

Plague Season

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Super over a BLACK SCREEN: Monday, April 27, 1992

EXT. AVALON BLVD - SOUTH CENTRAL - SUNSET

A Spring sky glows pink as the evening sun dives into the Western horizon. Evening traffic fills these troubled streets of dingy storefronts a few miles South of downtown.

ANGLE ON

A corner store -- LUCKY LIQUOR

A battered Buick is parked out front. Two men lay low in the front seat. The driver, ORCHARD, is black. He pulls on his Newport and flicks it out the window.

A radio on the seat monitors LAPD dispatch traffic.

Orchard swigs from a pint of vodka and passes it to the passenger, SIDWELL, a white guy. Both are in early 30's and just plain vicious. They watch the street. Check the mirrors.

ORCHARD

They ain't gettin' off. Jury's got motherfuckin' eyes. Rodney King is gettin' his ass whupped.

SIDWELL

Ain't no brothers on the jury. It's Simi Valley. Them're good decent white folk up there. They're suckin' those cops dicks.

Orchard and Sidwell don gloves.

ORCHARD

Should'a had the trial here. Verdict'd be in already. And four cops'd be selling ass in Tehachape.

SIDWELL

That's why they moved it up there. Cops're protected.

Orchard CLICKS his tongue in disgust. He pulls silenced Ruger .22 pistol. And dons a skimask.

ORCHARD

But that shit's on tape. You can't fuck with that. They goin' down.

SIDWELL

They go down, I'll buy you some pussy.
But if they walk, you spottin' me a ho.

They shake. Orchard exits the car with a heavy canvas bag. Sidwell follows, slipping on a skimask and sunglasses, his own silenced .22 held against his thigh.

INT. LUCKY LIQUOR - SAME

The KOREAN WOMAN tending the till SHRIEKS with surprise as Orchard charges with his autopistol ...

POP-POP-POP-POP -- She swats at the bullets like bees, hands flinging blood. Until three in the face drop her like a rock.

Sidwell positions himself just inside the entrance to watch the street, weapon ready.

ORCHARD

Vaults the counter. Charges through a bead curtain to some stairs in back that lead up to the owner's modest apartment.

INT. PARKER CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

A warm sunset casts itself across the LAPD Command Staff, five solemn, serious men lining a walnut table.

DEPUTY CHIEF BARCOMB, a big mick cop, leafs through reports. Number 2 in LAPD, he's the senior officer present and tapped for Chief when Gates goes.

ASSISTANT CHIEF ARTHUR HOLLAND, the only black in the room, is imposing from years of weightlifting. A tough old veteran, he fought his way to the top of a segregated LAPD.

DETECTIVE BOBBY TEDROW, late 20's, sits before these imposing inquisitors, tailored and crisp, reeks competence, confidence. He's dapper and ice cool.

BARCOMB

Detective Tedrow. If you had a little time machine and could travel back to the day of the shooting, to that afternoon when you killed Mr. Robertson. If you could do that, I'd like to hear what you'd do differently.

A beautiful STENOGRAPHER's fingers dance across her keys.

INT. LUCKY LIQUOR - LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM - SAME

Homework on the walls says she's a 2nd grader. Thank God she's not home. Orchard charges in, heaves aside her bed, tears back the carpet. Exposing a FLOOR SAFE.

With a crowbar from his bag, he rips away the floorboards around it.

INT. PARKER CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Tedrow purses his lips in thought.

TEDROW

I would, Chief Barcomb, do everything the same. Mr. Robertson controlled the situation by pointing a firearm at me. Mr. Robertson's actions determined his fate. I did what I was trained to do.

(a beat)

If anything, sir, I should have acted quicker. The last man Robertson pulled a gun on lost his life.

Holland stares, arms crossed, at this slick little punk.

BARCOMB

Thank you, detective.

INT. LUCKY LIQUOR - LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM - SAME

The squat safe has been fully exposed. It's secured to a steel beam with four huge bolts.

Orchard locks a gunpowder powered boltcutter on the head of a bolt -- BAM! Shears it clean.

KER-SHACK! -- He shucks the fired cartridge from the tool, drops in a fresh one.

ANGLE ON

A security monitor in the hall outside the bedroom.

INSERT MONITOR

A high angle view of the store entrance. A YOUNG WOMAN enters, past Sidwell -- he aims at her head ...

BAM! KER-SHACK! Offscreen another bolt is cut.

The Young Woman crumples with a slug in her medulla.

INT. PARKER CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Barcomb gathers papers with finality.

BARCOMB

I think we've kept Detective Tedrow here long enough.

Holland can't keep his mouth shut anymore.

HOLLAND

Chief Barcomb. I have a few questions for the detective.

BARCOMB

(surprised)

Fire away, Chief Holland.

HOLLAND

It's been a long day, and I know too well these chairs aren't padded, so I'll be quick.

INT. LUCKY LIQUOR - SAME

INSERT MONITOR

Now a Hispanic WOMAN enters. The Passenger aims at her head. A little girl, her DAUGHTER, runs in the store and grabs mommy's hand. The Passenger aims at the Woman's head.

ON THE DRIVER

BAM! KER-SHACK! The final bolt is sheared. He tears the safe free with gloved hands. Exits the bedroom with his tools and THUDS down the stairs.

INSERT MONITOR

No one in view. Only a blood trail leading to a pile of feet peeking from an aisle.

EXT. LUCKY LIQUOR - SAME

Sidwell runs from the store. Then Orchard, the heavy safe cradled in his arms.

The sunglasses fly from the Passenger's face as he collides with a black OLD MAN, grey haired, beard and overalls.

The Old Man lands on his backside, finds himself staring into Sidwell's BLUE EYES -- POP -- and gets a round in the throat.

The robbers hop in their Buick. And SQUEAL down Avalon.

INT. PARKER CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Holland smiling at Tedrow, fatherly, ambiguous.

HOLLAND

Detective Tedrow, how long have you been in Special Investigations?

TEDROW

Seven months, sir.

HOLLAND

Commander Van Meter stole you from Lieutenant Wannamaker, right?

TEDROW

Yessir. Metro, C Platoon was my previous assignment.

HOLLAND

This is your first on-duty shooting incident. Lethal or non. Am I correct?

TEDROW

In LAPD, Chief Holland.

HOLLAND

Right, Marines aside. This is your first kill. Would you say you've proven yourself?

TEDROW

Respectfully, I think this shooting board has to decide that, Chief Holland.

Tedrow's slick. Holland grins.

HOLLAND

Tell me if I have the big picture here; you and your supervisor, Sergeant Perry, had Mr. Robertson bumperlocked for three days when you saw him duck into Clem's Cocktails.

TEDROW

Yessir.

HOLLAND

So you and Sergeant Perry mosey on over to the back alley and wait for him. Expecting him to run out there after he

HOLLAND(cont'd)
 robs the place. And he did rob the
 place. And he did egress to the alley.

TEDROW
 Yessir. In keeping with his M.O.

HOLLAND
 Did you have your service weapon drawn
 at that point?

TEDROW
 Yessir.

HOLLAND
 Why?

TEDROW
 He was armed, sir.

HOLLAND
 He sure was. You and Sergeant Perry let
 a dangerous felon stroll around Los
 Angeles with a three fifty seven magnum
 for two days, waiting, hoping, he goes
 off?

Tedrow is suddenly not looking so cocksure. Barcomb shoots
 Holland a "What the hell are you doing?" look.

TEDROW
 We only suspected he was armed. An
 informant told us he bought a gun.
 That's why we were on him.

HOLLAND
 Mr. Robertson was on probation. Why not
 frisk him and violate him on weapons
 charges? But you chose to ambush him.

That went over bad. All eyes are on Holland. He crossed
 the line. He takes a deep breath, scans the room. And
 decides he's not going back.

HOLLAND
 No man deserves to be gunned down. Not
 even Mr. Robertson. He'd safely be in
 custody had you stepped in earlier.
 What if he killed another bartender--?

BARCOMB
 --Thank you, Chief Holland. We have to
 wrap up here.

Holland frowns.

BARCOMB(cont'd)

Officer Garcia, could you please tell
Sergeant Perry to come in?

A UNIFORM steps outside. SERGEANT ELDON PERRY JR., 43, enters in a rumpled suit. Third generation LAPD, he's been through a dozen shooting boards and recognizes them for what they are: a joke.

Perry stands by Tedrow's side, silhouetted against the setting sun. Tedrow draws strength from his boss.

BARCOMB

Sergeant Perry, we had you on the spot all morning but we're not quite through beating up on you. I have one final question before we adjourn this board.

PERRY

The time machine, sir?

BARCOMB

Uh, yes. The time machine.

Smirks around the room.

PERRY

Deputy Chief, if I had a time machine, I'd get proactive. Mr. Robertson, they call this guy "G-Rock" on the street, shot up the owner of a little bar on Main. Did nine for that murder. Not bad for California. We got hours and hours of tape on Robertson bragging to his cellmate how he's gonna go on a spree when he gets out. Sure enough, the guy beelines it downtown with his gate money and buys crack cocaine. When that ran out, he rips off the nearest bar: Clem's Cocktails. Guy had a one track mind: smoke coke. Bobby Tedrow shut him down. But I wish we could go back a decade and take out G-Rock. Save a lot of people a lot of grief.

BARCOMB

Please, Sergeant. I'm talking about a time machine that can't go back that far. This one can only go back a week, to the day Detective Tedrow used deadly force. What would you change about that day?

Holland rolls his eyes as Perry thinks a beat.

PERRY

Nothing. It was textbook. At the end of the day, the bullets were in the badguy, not us.

BARCOMB

Thank you.

(notes are consulted)

I'm sorry, Sergeant. I lied. One more question. This is it. I promise. As a supervisor, what have you learned from this shooting?

PERRY

No matter how long our days get, how many cases we're working, we gotta get in our range time. Detective Tedrow acted with discretion and valor. And he acted with skill. If we aren't better gunfighters than the badguys, it's goodbye.

INSERT - In Perry's lapel is a killpin -- The base of a fired pistol cartridge, green with age, it reads: S&W .38 POLICE SPECIAL.

BARCOMB

We expect department employees to use deadly force only with great skill--

PERRY

--and as a last resort. Which it was in this case. Bobby Tedrow's a good cop who made a good call. He saved my neck.

Perry claps a hand of solidarity on Tedrow's shoulder.

BARCOMB

Thank you, Sergeant Perry -- I'd like to thank both you gentlemen for your professionalism and candor throughout these proceedings. I'd say we're finished for the day unless my colleagues have anything to add?

Holland does. But a look from Barcomb says: "Keep you mouth shut."

HOLLAND

Chief Barcomb, with all due respect. I have a question for Sergeant Perry.

BARCOMB
Of course, Chief Holland.

HOLLAND
You said Detective Tedrow acted with discretion and valor. And using your words, "He saved your neck."

PERRY
Absolutely, sir.

HOLLAND
Have you considered writing a citation recommending the Detective for a medal of valor?

That's cryptic. Perry looks at Holland with cold, lazy eyes. These two clearly dislike each other. A beat.

PERRY
Yes, sir. I have.

HOLLAND
Thank you, Sergeant. That's all.

BARCOMB
On that note, Detectives, you're dismissed for the day. We'll issue our report at nine A.M. tomorrow.
Proceedings closed.

Barcomb stands. Chairs SCRAPE as the others follow. Perry catches Holland staring at him, makes a gun with his hand and smiles. Holland winks at him.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Perry washing his hands. Tedrow stares in the mirror.

PERRY
Told you, it's all bullshit. You were tits, kid. Outstanding.

TEDROW
You said Holland never opens his mouth at these things.

PERRY
That medal of valor shit. What the fuck was that? He ask you something? What the fuck he ask you?

TEDROW
Why we didn't violate Robertson on
weapons charges.

PERRY
Someone asks that every board. I'm not
writing you any damn citation.

Tedrow vomits in the sink.

PERRY
Jesus, Bobby. Fuck's wrong?

Tedrow rinses his mouth, dabs it, fixes his cufflinks.

TEDROW
Thought I was talking myself, talking
us, into a jail cell. Felt like they
could see right through me.

Perry opens the door for him, slaps his back.

PERRY
Those pogues can't see through an open
window.

He opens the door for Tedrow.

PERRY
Get your shit together, Bobby, and let's
get off this fuckin' floor.

CUT TO:

Bourbon cascades down ice in a crystal tumbler. Wide to:

INT. VAN METER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Dark and antequely opulent, plaques, awards and deer antlers
adorn the walls. COMMANDER TOM VAN METER pours the booze.
Leathery, silverhaired, the head of SIS is a living legend,
wielding immense power from the shadows.

ON THE T.V. -- News about the Rodney King trial in Simi
Valley. The clip of the infamous beating video plays.

ANCHORMAN(V.O.)
--as the fifth day of jury deliberations
concluded today with no verdict in
sight. The fate of four police officers
rests in the--

--CLICK. Perry turns it off. Van Meter hands him a drink.

PERRY

Should'a wasted that worthless nigger's
motherfuckin' ass -- Thanks, Tom.

Van Meter pours Tedrow a slug.

VAN METER

Here. Settle your stomach.

TEDROW

Thank you, sir.

VAN METER

Think you sold those guys?

TEDROW

I sure hope so, sir. :

PERRY

He aced it.

TEDROW

Now's the hard part: waiting. Do I get
indicted or come back to work?

Van Meter laughs.

PERRY

You go down, I go down. And no one's
going down, Bobby. Have some faith in
the fuckin' system.

VAN METER

He won't believe until he sees there
report himself. You were the same way
once.

Van Meter sits on the couch, next to Tedrow. Puts his arm
around him.

VAN METER

Lemme tell you what to do so the wait
doesn't eat you up all night--

PERRY

--Get a bottle and a broad and hit a
hotel.

TEDROW

(grins)

Got that taken care of.

PERRY

You do not.

TEDROW

Got a room at the Bonaventure. And a bottle of Dom to share with a lovely young lady.

PERRY

New girl or is this the same girl?

TEDROW

Same girl.

PERRY

Bobby cleans up.

VAN METER

He sure does -- Well, listen, Bobby. Here's my advice, for what it's worth.

He leans closer to Tedrow. Fatherly.

VAN METER(cont'd)

Boo!

Tedrow startles. His drink hits the carpet. Perry laughs his ass off. Van Meter grins. Tedrow, a good sport, picks up his glass and ice.

TEDROW

Never gonna live it down.

VAN METER

Never. I hear you drop another weapon, I'm shovin' a riotgun up your ass.

A KNOCK at the door. Perry crosses, opens it.

PERRY

Holy shit! It's a royal visit. Look what descended from the seventh floor.

Deputy Chief Barcomb enters, finds a spot on Van Meter's couch. Tedrow sits at attention. Perry pours a double.

BARCOMB

Thanks, Eldon.

Barcomb grabs Tedrow's knee.

BARCOMB

How you holding up, son?

TEDROW

Good, sir.

BARCOMB

Tom, this kid. This kid was outstanding.

Sips his whisky -- Mmmm. To Tedrow:

BARCOMB

Ever thought of doing a tour with Public Affairs? Department could use a silver tongued son of a bitch like you like for a mouthpiece.

VAN METER

Bobby's a good guy. And he's all mine, Jimmy.

BARCOMB

Figured that. We voted, Tom.

Whirling the ice in his glass, Barcomb savors the suspense until everyone shows they are duly eager.

BARCOMB

In-policy.

Tedrow, who always looks cool, relaxes visibly. Perry grins.

BARCOMB

Report comes out tomorrow morning. And you guys can get back to work. The vote was four to one.

