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FALLING DOWN

Written by

Ebbe Roe Smith

ARNOLD KOPELSON PRODUCTIONS  
Arnold Kopelson  
Herschel Weingrod and Timothy Harris  
in association with:  
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FALLING DOWN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. VENICE PIER - DAY (1988) 1

Amateurish home video, the camera crudely handled, grainy and slowed down. The effect is of blotches of color, almost abstract, recognizable in flashes as representing reality. The camera moves down a pier, worn wood and blue water with diamonds of sunlight dancing off it. It sweeps past a row of identical posters: Bush and Quayle: eighty-eight. A darker shape is a woman, looking at the water. She turns as the camera approaches her. She is holding an infant in one arm, a squirming puppy in the other. The puppy has a big pink ribbon tied around it's throat. The entourage moves towards the camera and a cut in the video happens. Now a man has taken her place. The camera moves in on the infant's face, in, in, into the dots making up the grainy picture. They become:

2 INT. MAN'S CAR (LOS ANGELES FREEWAY) - DAY (NOW) 2

The pores on a man's angry face. We PULL BACK. Car HORNS BLAST all around him. The cacophony is deafeningly unreal. He is unremarkable in appearance, dressed in a white shirt and tie. \*

3 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 3

Bumper to bumper, stretching away. Heat shimmers up. Buses and trucks pour out grey exhaust. A modern hell.

4 INT. MAN'S CAR - DAY 4

His frustration is like a physical pain. Sweat drips down his face. He tries to be calm. He glances over at the car next to him. A little girl is staring at him, blankly, almost accusingly. He looks at the car ahead. A bumper-sticker says "How'm I driving? Dial One-Eight-Hundred-Eat-Shit." A FLY BUZZES. He tries to ignore it, looks up to a freeway conditions sign: "Construction ahead. Prepare for delays." The BUZZING CONTINUES. The little girl stares. The sweat trickles. Something is growing in him. Everything gets louder. His face contorts as the urge to cry comes over him. He fights it away, it comes again. He seems to have trouble breathing. This leads into a sort of claustrophobic panic. He snaps. Control of his hands seems to desert him. He desperately puts the car in park, claws the door open and climbs out.

5 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 5

The noise and horror are all around him. He leans against the car, breathing heavily, then retrieves his keys, a rolled up newspaper and a briefcase and starts to walk around the back of the car. The GUY behind sticks his head out.

GUY

Hey! Where do you think you're going?

The MAN stops, looks at him.

MAN

I'm going home.

And he walks into the bushes at the side of the road.

GUY

Hey! Hey!

Traffic has started to move for everyone but the lane behind the Man's car. The HONKING INCREASES. Three or four cars back in the line in a plain sedan.

6 OMITTED 6 \*

&

&

7

7 \*

8 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CAR - DAY 8

Sitting in it, is PRENDERGAST. He has a certain quality of world-weariness. Unlike the frustration all around him, he calmly sits, accepting the situation. He glances up through his windshield.

9 POV OF BILLBOARD - DAY 9

What he sees; a billboard which shows a pretty woman revealing a lot of cleavage. A graffiti artist has drawn a cartoon figure sticking out of her cleavage with a voice bubble saying, "HELP!"

10 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CAR - DAY 10

Prendergast laughs. He looks at the rearview mirror. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROLMAN on his motorcycle rides past on the shoulder of the freeway.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

Prendergast gets out of his car as the C.H.P. parks by the mystery car. The Guy from the following car approaches him, gesturing and talking. Prendergast nears them.

\*  
\*

GUY

... I couldn't fuckin' believe it. I figured he was takin' a leak but he didn't come back.

PRENDERGAST

Hi. Need any help?

The C.H.P. is a typical stone-face.

C.H.P.

Are you the owner of this vehicle, sir?

GUY

No, that's not him. I'm tellin' you, the guy walked into the bushes.

PRENDERGAST

The guy walked into the bushes?

GUY

He just got out and went into the bushes. I couldn't fuckin' believe it. He said he was going home.

C.H.P.

Gentlemen, I'm going to ask you both to return to your vehicles.

GUY

What about the car?

C.H.P.

I'm going to radio for a tow truck to...

PRENDERGAST

Well, let's shove it out of the way. Get this lane moving.

GUY

Yeah.

The Guy circles the car to the driver's door.

(CONTINUED)

C.H.P.

Sir, sir! We're in a dangerous environment. We've got a lot of glass and steel rushing by us at high speeds...

Prendergast and the Guy glance at the freeway. The cars are crawling by. Prendergast pulls out his wallet, flips the badge.

PRENDERGAST

Prendergast. Downtown. Robbery.

The C.H.P. stops. Gives Prendergast a long, blank stare.

GUY

I'm in linoleum tile, myself.

C.H.P.

Alright.

(points to the Guy)

You, back in your vehicle.

(points to Prendergast)

You, push. I'll steer.

GUY

We do ceramics too.

The C.H.P. opens the front door, leans in to handle the steering. They start to push it over to the shoulder. Prendergast leans in to push, coming face to face with the personalized license plate that says: "D-FENS."

GUY

Special discount for officers of the law. I love 'Cops.'

PRENDERGAST

You do?

GUY

'Cops.' The T.V. show? Don't you watch it? I never miss it.

\*

PRENDERGAST

You're lucky you caught me today.

C.H.P.

I am?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

PRENDERGAST

Yeah. Today's my last day as a cop.

C.H.P.

Lucky me.

The C.H.P. turns a little tight. The car scrapes his motorcycle, tilting it off its stand. Slowly, like a big horse, the bike falls over.

The C.H.P. hurries back to the bike that Prendergast is just reaching for.

C.H.P.

Don't touch it!

PRENDERGAST

Sorry.

C.H.P.

Just... get this lane moving.

Prendergast leaves him staring at his stricken steed, jogs back to his car.

11 OMITTED

11 \*

12 EXT. VENICE - DAY

12

Beach. Early morning action. JEWISH SENIOR CITIZENS CENTER opens its doors. Nearby, a woman (BETH) maneuvers a child (ADELE) in a small bicycle with training wheels, a bag of groceries and a large dog through the gate of an ancient picket fence. She is in her thirties, casually dressed. The yard is poor but her own, lovingly cared for. Potted plants decorate the tiny porch. Beth reaches the door, works on getting her keys out of her purse. The dog takes the opportunity to hump her leg.

BETH

Cut it out, Buster. Buster, I said cut it out!

Inside, the PHONE starts to RING.

BETH

Shit!

She manages to open the door, hauls her burdens inside.

13 INT. VENICE COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

13

Built for midgets, it is clean and abounds with knick-knacks.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Beth dumps her groceries next to an old computer and a bunch of eight by tens of a heavy metal band sticking their tongues out at us.

BETH

Hello!?

She breathes hard, waiting for a reply. None, only the SOUND of a FREEWAY.

BETH

Hello!?

The caller hangs up. She gives the phone a look, hangs it up, shrugs at Adele, who is pulling a new, bright blue squirt gun out of a grocery bag. Adele shrugs back.

14 EXT. RUN-DOWN STREET - DAY

14

The man from the freeway (hereafter D-FENS) stands, staring at a pay phone, next to a high cement wall, topped with a fence and bushes. The freeway is heard from beyond the bushes. It is a dead-end street, trash and graffiti ridden. He decides to call again, but doesn't have the change. He looks across to a run-down market, wire-mesh on the windows. The sign is hand-painted, the last letters of "Market" crowding each other for space.

