrews knocks her to the floor, just as Billy fires.
- 151 ANGLE ON BILLY 151
- He pistol-whips the Rookie, then dashes for the door, just as it is pushed open from the other side by a Uniformed Cop. Billy shoots first, picks up the dead cop's gun and moves out of the room.
- CUT TO:
- 152 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LINE-UP ROOM - FULL ANGLE - DAY 152
- Three POLICEMEN run toward the line-up room, their guns drawn. A WOMAN TV REPORTER and her CAMERAMAN are taping an interview with a POLICE OFFICIAL. Billy bolts INTO FRAME.
- 153 NEW ANGLE - ON POLICE 153
REV
- They drop to their knees, hugging the walls. They can't shoot because the TV Reporter and the Cameraman are running toward the line-up room and are in the line of fire.

154 FULL ANGLE

154

Billy grabs the Woman Reporter, and using her as a shield, starts backing down the hall. Andrews peeks around from the entrance to the line-up room, sizes up the situation and yells...

ANDREWS

Everyone hold your fire!

Billy fires another barrage of shots.

155 REVERSE ANGLE - ON ANDREWS AND COPS

155

The cops hit the deck... Andrews ducks back in the doorway.

156 ANGLE ON BILLY AND HOSTAGE

156

He has reached the Emergency EXIT at the end of the hall. He pushes the fire-door release, and EXITS. The door slams shut behind him.

157 INT. HALLWAY - FULL ANGLE - DAY

157

Andrews and his men race to the door. He holds up his hand.

ANDREWS

Cover me...

Cautiously, he eases the door open with his foot.

CUT TO:

158 EXT. PARKING LOT - ANGLE ON FIRE DOORS - DAY

158

Andrews, his gun at ready, leaps out... he drops to one knee. He is immediately followed by several other officers.

159 ANDREWS' POV - ANGLE ON PARKING LOT

159

There is no sign of Billy... or his hostage.

160 BACK TO ANDREWS AND GROUP

160

Suddenly, they hear a woman's SCREAM coming from Wilcox Street.

ANDREWS

Shit....!

Andrews, followed by several Cops, takes off toward Wilcox... He yells back to Jenkins...

ANDREWS (CON'T)

Check the alley on the other side of the wall! Get a chopper here... Cordon the area...

CUT TO:

161 EXT. CORNER OF WILCOX AND ALLEY SIDE OF STATION - DAY 161

A PIMP is slapping a WHORE around. He hears a SOUND behind him... turns to see a half-dozen guns, including Andrews', trained at his head.

PIMP

Hey, man, nothin' to get excited about... I'm just educatin' my woman here!

CUT TO:

162 EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT - FULL ANGLE - DAY

162
REV

As Andrews runs up to a cinder block wall encircling the parking lot, he is greeted by Jenkins. In the b.g., police can be seen fanning out in the lot. Some of the black and white units squeal out of the lot, sirens screaming. Overhead we HEAR the sound of a CHOPPER circling.

JENKINS

He went over the wall, Lieutenant!
We found the girl unconscious over there between the cars... She's alive.

ANDREWS

Where the fuck is that maniac!

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162
REV

In the b.g., a uniformed policeman brings Angel to Andrews.

ANGEL

He recognized me, didn't he?

ANDREWS

(a beat)

I wouldn't worry about it.

He reassuringly puts his arm around her and walks her to his car.

CUT TO:

163 EXT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - DAY

163
REV

Andrews' car pulls up to the curb and parks in front of the apartments.

164 INT. CAR - ANGLE ON ANDREWS AND ANGEL - DAY

164

Angel... still shaken, stares straight ahead. Andrews looks at her, concerned. He opens the glove compartment, rummages through and finds a crumpled cigarette pack. He digs out the last cigarette and puts it in his mouth.

ANDREWS

So much for quitting.

He lights it. Angel sees his hand shaking, but doesn't say anything. He realizes she's watching him.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

I've been a cop for twenty-three years... I've only used my gun twice.

ANGEL

What happened the first time?

ANDREWS

(opens his door)

C'mon, I'll take you in.

165 EXT. CAR - DAY

165

Andrews opens Angel's door. She EXITS.

CUT TO:

166 INT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - STAIRWAY - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

166
REV

They are just finishing climbing the last flight of stairs, Andrews puffing heavily.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

ANDREWS

This place could use an elevator.

ANGEL

You could use some exercise.

They walk down to Apartment 321... she unlocks her door, then turns to Andrews.

ANGEL (CON'T)

Thanks again, Lieutenant...

He doesn't move. She knows he wants to come in.

ANGEL (CON'T)

(stalling)

I know... I know, I won't leave town without notifying you. Isn't that how it goes?

ANDREWS

Very funny... I'd like to meet your mother.

He strides past her into the apartment.

ANGEL

Hey!... No...!

167 INT. APARTMENT - ANGLE ON ANGEL AND ANDREWS - DAY

167

She runs in after him.

ANGEL (CON'T)

(angry)

There's a law against illegal entry!

He looks around... notices how tidy everything is. He's impressed.

ANDREWS

Nice... very nice.

ANGEL

Why don't you go out and catch that killer? You're not going to find him in here!

(CONTINUED)

ANDREWS

I'm curious. I'd like to ask
you a question, Molly...

She reacts, surprised to hear him use the name "Molly."

ANDREWS (CON'T)

That's your name, isn't it? Molly
Stewart? Tell me, Molly... why
does a fifteen-year-old, straight
A honor student -- who doesn't take
drugs, doesn't drink, has never
been arrested; who lives at home
with her parents -- work as a
street prostitute?

ANGEL

(a burning look)

You've been to my school, haven't
you?

ANDREWS

It's a nice school... they think
highly of you...

ANGEL

I don't like people butting into
my business!

ANDREWS

You're fair game on the street,
kiddo... Now, where's your
mother? I want to talk to her.

Angel steps in front of her mother's bedroom door.

ANGEL

She doesn't want to talk to
you. She doesn't like cops
either!

He steps around her and KNOCKS on the door.

ANDREWS

Mrs. Stewart? I'm Lieutenant
Andrews... I'd like to talk to
you.

(KNOCKS again)

Mrs. Stewart?

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: (2)

167

He reaches for the knob... Angel grabs his arm.

ANGEL

(vehemently)

You get away from there, you sonavabitch! Haven't you ever heard of the Fourth Amendment?

ANDREWS

You mean, 'The right of the people to be secure in their persons against unreasonable searches and seizures... shall not be violated'? Yeah... I've heard of it...

He pushes her aside and opens the door.

CUT TO:

168 INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

168

Andrews ENTERS... stops. He looks around the room, stunned. Angel, framed in the doorway, is on the verge of tears. Her secret has been discovered, the charade is over.

He opens the closet... it is empty. He pulls open drawers, also empty. He notes the stripped bed, the bare walls... then crosses to a door and opens it... a connecting bathroom to Angel's room.