PERRY

What? Who the fuck dissented? Holland?

BARCOMB

Bingo.

PERRY

He actually said out of policy? What the fuck is going on in his wooly fuckin' head? On what grounds?

BARCOMB

Tactics. Said you should have violated Robertson for the gun.

PERRY

He polishes a chair with his ass. The fuck's he know about tactics? What the fuck's the Chief say about this?

BARCOMB

You know as much as I do. Locks himself in his office. Nobody gets past his secretary. Not even me.

PERRY

God. This department is out of fuckin' control.

BARCOMB

I agree, Eldon.

VAN METER

It's just a parting shot. A symbolic move. Telling the world he's leaving LAPD with his balls intact.

PERRY

Say again, Tom.

VAN METER

Holland's going to Cleveland to run their PD.

BARCOMB

What? Shit.

PERRY

Good.

VAN METER

Started contacting outside agencies three weeks ago. He's retiring from LAPD. You didn't hear it from me, Jimmy.

BARCOMB

No, of course not, Tom. He told me he wanted Operations when I get the big table. I laughed. He's an administrator. A bureaucrat. Not a line officer. He belongs in Administrative Services. I said that to his face.

VAN METER

Hope nobody had to witness that.

BARCOMB

No, I'm getting smarter about that.

VAN METER

You did good. You gotta shoot straight with Arthur or he gets ideas.

BARCOMB

Shot him straight off the force. I'm screwed without him. No one kisses the City Council's ass like he does.

Perry freshens Barcomb's drink.

PERRY

Fuck Holland. Good riddance. Shame you have to pin his stars on another tarbaby or the community'll go apeshit.

BARCOMB

Aw, Jesus, Eldon. Watch that stuff. You sound like your dad.

Barcomb takes something from his shirtpocket.

BARCOMB

Tedrow. Here. I sprung the casing from evidence and had a killpin made for you. Welcome to the good shooter's club.

He pins a killpin on his suit -- The base of a fired 9mm cartridge -- Shakes his hand.

TEDROW

Thank you, sir.

BARCOMB

No, Detective, thank you. Good job. That was a good kill.

VAN METER

Let's drink a toast to Bobby.
(CLINKS Tedrow's glass)
Right between the eyes.

Now Perry and Barcomb CLINK with Tedrow.

TEDROW

Thank you, sir. For the chance to prove myself in the best damn unit in the department.

PERRY

Amen, Bobby.

More CLINKS.

VAN METER

Thanks for dropping by, Jimmy. But I gotta get home to the missus.

Barcomb stands, a little disappointed.

VAN METER
We'll get some drinks this week.

BARCOMB
Sure, Tom. Anytime.

Barcomb shakes with Tedrow, with Perry.

BARCOMB
Great work, guys.

Barcomb crosses to the door, pauses.

BARCOMB
Uh, Eldon. You made Lieutenant.

Perry rolls his eyes.

BARCOMB
You did. I'm not bullshitting.

PERRY
About fuckin' time. Where's my shield?

BARCOMB
Badge ceremony's Wednesday at the Oxnard Country Club. There's a management training seminar in Ventura County so all the brass is gonna be up there. Think you can make it?

PERRY
I just might show up, Jimmy.

Barcomb exits Van Meter's office. A beat.

VAN METER
That's our next chief.

PERRY
God help us.

Tedrow shakes with Perry.

TEDROW
Congratulations, Lieutenant.

Perry snatches the pin from Tedrow's jacket.

PERRY
That's mine.

VAN METER

Eldon. Let him wear it. How's it gonna look if he doesn't? Think.

Perry sighs and gives it back.

PERRY

Jesus. Then buy me a steak, Bobby. And get me shitfaced.

VAN METER

Bobby has a date.

(to Tedrow)

Don't keep your lady waiting. Well done today, but remember, your job here is to pull triggers. Not snow the brass.

Tedrow nods, solemn. And exits. Perry makes a "let's drink" gesture to Tom.

VAN METER

No. Goodnight, Eldon. Go straight home.

PERRY

I spent the whole damn weekend with Sally looking at houses. C'mon, Tom, I made Lieutenant. I'm leaving the ranks. I'm gonna be a pogue.

VAN METER

Celebrate with your wife. It'll be good for you two.

PERRY

Alright. I'll take her out or something.

VAN METER

Tell her when you find the perfect house, if you need help closing the deal.

(rubs his fingers)

I'm there for you.

PERRY

(smiles)

Thanks, Tom.

Perry gives him a hug and exits..

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing. A big beautiful ranch home in the upscale black community of Baldwin Hills.

ON THE PATIO

A floating deck with a large pool and a commanding view of the basin. Holland sits at a dinner table. His wife Janelle sits across from him. She's a knock-out. Sharing their dinner table are two Cleveland Police COMMISSIONERS, round, pink midwesterners.

COMMISSIONER 2
Ohio State's not a bad school.

JANELLE
Go Buckeyes. Our daughter plans to go.
But our son plans to finish school here.

HOLLAND
He feels pretty rooted in his
friendships.

JANELLE
There's more if you like.

COMMISSIONER 1
No, thank you.

COMMISSIONER 2
No, ma'am. Thank you.

She stands and gather their plates.

HOLLAND
You guys want a beer? Gotta quarter keg
of Spaaden in the kegmiester.

COMMISSIONER 1
Sure, Arthur. That'd be great.

COMMISSIONER 2
Please, I'm not passing that up.

HOLLAND
Janelle?

JANELLE
Sure, honey.

Janelle exits to the house.

COMMISSIONER 1
Your wife's going to love Cleveland,
Arthur.

COMMISSIONER 2
We have a great department.

HOLLAND
I'm a hands on cop. Not an affirmative
action front horse. I'm not a lap dog.
I'm a hard worker. If I'm running your
police department, I want to run it.

COMMISSIONER 1
You will run it. We'll give you the key
and you can go. Keep the crime down is
all we ask. We want you. Not your skin
color.

Janelle returns with three steins of ale.

JANELLE
Here you are, gentlemen.

COMMISSIONER 1
Thanks. You know your beers.

COMMISSIONER 2
Thank you.

HOLLAND
Thanks, sweetheart.

That's the signal to go way. Janelle does. The men CLINK
steins.

HOLLAND
Cheers.

COMMISSIONERS 1&2
Cheers.

HOLLAND
I'm sorry. I felt that needed to be
said.

COMMISSIONER 1
It did. Don't apologize, Arthur. We
have to be open about everything.

They sip beer a beat. Enjoy the view.

COMMISSIONER 2
Beautiful here.

HOLLAND

You guys have a zombie squad?

COMMISSIONER 1

Oh hell no, maybe fifty years ago. But not today. No way.

COMMISSIONER 2

What's a zombie squad?

COMMISSIONER 1

Hit squad. Trigger pullers.

HOLLAND

We got one. It's called the SIS.

COMMISSIONER 1

Don't know 'em.

HOLLAND

Special Investigations Section. It's like the LAPD's CIA. Doesn't even show up on the organizational chart. They executed a man just last week. And got away with it. Always do.

COMMISSIONER 2

Jesus.

COMMISSIONER 1

Executes a strong word.

HOLLAND

Very.

COMMISSIONER 2

We don't have anything like that.

A hip-hop baseline begins to THUMP.

HOLLAND

My son's home. I'll get him to turn that off.

COMMISSIONER 1

Don't worry about it, my kid listens to that crap too.

HOLLAND

Pardon me. I'll be right back.

Holland stands, crosses to his house.

INT. HOLLAND'S HOUSE - SAME

Holland is pissed. Janelle cleaning up.

JANELLE
Leave him alone, Arthur.

Holland charges past her. She follows.

JANELLE
Leave him alone.

Holland takes the stairs to the basement. Holland throws open the door.

INT. RONALD'S ROOM - SAME

His son, RONALD, 19, unpacks books from a knapsack. He's an easygoing, gentle soul, who bewilders his disciplinarian father.

HOLLAND
When did you sneak in here? Why weren't you at dinner. Look at me.

His son does. With very red eyes.

HOLLAND
Are you high? You missed a family dinner because you wanted to get high with your friends?

RONALD
I'm not high. I went swimming.

HOLLAND
Then where's your swimtrunks and towel? If you went swimming you should have swimtrunks and a towel.

Ronald grabs a swimsuit and towel of the floor.

RONALD
There, dad. And they're wet.

HOLLAND
Look at you. You look like a street nigger. Don't you know how you look to people? That's your problem. You don't know how you look to others.

RONALD
I look like me.

Holland hauls back to punch him.

JANELLE

Don't. Gonna keep buying new teeth every time you knock them out? Don't do it again. I will march him and his teeth in a bag of ice up to those--

HOLLAND

--Shut up, Janelle

JANELLE

Up to those men and introduce him. Don't mind the blood. He's a nice boy.

THUD. That was Janelle hitting the wall. Holland holds her by the neck, her feet dangle off the ground.

JANELLE

This how you gonna run a police department? With your fists?

Holland lets go. Of her. And his anger. Janelle drops to the ground, indignantly arranges her dress. Ronald takes a breath, the storm has passed. A beat as Holland almost says he's sorry. Then:

HOLLAND

Turn that shit off, Ronald. We have guests.

Ronald does. Holland climbs the stairs.

RONALD

(sotto)

Take a look at yourself, dad.

Janelle shoot him an admonishing look.

EXT. PATIO - SAME

Holland takes his seat. Surprisingly relaxed.

HOLLAND

Sorry about that.

COMMISSIONER 2

No problem.

COMMISSIONER 1

Okay. Down to business.

He pulls out a briefcase. Lays papers on the table before Holland. Hands him a fancy pen.

COMMISSIONER 1

This is to get things rolling on our end. Oh, and good news, Arthur. You'll receive full salary while you're going through the certification process. How's the move coming?

Holland picks up the pen, pensive.

HOLLAND

Good, it's good.

Holland looks out Los Angeles. A distant SIREN wails plaintively.

HOLLAND

I've been a cop in L.A. for a quarter century. My church is here, my community. My children's schools. It's a lot to walk away from.

He puts the pen down.

HOLLAND

I can't. I can't walk away.

The Commissioners REACT.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A real swank one in the Bonaventure. Beyond a wall of glass, a sleepy L.A. basin yawns like a glistening jewelbox.

Tedrow and a beautiful black woman, BETH, lay in the aftermath of a mighty desperate collision. An empty wine bottle. Scattered clothing. Room service trays.

BETH

You ever fucked a cop before?

TEDROW

Yeah. A couple girls in my academy class. It's so intense, you get those Elysian Park romances, you know?

BETH

I don't know. Any since?

TEDROW

Just you. It's not personal policy. Not like I wouldn't a date cop, I never meet any I'd wanna date. Until now.

BETH

Same. You guys think you are such hot shit. A badge and a gun. Four hundred dollar suits. Ray Bans. Wingtips.

TEDROW

It works. Here you are.

BETH

But you're not that. I didn't think you were a cop when I met you. I thought you were some yuppie guy. And you had a brain in your head. That's why I'm here. You're no cookie cutter cop.

TEDROW

You fucked a cop before? You asked me and I answered.

BETH

Okay. Yes. I had a station house romance. Once. A long time ago. That was my first, and I vowed my last.

TEDROW

You broke your vow.

BETH

I think we're talking about work. Bobby L.N.U.

TEDROW

It's hard not to. Beth Last Name Unknown.

BETH

I could of checked you out. But I didn't.

TEDROW

I know you didn't.

BETH

Ooooh, big boy. I think we're talking about work.

TEDROW

Mmmm. Sorry. Do you like horses?

BETH

Um, they're okay.

TEDROW

Ever ridden one?

BETH
No.

TEDROW
Never seen a sunrise from horseback?

BETH
No.

TEDROW
Want to?

BETH
Yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLAND'S PATIO - NIGHT

Holland and Janelle in lounge chairs. A quiet moment alone.

JANELLE
It's still no excuse.

HOLLAND
I know.

JANELLE
My neck's bruised.

HOLLAND
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

JANELLE
Do you know what you're doing?

HOLLAND
No.

She shoots him a look.

HOLLAND
It's okay. Nobody else does either.

JANELLE
I can't even be in the same room with
Tom Van Meter. He scares the bejesus
out of me.

HOLLAND
He fights dirty. Prepare yourself.

JANELLE
What's that mean?

Holland looks around at their nice spread.

HOLLAND

You love this house. You don't want to go to Cleveland.

JANELLE

I do. I don't. And are we going to be in any physical danger?

HOLLAND

No, sweetheart. Lord, no. They wouldn't come after me like that.

JANELLE

I mean from you? Are you gonna get stressed out and put your hands on me and Rodney?

HOLLAND

No, honey. This is a good thing. This makes me feel good. Like I'm doing the right thing.

JANELLE

You are.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing. A middleclass box with a nice lawn, tucked into the soft folds of Simi Valley. Perry parks his sedan. Crosses to the front door.

A church marquee next door reads: Thank you Officer Joseph Andreeson for 25 years of LAPD service.

INT. PERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

The furniture is shabby, unkempt. Easy listening on the stereo. Perry enters, finds his wife, SALLY, on the couch, snuggled up to a liquor cart.

SALLY

Hi, honey.

PERRY

You're a fucking alcoholic.

Sally laughs. Perry grabs a decanter of rye, fills a tumbler. He drops on the couch, puts his cowboy boots on the coffeetable.

SALLY

There's goulash in the crockpot.

Perry gulps rye.

PERRY

Not hungry. You just get home?

SALLY

Eleven prisoners got released. I had to do their packages.

PERRY

I made Lieutenant.

Sally gives him a proud peck on the cheek.

SALLY

Finally. When's the badge ceremony?

PERRY

Wednesday in Ventura County.

SALLY

Can I get a dress?

He scoops up the mail, opens bills.

PERRY

You got dresses, Sally. Can we afford a new house if you're buying shit all the time? No.

(a bill bugs his eyes)

Jesus Christ! Who the fuck's calling nine seven six numbers?

SALLY

If it's anyone, it's you and you don't remember.

He grabs the phone, dials.

PERRY

No way. I got magazines for manual labor. It's the damn kid.

Sally stretches and puts her feet in his lap. Perry listens a beat, hangs up. Relieved.

PERRY

Sorority slut hotline. Least he's not a fag.

SALLY

No, Eldon, he's not. The "damn kid" has a girlfriend. Know that, detective?

PERRY

No shit?

SALLY

A very pretty, very sweet girl.

PERRY

Excellent. The boy's finding his dick.

SALLY

I work in a jail, Eldon. I know it's no big deal, but do I have to hear that kind of talk in my home?

PERRY

Sorry, honey.

(a beat)

Hey, what the fuck? Aren't you going to ask me how the shooting board went?

SALLY

I'm sorry, Eldon ... How did your shooting board go?

PERRY

In-policy.

SALLY

Good. Like it could be anything else. I'm sorry, Eldon. It's not easy keeping track of all your shootings and investigations and everything.

PERRY

(angry)

Barcomb gave Bobby a killpin.

SALLY

He earned it. That makes you mad? You change partners like socks and you found one you actually like. Be proud of him. Not jealous.

PERRY

You are so lost in space. You don't know what the fuck's going on. It's my pin. Bobby's a fucking coward.

SALLY

Bobby's no coward.

PERRY

He's not? Lemme tell you the Robertson case really went down. I had to let my gun cool because I blasted that freak in Pacoima. And it's time for Bobby to be tested. So we're waiting in the alley when Robertson runs out, almost smacks into Bobby. There they are, eyeballin' each other with their shit out and Robertson says, "boo." Bobby drops his gun and mandingo goes trackstar. Sally, Bobby dropped his fucking gun.