15 INT. MARKET - DAY

15

Dark and sparse of goods, cement floor, worn counter, lots of liquor. The proprietor, a middle-aged ASIAN, reads a Korean newspaper. He glances up, sees D-FENS standing in the doorway.

D-FENS

I need some change for the phone.

ASIAN

No change. Have to buy something.

D-FENS goes to a cooler, contemplates the soft drinks. He glances toward the front and sees the Asian keeping an eye on him. The Asian pretends to busy himself. D-FENS gets a soft drink, takes it to the counter. The Asian has a heavy accent.

ASIAN

Eighdy fie sen.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

D-FENS

What?

ASIAN

Eighdy fie sen.

D-FENS

I can't understand you.

ASIAN

Eighdy fie sen! Eighdy fie sen!

D-FENS

Eighty five cents? That won't  
leave me enough to make a phone  
call. I'll give you a quarter.  
You give me seventy 'fie' cents  
back for the phone.

\*

ASIAN

No way.

D-FENS

Yes way.

ASIAN

Drink eighdy fie sen! You pay or  
go.

\*

\*

D-FENS

What is a fie? There's a 'V' in  
the word. Fie-vuh. Don't they  
have 'V's in China?

ASIAN

Not Chinese. I am Korean.

D-FENS

Whatever. You come over here and  
take my money and you don't even  
have the grace to learn to speak  
my language. You're Korean? Do  
you have any idea how much money  
my country has given your country?

\*

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

ASIAN

How much?

D-FENS

I don't know, but a lot, you can bet on that.

ASIAN

You go now. No more trouble.

D-FENS

Me stay now. What do you think of that?

ASIAN

You go god damn...!

He reaches under the counter. D-FENS reaches across, grabs his hand.

D-FENS

What do you have there? What is that?

They grapple, knocking over a candy display.

\*

D-FENS

Gimme that. What is that!?

He pulls the Asian over the counter. What it is is a sawed-off baseball bat. They both cling to it.

D-FENS

A baseball bat? Let go.

He doesn't.

\*

D-FENS

Let go, goddamnit!

He knocks the Asian into a sunglasses display knocking it over. Still, he doesn't let go. D-FENS drags him into an aisle.

\*

D-FENS

Let go!

He puts his foot on the Asian's chest and finally loosens his grip. The Asian sprawls to the cement.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (3)

15

D-FENS

Jesus Christ! Don't you people  
know when you're beat? What do  
I have to do, drop an atomic bomb  
on you?

He smashes the bat down on a shelf over the Asian. The  
Asian covers up.

D-FENS

Huh?!

\*

He smashes a shelf.

D-FENS

What is this, the last stand on  
Fiji or some damn thing?

The Asian mutters something beneath his folded arms.

D-FENS

What? I can't hear you. Put your  
arms down.

He forces the terrified Asian's arms away from his face.

D-FENS

Stop struggling. Stop it! There.  
Now, speak slowly and distinctly.  
Go ahead.

ASIAN

Take the money.

D-FENS

You think I'm a thief? No, see,  
I'm not the thief. I'm not the  
one charging eighty-five cents for  
a stinking soda. You're the thief.  
I'm just standing up for my rights  
as a consumer. I'm rolling back  
the prices to Nineteen Sixty-Five.  
What do you think of that?

\*

He stands, refers to a nearby shelf.

D-FENS

Donettes. Package of six. How  
much?

ASIAN

One dollar twelve.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (4)

15

D-FENS

Too much.

He smashes the donettes, moves to another spot.

D-FENS

Let's see. Bayer aspirin. Price.

ASIAN

Three forty.

D-FENS

Oh, please.

SMASH. Move.

D-FENS

Double A batteries. Package of four.

ASIAN

Five -- four twenty nine.

D-FENS

Nice try.

SMASH.

D-FENS

Well, this whole shelf looks suspect to me.

He works his way down it, smashing everything. He sees his soda, sitting undisturbed on the counter. He holds it like he's going to toss it up and hit it with the bat.

D-FENS

One soda, twelve ounces.

ASIAN

Twenty-five sen.

D-FENS

Sold.

He puts a dollar on the counter. Takes his change. \*

D-FENS

It's been a pleasure frequenting your establishment.

He picks up his briefcase and leaves. The Asian slumps in relief.

15A INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 15A

Beth is holding the phone to her ear with a shoulder while she fills the child's new squirt gun at the sink.

BETH  
(into phone)  
... I thought sundown would be nice.

She gives the squirt gun to the child.

BETH  
(to the child)  
Not in the house.  
(back to phone)  
... It's just gonna be a few kids.  
I didn't want to do a whole big thing.

15B EXT. ANOTHER PUBLIC PHONE - DAY 15B

D-FENS listens to a busy tone. Hangs up, gets his money. He notices TWO HISPANIC YOUTHS, unmistakable gang members, checking him out from across the street. He decides to move along. They watch him.

16 EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE STATION - DAY 16

Prendergast exits his car and enters.

17 INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS ACTION 17

One big room filled with partitions screening off dozens of desks. A gentle roar overall. Typewriters clack and PHONES RING. Prendergast comes in. No one pays him any mind. He wanders through, a little disconcerted by the lack of attention.

18 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 18

A tiny partitioned area, just big enough for a desk and a couple of chairs. It shows evidence of long occupancy; doo-dads, pictures, cartoons. Prendergast comes in, stands over the desk, sighs.

PRENDERGAST  
Yep, yep, yep, yep...

He sits and opens the desk drawer. It is filled with sand. For an instant he is shocked, then he smiles and looks up.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (A1)

18

About a dozen faces peer over the partitions, smiling, among them his cronies; SANCHEZ, JONES, KEEGAN, GRAHAM, LYDECKER, BRIAN & SANDRA.

\*  
\*

PRENDERGAST

Very funny. Very, very funny.

LYDECKER

Genuine Arizona sand, Prendergast. Get used to it.

\*

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, I'll bet. Genuine Santa Monica sand, more like it.

KEEGAN

Actually it's from my cat's litter box, but he says you can keep the lumps.

\*

Everybody laughs.

PRENDERGAST

You took my stuff out first, right?

GRAHAM

Heck, no. What fun would that be?

\*

PRENDERGAST

How am I supposed to get a pen out of here?

LYDECKER

You can borrow my yogurt spoon.

More laughter.

BRIAN

(a young Asian)

Seriously, Prendergast, it's your last day. Be careful. Remember what happened to Forsythe.

EVERYBODY

Ooooooooooh, Forsythe!

GRAHAM

Five minutes to retirement, wasn't it?

KEEGAN

Two minutes.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

SANCHEZ

Two minutes, nothin'. He was walkin' to his fuckin' car.

JONES

Mowed down by a runaway impound. Nasty.

BRIAN

Ironic.

LYDECKER

Ironic as fuck.

GRAHAM

Remember, anything can happen today. You know how dangerous a desk can be.

LYDECKER

Yeah, watch out for paper cuts.

More laughter. The party breaks up. Prendergast shakes his head, looks at the mess, trying to figure out how to clean it up.

SANDRA

Sorry.

He looks up. She is an attractive woman in her thirties, wearing a detective's badge.

SANDRA

I tried to dissuade them.

PRENDERGAST

Hey, Sandra. It's obligatory, I guess. What else do they have up their sleeve?