Angel, numb from his discovery, follows him.

CUT TO:

169 INT. ANGEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

169
REV

Andrews ENTERS... it is like taking a step from darkness into the light. He looks around the room, taking in the color and the beauty of her sanctuary.

ANDREWS

(softly)

I like the colors.

She nods. He looks at the picture gallery on the wall, a pictorial journal of her father with Angel as a little girl.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREWS (CON'T)

Your father?

She nods.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

(looking at
the pictures)

How long has he been gone?

Angel doesn't answer right away... She looks at the picture of her perched on her father's shoulders...

ANGEL

(barely audible)

Nine years.

ANDREWS

Where's your mother, Angel?

She opens the music box on her dresser, takes out a folded letter and hands it to Andrews. He unfolds it and starts to read... but, before he has a chance, Angel quotes from memory:

ANGEL

"Molly, please try to forgive me... I found somebody. He's taking me to New York. I don't think I'll be back. Take care of yourself... I'm sorry, Mom."

Andrews is shocked by the callousness of the note. His jaw tightens... he looks at Angel.

ANGEL (CON'T)

Knowing my mother, he probably dumped her in Cleveland.

He hands the note back to her.

ANGEL (CON'T)

It was about three years ago... I came home from school... She was gone... just this note... and a hundred dollar bill.

ANDREWS

(stunned again)

You've been out on the street since you were twelve?

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

It was easy. I put on some sexy clothes... and high heels... and I went out and earned some money.

ANDREWS

You didn't have to turn tricks.

ANGEL

Who'd hire a twelve-year-old?

ANDREWS

What did you do then?

ANGEL

I told everybody my mother was confined to bed with a stroke, then I opened a bank account in her name... so I could write checks and pay bills.

ANDREWS

You do know that forgery is a felony?

ANGEL

(indignant)

Everything you see here... I bought and paid for... including my tuition at North Oaks.

ANDREWS

You could have gotten help from somewhere.

ANGEL

You still don't understand, do you, Andrews? I was alone. I'm a minor. They'd stick my ass in some court, then it would be a foster home or something.

(defiant)

I'm not going to any orphanage or any institution or to someone's home, you hear? I'm staying right here, until my father comes back.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (3)

169
REV

ANDREWS

(incredulous)

... until your father comes back.

ANGEL

Yes, dammit, until my father
comes back.

Andrews looks at her for a long moment... stunned as
he realizes the driving force behind her behavior.

ANDREWS

(gently)

Angel... what makes you think a
man is going to come back...
after nine years?

Tears of pain and rejection well up in her eyes.

ANGEL

My father will... I know he will...
... 'cause he loved me, and he
won't forget me. The night he
left... he came into my room, an'
he woke me up, an' he hugged me...
an' he kissed me... an' he told
me he loved me more than anything
in the world... an' he promised me
that someday... he was going to
come back for me... my daddy never
lied to me... an' I believe him...

Andrews is speechless. He is overwhelmed by the
compassion he feels for her and the pain and the
hoplessness of her situation. They are silent for
a long moment....

ANGEL

(drying her
tears)

What are you going to do now,
Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (4)

169

ANDREWS

I know what I ought to do. I
oughtta take you over to juvenile
authorities... let them take care
of you...

ANGEL

Why don't you?

ANDREWS

I don't know why.

He heads for the front door.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

You stay home, keep this door
locked, and don't let anyone in
for chrissakes.

(as an after-
thought)

And stay the hell off the goddamn
streets!

He EXITS.

170 ANGLE ON ANGEL

170

CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES IN... a tear.

CUT TO:

171 EXT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - ANGLE ON ANDREWS - DAY

171
REV

He exits the gate, crosses the boulevard to an unmarked
car. The driver rolls the window down. It is Jenkins,
in plainclothes.

172 INT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - ANGLE ON ANGEL - DAY

172
REV

She cracks the front door open an inch and peeks out.

173 HER POV - WIDE ANGLE

173

She sees Andrews across the street talking to Jenkins.
Jenkins nods his head, as Andrews points back at the
apartment house... obviously instructing him to keep
an eye on the place.

174 BACK TO ANGLE ON ANGEL

174

She closes the door, then walks to the rear of the building and out the back door.

175 EXT. BACK OF GARDEN COURT APARTMENTS - DAY

175

We see ANGEL cut through the back alley, heading for Hollywood Boulevard.

CUT TO:

176 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

176

Angel walks toward the heart of the boulevard, with an accelerating pace, a determined look on her face.

CUT TO:

177 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HAMBURGER STAND - FULL ANGLE - DAY

177
REV

Angel and Mae waiting for their order. Mae is agitated.

MAE

(sotto voce)

I'm against it. Somebody could get hurt. You!

ANGEL

You weren't there. You didn't see the way he looked at me. I'm not letting that freak get to me like he did Crystal and Lana.

A WAITER ENTERS FRAME... sets a tray on the table... takes off a box lunch and two Cokes. Angel hands him two fifty-dollar bills. He leaves.

ANGEL (CON'T)

I don't know about you, but I'm hungry.

178 HER POV - ANGLE ON BOX LUNCH

178

She opens it, takes out a wrapped sandwich to reveal a .25 REVOLVER.

CUT TO:

179 INT. PORNO THEATER - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

179

Empty rows of movie seats. A solitary figure moves down an aisle, then disappears between two rows. CAMERA MOVES IN on Billy hunched over, retrieving his knife from the cushion. He pulls it out, examines it ... just as a beam of light splashes across his face.

USHER

What in the hell are you doin'
down there?

180 USHER'S POV - ANGLE ON BILLY'S FACE

180

Looking into the light... suddenly a gleam of recognition flashes across his burned-out eyes.

For the first time, we see Billy smile.

CUT TO:

181 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

181
REV

Angel, the gun tucked in her tote bag, and Mae... both walking.

MAE

You know how to shoot that thing?

ANGEL

No, but I know just the person
to teach me.

MAE

If you're thinking who I think
you're thinking, you're nuts.

ANGEL

Why not? He worked in a wild west
show. Annie Oakley taught him
how to shoot.

MAE

Yeah, and according to Kit, he
also survived Custer's last stand!

CUT TO:

182 INT. PORNO THEATRE - CASHIER'S BOOTH - CLOSE ON TICKET 182
DISPENSER REV

Tickets are rapidly being pumped out of the dispenser. CAMERA HOLDS for a beat, then PANS to the Usher's face, his eyes open, frozen in death, blood oozing from a cut throat. His cheek is resting on the dispenser punch-key.

CUT TO:

183 INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

183

Billy is by the window, giving himself a 'marine' bath, stark naked, scrubbing the filth and stink off his body as hard as he can. The glow of the theatre marquis bathes him in red.