SALLY

I heard you. But, Eldon, I don't want to hear this.

PERRY

Listen, this is good. I pick up Bobby's gun and shout "Yo, G-Sock," or whatever the fuck he calls himself. When he looks: Pow! I drilled his fuckin' forehead. Real lucky shot. Bobby did the right thing and copped to the shooting. Saved himself some embarrassment. Saved me some scrutiny. But he's still a coward.

Sally stares at him in awe and horror.

PERRY

He was tested and failed. The only reason he's still in SIS is he's Tom's fuckin' nephew. Fine. He can have a second chance. But if he fucks up another shooting, I'll shoot him.

SALLY

And you wonder why I drink?

Perry watches her from the corner of his eye, gulps whisky with a grin.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - SUNRISE

The Spring sun burns through the San Bernadino mountains like a welding flame.

ON BETH AND TEDROW

They're on horseback. Their mounts pick the way up firetrail.

BETH
They're just like big dogs.

TEDROW
Smarter. Here. Stop here.

They stop. On a mountain peak.

WHAT THEY SEE

The City of Angels spread before them like butter on bread.

SCENE

BETH
Nice. It's so quiet. The city's still asleep.

TEDROW
This is how I start everyday. It's the only thing that keeps me sane.

BETH
You're in Metro, aren't you? With the Equestrian Unit.

She's looking at Tedrow's LAPD saddleblanket. Tedrow nods.

BETH
Long as you're not one of those gung-ho SWAT guys. I'd be disappointed.

TEDROW
I'm not. This is what I do. This is what I am.

He pats his steed proudly. Beth smiles.

BETH
I'm a secretary with a badge.

TEDROW
We're killing the mystery. One day I might just know all about you.

BETH
And I you.

Tedrow snatches her horse's bridle, pulls it closer and kisses Beth.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - MORNING

Establishing.

INT. SIS OFFICES - SAME

Tedrow pours coffee. Perry in a chair reading the paper.
We note two headlines: 4 KILLED IN ROBBERY and KING BEATING
JURY CONTINUES DELIBERATIONS.

PERRY
Morning, Bobby.

TEDROW
Hey, Eldon.

Tedrow grabs the sports page. Takes a seat.

PERRY
Get laid?

TEDROW
Yeah.

PERRY
Asshole.

TEDROW
Took her with me this morning.

PERRY
Introduce her to your horsey? He
approve?

TEDROW
He does, Eldon.

Van Meter enters from the hallway, dressed for tennis, he
carries a racketbag and a file.

VAN METER
Off your asses. I'm puttin' you on a
fresh blood case. Happened last night.
The quadruple on Avalon. Couple male
blacks botched a hold-up. Ran out
shooting.

PERRY
Monkeyshines. Why call us in?

VAN METER
One of the vics was an LAPD dispatcher
and the daughter of a retired fire
captain. I just got off the phone with

VAN METER(cont'd)

him. Not only did he lose a daughter, but he also lost his seven year old granddaughter who was with her. This Rodney King shit has the department on the ropes. We're gonna get these gorillas and show the world LAPD takes care of their own. Get these guys. The shit fairy has visited and it's rolling downhill. Eldon, can we do this?

PERRY

Sure. I hate it when the shit fairy visits.

VAN METER

You're taking this over from South Bureau's two finest drunks, Peltz and Sapin -- Bobby, you know what you have to do. Maybe this is your chance.

TEDROW

I hope so, Tom. Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC (MOVING) - MORNING

The shiny, souped-up Ford Crown Victoria rolls down Avalon.

PERRY

Bobby ... this is my horse.

Perry lovingly surveys his car.

PERRY

Where'd you meet her?

TEDROW

A restaurant.

PERRY

What's her name?

TEDROW

Beth L.N.U.

PERRY

You've been banging this broad for two weeks and don't know her last name?

TEDROW

We met. We clicked. We're like little kids. Why ruin it with the heavy grown up stuff.

PERRY

What's she do?

A beat.

TEDROW

That's all I want to know about her.

PERRY

She's a cop? She a boot blue-suiter who dropped her drawers when you flashed your detective's shield?

Tedrow almost reacts, plays it off.

TEDROW

One of your tricks? Eldon Perry's mating habits revealed. She's a secretary. Why are you obsessed with who I sleep with?

PERRY

I'm married and faithful. So you could be forthright with some details. The only pussy I get is hearsay.

Tedrow laughs. Then yawns.

PERRY

Get any sleep?

TEDROW

Oh, hell no. Here it is. On the right.

Perry slowrolls past LUCKY LIQUOR.

WHAT THEY SEE

Two dozen KOREANS in suits and dresses pray in a circle out front amidst a sea of candles and flowers. A large portrait of the dead Korean Woman graces the wall.

SCENE

PERRY

Shit. Asshole's released the scene.

Tedrow checks his watch.

TEDROW

They've had fifteen hours to process it.

PERRY

We'll let them wrap up their buddha-head bullshit before we dig around in there.

TEDROW

Bet they're Methodists. That's a christian service.

PERRY

That's what you get for setting up shop in niggertown. Let's get a drink.

TEDROW

What?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLAND'S OFFICE - MORNING

Arthur Holland sits at his desk. Contemplating a report on his desk. The shooting board report about Tedrow. Beth enters, in uniform. Lieutenant's bars on her collar. She fills his in-basket. Sets a fresh mug of joe on his desk.

HOLLAND

Thanks ... I'm supposed to sign this.

BETH

What is it?

HOLLAND

Shooting board report.

BETH

Sign it.

HOLLAND

I can't. I did something crazy last night, Beth.

BETH

What?

HOLLAND

I told the gentlemen from Cleveland, thank you, but no thank you.

BETH

Good.

HOLLAND

Know who Commander Van Meter is?

Beth nods.

HOLLAND

By not signing this report, these thirty pages of whitewash, I'm declaring war on him.

BETH

You're crazy, Arthur. You can't scratch a hardass like that.

HOLLAND

What's harder than a diamond, nothing, right? Strike one with a very precise blow. It shatters. Tom Van Meter, the hardest son-of-a-gun around, has a weak spot and can be shattered.

BETH

What?..

HOLLAND

Eldon Perry.

BETH

Weak don't come to mind when I think of that psychotic redneck.

HOLLAND

That's right. He's a murderer and I'm going to prove it. Know how many men he's killed?

BETH

Plenty.

HOLLAND

Seven. He's a third generation LAPD gunslinger. His grandfather killed ten back before LA had paved roads, that being the days when they only counted white folk. Colored, Mexicans and Chinamen didn't rank a notch on the ol' six-shooter.

BETH

Omigod.

HOLLAND

Eldon's father, Eldon Sr., had eleven kills. Eldon JR. brags about breaking daddy's record.

(re: the report)

I don't have to ratify this. I can submit my own report to the Police Commission. I'm gonna tell them what I told you and a whole lot more. Will you help me do this?

BETH

You know I will, Arthur.

HOLLAND

I want copies of every piece of paper with Perry's name on it. Every parking ticket, every report. Check divisional logs. Payroll, medical, everything. And his partner. Tedrow.

BETH

How do you spell that?

Holland shows her the cover of the shooting report. DETECTIVE ROBERT TEDROW in big letters. Beth doesn't put it together yet. But she will.

HOLLAND

Watch out. This punk is Van Meter's nephew.

BETH

Worry about yourself. Take care of yourself. Okay, Arthur?

HOLLAND

Okay.

He smiles, glad to have her support.

CUT TO:

INT. ONE FOR THE ROAD BAR - MORNING

Dark and dank. Two South Bureau Homicide Detectives, PELTZ and SAPIN knock 'em back in a booth. Perry and Tedrow enter, slide in next to the crusty old timers.

PERRY

Guys gettin' your swerve on?

SAPIN

Eldon!

Sapin puts his arm around Perry.

SAPIN
Hey, baby. How's Sally?

PERRY
Sally? She's my angel.

Sapin shakes Tedrow's hand. Then Peltz.

SAPIN
Hey, shooter.

PELTZ
Good job, son. Good kill.

TEDROW
Thanks.

The BARTENDER, a hulking black ex-con, deals napkins to Perry and Tedrow.

SAPIN
Go ahead. S'my dime.

PERRY
How're your Bloody Mary's?

BARTENDER
Lifesaving.

PERRY
Gimme one and ...

TEDROW
A diet coke.

PERRY
And a diet coke for my little sister.

The Bartender walks off.

SAPIN
What brings you south of King? Please,
tell me Van Meter gave you our case.

PERRY
That he did.

PELTZ
Take it. It's a nightmare. Phone rings
every two minutes with someone asking
for progress reports.

SAPIN

Here's our notes. Good luck finding these guys.

Sapin slaps a stack of papers on the table.

SAPIN

Eldon, it's dogshit. Crazyman stuff. Dumbasses egressed without tapping the till. They're lice. They wasted a little girl.

Perry and Tedrow's drinks arrive.

PERRY

Any wits?

SAPIN

One. The fifth victim.

PERRY

Interview him?

SAPIN

Nope. He's in surgery.

PERRY

Where?

SAPIN

Drew King. He's an older guy. Might not make it. Through-and-through to the neck.

Perry nods. Tedrow takes notes.

PELTZ

We got the car. Buick Skylark. They incinerated it on Budlong under an overpass. Car's worthless for evidence. Ran the vin off the axle. Stolen from Pico and Vermont.

TEDROW

What was the dispatcher doing in the neighborhood?

PELTZ

Got milk?

SAPIN

Relatives in the area told her to stop off for a carton.

Perry downs his drink and stands.

PERRY

Mount up, Bobby -- Thanks for the drink.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC (MOVING) - DAY

Perry drives. Tedrow deciphers the notes.

TEDROW

This is ... man. What a mess. These guys are detectives?

PERRY

Those old-timers were hotshit snoopers in their day. They worked with my dad and your uncle. That was the hot crew in the old days. Backbone of the old LAPD. Know they were with my dad the day he died?

TEDROW

No shit? ... How'd he die?

PERRY

His ticker blew up during a cribbage game. Booze.

TEDROW

That'll do it.

PERRY

He went the way he wanted. Shitfaced and holding all the cards. I was a kid.

TEDROW

Sorry.

PERRY

I'm not. He was a prick.

Tedrow shows him pictures of the Little Girl. Before and after.

PERRY

Damn.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUCKY LIQUOR - DAY

The prayer ceremony is over. Flowers and candles, pictures of the victims, line the walls. Perry and Tedrow cross to the front door. Perry KNOCKS. MR. JEN KIM, the middleaged, newly bereaved owner opens up.

PERRY

You Mr. Jen Kim?

Jen Kim nods, Perry badges him. He lets them in.

PERRY

Sergeant Perry, LAPD. This is Detective Tedrow. Our most heartfelt sympathies.

JEN KIM

Thank you.

INT. LUCKY LIQUOR - SAME

Perry and Tedrow enter. You wouldn't know four people died here last night. Jen Kim has been drinking Crown Royal from a paper cup.

PERRY

How long you been in the neighborhood?

JEN KIM

Five years. Why this happen? We nice to our customers. They not have money. That's okay. They pay later.

Perry notices military pictures on the wall.

PERRY

You serve?

JEN KIM

Korea. I was Korean Marine.

PERRY

No shit? I was in the U.S. Marine Corps. I was a machine gunner. We trained with you guys. Hard outfit.

Jen Kim pours him a drink.

PERRY

Thanks. Bobby was a Marine too. He's a war hero. Bronze star. Persian Gulf.

Tedrow waves, engrossed by the crime scene photos, getting a feel for what happened. Perry looks at the register.

PERRY
They didn't get a dime?

JEN KIM
No. They crazy. They shoot and run.
They like dogs. They have no heart.

PERRY
Animals, sir. They're animals.

Jen Kim pops a Marlboro in his mouth. Offers one to Perry, who lights the smokes with his Zippo. Perry notices the stairs through a curtain.

PERRY
They go back there?

JEN KIM
Nossir.

PERRY
What's upstairs? Apartments?

JEN KIM
Yessir. I live with my daughter. My
... wife.

(looks away with grief)
I married twenty two years.

Perry squeezes his shoulder. Hands him his card.

PERRY
Me and Bobby are gonna get the guys who
did this. Call me if you need anything.
We're here to help you.

JEN KIM
Thank you, sir.

Perry heads to the door, where Tedrow stands to the side of the doorframe. They talk quietly.

PERRY
What?

TEDROW
Gettin' a feel for the scene.

PERRY
How'd it go down, Sherlock?

TEDROW
One guy stood here. Popped the vics.
Stacked them there.

PERRY

Okay, we'll call him shooter one.
Shooter two wasted mama-san.

TEDROW

And ran out empty handed.

Perry and Tedrow exit.

EXT. LUCKY LIQUOR - MORNING

The two cops looking around.

PERRY

Outside, shooter one blows up Mr. Lewis.

TEDROW

They drive into rush hour traffic.
Goodbye.

Perry takes a last drag, flicks his cigarette in the gutter.
Where it joins a dozen more.

PERRY

Borrow a broom from papa-san and clean
that gutter. Bag everything for the
printlab.

Tedrow shoots Perry a look, who crosses to his car and
settles in to read the paper.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC (MOVING) - DAY

Driving through South Central. Tedrow's nose in Sapin's
notes. A bag of trash on the seat between them.

TEDROW

I really wanna get these guys.

PERRY

So you can work off your coward jacket?

Tedrow shoots him a look.

PERRY

We find 'em. They're all yours. Cancel
their tickets. Gotta find 'em first.
Any ideas, butterfingers?

TEDROW

Hold a seance and ask the vics how it
went down?

PERRY

You just want an excuse to hold my hand.
I gotta better idea.

TEDROW

What?

PERRY

Word on the street.

Perry pulls a U-ie. Turns on a sidestreet, slaloms to a SCREECHING stop in front of five GANGSTERS occupying a corner. They stare at the cops.

PERRY

Jam these motherfuckers.

Perry and Tedrow exit the car. Draw their guns.

EXT. STREETCORNER - SAME

The men staring.

PERRY

Yo, shitbags. Turn around. Palms on
the bricks. Everyone get their legs way
back. Like you're going to push the
wall over.

Four comply. The fifth, MANIAC, a big gangster, mid 20's,
just glares at him.

PERRY

You too, King Kong.

MANIAC

Good morning, officers.

Perry shoves his pistol under his chin.

PERRY

Hook him up, Bobby.
(to Maniac)
You're under arrest.

MANIAC

For what?

PERRY

It's a murder beef. Don't fuck around.

MANIAC

What? Fuck you.

PSSSST! Perry peppersprays him. Maniac SCREAMS. Tedrow shoves him in the car. Perry climbs in and ... SCREECH! Pulls out of there. It only took seconds. The remaining Gangsters trade looks.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC - DAY

Tedrow breathing through a handkerchief, teary eyed from the pepper spray.

TEDROW
Why the fuck did you do that?

PERRY
Contempt of cop.

Perry coughing, rolls down his window, sticks his head out. Maniac, doubled over in back, rubs his eyes on his knee.

MANIAC
Damn. Shit stings.

TEDROW
What's your name?

MANIAC
Maniac. The fuck are you? Homicide?

PERRY
Right. I'm Detective Smith. That's my homeboy, Detective Jones. Someone dropped a dime on you. You robbed a liquor store and dumped four good citizens. Your ass is gettin' gassed.

Maniac sits up, squints at Perry, laughs.

MANIAC
Man, don't even come at me runnin' that bullshit.

Perry grabs his pepperspray. Tedrow grabs his wrist.