SANDRA

Nothing.

He hides a small let-down.

SANDRA

Are we still on for lunch? You're not going home early or anything?

PRENDERGAST

Why would I go home early?

SANDRA

I don't know. Last day and all.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

PRENDERGAST

You know I'm not superstitious.

Lydecker appears next to her.

LYDECKER

You ready, Sandy?

SANDRA

In a minute.

LYDECKER

C'mon, leave the poor desk jockey alone.

SANDRA

Why don't you go see if you can remember how to start the car?

LYDECKER

Jeeze, don't get your panty hose in a bind.

He goes.

SANDRA

I'm going to miss you, Prendergast.

LYDECKER (O.S.)

C'mon, Sandy, let's go!

He looks up. Sandra still stands watching him, looking somewhat wistful.

SANDRA

Lunch.

He nods. She goes. The PHONE RINGS. He manages to grab it. His conspicuously empty wire "IN" tray catches his eye. He places it on his wastebasket, pulls the drawer out and starts to pour the sand through the "IN" tray. It catches pens, pencils, etc. etc.

PRENDERGAST

Prendergast here.

WOMAN

(on phone)

Why do you always answer the phone 'Prendergast here'?

PRENDERGAST

Oh, hi, honey. I don't know. I'm Prendergast and I'm here.

19

INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY

19 \*

MRS. PRENDERGAST, speaking on a cordless phone. \*

INTERCUT: CUBICLE AND KITCHEN.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

It sounds pretentious. It sounds like you think you're president of the board or something.

PRENDERGAST

Just a habit, I guess. Did you call just to criticize my phone-answering technique?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

I called to warn you. Your horoscope says you shouldn't leave home today. What are you doing? You sound like you're doing something.

PRENDERGAST

I'm pouring sand out of my desk drawer.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

You want to run that by me one more time?

PRENDERGAST

My compatriots filled my desk drawer with sand.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Why?

PRENDERGAST

It's a joke. Arizona. Desert. Sand. Get it?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

No.

PRENDERGAST

It's a sight gag, I guess. You had to be here. I gotta get to work, hon.

\*  
\*  
\*

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Doing what? It's your last day. Why don't you just chuck it and come home?

PRENDERGAST

I can't do that. They're all playing it cool, but I'm sure they're planning a big send-off at lunch.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (1A)

19

MRS. PRENDERGAST  
Your Saturn is in conjunction with  
Mars, you know.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

PRENDERGAST

What's that mean?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

It means watch your butt, Buster.

He glances down at a newspaper on his desk. A headline screams, "POLICE OFFICER DIES." He turns the paper over.

PRENDERGAST

I gotta take a statement, hon.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Call me later.

PRENDERGAST

Right.

He hangs up. Concentrates on pouring sand. Sees something drop out of the drawer into the "IN" tray. It is a photo. The sand pours off it revealing a happy Mrs. Prendergast, holding a swaddled baby. The baby's face peeks out of the cloth. One arm has broken free and reaches for the sky. Prendergast stares at the photo.

20 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

20

Just west of downtown L.A., where the houses have been torn down. Cement foundations, weeds and lonely palms, a view of distant high rises. D-FENS sits on the edge of a foundation, his briefcase at his feet, half-hidden in weeds. He has carefully torn strips off the newspaper he had and proceeds to put them in one of his shoes.

VOICE (O.S.)

What are you doing, mister?

D-FENS peers around. The Hispanic youths he saw at the public telephone stand there.

\*  
\*

D-FENS

Nothing.

He turns back. GANG ONE and TWO move around to his front.

GANG #1

Yes, you are. You're trespassing.

D-FENS

Trespassing?

(CONTINUED)

GANG #1

That's right. You're trespassing  
on private property.

GANG #2

He's loitering too, man.

GANG #1

That's right. You're loitering,  
too.

D-FENS

I didn't see any signs.

Gang One points to a section of foundation where a gang  
logo is spray painted.

GANG #1

What do you call that?

D-FENS

Graffiti.

GANG #1

No, that's not fuckin' graffiti,  
man! That's a sign!

GANG #2

He can't read it.

GANG #1

I'll read it for you. It says,  
'This is fuckin' private property!  
No fuckin' trespassing! This means  
fuckin' you!'

D-FENS

It says all that?

GANG #1

Yeah.

D-FENS

Well, maybe you ought to write it  
in fuckin' English so I can fuckin'  
read it.

GANG #2

He thinks he's funny.

GANG #1

I'm not laughing.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

GANG #2

Me either.

D-FENS

Okay, hold it, fellas, wait a minute. We've gotten off on the wrong foot here. This is some kind of gangland thing, isn't it? We're having some kind of territorial dispute, huh? I've wandered into your pissing ground or some damn thing and you're taking offense at my presence. Well, I can understand that. Believe me, I wouldn't want you people in my back yard either. This is your home and your home is your home. I respect that. So if you guys will back up a step or two, I'll take my problems elsewhere. Okay? Fair enough?

GANG #1

What do you think?

GANG #2

I think he should pay a toll.

GANG #1

Good idea. You should pay a toll. \*

D-FENS

Listen, guys. I've had a rare morning. I'm really not in the mood for this...

GANG #1

How much should he pay?

GANG #2

How about his briefcase?

GANG #1

Yeah, good idea. Give us your briefcase, man.

D-FENS

I'm not giving you my briefcase.

GANG #1

Hey, motherfucker, give us your motherfucking briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (3)

20

He takes out a butterfly knife, flips it open.

D-FENS

Okay, okay. I was willing to mind my own business. I was willing to respect your territory and treat you like a man but you couldn't leave it alone, could you? You couldn't let a person sit down for five minutes and take a little rest on your precious piece of shit hill. Okay. You want the briefcase? Fine. Here, let me get it for you, fellas. No, really, it's no trouble.

Gang One and Two look at each other. "What's with this guy?" D-FENS reaches down into the weeds at his feet, knocks the briefcase over, and comes up with the baseball bat. He smashes Gang One in the face with it, catching him in the mouth and sending him back.

D-FENS

There! Have some briefcase. Here...

He goes after Gang Two, who back peddles. D-FENS swings, missing, then Gang Two trips, falls on his back. He throws up his arms and a leg for protection as D-FENS comes down with the bat, hitting his arms. Then, swinging like a golfer, D-FENS hits his leg, sending him rolling.

D-FENS

How's that? Here...

He heads back for Gang One, who is on his hands and knees, holding a bloody hand to his mouth. He sees D-FENS coming and takes off down the hill. D-FENS turns back to Gang Two, who also takes off, scrambling like a crab.

D-FENS

Hey! Come on back! You forgot your briefcase!

He flings the baseball bat out and down the hill.

D-FENS

I'm going home now, you hear me, motherfucker!? I'm going home, so clear a path. Hear me!? Clear a path!

\*

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (4)

20

He spots Gang One's butterfly knife. He picks it up, tries to flip it around.

D-FENS

How do they do that?

He moves off, playing with the knife.

21

INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY

21

Prendergast is cleaning out his area. He puts the picture he found into an envelope with other unseen photos and puts the envelope into a cardboard box.

He leans back. He rubs his eyes. \*

The police station swirls with its usual commotion outside of Prendergast's cubicle.

Prendergast opens his eyes, seeing something that makes the surrounding NOISE FADE AWAY. Through the cubicle opening --

he sees a beautiful little blonde girl, of about 2 years. She is far away. Dreamlike.