CUT TO:

183A INT. ANGEL'S BEDROOM - ANGLE - NIGHT

183A

Angel in bed... a light from an outside window shows us her eyes are open. She is unable to sleep. She slips out of bed, restless... walks to the window and looks out. She shivers... more from her thoughts than the chill of the night.

183B INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

183B

Billy doing push-ups, naked from the waist up. Sweat glistens on his body, the veins on his forehead bulge, his neck muscles taut as he relentlessly moves up and down... up and down. The portrait of his mother watches as he moves up and down.

183C INT. ANGEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

183C

Angel sitting in bed, looking through a photo album, flipping the pages casually. She stops to look at one particular photo. A sad smile crosses her face. She closes the album, and crosses to the bathroom.

183D INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

183D

Billy paces the room with animal restlessness. He moves to the window, peers out. He crosses back to his bed, notices a corner of his meticulously-made bed has come loose. This infuriates him. He rips the blanket and the sheets from the bed, then very calmly begins to remake the bed.

183E INT. ANGEL'S BEDROOM - DAWN

183E

Angel is swaying and dancing about the room to the soft, tinkling sounds of her music box.

183F INT. BILLY'S ROOM - DAY

183F

Billy is sleeping on his newly-made bed. He is in a fetal position. It is one of his few moments of peace.

183G EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - ANGLE - DAY

183G

Angel dressed as if for school. The boulevard on this Sunday morning is deserted.

183H EXT. BARNSDALE PARK - FULL ANGLE - DAY

183H

Angel walking... crosses to a bench and sits. She looks over at the SOUND of LAUGHTER.

183I ANGEL'S POV

183I

A man and a little girl are playing catch with a frisbee. The little girl laughs and giggles everytime she has to chase it down.

183J EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

183J

It is mid-afternoon. Angel walks by the Cathedral. She stops... then after a beat, ENTERS.

184 INT. CHURCH - DAY

184

A cluster of candles casts a soft, shimmering glow on the Madonna's face. Angel's face ENTERS FRAME... She lights a candle... then bows her head in silent prayer.

185 FULL ANGLE - ON ANGEL

185

Angel kneeling at a side altar.

186 ANOTHER ANGLE - BACK OF CHURCH

186

The Bag-Lady sits in the last pew, staring out into space, her lips moving in a mumbled confession with her own private ghosts. Angel walks past her on her way out. She stops at a collection box, opens her purse, hesitates when she SEES the GUN. After a beat, she takes several bills, deposits them in the box, then EXITS the church.

187 EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - SIDE STREET - FULL ANGLE - DAY

187

Kit and Angel walking down the side street. They stop at a building... an abandoned DRESS FACTORY. Kit unlocks a door... they ENTER... the door CLOSES INTO CAMERA.

188 INT. FACTORY - KIT'S HOME - FULL ANGLE - DAY

188

A long, rectangular room... remnants of the once-thriving dress factory... A half-dozen MANNEQUINS 'stand guard' at the far end of the room.

A cot is tucked into one of the corners of the spacious room. A display rack serves as a nightstand. Old-time circus posters and movie 'one-sheets' from the twenties and thirties are plastered on one of the walls.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

Welcome to my home, Ma'am.

Kit tips his hat.

ANGEL

(taking it all in)

This is terrific, Kit.

She crosses over to a framed photograph on the night-stand... It is a photo of Tom Mix. She picks up the picture and reads it...

ANGEL (CON'T)

"Best of luck, Kit, keep them shootin' irons of yourn hot, especially the one in your pants, Regards, Tom Mix." You really did know him!

KIT

You think I'd josh about a thing like that? Now, I'm going to teach you the proper way to handle a shootin' iron. The trick is, you don't aim at all, you just pretend the barrel is your finger... point it and shoot ... just like you did when you were a kid.

He sticks his thumb and forefinger out and pretends to shoot.

KIT (CON'T)

(makes gunfire sound)

TCHEW! TCHEW!

ANGEL

(imitating Kit)

TCHEW! TCHEW!

They both giggle at the silliness of the situation.

KIT

That's the pretend part, this is what it's really like.

The two pistols at his side magically appear in his hands... Kit, in the blink of an eye, blows the heads off all five mannequins. Angel stands there stunned... open-mouthed.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: (2)

188

ANGEL

I thought they were toys!

KIT

Now what in tarnation would I be
doin' with toys!He slips the hammers out of both revolvers and shows
them to Angel.

KIT (CON'T)

These here got the firing pins
in them.He digs in his pocket and brings out a second set of
firing hammers...

KIT (CON'T)

Now these... are hammers without
the firing pins.(slips them
into guns)Now, lemme see that pea-shooter
of yours.

CUT TO:

189 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - ANGLE ON MERCEDES SEDAN - 189
NIGHT

Cruising the boulevard.

190 INT. MERCEDES - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

190

Ric Sawyer, his injured hand taped, sits behind the
wheel of his father's new 450S sedan. Howie, next to
him. SPIKE, a no-neck football player in the back
seat. Howie gives an exaggerated SNIFF... then points
at a long-legged beauty on the opposite side of the
street.

HOWIE

Look at those legs... oooooeee.
All aboard for Beaver Junction!They roar with laughter. They see another girl walking
on the other side of the street. Ric BEEPS the horn.

191 THEIR POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

191

The girl turns around. It is Angel.

192 ANGLE ON RIC

192

He thinks he's recognized her, and decides he definitely wants another look.

193 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

193

The Mercedes makes a U-turn and comes back on Angel's side of the street.

194 ANGLE ON ANGEL

194

She has recognized Ric and can only hope he hasn't recognized her. The Mercedes tracks behind her for a few beats, then suddenly roars away and turns the corner. She breathes a sigh of relief and continues walking.

195 ANOTHER ANGLE - AT A CORNER

195

Just as Angel steps off the curb, the Mercedes skids to a stop in front of her. The door opens, she is yanked into the back seat... the car speeds up the street.

196 INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - NIGHT

196

Angel in the back seat, frightened... the boys snickering.

CUT TO:

197 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

197

Ric has parked the car in the blackness of a deserted alley. He turns and looks at Angel in the back seat.

RIC

(a smug grin)

Sorry we're late, Egghead...

We got hung up at the office.

ANGEL

(trying to keep
cool)

Okay, you've had your fun, Ric...

Now let me go.

(CONTINUED)

RIC

You're a helluva actress, you
really had us fooled.

(insidiously)

So sweet 'n innocent...!

Horny Howie can hardly contain himself... He bounces
up and down in the front seat.

HOWIE

C'mon, Molly... show us your
whisker biscuit!

ANGEL

Listen, you guys know what's
good for you, you'll let me go
right now!

She moves for the door. Spike throws her back against
the seat, then shoves his hand up her dress, she locks
her knees and struggles to push him away.

RIC

We're going to show you a new
meaning of gang-bang!

Fear hits her like a slap in the face. She struggles
harder.

ANGEL

Wait... please wait... I'll take
you all on... Only I don't want
to get pregnant. I have some
rubbers...