TEDROW
Stop. You're killing me with that shit.

PERRY
Okay. I'll find an alley where I can empty the can up his fuckin' nose. This is the really syrupy shit that sticks up in your sinuses.

TEDROW
(to Maniac)

He'll do it. For fun. Believe me. You better spill.

MANIAC
You talkin' about Mr. Kim's. He cool people. Hooks us up with fortys. He's a down old dude. We keep an eye out for him. We're trippin' 'cause someone came up in this motherfucker blastin' civilians. Little girls. That's some wrong-ass shit. We was conferencin'. 'Cause we gettin' the niggers what did this. Or you get 'em. It's all good, 'cause if you get 'em, we still get 'em. In County.

PERRY
Shut up. I'm not going to spray you. Who did it? Help us take these guys down and we'll bust a dooper and give you his shit.

MANIAC
All I know is it's two crazy niggers who ain't from here.

TEDROW
Think they were gangsters?

MANIAC
Yep. You know it. And we'll find 'em. We got our feelers out. People asking questions. Some motherfucker gonna get drunk and brag about this shit. Open his mouth.

PERRY
Nobody brags about popping little girls in their faces.

MANIAC
A motherfucker'll brag about going up against Mr. Kim like that and doing his wife.

PERRY
Why?

MANIAC
He a player. He got game.

PERRY
What's he play, golf? Speak fucking English.

MANIAC
Naw, man. He gots stripclubs and ladies and whatnot. Brings 'em in from Korea.

Perry whips the car into a trash filled alley. Stops. Threatens with the can. Tedrow dives out of the car.

PERRY
I have to spray you. You're telling me fuckin' bedtime stories. Hold still. Hurts less without a broken nose.

MANIAC
Fuck you, man. Mr. Kim is a straight gangster. Smooth like that. He a pimp.

Perry grabs his cellphone, dials.

PERRY
Don't fuck with me.

Into phone:

PERRY
Hey, Bob. It's uh, Detective Smith.
(beat)
Uh-huh. Can you look a name up?
(beat)
Hyun Jen-Kim. DOB ten fifteen forty one.
(long beat)
Uh-huh.
(beat)
Okay. Thanks, Bob.

To Tedrow, outside the car:

PERRY
Unhook him.

Tedrow opens the back door, unlocks Maniac's cuffs.

PERRY
Get the fuck outta my car.

MANIAC
Gimme a ride back to my corner.

PERRY
You got two legs. Walk.

Maniac sighs and exits. SLAMS the door. Tedrow and the gangster trade toughguy looks before Maniac moves on. Tedrow gets in and they drives away.

PERRY

Mr. Kim's in the gang book. Owns a stripclub on Pico. Let's go look at some girlies.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUCKY SEVEN BAR - DAY

Just off Vermont Avenue in Koreatown. Part of a garish stripmall clad in blinky lights and twisty neon. Perry and Tedrow cross to the door--

PERRY

Pico's a two minute walk from here.

--blocked by a uniformed GUARD.

GUARD

This private club.

Perry badges him and they enter.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY SEVEN BAR - DAY

Disco THUMPS. The decor is pure asian techno-sex. A Korean EXOTIC DANCER grinds a firepole. A dozen Korean BUSINESSMEN smoke, sip whisky and chat with BARGIRLS.

All eyes lock on Perry and Tedrow as they find a booth and sit. Perry puts his boots on the table.

TEDROW

Look, Eldon. Korean folkdancing.

A beefy BARTENDER crosses to them. Angry.

BARTENDER

Sorry. Private club. You leave now.

Perry slaps his badge on the table.

PERRY

Set me up a fifth of Jack. Chop-chop.

Perry's scary. The Bartender nods, crosses to the bar.

Returns with a fifth and two shotglasses. Clients give him dirty looks for serving occidentals. He returns to the bar, anxious. Perry pours.

PERRY

So, you little sneak. How the hell is it you've been running around two weeks with this broad I know nothing about it?

TEDROW

You're really pretty clueless. You'll fit right in with the rest of the brass. Lieutenant.

Tedrow smirks, knocks back his shot.

PERRY

Okay. I can admit it, Bobby, I get played every now and then.

(refills the glasses)

Because I'm trusting. I try not to judge people. I'm cool with everyone. I don't see skincolor, race. You know, we're all the same and all that. On the inside. That's my credo.

TEDROW

(laughs)

You are so full of shit.

PERRY

Anyway, Bobby. I like giving people the benefit of the doubt. But when my trust is abused, it drives me out of my fucking mind. Like I wanna break jaws.

TEDROW

You that pissed I'm seeing a black girl?

Perry REACTS.

PERRY

You're banging a black broad?

Oops. Tedrow nods. Knocks back his shot.

PERRY

Didn't know you like coo--

TEDROW

--I don't wanna hear a bunch of nigger jokes. Okay?

PERRY

Yeah, sure. A piece of ass is a piece of ass. I screwed around with colored girls when I was a patrolman. Bet I got some warbabies. It's no big deal, Bobby. Just get your shit in one bag. Your brain's stuck in chicksville. You got it bad. I was talking about Mr. Jen Kim. I fell for his struggling immigrant in South Central war buddies tapdance. He's some freakin' gangster kingpin.

TEDROW

Oh, we're working now? Think it was a hit on his wife? The skimasks. Twenty-two automatics. Organized bodies.

PERRY

Wasn't a hit. A hit would'a been in and out. With one or two vics. These guys lingered.

TEDROW

Back to a robbery. But they did not give fuck one about the till.

PERRY

Give that man a drink.

Perry pours Tedrow another shot. Gestures at the Dancer.

PERRY

How much you think a shot of ass goes for?

TEDROW

Fifty. Sixty.

PERRY

Try two hundred.

(points at the customers)

Those boys are flush. Bet this place moves six g's worth'a pussy weekdays. Double that weekends. That's a lot of cash. The shooters were Koreans. Those weren't ski masks. They were ninja hoods. Kung fu Korean samurai ninjas.

TEDROW

I'll watch out for throwing stars. I don't think the shooters were Asian. I don't think it was an inside job.

PERRY
Why?

TEDROW
Too sloppy.

PERRY
C'mon, Bobby. We're gonna go on a
fishing trip.

Perry grabs the Jack bottle by the neck and crosses to the bar with Tedrow. The Bartender locks eyes with Perry, mildly confrontational.

BARTENDER
What do you want?

PERRY
I wanna take that girl home.

The Bartender looks at Perry, at the Dancer. Plays it safe.

BARTENDER
Sorry. She can't do that.

Perry plucks the killpin from his lapel.

PERRY
So find me one that can. There's eight
girls here. You gonna tell me you're
not pimping them?

BARTENDER
You go. I no talk to you. You LAPD.
You beat Rodney King.

Perry has the killpin palmed and discretely stabs it in the Bartender's hand -- Who swings a punch.

Perry catches his arm, yanks him over the bar and spins him into an exotic armlock.

He pulls a leather sap, THWAPS the man's kidneys repeatedly.

PERRY
You crazy? Assaulting a cop?

Tedrow eyes the horrified clients, his hand on his gun. The Bartender GURGLES in agony as his shoulder stretches apart. Perry THWAPS harder.

PERRY
Listen zipperhead, I'll terrorize you at
will. I'll fucking kill you and make up

PERRY(cont'd)
any bullshit story I want. Because I
can. You talked shit to the wrong cop.
You're gonna piss blood for a week.

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! Perry cuffs him. Tedrow guards his
back as they exit with the prisoner.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC - DAY

Perry tosses the Bartender in back. Gets in front with
Tedrow.

PERRY
You take Kim's money? You know where he
keeps it? You put on a skimask and go
in there take his cash? Kill his wife?

BARTENDER
What? I no do. I no do it. I work for
Jen Kim long time. His family like my
family. I no steal.

PERRY
Jen Kim said they got a two hundred
grand.

BARTENDER
They take safe. But it only have one
fifty.

PERRY
They took a safe out of his liquor
store?

BARTENDER
Yes, yes. They take safe.

Perry is slick. Tedrow suppresses a grin.

PERRY
Anyone not show up for work? Anyone in
your little sewing circle blow town?

BARTENDER
Du Ku not here. He not at home. But he
very loyal. Jen Kim people very loyal.
He like a father. He loved very much.

PERRY
Everyone loves you when you got the
ladies. What's Du Ku to Jen Kim?

BARTENDER
He carry the monies.

PERRY
Where's he live?

BARTENDER
We look for him. Not there.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A bent little old Korean LANDLADY opens an apartment door for Perry and Tedrow. The two cops enter the apartment. Close the door behind them.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

Spartan. Just a futon. Girlie posters for color.

PERRY
This guy doesn't own one stinkin' chair.
Tedrow walks past a closet. Pauses. Sniffs.

PERRY
Why the "I smell shit" face?

TEDROW
I smell shit.

He reaches for the closet handle. Turns it.

DU KU falls out. He's tied to a chair with coathangers. He's mangled. Skinless. Peeled apart.

TEDROW
I found a chair.

Perry crosses to the remains. Squats down for a good look.

PERRY
... tortured the shit out of him ...

TEDROW
He sang.

PERRY
Oh, this guy hit high-C. Start a log, Bobby. Call everybody and note the time.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - PERSONNEL OFFICE - DAY

Beth crosses the large CLERK filled office. Stops at a steel gate guarded by an old UNIFORM ticking away the days until his pension kicks in.

UNIFORM
Morning, Lieutenant.

BETH
Morning, Ed. I'm going to pull some jackets for Chief Holland.

The Uniform BUZZES her through. Familiar with the rows of file cabinets, she quickly homes in on the drawer with Perry's folder and has it in her hands.

She hefts the thick file. Opens the cover -- A bad photo of Perry stapled inside. Beth laughs.

One more file to pull. She opens another drawer. Reads through it. Pulls Robert Tedrow's personal file. And the drawer. Crosses to the gate, she opens Bobby's file and SEES a photo of his grinning face.

THWOP! She drops Perry's file. Papers SWOOSH across the floor.

UNIFORM(O.S.)
Can I help you, ma'am?

BETH
No, thanks. Dropped a file and made a mess. Oops.

She squats to gather the papers as the shock wears off.

CUT TO:

INT. KOREATOWN APARTMENT - DAY

Two female CORONER'S ASSISTANTS load Du Ku on a gurney.

CORONER'S ASSISTANT
Liver's room temperature. I say he died yesterday, mid-morning. Coroner has to say for sure.

PERRY
Thanks, Irene -- Fits our timeline, Bobby. Our badguys got turned onto Jen Kim's business somehow. Snatched the bagman and tortured him to learn where Jen Kim stashes his ducats.

TEDROW

They jack a ride two blocks from here.
Stash their car on Budlong on the way to
Lucky Liquor. Kill four people. Wound
a fifth. Torch the getaway vehicle.

PERRY

A safe. These guys are fuckin'
safecrackers.

TEDROW

Why would safecrackers waste a bunch of
good people like that?

PERRY

Because they're pieces of shit. They're
criminals. Don't give a shit about
anything or anybody. That's why.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY LIQUOR - DAY

Jen Kim smokes, reads the Korea Times. A couple BIG GUYS in
suits with him. Perry and Tedrow enter. Jen Kim stabs out
his smoke, been waiting for them.

PERRY

There he is. The Godfather. I was just
at your bar on Olympic. Nice place.

JEN KIM

I only have liquor store.

PERRY

I called Immigration. A bus is on the
way. Bye-bye girlies.

Jen Kim REACTS.

TEDROW

Don't let him jerk your chain. He
didn't make the call.

Perry grabs a cowboy killer from Jen Kim's pack. Lights it.

PERRY

I will. If I don't get some serious
fucking cooperation right now. Your
boy, Du Ku is dead. Your wife. And
three other people. Show me where the
safe was.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jen Kim pulls back carpet to expose a plywood patch. Jen Kim pries it off with a hammer.

Tedrow studies the sheared bolts.

TEDROW

Lookit the toolmarks. Sheared off.
These guys knew exactly what they were
doing. They just hopped in a car and
did this.

PERRY

(to Jen Kim)

What hurts you more? Losing a hundred
and fifty grand, or your wife? -- Let's
roll, Bobby.

Perry and Tedrow exiting the room.

JEN KIM

You go to the devil!

Walking out the door, Tedrow's cell RINGS. Into phone:

TEDROW

Hello?

(a beat)

Go ahead.

(a beat)

Thanks.

He hangs up.

TEDROW

Wit's conscious.

CUT TO:

INT. DREW KING - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Perry and Tedrow lean over a bed containing MR. LEWIS, the old man shot by Sidwell. His eyes are closed.

PERRY

Mr. Lewis? Mr. Lewis?

Perry shakes him.

TEDROW

Mr. Lewis? Are you awake, sir?

His eyes open, swivel on Perry's baby blues.

PERRY
There he is -- You're lucky to be alive,
Mr. Lewis. You okay?

Mr. Lewis just stares.

PERRY
Sir? Excuse me? I need to ask you a
couple questions.
(to Tedrow)
He's whacked out on demerol.

NURSE(O.S.)
He can't speak.

NEW ANGLE

A black NURSE stands in the doorframe, filling it just fine.

PERRY
What?

NURSE
He can't speak. His larynx was removed.
The bullet shattered it.

PERRY
Can he write?

NURSE
Ask him that.

PERRY
Can you write?

Mr. Lewis nods. Perry fishes in his pockets, hands him a notepad and pen.

PERRY
Do you remember what happened to you?

Mr. Lewis nods: yes.

PERRY
Did you see who shot you?

Mr. Lewis nods: yes. Makes a ski mask gesture.

PERRY
Did you see their eyes?

Mr. Lewis nods: yes.

PERRY

Do you know the race of your attackers?
Can you write it down for me?

Mr. Lewis nods: yes. He writes something down. Hands it to Perry. NEGRO AND WHITE

PERRY

One guy was black, and one guy was
white?

Mr. Lewis gives him a thumbs up.

PERRY

Okay, sir. Listen carefully. You
weren't the only victim. The men who
shot you killed three women and a little
girl. Did you know that?

Mr. Lewis holds a hand to his mouth in horror, shakes his
head: no. Regarding the paper:

PERRY

Are you absolutely positive of this?
Would you swear to it in a court of law?

Mr. Lewis nods: yes. Perry and Tedrow shake his hand.

PERRY

Thanks, Mr. Lewis.

TEDROW

Thank you, sir. We'll get these guys.

The Detectives exit.

CUT TO:

INT. DREW KING - HALLWAY - DAY

Perry and Tedrow walking.

TEDROW

Told you the shooters weren't asian.

PERRY

We just cleared this case. I know who
these fucks are. Let's go tell Uncle
Tom.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

Beth reads the Tedrow shooting report Holland wouldn't sign at her desk outside Holland's Office. His door opens and a grim Barcomb exits, stomps angrily out to the hall.

Beth enters Holland's office.

BETH

He tried to talk you out of writing your own report.

HOLLAND

Yep.

BETH

You tell him you're not going to Cleveland?

HOLLAND

Yep. This is going to get ugly. I think me and Jimmy Barcomb are now officially political rivals.

BETH

Do you want to be chief? Is that what's really going on?

HOLLAND

(savors the words)

I want to be chief.

A beat. Holland smiles.

HOLLAND

Feels good to say it aloud. I'm a black man so it's always been a daydream. But it's happening, Beth, it's unfolding before me. I've been walking around with a strange deja vu these past few days, like everything that's happening is supposed to happen.

He takes her hand in his. She discretely pulls it away. Smiles weakly.