Prendergast leans forward, and sees --

that the little girl is gone, disappeared. A daydream replaced by NOISY OFFICE BUSTLE.

CLERK (O.S.)

Gun.

PRENDERGAST

What?

A CLERK appears, standing above him, holding a clipboard.

CLERK

You're leaving today, right? I gotta get your gun.

PRENDERGAST

Oh, yeah, right.

He takes out his gun. The Clerk smacks down a healthy stack of papers. Prendergast sits, starts signing.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

CLERK

Okey dokey. We need your John Doe, here... and here... and here.

A loud stream of Korean catches his attention. Brian sticks his head around a corner.

BRIAN

Prendergast, you got time to take a statement? I know it's your last day and you want to get home before you get killed and all...

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, yeah, Brian, I'm still working here.

Clerk leaves.

BRIAN

This guy's pretty excited. Come on in. Mr. Yi.

MR. Yi, the Asian from the market, appears, talking a Korean blue streak.

PRENDERGAST

What's he saying?

BRIAN

Gee, I don't know. Mr. Yi is Korean. I happen to be Japanese, in case you never bothered to notice.

PRENDERGAST

Oh, sorry.

BRIAN

Please, Mr. Yi, let's talk English, okay?

MR. YI

Sure. Sure.

BRIAN

Sit down. This man will help you. Mr. Yi owns a small market. He was hit less than an hour ago.

Mr. Yi sits. Prendergast gets out a form.

(CONTINUED)

\*

21

CONTINUED: (2)

21

PRENDERGAST

Okay, Mr. Yi. Let's just start off with what he looked like.

MR. YI

White man. White shirt and tie.

PRENDERGAST

What color was his tie?

MR. YI

Color? I don't know color. He attack me. Break my store. I lucky I'm alive.

PRENDERGAST

Okay, okay. I want you to try and relax, Mr. Yi. What did he steal from you?

\*

MR. YI

Didn't steal. Attack me. Say he gonna fix my prices. Break my merchandise.

BRIAN

He didn't rob you?

MR. YI

He crazy. I say take my money. He say no. He call me thief. Break things. Then buy soda and leave.

PRENDERGAST

He bought a soda? You mean he paid for it?

MR. YI

I told you he crazy.

BRIAN

I'm sorry, Prendergast. I thought this was a robbery.

PRENDERGAST

That's okay.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED: (2A)

21

BRIAN

Come on, Mr. Yi. We have to go  
talk to somebody else.

MR. YI

Why?

BRIAN

You've been assaulted, Mr. Yi.  
This man works on robberies.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED: (3)

21

MR. YI  
Robberies?

BRIAN  
That's right. Come on.

MR. YI  
Baseball bat!

PRENDERGAST  
What's that?

MR. YI  
He steal baseball bat.

PRENDERGAST  
You sell baseball bats?

MR. YI  
No. Keep for defense. Under  
counter. Dee fence.

PRENDERGAST  
So he stole your baseball bat, but  
he paid for the soda. This guy's  
discriminating. \*

BRIAN  
That still doesn't count. Come on,  
Mr. Yi. Thanks, Prendergast. \*

They go. He goes back to cleaning up. The PHONE RINGS.  
He grabs it.

PRENDERGAST  
Prendergast here.

No one answers.

PRENDERGAST  
Hello?

MRS. PRENDERGAST (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
It's me. I wish you were here. I  
wish you were home.

She sounds very meek, like she's been crying.

PRENDERGAST  
What's wrong, babe?

INTERCUT cubicle and:

22 INT. PRENDERGAST HOUSE - DAY

22

Mrs. Prendergast, looking frightened amidst crinkled up newspaper and glass-framed photos.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

I'm a little scared. Can't you come home?

PRENDERGAST

What is it, honey?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

I don't know. I was wrapping up some things and I just got scared. You want to go, don't you? You're not just doing this for me, are you?

\*

PRENDERGAST

Look, the important thing is that we're together, right? That's what counts.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

That's right, isn't it?

PRENDERGAST

Of course.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

I love you.

PRENDERGAST

I love you, too, baby.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

I feel better.

PRENDERGAST

Good.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

(sings)

'London Bridge is falling down,  
falling down, falling down...'

He picks up a tourist's memento, one of those snow-inside-an-egg things. This one has an English bridge inside with "London Bridge, Lake Havasu City, Arizona" written below. He shakes it up, watches the snow fall.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

'... London Bridge is falling down...' Go ahead. Go on.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

PRENDERGAST

'My fair lady.'

MRS. PRENDERGAST

(smooches the phone)

Mmmwha! See you later.

23 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY

23

Gang #1 and #2, and two others (#3 and #4), and a young Hispanic woman (ANGIE) are cruising. Gang #2 is in pain.

ANGIE

You should go to the hospital, man.  
Your fucking arm might be broken.

GANG #1

We're gonna look for this guy,  
Angie, so just shut up!

GANG #3

So what did this guy do? Threaten  
you with his credit card?

GANG #1

Shut up! I told you, man, he had  
a baseball bat.

GANG #2

Just keep looking for him. If he's  
still around here we're gonna find  
him and roast his fuckin' balls.

ANGIE

Then you'll go to the hospital,  
right?

GANG #1 AND #2

Shut up!

24 EXT. VENICE COTTAGE - DAY

24

The dog watches Adele studiously filling her new squirt  
gun from a hose.

25 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

25

Beth watches them through the window, drying her hands.  
She picks up a cake mix box on the counter, reads di-  
rections. The PHONE RINGS. She grabs it.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

BETH

Hello?

Again, there is no answer. She hears CAR HORNS, the noises of a STREET.

BETH

Hello? Cut the crap, I know  
it's you.

\*  
\*

26 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 26

D-FENS stands at a public phone, listening. It is a shopping district for Latinos. The store names, billboards, etc., are in Spanish. The street is fairly crowded with people moving up and down it.

27 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 27

The woman, Beth, frowns.

BETH

What do you want?

\*

28 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 28

Gang #1, suddenly galvanized, points ahead.

GANG #1

Hey, hey, hey!

29 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 29

D-FENS, listening. Faintly, on the phone:

BETH (V.O.)

It's you, isn't it?

D-FENS

Yes, it's me.

30 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 30

Everyone peering ahead.

GANG #1

It's him, man.

(CONTINUED)

- 30 CONTINUED: 30
- ANGIE  
Oh, shit.
- GANG #2  
Angie, get out of the car.
- ANGIE  
Hey, come on...
- 31 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 31
- Beth reacting to the bad news, closes her eyes. She glances towards the yard.
- BETH  
What do you want?
- D-FENS (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
It's her birthday.
- BETH  
Yes, I know it's her birthday.  
What do you want?
- 32 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 32
- GANG #2  
Get out of the car, Angie.
- 33 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 33
- D-FENS  
I'm coming home. \*
- BETH (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
What are you talking about?
- 34 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 34
- GANG #2  
Get the fuck out of the car, Angie!
- 35 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 35
- D-FENS  
I just... I wanted to let you know  
I'm coming home for her birthday.

36 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 36

BETH

You're not coming here.

D-FENS (V.O.)

(on phone)

Listen, I have to see you, Beth. \*

BETH

No, you listen to me. This is my house now. You're not even paying child support. You can't walk in and out whenever you feel like it.