RIC

(laughs)

Tough shit, bitch... we don't use
them!

SPIKE

Hey, Ric, maybe we should. No
telling what we might catch from
this slut!

Ric thinks about it for a moment, then nods his approval.
Angel gets her purse, reaches in for the rubbers...
suddenly, she pulls out the pistol, and shoves it
against Howie's temple. Spike starts to make a move
on her.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: (2)

197

ANGEL

Go ahead... make your move...
I'll blow his fucking brains out!

HOWIE

(screams)

Don't anybody move!

ANGEL

(near hysterics)

Okay, you bastards... out! Get
out of the goddamn car!!

RIC

(laughs)

She's bluffing...

Angel points the weapon directly at Ric's face... then
moves it an inch to the side... and pulls the trigger!
The gun EXPLODES, blasting a hole in the windshield.

198 NEW ANGLE

198

In the next instant, the panic-stricken boys are
screaming and fighting with the door handles to
get out...

199 EXT. THE ALLEY - ANGLE ON THE MERCEDES - NIGHT

199

The boys tumble out of the car. The crotch of Ric's
pants is stained. Angel gets out holding the gun on
them. She notices Ric's pants.

ANGEL

Look me up again, Ric... when
you're toilet trained!

She walks away... CAMERA HOLDS for a beat.

200 ANGLE - ON BOYS

200

HOWIE

(doing Cosell)

Ladies and Gentlemen, I can
hardly believe my eyes... the
indefatigable, the ubiquitous
all-city halfback from North
Oaks High has done it again!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

HOWIE (CON'T)

In front of two adoring fans, and
countless others on National
Television, the redoubtable Ric
Sawyer has, if you please,
ignominiously pissed his pants.

Ric punches him out.

CUT TO:

201 INT. BILLY'S ROOM - EXTREME CLOSE ANGLE - NIGHT

201
REV

on Billy Boy's tortured eyes. ANGLE WIDENS to show
his face reflected in the mirror fragment above his
wash basin. He is 'sawin' his hair with his knife.

201A ANOTHER ANGLE

201A

a hand lathering soap with a brush... vigorously.

201B BACK TO BILLY - REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR

201B

His hair is saturated with the shaving soap, and he is
shaving his head.

He is using the knife as a razor. He begins to cry.

CUT TO:

202 EXT. NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL - FULL ANGLE - DAY

202

FEATURING Angel in a group of students ENTERING.

CUT TO:

203 INT. HALLWAY - ANGEL'S HALLWAY LOCKER - ANGLE - DAY 203
REV

Angel places her books inside the locker, hangs up her sweater. She's stalling, waiting for two GIRLS to leave. The girls are whispering, obviously talking about her. As they move past, they look at her disdainfully... then giggle. She then takes the gun out of her purse and hides it in a loose-leaf binder in her locker.

204 INT. CORRIDOR - FAVORING ANGEL - DAY 204

Heading for class. Several passing students stare at her with open curiosity. TWO GIRLS deliberately turn away... A PIMPLY-FACED BOY leers at her, or is it a smile? Has Ric spread the word already? The long hallway seemingly gets longer.

205 INT. NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL - GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY 205

Two NUDE GIRLS EXIT the shower room. CAMERA FOLLOWS them to their locker... they begin dressing.

CUT TO:

206 ANGLE ON ANGEL

206

As she ENTERS the locker room. She passes a group (5) of semi-nude girls dressing... she continues to the next aisle to her locker. She starts to open it. There is no one in her aisle, but on the other side of her locker (one aisle away) she can hear the two O.S. girls, who came in from the shower, talking.

FIRST VOICE (O.S.)

Ric Sawyer said she screwed all three of them.

Angel freezes, listening.

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)

Man, that's gross.

FIRST VOICE (O.S.)

Ric claims she's a whore... works Hollywood Boulevard.

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)

God, I really liked her.

Deeply hurt, Angel runs out.

CUT TO:

207 INT. NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - ANGLE ON ANGEL - DAY

207

Running up to Patricia Allen's office. She stops abruptly.

208 ANGEL'S POV - ANGLE ON PATRICIA ALLEN'S DOOR

208

Seen clearly against the frosted glass are the shadowed silhouettes of Ric Sawyer and Patricia Allen engaged in conversation.

209 ANGLE ON ANGEL

209

She quickly walks away.

WAYNE (O.S.)

Molly...?

210 ANOTHER ANGLE - ANGEL AND WAYNE

210

She stops... Waybe is the 'shy boy' who asked her for a date earlier. He fidgets, shifting from one foot to the other.

MOLLY/ANGEL

What is it Wayne...?

He stammers... unable to look her in the eye.

WAYNE

I just... just... wanted to...
to ask you out...

MOLLY/ANGEL

(shakes her head)

I'm sorry, Wayne, but...

WAYNE

(interrupting)

Look... I've been saving this...

He puts a wad of one-dollar bills in her hand. She looks at it uncomprehendingly.

WAYNE (CON'T)

It's twenty-three dollars...
it's all I've got. Uhh... will
that be enough...?

Angel backs away, staring at him unbelievably. She drops the money and her books and races down the corridor to the EXIT.

211 EXT. NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL - DAY

211

Angel races out of the building, down the steps to the corner. Sobbing, her cheeks streaked with tears... she looks around, desperate for someplace to run to.

CUT TO:

212 EXT. NORTH OAKS PREP SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

212

Patricia and Ric Sawyer stride down the corridor. They stop at Angel's locker. Patricia works the dial, the lock clicks open. She swings the locker door open, rummages through the contents... finally opening the binder and exposing the .25 caliber pistol. Ric smiles smugly.

CUT TO:

213 INT. MOSLER'S APARTMENT - CLOSE ON CRIBBAGE BOARD - DAY 213
REV

A hand ENTERS FRAME, moves a peg a few holes forward. The ANGLE WIDENS... Mae and Mosler are playing cribbage. Mae has her wig off. She is wearing an elegant hip-length smoking jacket, belted at the waist; black silk hose and high heels, and is smoking a cigarette in a holder. A distinctive silk dress is draped over an open ironing board. On the table is a bottle of Mogen-David wine, and a platter of lox and bagels. In the b.g., we see the dutch doors are open.

214 NEW ANGLE 214

Mae and Mosler study their cards. He peeks around and sees she is totally absorbed. His hand edges to the cribbage board. He lifts a peg and sneaks it three points forward.

CUT TO:

215 INT. PATRICIA ALLEN'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON GUN - DAY 215

CAMERA PANS from the gun to Molly (Angel) Stewart's file. It is tagged Honor Student.

216 ANGLE ON PATRICIA 216
REV

At her desk, trying to reconcile how such a thing is possible. She scribbles an address on a note pad, tears it loose, and puts the folded note into her purse.