BETH

It's going to happen. You will be chief. It's time. But you gotta tell a lot more people than me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURGER STAND - DAY

Perry and Tedrow eating chiliburgers. Re: his burger.

PERRY

It's Du Ku's face.

Tedrow looking at Simi Valley headlines in the newspaper stand.

TEDROW

Will they get off or will they go down?

PERRY

These mangy fuckers are going down.

TEDROW

I'm talking about the Foothill guys who whacked on Rodney King.

PERRY

(belches)

Christ. Bobby, please. I'm eating.

TEDROW

I bet they get acquitted or there's a mistrial. That's my opinion. Ring in with yours. You do about everything else. From dog racing to foreign policy.

PERRY

They're going down and I bet they do prison time. That's what's gonna happen. That's why I avoid the subject. It kills me to see the real criminal free and four brother cops eat shit over politics. Remember a major four-fifteen called the Watts Riots? What started it? A drunk driver bust. People are pissed. You see the dirty looks we get in the hood? Those four cops go free and everything south of the Santa Monica Freeway will be briquettes. Trust me. I know how this town ticks.

TEDROW

Twenty says they walk.

They shake.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

Establishing.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM VAN METER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jazz on the stereo. Van Meter sorting tile samples and paint chips on his desk like ma jong pieces.

VAN METER

Julie talked me into remodeling the kitchen. I like this combo.

Perry points to another group.

PERRY

This looks sharp, Tom.

VAN METER

Hmmm. Lucky Liquor. Brief me. Been getting calls all day. I say my best guys are on it giving it a hundred and ten percent. Tell me you got the suspects in your trunk.

Van Meter studies Perry's group.

PERRY

I was none to happy when you yoked me with this niggerland mayhem. Thought I'd be chasing hoodrats no one's gonna find unless they get snitched out for a reward. But being the dutiful investigator I am, I persevered.

TEDROW

Eldon has bright green shag in his living room.

VAN METER

Right. What do you think, Bobby?

He points at Tom's group.

TEDROW

These. But go darker with the floor. That'll set off the cabinetry.

Van Meter switches tiles, nods his approval.

VAN METER

You get some breaks?

PERRY

Tom, I got compound fractures. I interviewed the K who owns the crime scene. Sniffed him out like this ...
(snaps his fingers)
... As a lesser light of the underworld.

Tedrow rolls his eyes.

PERRY

He's got stripclubs. He's pandering. He's a cash businessman. Had a safe with a buck fifty in it. That's what got boosted.

VAN METER

That's real money. You guys found a body. Whose?

PERRY

Mr. Kim's bagman. Our shooters tortured him until he had a heart attack.

TEDROW

Healthy young guy too.

VAN METER

Outstanding. You two are going to be drinking whiskey with the mayor. Sounds like your shooters are asian.

PERRY

That's what I thought. Until we interviewed our only wit.

VAN METER

He can't ID'em. They had ski masks.

PERRY

Pegged their race. It was an oreo team, Tom. A bloodthirsty safecracking, oreo team. Who's that sound like? Fuckin' Orchard and Sidwell.

VAN METER

Sorry. Wasn't Orchard and Sidwell, Eldon. They were doing something for me in San Diego on Monday.

PERRY

Shit.

VAN METER

So you might actually have to work some more. We have to clear Lucky Liquor. Things are reaching critical mass. Holland didn't sign off on Bobby's shooting board report. He's going to issue a minority report.

PERRY

You gotta be fuckin' kidding me. This some affirmative action shit. Just cause Holland's a nigger, he gets to write his own report?

VAN METER

No, Eldon. Department manual says any member of a shooting board can issue a separate report.

PERRY

Oh.

VAN METER

Holland nixed his Cleveland deal. Thinks he can vault himself into the big office over this Rodney King thing. It's a power play.

PERRY

Fuck him. Gonna stick the world's nose in SIS's business. I'll double-tap him right now.

Tedrow is freaked.

TEDROW

Tom. Tom, shit. What's going to happen?

PERRY

Easy. Nobody knows shit.

VAN METER

He's right, Bobby. Holland's working the ambush angle. Doesn't have a clue what really went down. And we are a bunch of ol' rattlesnakes, ain't we? Step on SIS, it's fatal.

PERRY

Okay. What are we going to do?

Van Meter pulls out a large envelope.

VAN METER

Make sure Holland gets this. And you're going to do whatever it takes to clear Lucky Liquor. Find a crew that profiles and sell them to Deena Schultz.

PERRY

I can find the real guys.

VAN METER

Don't bother. Do what you do. Get hot.

PERRY

Aye-aye, Tom.

He and Tedrow stand. Van Meter hands Perry the envelope.

CUT TO:

INT. SIS OFFICES - DAY

Perry pulls a bottle of Old Granddad from his desk. Pours shots for Tedrow and himself.

PERRY

This'll put a twinkle back in your eye.

TEDROW

Thanks, Eldon.

Perry grabs a mugbook. Flips through it.

PERRY

Ugly. These motherfuckers are ugh-lee!

TEDROW

Forget finding the real guys. Did I hear right?

PERRY

Mmmm-hmmm. We're gonna find a couple assholes that fit and bury them with Lucky Liquor. When Tom says "do what you do," that means carve case cleared on their caskets with my Buckknife. That's what I do. What we do. Partner.

Perry tosses him the mugbook. Tedrow is incredulous.

TEDROW

You can't pin four, shit, five murders on patsies, Eldon. That is seriously not cool. The real shooters need to be taken off the streets.

PERRY

I absolutely, one hundred percent agree with you, Bobby. The vermin should be exterminated.

He holds up some reports--

PERRY(cont'd)

There's crime.

--then the mugbook.

PERRY(cont'd)

There's criminals. If you're meticulous, maybe you can make some matches. Whatever. We're in the gettin' shit done business.

TEDROW

How can Tom even suggest this? The hell's he thinking?

Wrong thing to say. Boozey aggression flushes Perry's face.

PERRY

How fucking dare you. Who the fuck are you to question Tom Van Meter? Who the fuck are you to question anything?

Perry pulls an old revolver from a desk drawer--

PERRY

I should kick your fucking ass.

--SLAMS it down in front of Tedrow ... A worn .38 with eleven deep notches in the barrel.

PERRY

That's my dad's gun. He and Tom were partners. L.A. was their town. They kept it under control. If you fucked around, they'd give you a talkin' to. Or more. See those?

(re: the notches)

Eleven. You know jack, Bobby. You're a fuckin' coward. When zero hour came, you dropped your shit. You were tested and failed. Tom Van Meter may be your Uncle, and that's the only reason you got a second fuckin' chance, but to me he's a father. He's a great man.

TEDROW

Okay, okay. Eldon, I'm sorry. You're right. I don't know shit. Ease down. I'm with you, partner. Okay. We're gonna do this.

A beat. They shake. Eldon puts the gun away and pours two more shots.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - SUNSET

Perry and Tedrow walking to the Superior Courts building. Tedrow grim.

PERRY

I think, I think you're a pretty good cop. On your own right.

They trade sheepish smiles.

TEDROW

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. DEENA SCHULTZ'S OFFICE - DAY

A small box in the Superior Courts Building. DEENA SCHULTZ works at her PC, a cute blonde in a designer pantsuit.

Perry KNOCKS at her open door that reads: LOS ANGELES COUNTY DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY DEENA SCHULTZ

DEENA

Eldon. Come in.

He and Tedrow, a folder underarm, enter.

PERRY

Evening, Deena. You know Bobby, right?

DEENA

No, I don't.

They shake.

TEDROW

Detective Robert Tedrow.

DEENA

Pleased to meet you, Detective.

PERRY
Been with us six months. We got him his
detective shield.

DEENA
(eyes Bobby's lapel)
And a cute little stickpin.

TEDROW
Yes, Ma'am.

DEENA
What brings SIS to my office?

PERRY
The quadruple on Avalon. The dispatcher
and all that.

DEENA
Oh, yeah. I know. That yours?

PERRY
Detective Sapin caught it. We took it
from South Bureau. You know Peltz and
Sapin?

DEENA
The Bourbon Brothers.

PERRY
They're good guys.

Perry closes the door and takes a seat.

PERRY
Siddown, Bobby.

Tedrow does. Perry hands a case file to Deena.

PERRY
We found the gentlemen that did it. We
want you to file.

DEENA
Let me see what you have.

She looks through the file a beat, gives Perry a look.

PERRY
It's thin. I know. These are some real
bad hombres. This guy. He raped an
eighty year old for six hours. Her guts
had to be sewn back together. Read the
file.

She skims reports, shaking her head.

DEENA

Calling this circumstantial would be a compliment. I can't file this. A judge would laugh me out of court.

PERRY

Deena, no judge will ever see it. C'mon, we're Special Investigations. We don't clear by arrest. We clear by gunfire.

DEENA

That's funny. I've heard that before. I'm sorry. I can't do anything with this. Give me some wits. Anything. And I'll give you five one eight seven counts with all the enhancements.

She tries to hand the file back. Perry doesn't take it, he grins a scary grin.

PERRY

No, Deena. You are going to file charges right fucking now. And by tomorrow morning, those two young bucks will be dressed out and tied to the hood of my Crown Vic. So says the playbook. So do it, Deena. Be a team player.

They have a staring contest. Tedrow can't believe this is happening. Then:

DEENA

... okay ...

Perry stands.

PERRY

Thanks, baby.

She glowers as the SIS men exit. She stands on her desk, lights a cigarette with shaky hands and blows smoke into a ceiling vent.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY - SUPERIOR COURTS BUILDING - SAME

They cross to an elevator. Perry is smirking. Tedrow shakes his head, confused.

TEDROW
I'm lost. What just happened?

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

They enter, alone. When the door closes:

PERRY
(quietly)
Deena went to USC School of Law.
Sorority girl. Dean's list and all
that. Sharp gal. But she was a little
cokehead. And quite the horndog, into
team sports. Or sports teams. Freaky
little bitch. Had a thing for
gangbangs. Now she's married to some
chief financial officer in Century City.
He don't know shit and that's the way
she likes it.

The elevator doors open. They exit.

TEDROW
Amazing what a few simple threats can
do.

EXT. SUPERIOR COURT BUILDING - SAME

They exit.

PERRY
I'm gonna head over to Metro's building
and muster up a raiding party. Sign out
a car and paint Enola Gay on it's side
because you are going to drop the bomb
on Holland ... here.

He hands Tedrow a photo.

INSERT PHOTO -- Outside a hotsheet hotel. Holland entering
a room.

Perry hands Tedrow another.

INSERT PHOTO -- This one shows Beth entering the same room.

TEDROW
Who's the female?

If Tedrow recognizes her, he's playing it, as always, cool.

PERRY
Lieutenant Beth Williamson. She's
Holland's assistant and hosebag.

TEDROW
Who took these?

PERRY
Me.

TEDROW
Not very damning.

PERRY
This is. I call it "doggie style."

Tedrow REACTS when he sees it. Perry deals him several more.

PERRY(cont'd)
Here's "girl on top." This is
"missionary." And this last one's
choice, I call it: "in the bootie."

Tedrow has stopped dead in his tracks.

TEDROW
What do you want me to do with these?

PERRY
Go to Holland's house and put those
where he's gonna find them. Rally at
Metro headquarters at twenty one
hundred. That'll give you some sack
time. You look like shit, Bobby.

PERRY
Good to go?

TEDROW
Yeah ... good to go.

PERRY
See you tonight, Bobby.

Tedrow gives him a thumbs up. Perry takes off running through an intersection.

Tedrow pulls out his cell and dials.

TEDROW
Beth. It's Bobby. I guess everybody
knows who all the players are now. Meet
me where we first met at seven O'clock
tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRE COMPANY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It used to be an old downtown firestation. Tedrow sits at a back table sipping mineral water. Beth enters. In uniform. Sits with him.

TEDROW
Lieutenant. You wore your uniform.

BETH
Public relations. Reminds people not everyone who wears the uniform is like you, Detective Tedrow.

Each regards the other with a deep sense of betrayal.

TEDROW
What are you? A fuckin' Mata Hari for the black peace officer's association?

BETH
I wasn't spying on you.

TEDROW
Bullshit.

BETH
I never wanted to know anything about you. Remember? I never asked.

A WAITER gives them bread.

TEDROW
I trusted you. I liked you. I felt things for you I've never felt for anyone. Tell Holland he's a master pimp. Did he fuck you right before he sent you over to me?

BETH
Don't forget this uniform comes with a sidearm and forty six rounds of ammunition. I don't give a fuck who your Uncle is. I'll blow your head off if I ever feel the slightest bit threatened by you or anyone else.

TEDROW
So fucking shoot me. I'll feel better. Do you deny you're fucking Arthur Holland? Do you deny it?

BETH

Me and you are stuck in the middle of something a lot bigger than us.

TEDROW

Do you deny it? Can I show you something?

He reaches into his jacket. Beth figures out what he has.

BETH

Don't. Please.

Tedrow doesn't. She nibbles on a piece of bread.

BETH

I initiated the romance. When I was a patrol supervisor on the street. I'd seen him around department events. I was attracted to him. I thought he was a great man. Sure of himself. I knew he was married and didn't care. I knew he wasn't happy. Not a lot of guys want a relationship with a police sergeant. We met for sex twice. Once in a hotel once in my house. That was three years ago. It's my business and his business and not yours.

TEDROW

You really think I'm a fool, don't you.

BETH

I thought you were a sweet man. But I was wrong. You're all cop.

TEDROW

Goodbye, Lieutenant.

Tedrow stands and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLAND'S NEIGHBORHOOD - SUNSET

Tedrow scowls over the wheel of the unmarked sedan he drives. He passes a Cherokee heading the opposite way.

ON THE CHEROKEE

Janelle drives it. She pulls into her driveway. Parks. Janelle gets out. Gets the mail and enters her home.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLAND'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holland stands before a dresser, he pins his badge and medals on a fresh uniform. Then he pins his Assistant Chief stars on his starched collars, maybe imagining the complete constellation of the Chief. Janelle enters.

HOLLAND
We're running late.

She begins to undress. Checks out her dresses in the closet. Picks one.

JANELLE
I want out of the marriage, Arthur.

Holland REACTS.

JANELLE
(undressing/dressing)
Listen. Use your ears and listen. I'm glad the time you put in the department is paying off for you. But the time I into you isn't paying off for me. I wanna have a life while I still can. Don't worry, I'm still down for you, baby. I think you'll make a wonderful chief and I'm going to work hard and do my part to help you make it. Then it's the splits. It doesn't have to be a big scandal. We can move apart gracefully. Okay, Arthur?

Holland is stunned. A beat.

HOLLAND
Okay, Janelle.

She tosses the sex pictures on the dresser. Works on her hair.

JANELLE
These were in the mailbox. What's the next step for these people? A bullet in the head?

Holland covers the photos with his hand.

HOLLAND
... shit ...

CUT TO:

INT. THE METRO GREENROOM - NIGHT

Eight big COPS in scary black assault gear watch an old cowboy movie, and enjoy coffee and donuts. Most are white, some are black, latino. But that's not important to this bunch, they're all LAPD blue. Perry watches TV with them, munching on a cruller. BILL, who runs this crew, pipes up:

BILL

You're lucky the verdicts didn't come in today, or you wouldn't have us.

Perry GRUNTS. Tedrow enters. Perry squints at his watch.

PERRY

Fuck, Bobby. Thanks for remembering us -- Bill, that's Bobby. My Number two on this run.

BILL

Evening, Detective.

They shake. Adlibs of "Evening, sir" from the others.

TEDROW

Thanks.