37 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 37

Angie is shoved out onto the sidewalk. Gang #3, from a gym bag at his feet, is handing out weapons.

GANG #1

Gimme one. Gimme one, man.

38 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 38

D-FENS

Don't talk like that. I have to come home. I have to bring her a present.

BETH (V.O.)

(on phone)

This is not your home anymore.

D-FENS

How is she?

BETH (V.O.)

(on phone)

You know you can't come here.

D-FENS

How is she?

39 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 39

BETH

She is doing just fine without you. \*

D-FENS (V.O.)

(on phone)

And you? \*

(CONTINUED)

- 39 CONTINUED: 39
- BETH  
Don't... If I have to, I'll call  
the police.
- 40 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 40
- GANG #2  
Go, go!
- The CAR SCREECHES forward.
- 41 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 41
- D-FENS  
I have to come home.
- BETH (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
No!
- He hangs up. The low rider car makes its pass, GUNFIRE erupting from the windows. D-FENS, his hand still on the phone, winces as bullets smack all around him. About three passersby are hit, along with store WINDOWS in the vicinity. Screams and pandemonium.
- 42 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 42
- The occupants, including the driver, are looking back at the target.
- GANG #4  
Did you get him!? Did you get  
him!?
- 43 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 43
- The CAR ROARS through a red light. Another CAR SLAMS into them.
- 44 OMITTED 44 \*

45 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

45

D-FENS still stands, untouched. People are screaming. He picks up his briefcase and walks towards the traffic accident. The occupants of the low rider car are in various states of unconsciousness. The back door opens and Gang #1 spills out. The gym bag comes with him and out of it, a handgun falls, skittering across the pavement to D-FENS' feet. He picks it up. It's a nasty automatic with a generous clip.

D-FENS

You missed.

He stands over Gang #1 and FIRES a bullet at his legs missing and hitting the street.

D-FENS

So did I.

He FIRES again, again missing. He looks at the gun.

D-FENS

Shit.

Third time's the charm; he hits Gang #1's leg.

D-FENS

There! See? Got the concept?

He hears a DISTANT SCREAM and looks up to see Angie running toward the mess. Everyone else is taking cover. D-FENS picks up the gym bag.

D-FENS

Take some shooting lessons, you jerks.

He strides away.

46 INT. YARDLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

46

Typical. A plaque on the desk says "CAPTAIN YARDLEY." He is in marine-like shape, as he works out in a T-shirt. \*

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

She's open!

Prendergast enters. \*

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Ah, Prendergast. Have a seat. \*

PRENDERGAST

Thank you, sir.

Prendergast sits.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Did you hear?

PRENDERGAST

The drive-by?

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Fuckin' animals. Oughta put a fence around the whole place. Let 'em kill each other off. \*

He stops working out, consults a file.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

You're retiring a little early. You won't be getting your full pension.

PRENDERGAST

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

This isn't 'cause you were wounded, is it?

PRENDERGAST

Sir?

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

'Cause I mean, you're behind a desk now. Not much chance of getting wounded there. \*  
\*

Yardley puts on his shirt.

PRENDERGAST

No, sir, it's nothing to do with that.

Captain Yardley raises an eyebrow, nods. A pause.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED: (2)

46

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Well, I'll make my speech. They make me do this, you understand. We hate to lose a good cop. It's not too late to change your mind. A lotta good cops want to drop the whole kit and kaboodle, and who wouldn't? The pay stinks and you're up to your ears in human scum sixteen hours a day. But it gets in your blood. A lotta good cops'll get to the point of slapping the badge down on this desk and find they just can't do it. How about you? Will you stick with the team?

\*

\*

PRENDERGAST

I... don't think so, sir.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Well, like I say, they make me ask. You understand.

PRENDERGAST

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

How are the kids, by the way?

PRENDERGAST

I... don't have any.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

What the hell? I'd like to take my stick to some of these clerks. The file says...

PRENDERGAST

We lost a child, sir.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Lost it?

PRENDERGAST

Her. Lost her.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED: (3)

46

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Her, yes, of course. That's rough.

PRENDERGAST

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

You're still married, though,  
right?

PRENDERGAST

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Well, that's good. That's good.

Awkward pause.

47

POV FROM VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

47

The child is chasing the dog around the yard, trying to  
squirt it with the gun. A police cruiser is outside with  
UNIFORMED OFFICER #1A in it.

\*  
\*

48

INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

48

Beth stands at the window, looking out. She turns back  
into the room. UNIFORMED OFFICER #1 stands filling out  
a report.

\*  
\*

BETH

Is she okay out there?

OFFICER #1

My partner'll keep an eye on her.

\*

BETH

You sure you don't want something?  
Coffee, a soda or something?

OFFICER #1

I'm on duty, ma'am.

She moves to a beat-up computer, begins organizing  
letters, the photos of the heavy metal rock band. She's  
aware of him watching her.

\*

BETH

Fan mail. I mean, it's not mine.  
I'm not a fan. I just answer it.  
I send these form letters. It's  
something I can do at home. This  
is them, see?

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

She holds up a picture. The heavy-metallers stick their tongues out. Their name is "X-OR-CYST."

BETH

Weird, huh?

OFFICER #1

Are they devil worshipers? \*

BETH

Gee, I hope not. \*

Pause. \*

BETH

I feel kinda stupid about this whole thing.

OFFICER #1

Better safe than sorry.

BETH

Yeah, that's what I thought.

OFFICER #1

You have a restraining order against your husband?

BETH

Ex-husband. Yeah. He'd show up on the wrong day or the middle of the night, pounding on the door, stuff like that. When he had visitation rights, I mean, it wasn't my idea, but everybody said I should do it. My lawyers and everybody. Even my mom said it was the right thing to do. What do you think?

OFFICER #1

That's difficult to say.

BETH

Yeah, that's what I thought, but the judge said we should make an example. He's supposed to stay a hundred feet away from us. Or a hundred yards. Which is it, feet or yards? \*

OFFICER #1

That's up to the judge.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (2)

48

BETH

Really? I thought it was like a  
set thing.

OFFICER #1

No. That's at his discretion.

BETH

Oh.

OFFICER #1

Does he drink?

BETH

Huh? Oh!

(laughs)

I thought you meant the judge.  
Uh, no, I wouldn't say so.

OFFICER #1

Do drugs?

BETH

Oh, no.

OFFICER #1

But he has a propensity for  
violence.

BETH

Yeah, I think you could say that.

OFFICER #1

He strike the little girl?

BETH

Well, no, but...

OFFICER #1

Did he strike you?

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (3)

48

BETH

Not exactly.

OFFICER #1

Not exactly?

BETH

Well I thought he was going to once.  
I didn't want to wait until he got  
around to it, kind-a-thing. It's  
hard to explain.

OFFICER #1

Hmmm.

BETH

He could I think.

OFFICER #1

You think?

BETH

You sure you don't want something  
to drink?

OFFICER #1

I'm sure.

BETH

What about your partner?

OFFICER #1

He's fine.

Beth nods. They sit in silence.

49

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK AREA - DAY

49

D-FENS stands on a crowded street, briefcase in one hand  
gym bag in the other, staring confusedly at a bus stop  
sign that is a mass of numbers and destinations. A bus  
approaches. He steps forward, trying to see what it is.  
It is packed like a can of sardines. The crowd waiting  
pushes him toward it. He's getting that frustrated,  
claustrophobic look. He pushes his way free, starts to  
walk up the street. Suddenly a hand-held stop sign is  
shoved in his face.