CUT TO:

217 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - ANGLE ON JENKINS' UNMARKED 217
CAR - DAY

Parked across the street from the Garden Court Apartments. He decides it's time for lunch, pulls out a sandwich and starts eating. O.s., we HEAR TAMBOURINES and TEMPLE BELLS. He looks.

218 JENKINS' POV

218

A procession of dancing, chanting KRISHNAS ENTERS FRAME. They dance past CAMERA revealing the Garden Court Apartments. One of the Krishnas drifts away from the group, then disappears around the far side of the apartment building.

219 BACK TO JENKINS

219

JENKINS

What the hell...?

He scrambles out of the car... moves in the direction of the vanishing Krishna.

CUT TO:

220 INT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - MOSLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

220
REV

Mae and Mosler are at it again... nose-to-nose, SCREAMING.

MOSLER

I don't have to cheat to beat the likes of you.

MAE

You're not playing with Blind Eddie! I saw you move the goddamn peg!

WE SEE through the chintz-curtained window behind them, a blur of saffron-colored cloth pass by! Mosler waves IOU markers under Mae's nose with one hand, while his other hand moves surreptitiously toward the pegs.

MOSLER

You owe me a hundred and forty-seven dollars.

MAE

I owe you shit!

And with that pronouncement, Mae brings out from under the table, a FLYSWATTER which he slams down hard on Mosler's roving hand.

CUT TO:

221 EXT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - DAY

221
REV

Jenkins moves around the side of the apartment.

222 INT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - REAR STAIRWAY - ANGLE ON KRISHNA - DAY 222
REV

From the waist down... climbing the stairs, we see he is wearing black boots.

223 EXT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - ALLEY IN BACK - DAY 223
REV

Jenkins sees the slightly-open doors leading to the rear of the apartments. He draws his gun, enters... and cautiously climbs the stairs.

224 EXT. ARMENIAN PATIO CAFE - CLOSE ANGLE ON ANDREWS - DAY 224

Seated at a patio table... he is just about to wrap his mouth around a juicy, dripping falafel... when he pauses, mid-bite. He feels a presence OFF CAMERA.

225 FULL ANGLE 225

He looks up... and sees Angel, looking wretched and miserable, staring at him. She slowly walks toward the Lieutenant. As he rises, he puts the falafel on his plate.

CUT TO:

226 EXT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - ANGLE ON PATRICIA ALLEN - DAY 226
REV

She looks at a paper in her hand, compares it to the apartment address, then goes through the gate... and into the building.

CUT TO:

227 INT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - ANGLE ON DUTCH DOORS - DAY 227
REV

We see Mae and Mosler still arguing. Patricia Allen ENTERS FRAME, looks in... she clears her throat... no response. She hits the desk bell.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

227

MOSLER

(without looking)

Just a minute!

(to Mae)

Unless you have an instant replay
of that last move, and can prove
I'm cheating... Continue the game!

MAE

I don't need a camera. I got
eyes. You cheat!

Patricia hits the bell again.

MOSLER

Keep your pants on!

Mae points toward the dutch-door, indicating to Mosler
he'd better take a look. Mosler turns and sees the
well-dressed woman, rolls his eyes, turns back to Mae.

MOSLER (CON'T)

Freeze everything... I'll be
right back.

(he rises)

I know where every peg is, so
watch it.

CAMERA MOVES with Mosler to the dutch-doors.

MOSLER (CON'T)

(growls)

What can I do for you?

PATRICIA

You have a Margaret Stewart here.
I'd like to see her.

He doesn't respond. The mention of Angel's mother
alerts Mae.

CUT TO:

228 ANGLE ON MAE

228
REV

listening. She picks up her dress from the ironing
board.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

228

PATRICIA (O.S.)

(firm)

Her daughter is Molly Stewart...
I'm her counselor at school...
Miss Allen.

229 BACK TC MOSLER AND PATRICIA

229

MOSLER

(wary... protective
of Angel)

Mrs. Stewart's an invalid, she
don't have visitors.

PATRICIA

Ring her, please... I'd like to
find out from her.

MOSLER

(laughs)

Ring her? What do you think this
is, the Biltmore? You gotta wait
till Molly gets home from school.

PATRICIA

(losing patience)

I don't "gotta" do anything. I
wish to speak to Mrs. Stewart now.
Which is her room?

MOSLER

(about had it)

Look, Miss Hoity-Toity, the goddamn
woman can't answer the goddamn door
because she can't get out of the
goddamn bed. Is that goddamn clear
enough?

PATRICIA

(unyielding)

Then, if you give me the key,
we won't have to inconvenience
the woman...

(sarcasm)

... will we?

MOSLER

You don't understand, lady, I
just can't give you the key to
someone's apartment.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

229

PATRICIA

Listen fuck-face, I used to work for the City Health Department... You've got so many violations in this flea-bag, one phone call downtown will have your ass in court so fast you won't have time to wipe it, let alone pull your pants up! Now, give me the 'goddamn' key!

Patricia thrusts her hand out... Mosler slaps a key into it.

230 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

230

We see Angel's door closing INTO CAMERA... FEATURING number THREE-TWO-ONE.

231 BACK TO MOSLER

231

watching Patricia head for the stairway to the third floor.

MOSLER

(under his breath)

Bitch!

He turns to say something to Mae.

232 MOSLER'S POV - ANGLE ON THE ROOM

232

She's nowhere in sight.

CUT TO:

233 INT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - THIRD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

233
REV

Patricia approaches room 321. At the far end of the hall, we see a figure in the phone booth. She starts to put the key in the lock.

As the key touches the door it gives... and creaks open an inch! Wondering why the door is open, she nudges it with her hand.. it opens wider. Suddenly, the door is jerked wide open! IT IS MAE!

CUT TO:

234 INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - FULL ANGLE - DAY

234
REV

Mae ushers in a thoroughly confused Patricia. WE SEE she is wearing the dress from the ironing board in Mosler's room. Mae is doing "Blanche du Bois" from Streetcar Named Desire, playing the breathless, frail creature to the hilt. She flutters about the room picking up a towel, a magazine... she moves over to the sofa, pats a pillow and indicates for Patricia to sit down. Mae sits next to her, uncomfortably close, from the expression on Patricia's face.

MAE

I know what you're thinking. Talk of my being an invalid, is that right, my dear? Well, I admit there are times when I'm not quite ambulatory... when I must take to bed... to convalesce... you understand, surely?

Patricia finds herself nodding yes. CAMERA MOVES past them to FEATURE the closet. The door is ajar about an inch. Someone could be inside.

MAE (CON'T)

Oh, my, what an imperfect hostess I am! I haven't even offered you a libation. Would you like a cherry Coke? I have some wonderful mint tea. Perhaps you would prefer that.

(not waiting for
an answer)

Of course you would...

She moves to the stove where tea is brewing... pours a cup, then withdraws a bottle of bourbon from a cabinet.

MAE (CON'T)

In the meantime, I'll have a little of this...