Tedrow inspects the donuts.

TEDROW

What's with the fat pills? I thought you guys were like finely tuned thoroughbreds.

BILL

We carboload before the hunt.

Tedrow grabs a plain cake.

PERRY

(to Bill)

Let's saddle 'em up and roll out.

Perry turns off the tube. Bill stands. His men lumber to their feet.

BILL

Everyone check your loadout and secure your shit. I don't want people getting stuck in the door. Remember your buddy's positions. Be crossfire conscious. Don't be shooting each other through the walls. Think safety.

Cop 1, babyfaced and towheaded, raises his hand.

COP 1
Sir? Are we really putting these guys
down?

Perry hands him mugshots.

INSERT MUGSHOTS - A black guy and a white guy.

PERRY
These assholes shot a seven year old
girl in the face.

BILL
They shot a dispatcher. We're gonna
show everyone we take care of our own.

PERRY
Fuckin-A. I want you to obliterate
these worms. Make the coroner puke.

The Cops MURMUR agreement, examining the mugshots in turn.

PERRY
Ever put lead in a live one, son?

COP 1
Nossir.

PERRY
Don't fuck up, princess.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST JERICHO METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Establishing. In the heart of South Central.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST JERICHO METHODIST CHURCH - SAME

The black congregation, a big one, belts out a hymnal.
Several NEWS CREWS present.

AT THE PULPIT

Leading the song is Janelle, her powerful voice rises above
the others in wounded passion. When the music ends, PASTOR
DENNIS crosses to her.

PASTOR DENNIS

Thank you, Mrs. Holland, for taking the shepherd's crook a moment and leading us in such a beautiful evocation of spirit and faith in the Lord.

JANELLE

Thank you, Pastor.

She smiles and steps down to a front pew, takes a seat by Holland. Their son Ronald by his side.

PASTOR DENNIS

Please, have a seat folks. I'd like to introduce a member of our congregation who has spoken to us on many other occasions. Today he has an important announcement. Assistant Los Angeles Police Chief Arthur Holland.

Sporadic CLAPPING, MURMURS as he climbs to the pulpit. This crowd is none too happy about anything LAPD right now.

Holland stands, crosses to the pulpit, receives a hug from the Pastor.

Holland squares himself in front of the pulpit. Gazes at the congregation. Notes the faces, some skeptical, some angry, all focused on him.

HOLLAND

Good evening. I asked Pastor Dennis to let me speak a few words tonight. I know everyone here is aware of the problems our police department is having. The problems our city is having. No verdicts today. We'll be talking about the trial all night. I'm up here to talk about something else right now ... Sitting in here in church this night. Where I married my wife, where I baptized my children. I remembered a Spring day about thirty years ago. I had just graduated from the police academy and I wore my brand new blues to this church. It was a real hot Sunday and there I was listening to song and sermon sweating in all that wool. I felt so proud with my new badge on my chest. I shined that thing until it glowed. I remember how everyone came up and hugged me and shook my hand. Some of them folks are here today.

CUTAWAYS of OLDER PEOPLE nodding.

HOLLAND(cont'd)

Last night, a couple gentlemen from Cleveland came over to my house for supper. They wanted me to move out to Cleveland and be the Chief of their police department. Well, that's opportunity knocking mighty loud. And my LAPD badge didn't seem so shiny no more. I wasn't so proud of it no more. But last night, I told them men ... No. I'm gonna stay in L.A. I'm going to clean the police department like I do my badge.

He unpins it and holds it out to the blazing minicam lights.

HOLLAND(cont'd)

I'm going to get all the dirt down there in the little nooks and crannies. All that old crusty stuff, I'm going to chip right off. Then I'm gonna buff it and buff it until it glows and I can be as proud of it as the first day I wore it to this church. I stand before you here now to declare my goal of being first African-American Los Angeles Police Chief.

Holland is a great speaker. The crowd breaks into APPLAUSE. Janelle beams.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Tedrow drives south on Central Avenue, following a sinister unmarked van. Perry does paperwork for the raid.

TEDROW

Have any of these guys choked when it got real?

PERRY

Don't worry, you're the Picasso of choke artists. No one's competing with you.

TEDROW

Fuck you.

PERRY

People choke all the time. It's not easy to kill a man.

TEDROW

It is for you.

PERRY

No. It's not. I get psyched up first. That's the difference. Killing a man is a big fucking deal.

TEDROW

How do you get psyched up?

PERRY

When I gotta ace a knucklehead; I just take all the hate, rage and pissed-offedness I feel about my fucked up life, my marriage, my kid, my job and blame it on the dirtbag. I pretend the fuckin' piece of shit's the cause of all my problems. Like the asshole's trickfucking me every time I turn around. Then I look him in the eye. Pull the trigger. And Boom. My problems fade away.

Tedrow looks at Perry like he doesn't want to be in the car anymore.

PERRY

What? Do that and you'll never drop a gun again.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATTS ALLEY - SUNSET

A long dirt furrow between two rows of houses in the heart of Watts. Perry's Ford and the van roll slowly -- no one talking -- and stop.

ON PERRY

A big handgun in his lap.

TEDROW

I'll go in first.

PERRY

What?

TEDROW

I'll go in first.

PERRY

We're not going in. Metro's securing the premises for us.

TEDROW

What if they take these guys alive?

PERRY

They walk. And we look like assholes. We have zilch case.

TEDROW

I'll go in first. I can pop these guys.

PERRY

No you won't. We've established your record, butterfingers. You'll hand these cheesedicks your roscoe and let them shove it up your ass.

A HOMELESS MAN, swaddled in rags, steps from the shadows and approaches. Perry points his hand cannon at him.

PERRY

Take it easy, nigger, we're cops ... Oh, sorry James, didn't recognize you. You went native on me.

The Homeless man sticks his head in the car.

HOMELESS MAN(JAMES)

Fuck you, Perry.

(to Tedrow)

Plug your ears, Bobby. I'm shooting this hick.

TEDROW

My God, James, last time I saw you, you looked so sharp. Your uniform was smartly pressed, your shoes and belt were shined. This is heartbreaking. Now you're in rags, stinking of malt liquor. Did my LAPD do this to you?

JAMES

It was inevitable, Bobby. It was all the rednecks. They got to me. I snapped and turned to the crackpipe.

PERRY

Shut the fuck up you two -- Aren't you scared walking around in that shit?

James opens his overcoat, reveals body armor, a machine gun.

PERRY
Cute. My guys in there?

JAMES
They're inside. They made a booze run
two hours ago. No one's been in or out
since. Been drinking all day. They're
out of it. We gonna get these shitbags?

PERRY
You know they shot a dispatcher and her
little girl?

JAMES
I know.

PERRY
They won't know what hit them.

JAMES
Shit like this makes me feel good about
being a cop.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATTS HOUSE - SUNSET

James has dumped the rags, he attaches a grappling hook to
the steel security door. He gets out of the way, signals
with his maglite.

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC - SAME

Perry dialing a cellphone.

TEDROW
Go, Eldon. Go! Who the fuck are you
calling?

PERRY
The suspects.

TEDROW
Why?

PERRY
Warn them.
(into phone)
Hey, dumbass. The cops are in front of
your house. Look out the window.

Perry hangs up. And peels out ...

SCREECH!

EXT. WATTS HOUSE - SAME

BOOM! The steel security door flies off the frame, spins through the air.

CRASH! Bill kicks a wood door open. COP 1 tosses in two flashbang grenades.

BANG!-BANG! They explode. The eight Metro Cops pour inside like Entebe Commandos. RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT! Automatic gunfire.

IN PERRY'S CAR

Perry and Tedrow's eyes on the house.

A quiet beat. Then:

The WHITE SUSPECT bolts from around the side of the house. Runs right in front of Perry's car.

PERRY

That's our guy. Get him, Bobby.

Perry and Tedrow explode from the car. Follow him down an alley. Running fast.

They follow the suspect between two houses. A pit bull rages at the end of its chain.

Through an empty lot, dodging trash piles. Tedrow cranking, Perry lagging, wheezing.

They run along some warehouses. Tedrow nearing the suspect.

Tedrow loses sight of the suspect as he runs into a loading dock. Tedrow rounds the corner.

WHAT HE SEES

It's a dead end. The suspect is on his knees. Arms in the air. Giving up.

SCENE

Perry rounds the corner. Stops in his tracks. Stares at the surrendering suspect.

SUSPECT

Alright. You got me.

Perry hands Tedrow his gun.

PERRY
Here, Bobby. It's time to break your
cherry.

TEDROW
Shoot him?

PERRY
Drill him, Bobby. He's armed.

Perry tosses a cheap .22 at the suspect's knees. The
Suspect is freaked, his hands are really up.

SUSPECT
Hey, Bobby. Buddy, that's not right,
man. I don't know you. I never did
shit to you. Be cool Bobby, don't blast
me.

PERRY
This is your second chance. Redemption.
It's perfect. Do him and I'll take the
heat. Like you did with Robertson.
We'll be even. Do the right thing. If
you don't get your head and ass wired
together, you're gonna do something
brave and stupid and get yourself
killed. Take charge and be a man.

A HELICOPTER approaching O.S.

SUSPECT
(terrified)
Bobby. Bobby. I'm cool people. Don't
do me like this.

PERRY
Hurry the fuck up. Air unit's here.

The chopper is louder.

SUSPECT/PERRY
Bobby--!

--BLAM! Tedrow puts a 9mm hydroshock between his eyes.
Making them bulge horribly from his head.

The Suspect's His arms fall to his side slowly. He sit-
leans back, not completely falling over, staring at Tedrow
with bulging dead eyes, crying a torrent of bloody tears.
It's creepy as all hell.

PERRY
Fuck ... ruined his day.

Perry takes back his gun.

A chopper overhead hits them with its Nightsun.

Three METRO COPS run into the dead end, kick the Suspect to the ground and handcuff him. One is Bill.

BILL

Good shootin'. Who got him?

Perry raises a hand.

PERRY

He scores again.

BILL

Jesus. Kill number eight.

PERRY

Three more and I retire, Bill.

BILL

Other one pulled a shotgun on us. New guy split him clean in half. Dumped a whole magazine in him.

PERRY

I'll check it out. Let's get some logs going. You get your guys' statements for me.

BILL

I'm on it, Eldon.

Tedrow looking at the handcuffed meat. Perry slaps his back.

PERRY

See, Bobby. It's no big deal.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON the spinning wheels of a tape recorder. Perry with two INVESTIGATORS, one lights his cigarette for him.

PERRY

Thanks. So I'm giving this guy commands and he's just not having it.

INVESTIGATOR 1

Which commands?

PERRY

I dunno. On your knees. Lemme see your hands. All that.

INVESTIGATOR 1

Okay.

PERRY

He reaches into his waistband. I see a metallic object in his hand. Bang. I fired my service weapon once. Suspect died instantly. The metallic object was a crappy little twenty-two.

INVESTIGATOR 2

Thank you, Sergeant Perry.

He turns off the tape recorder.

INVESTIGATOR 1

A twenty-two can kill you just as dead as a forty five.

PERRY

No doubt. Wanna run through it again?

INVESTIGATOR 2

We're done. Twice through's plenty.

INVESTIGATOR 1

I noticed the guys who get into your unit tend to stay there. I like that. Loyalty.

INVESTIGATOR 2

I'd love to get back in the field. That's what I'm about. Not this.

INVESTIGATOR 1

I met Tom Van Meter a couple years ago. If you guys get an opening, I'd love to try out.

INVESTIGATOR 2

Me too. Time to nail some bad guys and not other cops.

PERRY

Come to my badge ceremony tomorrow. I'll introduce you guys to Tom, we'll all have a drink together.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

It's Tedrow's turn with the Investigators. He looks like hell. Throughout the interview, he will compulsively wipe his face and check his hand for blood.

TEDROW

I saw the suspect reach for his waistband. I saw a metallic object. I fired once.

INVESTIGATOR 1

Sergeant Perry fired once.

TEDROW

Right. I'm sorry. Sergeant Perry fired once.

Investigator 2 stops the tape and rewinds it.

INVESTIGATOR 2

Don't worry, Bobby. We'll get it right. Just say that last part again.

Tedrow sighs, picks up the recorder. Pushes record and brusquely says into it:

TEDROW

I saw the suspect reach for a metallic object in his waistband. Sergeant Perry fired once. Fatally wounding the suspect.

CLICK. He hands it to Investigator 2

INVESTIGATOR 2

Perfect.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM VAN METER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chinese takeout on the coffeetable. Tedrow lays on the couch with a thousand yard stare, swirling the booze in his glass. Van Meter and Perry sprawled in padded chairs.

PERRY

Tom, Bobby has the steadiest goddamn hands. Couldn't a been a prettier kill. Bobby's an instinctual lifetaker. When he had to, he did it right.

VAN METER

Think you could do it again?

TEDROW

Of course, Tom.

PERRY

He's a natural.

VAN METER

Done with the investigators?

PERRY

They were sucking our dicks.

VAN METER

Good. The whole fucking world's pleased. You guys did a great thing. You guy's are heros -- Bobby, where'd you put the fucking pictures?

TEDROW

In Holland's mailbox.

VAN METER

Then he hasn't found them yet. He will. His ass is on the mat and he doesn't know it yet.

PERRY

What happened?

VAN METER

Nothing of consequence. When's the last time you called Sally?

PERRY

Oh, shit.

VAN METER

Goddamn it, Eldon. Go home.

Perry stands. Tedrow wipes his face. Stares at his hand.

PERRY

C'mon, Bobby. Give you a ride.

VAN METER

Take tomorrow off. Just show up for your badge ceremony, Eldon.

PERRY

Check that, boss.

Perry and Tedrow cross to the exit.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Perry driving. Tedrow staring out the window, melancholy.

PERRY
Really got to you?

TEDROW
I'm getting a cold. I got run down.

PERRY
I had a face to facer once. Guy begging for his life. Jag-off could kill like a man but couldn't die like one. Turns out he had a wife and kid. I'd slip money in her mailbox holidays. That one really fucked me up. Still get nightmares.

TEDROW
Shut up, Eldon.

PERRY
You'll be fine, Bobby. Little gangster kids are out there killing people. You don't see them sweating it. Shit, you're gonna wanna do it again. You'll see. It's habit forming.

Tedrow looking at Perry with what must be disgust.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Perry pulls up. Crosses to his door.

INT. PERRY'S HOUSE - SAME

TIGHT ON Perry, walking through his front door, sorting mail. He enters his living room, tosses the mail on the coffeetable -- It hits the carpet.

Because there is no coffeetable. Perry REACTS.

The living room has been picked clean. He runs from room to room. Everything is gone.

Save for a pile of his clothing on the bedroom floor. And three lifetimes of LAPD pictures and plaques amassed by the Perry family hanging on a wall.

Sally cleaned him out. Unless ...

PERRY

You crafty little bitch. You bought a house. A new house. It's a surprise. God, I love you.

He crosses to the answering machine -- Where a stickynote reads: PUSH PLAY -- So he does.

SALLY

(filtered)

Hi, Eldon. You're probably wondering what's going on. I found a place. For me. Not you. It's over. I'm taking the kid with me. Which is good. Because he's terrified of you. Like I used to be. But not anymore. I know you can handle our departure, because you don't give a shit about us. You care more about everyone you hate. I know. Because it's all you talk about.