CONSTRUCTION SIGN MAN

Where are you going?

D-FENS

I'm going home.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

CONSTRUCTION SIGN MAN

Not this way you're not.

D-FENS

Why not?

CONSTRUCTION SIGN MAN

Metro rail construction, that's why not. Go around. Follow your tootsies. Have a nice day.

\*

D-FENS walks down into the park, becomes distracted by the children's area where kids are playing behind chain-link. He slows to a stop, watching. A SEEDY-LOOKING GUY falls in next to him, holding a half-eaten fast-food burger.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

Hello, sir, how are you today?

D-FENS

I'm feeling rather chipper today.  
How 'bout you?

D-FENS starts moving again. The Seedy-looking Guy stays with him.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

Oh, man, I'm terrible.

D-FENS

I'm sorry to hear that.

D-FENS looks around as they move into the graffiti-riddled, filthy tunnel. The guy continues his rap as they pass a drunken man pissing against the wall, a drug deal in progress, various dark denizens.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

I came down from Santa Barbara yesterday and this friend of mine wasn't home like I thought he was gonna be and he owes me some money so I thought I'd have some money to get back home with. I'm almost out of gas.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED: (2)

49

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY (CONT'D)

I had to sleep in my car last night.  
I don't suppose you'd have a couple  
bucks you could give me. It would  
really help me out. If you give me  
your address I'll send it back.  
Honest.

D-FENS stops.

D-FENS

Let's see your driver's license.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

What do you want to see my  
driver's license for?

D-FENS

If you're really from Santa  
Barbara, it will say so on your  
driver's license.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

I don't have a driver's license.

D-FENS

You drove all the way from Santa  
Barbara without a driver's license?

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

Are you a cop?

D-FENS

All right, let's see your car  
registration. In fact, let's see  
your car.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

Okay, forget it, that's all. Just  
forget it.

He reverses his direction. D-FENS continues on. Then  
the Seedy-Looking Guy is next to him again.

\*  
\*

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

That's a hell of a way to treat  
a vet, man.

D-FENS

You're an animal doctor?

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

No, a vet. A veteran. I was in  
'Nam, man.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED: (3)

49

They approach the far end of the tunnel. The sounds of CONSTRUCTION have grown to a ROAR. They yell to be heard.

D-FENS

What were you, a drummer boy? You had to be about ten.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

I meant the Gulf, okay? I meant to say the Gulf. Jesus, I'm just asking for a little change. I haven't eaten in three days.

They both look at the burger he's holding.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

Well, I mean except for this...  
Ah, fuck it.

He throws the burger at the wall, starts to walk away, then spins back.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

Just gimme some money, man.  
Gimme some money.

D-FENS

No.

D-FENS continues, out of the tunnel. The Seedy-Looking Guy gets in front of him, walks backwards.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

Just the change in your pocket. I don't care if it's a dime. Give it to me.

D-FENS

I'm not giving you any money.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

You got a cigarette?

D-FENS

I don't smoke.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

Come on, man, you gotta give me something.

D-FENS

Get a job.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED: (4)

49

D-FENS walks around him. The Seedy-Looking Guy yells at his back.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

Hey, this is my park. I live here. Who the fuck are you, walking through my park carrying two bags? You got two bags and I don't have any. Is that fair? What's in those bags, anyway? Give me one of those bags. I could sell one of those bags and eat for a week. You got two of them. What do you need two of them for?

D-FENS has slowed to a stop. He looks down at the briefcase and gym bag in his hands.

D-FENS

You're right. I don't.

He turns and walks back to the Seedy-Looking Guy. Then he thrusts the briefcase on the guy.

D-FENS

Here.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

Are you serious?

D-FENS

I don't need it anymore.

SEEDY-LOOKING GUY

All right!

D-FENS goes. The Seedy-looking Guy greedily opens the case. It is empty except for a brown paper lunch bag.

50

INT. L.A.P.D. - DAY

50

Prendergast has just exited Yardley's office. He walks down the hall. Ahead of him various officers are peering through the open door of an interrogation room. Angie is sitting behind a plain, scarred table being questioned by Sanchez and Jones.

SANCHEZ

Cut the crap, Angelina!

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (A1)

50

ANGIE

I'm telling you guys the truth!

Prendergast leans into a COP next to him.

PRENDERGAST

What's up?

COP

She was at the drive-by.

SANCHEZ

Come on, Angie, who hit your guys?

ANGIE

I told you!

JONES

Yeah, we know. It was a big bad white man except we're not fucking buying it!

SANCHEZ

Who are you protecting, Angie?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

They put your boyfriend in the hospital. He's probably dead right now. Do you realize that? Your boyfriend is probably fucking dead!

ANGIE

Stop saying that!

COP

Good day to leave, Prendergast.

Prendergast acknowledges, takes his place closer to the doorway as the Cop leaves.

JONES

So what's next, Angie? You trot your little buns home, tell your friends who really did it and tonight or tomorrow there'll be another hit, right?

ANGIE

No!

SANCHEZ

You want another three-year-old to get shot through the head, Angelina? Is that what you want?

ANGIE

No!

SANCHEZ

Then tell us the truth!

ANGIE

I am! It was a white guy!

She is breaking down.

JONES

Why would a white guy go after your friends?

ANGIE

I don't know. He attacked them on Angel's Flight Hill with a baseball bat!

PRENDERGAST

A baseball bat?

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (2)

50

Stop. Angie, Jones and Sanchez look at Prendergast.

PRENDERGAST

What did this guy look like?

ANGIE

I don't know. He looked like you.  
'Cept he was taller and he had  
hair.

JONES

Good description, Angie.

\*

\*

PRENDERGAST

White shirt and tie?

Bingo! She shoots him a look. He knows he's right.

SANCHEZ

Prendergast, come here, will you?

51

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

51

Sanchez pulls Prendergast away from the doorway.

SANCHEZ

We gotta keep the pressure on her.  
Don't interrupt, okay?

PRENDERGAST

It's just the baseball bat thing  
and shirt and...

SANCHEZ

I know. What'll she think of  
next? Hey, sorry to hear you're  
leaving, but you are. Life goes  
on, right?

PRENDERGAST

Right, but listen...

SANCHEZ

Catch me later, okay?

He goes back into the room. As he closes the door:

JONES

Okay, Angie, let's start at the top.

52 INT. ROOM FULL OF CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY 52

Prendergast comes into the bustle, bugged. He goes to a wall map of the precinct as he grabs Brian.

PRENDERGAST

Brian! You know that Korean guy?  
The storekeeper?

BRIAN

Mr. Yi.

PRENDERGAST

Yeah. Where was his place?

BRIAN

Uh, let's see... Right there.

He points to a spot on the map.

PRENDERGAST

And he was assaulted when, just  
after eight?

BRIAN

About that. What's up?

PRENDERGAST

And that drive-by was right here,  
right?

Where his finger is.

BRIAN

Uh... yeah, that's it. What's  
goin' on?

PRENDERGAST

I'm probably nuts, but... Angel's  
Flight Hill is between those two  
spots.

BRIAN

Yeah?

PRENDERGAST

That was a classy neighborhood  
once. \*

BRIAN

That's always been a piece of shit  
as long as I can remember. \*  
Gangland, you know?

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, that's what I mean. What would a white guy in a white shirt and tie be doing in gang...