(pours a shot)

For medicinal purposes, of course.

She serves Patricia her tea, sits on the sofa, adjusts her dress... and bats her long lashes.

MAE (CON'T)

Now... what would you like to talk about?

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

234

PATRICIA

Let's talk about bullshitting
people.

MAE

Whatever do you mean?

PATRICIA

You're not Molly's mother!

Mae looks at her... then shrugs, slowly takes off her
wig...

MAE

(normal voice)

Maybe not. But I love her more
than her mother did.

CUT TO:

235 EXT. YAMASHIRA JAPANESE GARDENS - DAY

235
REV

Andrews and Angel are walking through the gardens.

ANGEL

I loved going to school. I used
to pretend I was just like
everybody else...

(beat)

Now they all know the truth...

(she stops...

looks at

Andrews)

Y'know, I've had sex with hundreds
of men, but I've never had anyone
love me or hold me who I wanted
to be with...

(tears rolling
down her cheeks)

... I never had a boyfriend.

Andrews doesn't know what to say... they continue walking.

ANGEL (CON'T)

Every day I would think to myself
'today will be the last day I have
to do this... today my father's
coming home...'

ANDREWS

You still believe that?

ANGEL

No... not anymore.

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED:

235
REV

They stop. Andrews looks at her for a long moment.
He chooses his words carefully.

ANDREWS

Sometimes, Angel... a man meets
a woman... he sees a new life
for himself... So he splits...
cuts off all ties with the past.
Time passes then comes the point,
he can't come back, even if he
wanted to. I'm sure it's not
because he doesn't love you.

ANGEL

Then...what I've done... It's all
been for nothing... hasn't it?

She breaks into tears. Andrews is transfixed, his arms
at his side. Awkwardly, he stretches his arms out to
her... Angel goes to him, sobbing. She puts her arms
around him.

ANGEL

(through tears)

I'm so ashamed.

ANDREWS

Nothing's for waste, Angel...

CUT TO:

236 INT. ANGEL'S LIVING ROOM - FULL ANGLE - DAY

236

Mae and Patricia talking... like old friends. Behind
them the closet door is still ajar.

MAE

Listen, Pat, if I could adopt
Molly, I'd do it myself... but
when was the last time you heard
of a transvestite being chosen
mother of the year?

PATRICIA

(laughs)

You're a wonderful friend, Mae...
Molly's luck to have you.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

236

MAE

We have to get her off the street
... she needs a home.

PATRICIA

(rises)

I'll do all I can to help.

They cross to the door. As Mae opens the door...

PATRICIA (CON'T)

By the way... What's your real
name?

MAE

Marvin... Marvin Walker.

Patricia starts to EXIT... stops, turns back and looks
at Mae's dress.

PATRICIA

I'm curious... that dress. Saks?

MAE

I. Magnin's.

PATRICIA

Hmmm, very nice.

She EXITS.

CUT TO:

237 INT. HALLWAY - ANGLE ON PATRICIA - DAY

237

She smiles to herself. At the end of the hall, we see
the man is still in the phone booth. She walks to the
head of the stairs and descends.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO THE FLOOR... to drops of fresh
blood. CAMERA TRACKS a trail of blood to the phone
booth, then TILTS UP to Jenkins, dead, propped in the
seat, his head leaning against the glass, his eyes
frozen in a sightless stare.

CUT TO:

238 INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - ANGLE ON MAE - DAY

238
REV

Clearing the tea dishes... FEATURED in the near b.g. is the partially-opened closet. CAMERA HOLDS... Mae EXITS FRAME with the dirty dishes, goes into the kitchen, WE HEAR the SOUND of dishes placed in the sink, water running. After a beat, Mae RE-ENTERS and goes to the closet.

239 CLOSE ON MAE

239
REV

She opens the closet door. The closet contains nothing but clothes. Mae reaches in and pulls out her smoking jacket. We expect at any moment Billy to pounce on her from behind. She turns... (no-one there)... drapes the jacket over a chair and ENTERS the bathroom.

240 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

240

Mae crosses to mirror to brush her hair. In the mirror, we see the shower curtains are drawn. We sense Billy's presence in the shower. Mae spots a shower cap on the floor. She picks it up, WHIPS back the shower curtain... and places the cap on the shower head. She EXITS.

241 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

241

Mae gives one last look around the room. Everything is as it should be. She starts for the door, then, remembering something, stops, goes into Angel's room.

242 INT. ANGEL'S ROOM - DAY

242

Mae crosses quickly to the walk-in closet, jerks the door open. There are clothes hanging two rows deep... Billy could be hiding in back of the clothes. Mae slides the clothes in the front row apart, rummages through the back row, culling for a particular garment. She finds a blouse, takes it off the hanger, throws the blouse over her arm, and EXITS the room.

CUT TO:

243 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

243

Mae picks up her smoking jacket, lays it across the blouse on her arm, and strides briskly to the front door. Without hesitating she opens it.

CUT TO:

244 MAE'S POV - ANGLE ON BILLY BOY

244
REV

riveting her with his 'satanic' eyes. He is bald...
disguised as a Krishna, dressed in flowing robes.
The knife in his hand SWISHES open.

245 FULL ANGLE

245
REV

MAE

(realizes who
it is)

Who does your hair, Dick-face?

Billy moves into the room. Mae backs up, trying to get
some room between them. Billy closes the door behind
him, and advances. Mae flings the garments away as if
ready to fight, but quite unexpectedly she clasps her
hands together as if to pray.

MAE (CON'T)

(Red Riding Hood
seeing the wolf)

Oh, please kind sir. I beg of
you, don't hurt poor little me!

Billy, caught off guard, stops. Mae KICKS him in the
balls. He drops his knife and doubles over in agony.

246 SERIES OF SHOTS:

246

Mae drives her knee into his face, a glancing blow that
stuns him.

Mae runs for the knife...

Billy trips her... she sprawls on the floor.

Billy grabs her ankle. She kicks loose, losing one of
her pumps.

247 NEW ANGLE - MAE

247

Scrambles upright, teetering on one pump. Encumbered
by her tight dress, she rips it off... She whips off
her wig... Billy hesitates again, surprised to learn
that Mae is a man.

248 SERIES OF SHOTS:

248

Mae, using her spiked heel as a weapon, charges Billy.

She rakes her shoe across Billy's face.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

248

Billy grabs her wrist and spins her around and with his other hand, strikes a crushing blow on her face.

Wiping the blood from his cheek, he picks up his knife and flicks it open.

249 MAE'S POV - ANGLE ON BILLY

249

A blurry figure advancing... a glint of steel flashes... steel flashes... steel flashes.

CUT TO:

250 INT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - STAIRWAY - DAY

250

Mosler racing up the stairs.

MOSLER

What the hell!

He hurries down the hallway to Angel's open door. He ENTERS.