(she coughs)

You'll find out anyway, so I'm telling you now: I met a man at the San Dimas Station. But don't start beating up every deputy you see, because he's not a cop. He's an inmate doing ninety days on a drunk driving beef. And don't worry, he's white. So don't freak out there. When he's released, we're going to try and start a new life. And I say try, because I'll always have to look over my shoulder for the wrath of Eldon. If you have to kill him, please don't do it in front of me. As far as money, I took most of it. But not all. Because for some fucked up reason; I still care if you eat or not. I know this is abrupt, unless you're good at reading signals. Which you're not. Goodbye, Eldon. Sorry. And thank you for the nineteen years, four months and eleven days.

A CLICK and the machine BEEPS off. Perry sighs. And begins to cry.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A SHADOWY MAN in a ballcap and a flannel shirt picks the lock of a house on a sleeping street. The Man lets himself inside.

INT. SOUTH CENTRAL HOUSE - SAME

It's a disaster littered with malt liquor bottles and food wrappers. The only light is from a big new T.V. tuned to a shopping network hawking cute porcelains.

Orchard gawks emptily at the screen. As does Sidwell. They're zonked out of their skulls on God knows what.

The FIGURE holds a magnum to Orchard's head. Who looks up and grins.

ORCHARD

Aw, shit. We'd be dead right now.

REVERSE ON

Tom Van Meter dressed down.

VAN METER

You are dead right now. You idiots don't know.

Sidwell stirs from his funk, snatches up a shotgun. Van Meter bats it from his hands. It CLATTERS against the wall.

Sidwell decides to be cool.

VAN METER

Where's the safe you ripped?

Sidwell points. Van Meter aims his flashlight on the empty husk of the safe, lying on a bed of power tools.

VAN METER

That trash will disappear right now.

His beam falls on a SLEEPING WOMAN. He clicks it off.

VAN METER

Where's the money? Give me all the fucking money. Right. Now.

Sidwell pulls a paper bag out from under his cushion.

SIDWELL

Here, man.

Van Meter snatches it. He notes a bong on the coffeetable.

VAN METER

That straight reefer?

ORCHARD

Uh-huh.

Van Meter takes a bong hit. Exhales like a dragon.

VAN METER

You two will kiss my ass your every
living breathing day on this Earth.
Understand?

A beat. Van Meter pistolwhips Orchard.

VAN METER

Understand?

ORCHARD

Yessir.

SIDWELL

Yessir.

VAN METER

You don't freelance. You work for me.
Next time you do shit on your own,
you're dead.

He crosses to exit, money tucked under his arm. Pauses to
check the Woman's pulse. Shine's a light in her glazed eye.

VAN METER

Your whore's dead. Dump her too.

Van Meter exits. A beat.

ORCHARD

Damn.

SIDWELL

Did that just happen?

ORCHARD

We work our ass off like little smurfs
and he just come in here like Gargamel
takin' our smurfberries.

SIDWELL

Smoked our shit too.

ORCHARD

Homegirl ain't dead, is she?

CUT TO:

INT. TEDROW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tedrow curled up in his bed in the fetal position. He's having a very bad night.

CUT TO:

INT. ELDON PERRY'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Eldon squints at his wall of awards and photos. His gun dangles loosely from his hand.

PERRY

Why didn't you take these, Sally? Why leave me these?

He knocks everything off the wall with his gun. Glass SHATTERS as milestones rain to the floor.

He pulls a piece of paper from the mess.

INSERT - A commendation: TO OFFICER ELDON PERRY FOR VALOR

He wads it and throws it. Grabs a photo.

INSERT PHOTO - A 21 y.o. new academy graduate, Eldon JR. poses with his FATHER, in a Lieutenant's uniform.

Perry caresses his father's face with a finger.

PERRY

Howdy, dad. Thanks. For the choice.
Thank's for the fucking choice.

He wads up photo.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAWN

Tedrow sits in the saddle, surveying the city below him. A new gravity tugging his soul.

CUT TO:

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - DAWN

A modest bungalow off Crenshaw. Beth in the bathroom getting ready for work. A KNOCK at her door. Grabs her nine off the counter. Crosses to look through the peephole.

BETH

Please, go away.

TEDROW(O.S.)
Please, I need to talk to you.

BETH
I need you to leave. Thank you.

TEDROW(O.S.)
I'm not moving until we talk.

Beth unlocks her door. Opens it. Flashes her gun.

BETH
Is this what you understand? The
trigger and the bullet. You can walk
away under your own power or they can
carry you away by the handles.

Tedrow snatches the gun from her. Pushes his way into her
home and shuts the door behind him.

BETH
You're a goon, Bobby.

TEDROW
I know.

He hands her gun back.

BETH
What do you want?

TEDROW
(looks at his index finger)
See this finger. Cast off the part that
offends thee. I would if it'd help. I
can't eat or sleep or think. I've been
puking all night. And the sunrise don't
look the same.

BETH
What are you talking about?

TEDROW
I killed a man.

BETH
I know you killed a man.

TEDROW
Beth. I've never killed anyone in my
life before tonight. I blew this guys
eyes out of his head. Every time I
close mine I see his. Staring at me.
Crying blood.

He drops on her couch. A pathetic wreck.

BETH

Dude, are you high or something? You're making no sense.

TEDROW

There was another shooting last night.

BETH

I know. You and Eldon Perry are heroes. Good job.

TEDROW

I pulled the trigger. Not Perry. And the Robertson killing: Perry pulled the trigger, not me.

A beat.

BETH

Why come here? Why tell me?

TEDROW

Call Holland. I'll give him Perry.

A beat.

BETH

Think about it. Just like a bullet, you can't call it back. Keep your mouth shut and nothing happens. You don't have to do this.

TEDROW

We're fuckin' assassins.

BETH

You'll ruin your life.

TEDROW

I already have. Make the call.

BETH

I'll drive you to his house. Tell him in person. You're the bravest son-of-a-bitch I've ever met, Bobby Tedrow. God help you.

She grabs his face and kisses him hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLAND'S HOUSE - MORNING

Holland, Tedrow and Beth sit out on the patio. A newspaper on the table reads: LAPD VETERAN ANNOUNCES BID FOR CHIEF. A photo of Holland on the front page. Tedrow has just finished spilling his guts. After a tortured silence:

HOLLAND

Thank you, Robert. Willing to say all that in a court? With Eldon Perry and your Uncle staring at you?

TEDROW

I look forward to it.

HOLLAND

Van Meter's the one I want. Perry's just a footsoldier. I'm gonna tie up Tom with the strings of his own puppet.

ANGLE ON - An outdoor speaker.

PUSH IN ON IT

Until we are virtually inside the speaker. It is filled with electronics and a powerful microphone. A discreet antenna runs along the roof of the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

A sinister and complex RADIO RECEIVER. A 1-inch multi-channel tape recorder connected to it. The sophisticated is recording:

HOLLAND (V.O.)

We're going to pretend it's business as usual. I'm not sure how to handle this. For now, cool your heels here. I'm going to Parker Center to go about my day as usual. You need some sleep. There's a bed in the guest room. I'll be back this evening. I have to go to your partner's badge ceremony.

BACK TO PATIO

TEDROW

I should go. To the ceremony.

HOLLAND

You're right. I guess I'll see you there.

BETH
Arthur. Good luck.

He grabs his briefcase and departs.

TEDROW
Scared?

BETH
Are you?

TEDROW
Terrified.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM VAN METER'S OFFICE - DAY

Van Meter enters with a steaming cup of coffee and the newspaper. He locks his door. Crosses to a closet, unlocks and opens it to expose the audio surveillance rig we just saw. He sees there's freshly recorded material. And rewinds the tape.

CUT TO:

INT. ELDON PERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

TRACK THROUGH to show the emptiness. A faint BEEPING.

IN THE KITCHEN

Louder BEEPING. It's the alarm on Perry's watch. He's out cold on the tile, SNORING. Eldon Perry cracks an eye. Sits up. Looks at the time.

PERRY
Shit.

He climbs onto wobbly legs and turns on the Mr. Coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC - DAY

Stopped at a light in front of Simi Valley Savings, waiting to turn onto the 210 West. A dry cleaned uniform hangs in his car.

Perry drinks a beer. A Simi Valley Police cruiser pulls alongside. Two COPS, cleancut whiteboys, grin at him.

COP 2

Sergeant Perry. That's some fucking
shit, huh?

PERRY

Say again?

COP 2

They got off. Every last fuckin'
charge. They walked away from the beef
Clorox clean.

PERRY

What the fuck are you two redneck
psycho's talking about?

COP 2

The Rodney King beef. They just read
the verdicts. It's all over the radio,
Sergeant.

PERRY

They all got off?

COP 1

Even the supervisory element.

PERRY

Out-fuckin-standing.

He grins from ear to ear. The light turns green.

PERRY

Take it easy, guys.

He salutes them with his beer and drives onto the freeway
onramp.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM VAN METER'S OFFICE - DAY

A Pall Mall dangles from Van Meter's lips as he melts a reel
of tape into a plastic blob with his Zippo. He drops the
mess in the trash. Takes a nip of sour mash and reaches for
the phone.

INTERCUT:

°

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC - DAY

Perry blasts a country song. His cellphone RINGS.

PERRY
Hello?

VAN METER
Eldon? What's wrong?

Perry turns downs the music.

PERRY
She left. Sally left.

VAN METER
Not the first time. She'll be back.

PERRY
This was the big one. San Andreas
fault. The coast slid into the sea.

VAN METER
Want me to call her? °

PERRY
No. Fuck her ... Tom, she thinks. She
thinks I'm a monster.

VAN METER
You're not a monster, Eldon. You're
not. Listen, I know you're hurting now,
but I have a mission for you.

PERRY
What?

VAN METER
It's Orchard and Sidwell. What you said
yesterday.

PERRY
You think they did Lucky Liquor?

VAN METER
I don't know, I honestly don't know.
And I don't like not knowing. Eldon,
they're more trouble than they're worth.

PERRY
(grins)
You want me to ..?

VAN METER
No, nothing like that. I want you to
put them on a bus. I want them out of
L.A. Put a scare in 'em. Make it clear
they're not welcome in my city.

PERRY

Be my pleasure.

VAN METER

Thank you, Eldon. You're a prince. See you tonight, Eldon. Oxnard.

A beat.

VAN METER

You forgot didn't you? You made Lieutenant and you forgot.

PERRY

No. No, I didn't. I'm in my car with a clean uniform on the hook. Not gonna feel right without Sally ... Tom, the verdicts. 'Bout time LAPD gotta break.

VAN METER

Sure is. We'll get properly pissed tonight like we used to. To celebrate and lament.

PERRY

Roger that, Tom.

Perry hangs up.

END INTERCUT

Staying with Van Meter. Who hangs up. Dials again.

INTERCUT:

INT. SOUTH CENTRAL HOUSE - SAME

The phone RINGS. Orchard answers. He and Sidwell smoke a crack pipe.

ORCHARD

Yell-o. Who be it?

VAN METER

Me be it, fuckhead.

ORCHARD

(aside to Sidwell)

It's Gargamel.

(into phone)

Yessuh?

VAN METER

Shut up. Did you dump that shit?

ORCHARD

Yessuh. We did.

VAN METER

Someone's coming for you. A white guy.
Wears a suit. He'll be there soon.
Smoke him.

Sidwell hands the pipe back to Orchard.

ORCHARD

Smoke him?

VAN METER

You heard me. Don't fuck around with
this guy. You know him. He works for
me. He is a serious badass. You slip
and he won't. Hear me? You know who
I'm talking about?

ORCHARD

I know.

VAN METER

Leave him breathing, I'll find you and
make sure you're not. That's a no-
shitter.

ORCHARD

I'll snatch the fool's ass. Get
jailhouse nasty.

VAN METER

Just put him away clean. Then leave
town. Both of you. California's too
hot for you. So vanish. I don't care
where you go. Vegas or K.C. I can set
you up in either place.

ORCHARD

Yeah. Cool. We're gone. Fuck L.A.

Van Meter hangs up. We stay with Orchard and Sidwell.

SIDWELL

Dude, what's going on?

ORCHARD

Gargamel wants us to blast on Eldon
Perry. He rollin' on us.

Sidwell REACTS.

SIDWELL

Good. I hate that motherfucker.

ORCHARD

Me too. Pass the machine, brother.

Sidwell tosses him a MAC-10. Then slips a shotgun from the cushions for himself.

ORCHARD

This shit here's gonna be hummin'.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLAND'S HOUSE - DAY

Tedrow in the guest bedroom. He's finally passed out from exhaustion in Beth's arms.

Tedrow's BEEPER goes off. He stirs. Grabs it.

BETH

Don't.

TEDROW

Have too. I always answer my pages.
Business as usual.

Beth hands him a phone. Tedrow dials.

TEDROW

It's Tedrow.

(listens a long beat)
Thank you, good job.

Tedrow hangs up. Excited, breathless. Dials again.

BETH

Who are you calling?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

He's on the phone with Tedrow.

TEDROW

(filtered)

I talked to the print lab. I gave them
bag of cigarette butts from Lucky
Liquor. They found a beautiful right
thumbprint on a Newport and matched it
to Darren Orchard. When Perry found out
we were looking for an oreo team, he

TEDROW(cont'd)
locked in Orchard and Sidwell as our
badguys. But they're Van Meter's
snitches and general labor. They did
Lucky Liquor.

HOLLAND
We have to hold these cards close. Can
you pick them up? Just you and Beth?

TEDROW
(filtered)
I'd love to.

HOLLAND
Thanks, Robert.

Holland hangs up, leans back in his chair with a huge smile
that says it all.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

Beth and Tedrow roll down Central Ave. Lot's of people on
the sidewalk. Stepping in and out of the street. Tedrow
getting dirty looks.

RADIO VOICE 1
Not guilty. All counts but one. And
that one was a mistrial.

RADIO VOICE 2
Woo-hoo! Justice is served.

Beth turns off the radio. Disgusted.

BETH
Oh, God. They got off. You know what's
going to happen?

Tedrow loads slugs into the shotgun.

TEDROW
I know what's going to happen.

ANGLE ON

A young GANGBANGER watching them WHISTLES.

TEDROW
Lotta people out.

A bottle sails past the car. Shatters on the street.

BETH
Lotta pissed off people. Can't blame
'em either.

They're nearing the house.

BETH
We're going to miss Perry's badge
ceremony.

They laugh.

TEDROW
You know this area?

BETH
Better than I want to. I ran a patrol
shift here. There's an empty lot behind
the property. We can walk right in
their back door.

Beth turns right.

ANGLE ON

Another young GANGSTER outside a liquor store SEES the narc
car and WHISTLES. Beth eyes the punk.

BETH
This is not good. The homies got us on
radar.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OREO'S HOUSE - DAY

Sidwell watching trial coverage on TV, drinking a forty.
Orchard can be seen through the houses front window loading
bags into a Ford Thunderbird. Orchard enters the house.
Sits on the couch.

ORCHARD
We going to Vegas.

SIDWELL
Damnnn ... You were right about the
cops.

ORCHARD
They just do their shit and no one can
fuck with them.

They hear WHISTLING. And trade looks. They grab their weapons. Orchard turns up the TV's VOLUME. They run out the back door and ...

EXT. EMPTY LOT - SAME

... climb on the roof of their garage. Sidwell carries a blanket. He lays it out on the roof.

ORCHARD
What are you doing?

SIDWELL
These are new clothes.

They lay down on the roof and enjoy a commanding view of the approaches to their house.

ORCHARD
(savors the name)
Eldon Perry.

SIDWELL
Welcome to the killzone.

ORCHARD
I wanna see that cat's face when I turn
his ass into a motherfuckin' teabag.

He lays out several magazines for his machine pistol.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

Beth and Tedrow park along the curb in front of the empty lot. Beth points.