But Brian's gone.

PRENDERGAST

... land.

PHONE RINGS as he enters:

53

PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

53

PRENDERGAST

Prendergast here.

54

INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY

54

Mrs. Prendergast is looking a bit hyper.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

We've got an emergency. Get your ass home.

INTERCUT: KITCHEN AND CUBICLE.

Prendergast continues searching his desk.

PRENDERGAST

What's up?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Mr. Peepers is missing.

PRENDERGAST

The cat?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Of course the cat. How many Mr. Peepers do you know? I've been yelling myself hoarse. I've been waving a can of cat food around the yard like a complete idiot. Now I want you to get your butt home and find Mr. Peepers.

PRENDERGAST

Honey, I can't leave work to search for a cat. Besides everyone is acting so weird. I'm sure they're planning a big surprise at lunch.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

54

He finds what he's been looking for: a map of L.A.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Hey, this is all your fault, buster.

Prendergast is spreading the map out on his desk. She's working herself into a state.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

You didn't put his name tag on so Mr. Peepers is out there with no identification. He could be lying in a goddamn street with his back broken, mewling for us and nobody would know who the hell he was!

PRENDERGAST

Amanda, calm down...

MRS. PRENDERGAST

He could be dead in some alley with flies on his eyes...!

PRENDERGAST

He's not dead in some alley. He's just out... chasing butterflies or something.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Oh. Wait a minute. He just came back.

(to the cat)

Where the hell have you been!?  
Sorry.

PRENDERGAST

That's okay, hon.

He studies the map, takes a pen out of his drawer, pulls the top off. Sand spills out of it.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

But you know what? I don't think that fix took.

PRENDERGAST

Fix?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Fixed cats aren't supposed to act like that. They're supposed to stay close to home. You don't think they grew back, do you?

PRENDERGAST

What grew back?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

His balls! What are we talking about here? His balls!

PRENDERGAST

I doubt it, hon.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Well, something's screwy. I'm going to have 'em done again.

(to the cat)

Yes, you. I'm talking about you.

PRENDERGAST

I know you are, honey.

55 EXT. WHAMMYBURGER RESTAURANT - DAY

55

A fast food McDonald's clone, bright colors, very cartoony. D-FENS appears, goes in.

56 INT. WHAMMYBURGER RESTAURANT - DAY

56

Behind the counter, four teenagers in colorful uniforms deal with the customers. The manager, RICK, a snot in a short sleeved white shirt and tie, moves through them, holding a clipboard. He puts his arm around the waist of one of the girls.

RICK

You were late again, Sheila.

She pulls away.

SHEILA

Keep your hands to yourself, Rick. You give me the creeps.

The girl next to SHEILA laughs.

RICK

You got a customer, Marsha. Sheila, I want to talk to you after work.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

SHEILA

Prick.

RICK

I heard that. That's going on your  
employee evaluation sheet.

D-FENS has reached the front of the line.

SHEILA

Can I help you, sir?

D-FENS

Yeah. I'll take a ham and cheese  
Whamlette, some Whamfries...

SHEILA

I'm sorry, sir, we stopped serving  
breakfast. We're on the lunch  
menu now.

D-FENS

But I want breakfast.

SHEILA

We stopped serving it.

D-FENS

So you said. Is that the manager?

He indicates Rick, who has moved off to the side.

SHEILA

Yeah.

D-FENS

Could I talk to him, please?

SHEILA

Rick, there's a customer who would  
like to speak to you.

Rick comes over. D-FENS puts the gym bag on the counter.

RICK

Yes, sir?

D-FENS

I want some breakfast.

RICK

We stopped serving breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED: (2)

56

D-FENS

Yes, I know you stopped serving breakfast, Rick. Sheila told me you stopped serving breakfast. Why am I calling you by your first names? I don't even know you. I still call my boss mister, and I worked with him seven and a half years, but I walk in here, a guy off the street, a stranger, and suddenly it's Rick and Sheila like we're in some A.A. meeting. I don't want to be your buddy, Rick, what I want is a little breakfast.

\*

SHEILA

You can call me Miss Folsom, if you want.

RICK

Sheila! We stopped serving breakfast at eleven-thirty.

\*

D-FENS

Rick, have you ever heard the saying, 'The customer is always right'?

RICK

Yeah.

D-FENS

Well, here I am. The customer.

RICK

That's not our policy. You have to order something from the lunch menu.

D-FENS

I don't want lunch. I want breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED: (3)

56

RICK

Yeah, well, hey, I'm really sorry.

D-FENS

Yeah, well, hey, so am I, Rick.

He pulls an Uzi-type machine gun out of the gym bag. Rick is holding his clipboard. He looks at the gun, confused.

RICK

Oh, my God...

He raises his hands. The clipboard CLATTERS to the floor.

MIKE

What are you doing, Rick?

SHEILA

He's got a gun!

General movement. Customers at tables stand up.

D-FENS

Okay, let's get organized here!  
Calm down! Quiet down!

A woman customer shrieks. A male customer starts to leave.

D-FENS

Ah, ah, ah! Hey!

The male customer stops.

D-FENS

You haven't finished your lunch

The male customer shrinks back to his table.

D-FENS

I want everybody to eat up. Let's  
all get our vitamins A, B and C.

Accidentally, his GUN SPITS BULLETS at the ceiling. People shriek. GLASS BREAKS.

\*  
\*

D-FENS

I'm sorry! It was a mistake!  
These triggers are sensitive.  
Rick, can I have my breakfast now?

\*  
\*

RICK

Yes, sir! Sheila...

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED: (4)

56

D-FENS

Rick. Miss Folsom...

RICK

Yes, sir?

D-FENS

You know what? I've changed my mind.  
 You were right. Let's have some lunch.  
 Let's have a double Whammyburger with  
 cheese, you getting this?

RICK

Yes, sir.

D-FENS

Uh, some Whamfries and, let's see,  
 a chocowham shake. Okay?

RICK

Yes, sir. Sheila, get his order.

D-FENS

Rick, why don't you get my order?  
 I'm feeling more comfortable about  
 calling you Rick after all we've  
 been through together.

\*

Rick nods. D-FENS roves among the customers, casually  
 holding the machine gun.

D-FENS

How we doin'? Enjoyin' your meal?  
 Hey, sonny, is that good? What  
 about you, ma'am? How's the food?

The woman he speaks to gags and throws up on the table.

D-FENS

Whoops. Everybody's a critic. Hey,  
 Rick! I think you're going to have  
 to work on that secret sauce!

Rick looks over with very wide eyes.

D-FENS

That's a joke, Rick.

Rick forces a sick smile. He has the order.

D-FENS

Ah, here we go.

He lays the machine gun down, rips the bag open.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED: (4A)

56

D-FENS

Ah, now, see, this is what I'm  
talking about. Look up there.  
Look at that.

He refers to picture of a hamburger over the counter.

D-FENS

You see what I mean? It's plump.  
It's juicy. It's about three  
inches high.

He holds the hamburger up in the air.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (5)

56

D-FENS

Now look at this sorry, miserable, squashed little thing. Can anyone tell me what's wrong with this picture? Anyone? Anyone at all?

The terrified customers stare. A kid raises his hand. D-FENS leaves.

57 INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

57

A gaggle of women are drinking loudly at a table. A hostess sits Prendergast and Sandra. A punked-out Hispanic WAITRESS, with tattoos on her fingers comes over.