251 INT. ANGEL'S LIVING ROOM - FULL ANGLE - DAY

251

The room is a shambles... chairs overturned... a table tipped over. Mosler sees Mae's blood-stained boa and a high-heeled pump.

MOSLER

Oh, my God.

The SOUND of a GROAN comes from the bedroom. Mosler moves toward the room.

252 INT. ANGEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

252

Mosler ENTERS... stops in his tracks. He's appalled by what he sees.

253 HIS POV

253
REV

The canopy bed is demolished, tipped at a rakish angle into the wall. The collapsed canopy is stained with blood. There are red splotches on the floor. CAMERA PANS to Mae slumped against a wall, a hand clutching her stomach, trying to stem the flow of blood. She is still alive.

253A FULL ANGLE

253A

Mosler runs to her and drops to his knees.

CUT TO:

254 CLOSER ANGLE

254

Mosler cradles Mae's head in his lap.

MAE

(rasps)

Hi, you cheating Jew bastard!

MOSLER

(crying)

What the hell you think you're doing?

MAE

What the fuck does it look like?
I'm dying stupid.

MOSLER

You can't. You owe me money you damn faggot!

(he breaks down)

I'll get you a doctor. Hang on.

Mae grabs his shirt, draws him closer.

MAE

Don't let Angel see me like this.

She breathes... almost in limbo for a moment... then dies in Mosler's arms. Tears streaming down his face, he rocks her like a baby.

CUT TO:

255 INT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

255
REV

Andrews and Angel reaching the third floor landing. Andrews sees the bloodstains on the floor... then he sees the shadowed figure in the phone booth. He stops Angel and draws his gun.

256 CLOSE ON PHONE BOOTH

256

As the door is opened, Andrews' face comes INTO FRAME. He feels Jenkins' neck for a pulse. There is none.

257 INT. LIVING ROOM - ANGLE ON ANGEL - NIGHT

257

FRAMED in the doorway... stunned.

258 HER POV

258

The blood-stained boa...

259 BACK TO ANGEL

259
REV

Panic grabs at her stomach... as she realizes something terrible has happened to Mae. She starts toward the bedroom. Mosler comes out, tears streaming down his face. He sees Angel and stops her.

MOSLER

You don't want to go in there.

Angel's worst fears are realized. She knows Mae is dead. She doesn't say a word, stands there... in shock. Andrews ENTERS with gun drawn. Mosler gestures to bedroom. They both go in.

260 INT. BEDROOM - FULL ANGLE - NIGHT

260
REV

Andrews examines Mae's body... feels for a pulse... looks up at Mosler.

ANDREWS

See what you can do for Angel.

CUT TO:

261 INT. LIVING ROOM - FULL ANGLE - DAY

291
REV

Mosler ENTERS, and sees that Angel is gone and the front door is wide open.

261A INT. STAIRWELL - ANGLE ON MOSLER - DAY

261A

hitting the first landing, out of breath... just in time to see Angel running out of the apartment.

CUT TO:

262 INT. BEDROOM - ANGLE ON ANDREWS - DAY

262
REV

a phone in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

262 CONTINUED:

262
REV

ANDREWS

This is Andrews, get the coroner
to the Garden Court Apartments...
Now!

Mosler runs in... gasping for air.

MOSLER

Lieutenant... she's got my gun!

SMASH CUT TO:

263 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - ANGLE ON ANGEL - NIGHT 263

Moving down the sidewalk with cold-blooded determination. She threads her way through pedestrian traffic with one single-minded purpose -- to find Billy and kill him. She carries Mosler's gun at her side, making no effort to conceal the weapon. Several pedestrians, seeing the gun, stop and stare at her as she passes. They shrink back, making no effort to stop her.

264 CLOSE UP - ANGEL 264

CAMERA MOVES with her as she continues along the boulevard. Her eyes dart from person to person. There is no way to stop her.

FEMALE PEDESTRIAN (O.S.)

Eddie, that girl's carrying a gun!

MALE PEDESTRIAN (O.S.)

So what am I supposed to do about it?

CUT TO:

265 EXT. LAS PALMAS ARMS - NIGHT 265

Andrews runs out the gate looking for Angel. He looks to his right.

266 ANDREWS' POV - HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD 266

No sign of Angel. He sees Kit.

267 ANOTHER ANGLE 267

Andrews runs up to Kit.

ANDREWS

Kit!

(CONTINUED)

267 CONTINUED:

267

Kit turns around.

ANDREWS (CON'T)

Angel, have you seen her...?

KIT

No.

ANDREWS

She's out here. She's got a gun.

KIT

God in heaven!

ANDREWS

(pointing)

You take that side, I'll take this side.

Kit runs across the street, Andrews runs down his side.

CUT TO:

268 EXT. ANDREWS' SIDE OF THE BOULEVARD - ANGLE ON
KRISHNAS - NIGHT

268

As Angel passes the group. CAMERA HOLDS until one Krishna breaks away and follows Angel. It's Billy Boy, his face bruised from his combat with Mae. Now, he's the hunter.

269 TRUCKING SHOT - ANGEL

269

As Angel moves east along the boulevard, Billy follows about thirty yards behind. They both snake their way through the crowds. Billy closes in. Angel still hasn't seen him. In the b.g., Andrews can be seen looking for Angel.

270 ANOTHER ANGLE - AT THE STREET CORNER

270

Angel stands on the corner, looking in all directions. Behind her, no more than ten yards away is Billy Boy. Over a block behind Billy is Andrews. Pedestrians continue to parade the boulevard... unaware of the drama taking place around them.

271 CLOSE - BILLY BOY

271

He takes his knife out of his boot and conceals it up his sleeve. Eyes glinting with hate, he moves forward.

272 CLOSE - ANGEL

272

She sees someone O.S., suddenly moves forward as Billy approaches from behind. Billy stops, watches her movements.

273 ANGEL'S POV - YO-YO

273

About a half block away, demonstrating his yo-yos. He looks in her direction.

274 REVERSE - FROM YO-YO'S PERSPECTIVE

274

Angel's moving toward him. Behind her, quickly gaining ground is Billy.

275 CLOSE - BILLY

275

He takes out his knife.

YO-YO (O.S.)

(shouting)

Angel! Behind you, look out!

276 CLOSE - ANGEL

276

Reacts, and turns around.

277 TWO-SHOT - ANGEL AND BILLY

277

Framed in the light from several store fronts, closed, steel mesh over the doors. Billy stops, realizing she has seen him.

278 CLOSE - ANGEL

278

Hesitant, not sure it's him.