BETH
That's the house.

THE OREO'S POV

Beth and Tedrow exit the sedan. Tedrow with a shotgun. Beth with her handgun.

SCENE

ORCHARD
Fools crippin' up here with their boo-
yeahs tryin' to look chill and shit.
Homeboy's gotta sister with him.

SIDWELL
That ain't Perry.

ORCHARD
Damn. Gargamel always be talkin'
cryptically and shit. These fools gotta
be who he mean. They goin' in a box.

SIDWELL
Shut up. They right here and shit.

Beth and Tedrow crossing the lot. In the distance: Sounds
of HELICOPTERS and SIRENS. Random GUNFIRE.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC (MOVING) - DAY

Perry is in the hood. People in the street. Perry HONKS.

PERRY
Outta the stinkin' street!

Perry circles the block containing the Oreos' house.

He SEES the empty LAPD sedan.

PERRY
What the fuck?

As he nears the sedan.

PERRY SEES

Beth and Tedrow nearing a fence.

PERRY
Bobby? What the fuck are you doing?

What he can't see is ...

ON THE GARAGE ROOF

Orchard and Sidwell have the giggles as ...

TEDROW

Looking around. Hops the fence. Then Beth.

WHAT PERRY SEES

Tedrow and Beth in the Oreos' back yard.

ORCHARD'S POV

Tedrow squarely in his gunsights.

SCENE

Then Perry SEES:

Movement on the garage roof ...

PERRY
It's a fuckin' ambush!

VR0000M! Perry guns his car--

BOOM! BOOM! BRRRDDDT! BRRRDDDT!

--as Tedrow and Beth are mowed down like grass with buckshot and bullets. Quick. Decisive. Deadly.

PERRY
Bobby!

He ROARS into the field.

Orchard and Sidwell jump off the garage.

PERRY
Motherfuckers!

His beautiful car bounces violently over the rough field.
Perry draws his gun.

GRINDS to a stop near Beth and Tedrow.

Perry dives out of the car. Vaults the fence.

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE

SCREEEECH! Orchard and Sidwell's getaway car pulls out of the driveway.

Perry shoots through the windows of the house. Shatters the car's back window.

BRRRRRDDDDDT!

Orchard answers with half a magazine. Perry hits the deck, as the house's windowglass rains on him.

And the getaway car gets away.

Perry crosses to Tedrow and Beth. A tragic and macabre visage.

Tedrow holds Beth in his arms. He's fallen in a heap, folded in half backwards where his spine has been shattered. Beth is obviously dead as Tedrow lightly kisses her bloody cheek.

PERRY

Bobby. Oh, Bobby. What's going on?

TEDROW

I snitched you out to Holland. Wanted to make it right. Gotta print off the butts. They did Lucky Liquor. Wanted to bring 'em in. Got ambushed.

PERRY

Fuckin-A, you did. You didn't get a shot off ... It was meant for me. Your Uncle is a very bad man.

Tedrow nods. It's shocking, even to Perry, to see someone so mangled still alive. Tears rim his eyes.

PERRY

That your girlfriend, Bobby? The secretary?

TEDROW

Yeah. She's really a cop.

PERRY

Yeah? You like her a lot, don't you?

TEDROW

Yeah. You hate me?

PERRY

No, Bobby. Never. You're the only one of us that's gotta heart. You're just doing what you feel is right. I never should have put my gun in your hand. God, I'm sorry.

TEDROW

Don't be sorry. You were just doing what you do.

o

He gives Beth and final kiss and Bobby Tedrow's flame fades. A tear slips down Eldon Perry's cheek.

PERRY

God bless you, Bobby Tedrow.

A beat.

LITTLE BOY(O.S.)

They dead?

NEW ANGLE

A LITTLE BOY looks down on him from a second story window.

SCENE

PERRY

They're dead, kid. And I'm gonna get
the guys who did it.

ANGLE ON

Tedrow's Caprice -- THOOMP!

There's a CROWD around it. And someone just put a molotov
through the windshield. The crowd SEES Perry.

ANGRY VOICES

... Get him ...!
... They're they go ...!
... Get that motherfucker ...!

Perry climbs in his Crown Vic. Wheels the car around and
guns it. The crowd parts before him like the Red Sea.

Perry reaches for the radio. But it's broken open on the
floormat.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON DIVISION - AFTERNOON

Chaos in the police station. COPS run by with riot gear and
shotguns. A tough old black WATCH SERGEANT tries to
organize the madness.

WATCH SERGEANT

We got snipers across the street! No
one leaves the building without a vest!

A young LIEUTENANT enters.

STATION COP

Lieutenant! What the hell? Let's hit
the streets and kick ass.

LIEUTENANT

Don't bark at me, Jeff. I don't have
the authority to deploy you.

The phone RINGS. The Sergeant answers it.

WATCH SERGEANT
Sergeant Jacobs. Wait one.
(to the Lieutenant)
You find the Captain, Sir? Where is he?

LIEUTENANT
Ventura County. Along all the brass.
They're at a damn country club. And the
Chief's at a fund raiser in Bel Aire.
Chain of command's paralyzed.

WATCH SERGEANT
What do we do?

LIEUTENANT
Await orders. No one moves until I get
word from Bureau or the Captain.

WATCH SERGEANT
(into phone)
Sorry. Go ahead.

INTERCUT:

Eldon Perry tearing through South Central.

PERRY
It's Sergeant Perry, Special
Investigations. I got two dead cops.

WATCH SERGEANT
Who the hell is this?

PERRY
Eldon Perry. Who the hell is this?

WATCH SERGEANT
I'm me. And I know who you are. Guess
what, buddy. I can't help you. Sorry.

PERRY
What!? I got two dead cops here! It's
going to take a riot platoon to extract
them.

WATCH SERGEANT
I don't gotta riot platoon. I got
snipers outside. I got code three and
major four-fifteens on every street in
my division. And I got a Lieutenant
with no balls. Think I'm stacking my
men's corpses on top of yours? Sorry.

He SLAMS down the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. OXNARD COUNTRY CLUB - AFTERNOON

A banner reads: CONGRATULATIONS LIEUTENANT PERRY

About as far away from the convulsing streets of LA as you can get. Lots of spit and polish, dress uniforms.

White gloved WAITERS serve drinks to banquet tables of COPS. There's lots of handshaking and back patting as officers from various agencies trade hellos.

The room is noticeably segregated. Arthur Holland sits with the black cops.

ANGLE ON

Tom Van Meter, sitting next to Assistant Chief Barcomb. He and Holland trade looks, each grins smugly, each convinced of the genius of his endgame.

A CAPTAIN crosses to Barcomb.

CAPTAIN

Sir, patrol cars are getting rocked and bottled in South Central. o

BARCOMB

We're fine. Metro comes on duty at six.

Barcomb waves him away. Regarding Holland:

BARCOMB

I've never seen a man so willingly cut his own throat. Thank's for giving him the razor, Tom.

Van Meter claps him on the shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S CROWN VIC (MOVING) - SAME

Perry hauling ass. Dodging debris in the road. Narrowly avoids a LOOTER carrying a giant package of toilet paper.

WHAM! A newspaper machine hits the hood of his car. Smashes the windshield. He uses his cellphone handset to bust a hole in the windshield so he can see.

Up ahead he SEES Orchard and Sidwell's Thunderbird.

Perry drives on the wrong side of the street to blast through traffic.

He's on their bumper. Perry aims through his broken windshield.

Orchard looks back. Raises his Mac-10--

BAM!

--Perry brains Orchard with a .45 hydra-shock.

SCREEEECH! Sidwell stomps the brakes.

Perry SMASHES his car into the Thunderbird.

IN THE STREET

ANGRY MEN blocking the street with burning tires. They pelt Sidwell's car with rocks and bottles.

ANGRY MEN

... Get the whiteboy! ...
... Rodney King, motherfucker! ...
... Fuck his ass up ...

The Men swarm the car. Punching Sidwell through the broken windows.

They pull Sidwell from the car. Slam him on the asphalt. A TALL RIOTER holds a chunk of concrete bus bench ...

SIDWELL

No! No, man, I'm cool!

TALL RIOTER

No, you ain't.

Sidwell's desperate SCREAM is cut short as the concrete pops his head like a grape.

ELDON PERRY

Grins from ear to ear.

PERRY

Fuck you, Sidwell.

A bottle SMASHES through his car.

TALL RIOTER

You next, fool!

Men swarm Perry's car.

SCREEECH! Perry throws it in reverse and plows through the crowd, tumbling people like bowling pins.

He whips around a corner. Throws his poor car in gear and races forward.

RIOTERS IN THE STREET

Perry swerves to avoid them. Hits the curb and bypasses them on the sidewalk. He swerves back onto the street.

A shower of full beerbottles and cans spatter against the street behind him.

Perry pulls onto the Harbor Freeway. Guns it North. His uniform lays in the back seat, covered with broken glass.

Behind him, several columns of grey smoke boil into the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. OXNARD COUNTRY CLUB - AFTERNOON

Barcomb checks his watch.

BARCOMB

Where the hell is he?

VAN METER

Eldon's not known for his promptness.

Suddenly -- loud CLAPPING.

ANGLE ON

Perry enters the back banquet hall. He's changed into his dress blues. Hashmarks covering a sleeve. Rows of medals under his badge. He looks proud, tall and clean cut. The epitome of the LAPD lifer.

Tom Van Meter turns white as a ghost. Holland whispers to a colleague:

HOLLAND

That son of a bitch is going down.

CLAPPING follows Perry as he crosses to the front table, where most of the brass is. Barcomb and Van Meter stand and shake his hand. Perry slaps Van Meter's back. Winks.

PERRY

Made it, boss. Mission accomplished.
Goddamned riot going on. Almost lost my
ass in the hood.

PERRY
(to Barcomb)
Ready to do this, sir?

Perry grabs Van Meter's drink, downs it and crosses to the stage amidst WHISTLES, CATCALLS and shouts of "Eldon." Barcomb follows with his AIDE, steps up to the mic.

BARCOMB
I'd like to thank the men and women of the Los Angeles Police Department and other agencies who are here today to witness the promotion of one of LAPD's most outstanding officers to the rank of Lieutenant. Detective Sergeant Eldon Perry Junior, attention.

Perry at attention. The Aide hands Barcomb a folder. Who opens it and reads:

BARCOMB
This is to certify that under and by virtue of the authority vested in me by Section ninety three, Article nine, of the Charter of the City of Los Angeles and the Ordinances of said City, I do hereby appoint Detective Sergeant Eldon Perry Junior the rank of Lieutenant, this the twenty ninth day of April, nineteen ninety two.

Barcomb unpins the Sergeant's badge from Perry's uniform. And clips on the shiny new Lieutenant's badge as PHOTOGRAPHERS snap away. They shake.

BARCOMB
Congratulations, Eldon.

A crescendo of CLAPPING.

PERRY
Thanks, sir.

Adlibs of "speech" from the rowdy cops. Barcomb gestures for Perry to step up to the mic. Perry does, with a cryptic grin.

PERRY
I'd like to thank everyone who's here today for your support. Law enforcement's taken a lotta hits lately and first I'd like to say congratulations to my four brother officers who were acquitted today.

CLAPPING.

PERRY(cont'd)

Hell of a job we got. A cop's the last person a citizen wants to see until a dirtbag sticks a gun in their face. Then we can't get there quick enough. Law enforcement's been my family's business since Los Angeles was a frontier township. I sat on my grandfather's lap and listened to stories about him chasing horse thieves and rustlers into the Santa Monica Mountains and coming back with the bad guy tied to the back of his appaloosa. By the time my dad got in the business, there were traffic signals and black and whites. But the job didn't change much. My dad was a gunslinger just like his dad. Put down eleven men with his service thirty eight. Pimps, murderers and robbers. Dad preyed on the predators that preyed on the city. There was never any doubt I'd be a cop. I was a police explorer at age nine. I was thirteen when the Watt's riots happened. My dad took me out with him on the second night. This liquor store was burning and there were seven looters inside. Every time they tried to run out, my dad would take pot shots at them with a deer rifle he brought from home. He gave the rifle to me. A looter ran out and I winged him in the arm. He ran back in and the building collapsed. Guess they all burned up.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Of Cops in the banquet hall who aren't sure they're hearing what they're hearing or how to react.

PERRY(cont'd)

I was raised up to be a killer by a family of killers. I made a career out of going after the worst, most dangerous, parasitic sons of bitches to walk the earth. I was happier than the devil in hell. I'd shoot unarmed men in the back. Fabricate evidence. Lie in reports. Lie to investigators. Lie to the courts. Me and Tom Van Meter, that's my boss, we had 'em all fooled.

PERRY(cont'd)

And if anyone messed with us, they'd get blackmailed or muscled 'cause everyone's gotta secret. Everyone.

Barcomb is fire engine red. Van Meter glares at Perry. Perry glaring back.

PERRY

You gotta be heartless in my line of work. My partner, Bobby Tedrow, had a good one. That's why he's dead.

(to Holland)

So is Detective Beth Williamson. They walked into an ambush that was meant for me.

Holland REACTS.

PERRY

(to Van Meter)

You set me up, you son-of-a-bitch. But I killed your boys. How could you value them more than me? What am I worth to you? A new kitchen? After all these years you try and put me down like rabid dog. I figured it out, Tom. You're the criminal. You're the parasite.

Perry steps down and crosses to Van Meter. Who stands to face him.

VAN METER

You need psychiatric help. You're ill, Eldon. You're ill.

Perry spins him and cuffs him. Knees him in the ribs.

Now people pull him away. Holland among them.

VAN METER

Unhook me! Jimmy!

Barcomb can't look him in the eye. Barcomb signals for a pair of BIG COPS to grab Van Meter.

BARCOMB

I think it's over for you, Tom.

Perry shakes free of the people restraining him.

He stands alone in a circle of Cops. He holds out his hands to be cuffed.

PERRY
Now who's gonna cuff me?

A beat.

PERRY
Who wants to do it? C'mon. Fuckin'
arrest me! Cuff me! Someone cuff me!

VARIOUS SHOTS

Of stunned cops. No one will.

COP VOICES
... Please, Eldon ...
... Stop, Sergeant ...
... We can't do that ...

A beat. Holland steps forward. Perry holds out his hands to him.

Holland places handcuffs on Eldon Perry. Cops looking away.

Holland walks Perry to the exit. A sea of uniforms parting before them.

An AIDE crosses to Barcomb with a radio set.

AIDE
Sir, it's a full blown riot. The Chief
isn't taking calls.

BARCOMB
Fine, call out a tactical alert. We're
gonna follow the riot plan in the
department manual. We're LAPD. We can
handle anything. Be over in a couple
hours.

A beat.

BARCOMB
Christ, Eldon.

CUT TO:

EXT. OXNARD COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Holland and Perry exit. Perry pulls out a cigarette.
Offers one to Holland.

HOLLAND
Thank you.

PERRY

Scariest damn thing I ever did. Get up there and say that. Feel better now that I did it.

Perry lights their smokes.

PERRY

The whole damn city is about to burn down.

HOLLAND

I know.

PERRY

You're the only one left standing.
You're gonna get the big office.
(looks Holland in the eye)
Remember: two great cops died to put you there. You remember that. You got blood on your hands too. Don't wash them off. Always remember.

HOLLAND

I will.

PERRY

Took balls to handcuff me in front of everyone.

HOLLAND

Scariest damn thing I ever did.

They trade looks.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON

A haze of smoke and ash fills the sky as flames of anger consume entire neighborhoods as the city destroys itself in a rage caused by the very men duty bound to protect it.

THE END