- 279 HER POV - BILLY 279
His face bruised. He pauses.
- 280 TWO-SHOT - ANGEL AND BILLY 280
Angel raises her gun, aims it at Billy and fires. Billy grabs his left shoulder -- she grazed him. He swings around, almost falls. O.S. the sounds of pedestrians SCREAMING, panicking.
- 281 ANGLE - FAVORING BILLY 281
He bolts across the street. In the b.g., Andrews breaks into a run. The few pedestrians in the b.g. SCREAM and scatter in all directions.
- 282 SERIES OF SHOTS: 282
A WOMAN SCREAMS.
A MAN on rollerskates is knocked off his feet by another pedestrian.
A WOMAN runs across the street and is hit by a car.
A MAN leaps into the bed of a passing pickup truck.
- 283 ANGLE - ON ANDREWS 283
Running down the sidewalk, gun in hand.
- 284 ANGLE - ON KIT 284
running.
- 285 BACK TO ANGEL 285
She FIRES a second SHOT.
- 286 ANGLE - BILLY 286
The bullet misses, ricochets off the walls behind him. He continues running, pushing his way past shocked and confused pedestrians. He turns a corner into a side-street.

287 ANGLE - ON ANGEL

287

She chases after him.

288 EXT. SIDE STREET - ANGLE ON BILLY - NIGHT

288

Running down the side street, he ducks into a doorway, rips off his robes, revealing a gun tucked in his belt. Billy draws the gun and waits.

289 ANGLE - ANGEL

289

She has reached the corner and turns into the side street. Billy is nowhere in sight. She moves cautiously down the street.

290 ANOTHER ANGLE

290

Billy steps out of the doorway, points his gun at Angel.

KIT (O.S.)

Hold it!

291 FULL ANGLE

291

Billy turns to see Kit Carson, his hat pulled down tight, his hands poised over his twin pistols. Billy swings his gun around... Kit's hands flash to his holsters... the guns are out, the triggers squeezed... the hammers CLICK!

KIT

(looks at his
useless guns)

Shit.

Billy FIRES, spinning Kit around to the ground. Angel FIRES and misses. He aims at the stunned Angel and pulls the trigger. CLICK! His gun is empty. Billy throws his weapon away and runs down the street.

292 ANGLE ON ANGEL AND KIT

292

She runs past Kit who's struggling to get up, realizes he's not hurt seriously.

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED:

292

KIT
No, Angel... no!

She continues to run after Billy.

293 ANGLE - NARROW ALLEYWAY - OFF SIDE STREET

293

Billy darts into the alleyway. In the b.g. we see Andrews turning into the side street. He runs past Kit following Angel and Billy.

294 EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

294
REV

Billy is nowhere in sight. Angel appears and cautiously enters... she holds the gun up, as she slowly works her way deeper into the alley.

295 HER POV - THE ALLEY (MOVING SHOT)

295

A dead end. Boxes, doorways, garbage -- a number of places for Billy to hide.

296 CLOSE - ANGEL

296

She starts into the alley. A NOISE to the right of her. She FIRES.

297 HER POV - THE ALLEY

297

The shot ricochets off the walls. Nothing moves.

298 ANGLE - THE ENTRANCE OF THE ALLEY

298

Andrews stands in silhouette, the lights of Hollywood behind him.

(CONTINUED)

298 CONTINUED:

298

ANDREWS

(shouts)

Angel, get back here. Leave him
to me.

299 ANGLE ON ANGEL

299

She turns to look at Andrews, hesitates.

300 HER POV - ON ANDREWS

300

He moves cautiously into the alley, gun ready.

ANDREWS

Angel, get down!

301 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ANGEL

301

Suddenly, Billy charges out of the darkness into the light, grabs Angel... she SCREAMS! He wrests the gun out of her hand.

302 ANGLE ON ANDREWS

302

He charges forward into the alley, can't fire for fear of hitting Angel.

303 FULL ANGLE

303

Billy FIRES at Andrews. The bullet hits Andrews in the shoulder. He slams into the wall and drops to the ground behind a trash can. Angel screams (O.S.).

304 ANGLE - FAVORING BILLY AND ANGEL

304

Enraged, he grabs her by the hair, and places the gun next to her head. For the first time Billy talks, his mouth next to her ear, his voice is raspy, as if long unused.

BILLY

Bitch, you should have killed me.

ANGEL

(defiantly)

Give me another chance and I
will...

(CONTINUED)

304 CONTINUED:

304

He forces her toward the mouth of the alley. In the b.g., Andrews struggles to his feet and blocks the entrance.

305 CLOSE -BILLY AND ANGEL

305

Billy stares at Andrews.

ANDREWS (O.S.)

There's fifty cops out there by now... Shoot me, and you'll be dead before you hit the cement.

He raises his gun to fire.

306 FULL ANGLE

306

Angel SCREAMS.

ANGEL

NO...!

She knocks his arm aside... the shot goes wild... She knees him in the groin. He backhands her against the wall. Suddenly, SHOTS ring out. Billy is violently spun around. One bullet, then another rips into him.

307 ANGLE - BILLY, ANGEL AND ANDREWS

307

Billy is hit, crashes against the opposite wall. Shocked, he CRIES OUT, but does not fall.

308 CLOSE ON A PAIR OF SIX GUNS

308

Blazing away... the muzzles spewing out fire and smoke...

309 FULL ANGLE - FEATURING

309

The figure of a tall, western gunfighter, Kit Carson, emerging from the shadows, holding the smoking preace-makers.

310 ANGLE - BILLY AND KIT

310

He attempts to raise his gun, Kit FIRES again, round after round, the bullets ripping into the battered Billy. Billy remains standing long after a sane man would have fallen. The gun flips from his hand.

Billy looks off.

311 BILLY'S POV - ANGEL AND ANDREWS

311

As they start toward him and Kit. In the b.g., sounds of the boulevard mingle with police SIRENS.

312 CLOSE - BILLY

312

He staggers a step or two, then falls to the ground.

313 EXTREME CLOSE ANGLE - BILLY'S FACE

313

His mind drifts to another time, another place. He smiles through tears.

BILLY
(as he dies)
I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm
sorry...

He dies.

314 FULL ANGLE

314

Angel, Andrews and Kit standing over Billy, looking down at his body. CAMERA DOLLIES past Kit as Andrews draws Angel close to him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

315 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - HIGHWAY - DAY

315

Andrews' car tooling down the highway... suitcases and a gravity swing lashed to the roof.

316 INT. CAR - ANGEL AND ANDREWS - DAY

316

Angel, with the road map spread out in front of her,
is twisting and turning it, looking for something.

ANGEL

(anxious)

Are you sure they're gonna let
you adopt me?

ANDREWS

Don't you worry about a thing.
You're stuck with me.

317 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ANGLE ON ANDREWS' CAR - DAY

317

Driving AWAY FROM CAMERA.

CREDITS ROLL:

ANGEL (O.S.)

Maybe Kit can come and see us.

ANDREWS (O.S.)

No reason why not... my Mom
will get a kick out of him.

318 WIDER ANGLE

318

After a beat...

ANGEL (O.S.)

... I can't find Porterville on
the map.

ANDREWS (O.S.)

It's there, Molly... just keep
looking for it.

Andrews' car continues on along the highway north, to a
new life.

FADE OUT.

THE END