WAITRESS (LITA)

Hey, you guys are back together!

SANDRA

No such luck, Lita. He's moving to Lake Havasu.

LITA

What's in Lake Havasu

SANDRA

London Bridge.

LITA

You're going to England?

PRENDERGAST

Arizona. They moved London Bridge there.

SANDRA

Stone by stone.

LITA

Oh, yeah, I heard about that. Well, you're better off, Prendergast. Cops get killed. What can I get you guys to drink?

The gaggle of women at the nearby table let out a whoop, toast margaritas. They glance over. \*

PRENDERGAST

Two coffees, Lita.

Lita goes.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

SANDRA

It's your last day. Why don't you  
have a margarita?

PRENDERGAST

I don't want a margarita.

SANDRA

I do. I want a whole pitcher-full.

A waitress carries a cake with a sparklers in it out from  
the back.

PRENDERGAST

I knew it! I knew it!

SANDRA

Knew what?

PRENDERGAST

(looking around)

Come on out, guys! Where are  
they?

The waitress passes their table and takes the cake to the  
gaggle.

SANDRA

You said you didn't want a party.

PRENDERGAST

(lying)

I don't, I don't!

Prendergast gives her a look. Lita returns with a pot of  
coffee, pours. The gaggle whoops again. They look.

SANDRA

At least somebody's having a good  
time.

LITA

You ready to order?

PRENDERGAST

What did we used to get? Six?

SANDRA

Seven.

PRENDERGAST

(to Lita)

Two sevens.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

Lita goes.

The gaggle whoops hilariously. Prendergast laughs.  
Sandra doesn't.

\*  
\*

PRENDERGAST

Are you alright?

SANDRA

I'm sorry. I wasn't going to do  
this. I'll shut up. It's none  
of my business.

Pause.

SANDRA

But Lake Havasu!?

PRENDERGAST

It's nice. We like it.

SANDRA

She likes it. What are you gonna  
do, watch the cactus grow?

PRENDERGAST

Cacti. She's not handling this  
middle-age thing too well. Change  
of life, you know.

SANDRA

What about you?

PRENDERGAST

Me, that's different. She's a  
woman.

SANDRA

What's different? I'm a woman.

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, but she was beautiful.

\*

SANDRA

Thanks a bunch.

PRENDERGAST

You know what I mean. She could  
have been anything. Anything but  
a cop's wife. She's too highstrung.

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED: (3)

57

SANDRA

Please, don't give me that Queen of the Hop, Miss Homecoming bullshit again. That was a long time ago. You showed me the pictures of you with the flat-top.

PRENDERGAST

You have a career, Sandra. It's not easy to see your beauty go when that's all you've got.

SANDRA

What about your career?

PRENDERGAST

I'll be okay.

SANDRA

This is your life we're talking about, I know you guys lost a baby together and everything...

\*

PRENDERGAST

We didn't lose a 'baby,' Sandra. We lost Annabelle. She was a person. She'd be about that young lady's age now.

He refers to the young woman at the gaggle table.

PRENDERGAST

Maybe getting married. Maybe going to school. Who knows, maybe I'd be an old grandpa by now.

Lydecker suddenly looms before them.

LYDECKER

Sorry to break this up.

SANDRA

What are yo doing here?

LYDECKER

We got a call.

SANDRA

Shit.

LITA

Watch out, hot plates.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (4)

57

She deposits their lunch. Lydecker digs into Sandra's rice and beans with a chip.

LYDECKER

You're gonna love this one. Some dickhead just walked into a Whammyburger and pulled a machine gun because they stopped serving breakfast. Then he paid for it and left.

SANDRA

I'm sorry, Prendergast.

PRENDERGAST

He paid for it?

LYDECKER

Yeah. Let's go, Sandy. Move your buns.

PRENDERGAST

Where was this?

LYDECKER

Quintero and Fourth.

SANDRA

I gotta go.

PRENDERGAST

Wait a minute.

\*

58 EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

58

Prendergast, Sandra and Lydecker head for a car.

PRENDERGAST

Do me a favor. Let me know what this guy was wearing.

LYDECKER

What for? You trying to crack a big one before you disappear into the desert?

PRENDERGAST

Just ask if he was wearing a white shirt and tie.

Lydecker jumps in the car as Sandra stops and looks at Prendergast.

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED:

58

SANDRA

Alright. So, is this so long,  
partner?

PRENDERGAST

I'll send you a postcard.

LYDECKER

Let's go, lovebirds.

PRENDERGAST

And, Sandra.

SANDRA

I gotta go. What?

PRENDERGAST

There's something about my wife.  
Maybe I never mentioned it.

SANDRA

Yeah?

PRENDERGAST

I love her.

A59

EXT. BANK - DAY

A59

A BLACK MAN in a white shirt and tie walks back and forth  
with a sign that says, "NOT ECONOMICALLY VIABLE." Bank  
employees peek out the windows.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BLACK MAN

Yeah, I banked here for seven  
years, hello, sir how are you?  
Seven years I banked here, and  
when I asked them for a loan, a  
small loan, a small loan for a  
small business, they told me I  
was not economically viable.  
That's right, ladies and  
gentlemen, you are looking at a  
man who is not economically  
viable. It's official now.

A bank customer comes out.

BLACK MAN

How'd you make out? Did they give  
you a loan? He looks happy. He  
looks like a happy customer. He  
must be economically viable.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A59 CONTINUED:

A59

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

Look, everyone, there goes an economically viable person. That's what they look like. I, however, am not economically viable.

Three or four squad cars pull up.

BLACK MAN

Uh-oh, here they come. Hello, officers.

The police talk to him in undertones.

BLACK MAN

Why? What am I doing?

They take his sign, lead him toward a car.

BLACK MAN

Uh-oh, here I go. They're taking me away now. This is what happens to you if you're not economically viable. Don't let this happen to you... Goodbye, everyone. Don't forget me.

They put him into the back of a car. He slides over to the opposite window, looks out. He has lost his cheerful demeanor. He looks sadly out, defeated. He locks eyes with D-Fens.

59 - CONTINUOUS ACTION - EXT. SOME GREAT "MIRACLE MILE" AREA STREET (WILSHIRE, PICO, OR WESTERN)

59

D-FENS passes a large store window display which strikes his interest.

It is a photography store with a window full of photos of children.

Along the street, vendors display their wares on spread blankets.

D-FENS looks down from the photo display, and sees one street vendor with a blanket of inexpensive toys.

In particular, D-FENS sees a small, ceramic musical rocking horse.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED: (A1)

59

D-FENS moves over to the vendor, and buys the ceramic toy from him, among the noise of the PASSING TRAFFIC, and the SHOUTS of VENDORS around the area.

An angry street beggar shouts some demented poetry from a corner.

D-FENS stands, putting the musical rocking horse into his bag-full-of-guns with care.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

He turns, and across the street sees another store window.

It is a window to a travel agency, with a beach-like display advertising happiness and fun in the sun.

D-FENS begins to make his way across the street, heading for the window back drop. He is not just heading for the little travel store... He is heading home.

60

INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

60

Beth is starting to mix another cake. A KNOCK at the door. Beth jumps.

Uniformed Officer #1A is at the door. He looks at #1, holds up his hand, taps his watch. \*

OFFICER #1

Uh, ma'am, we're gonna take off now.

BETH

You are? Really?

OFFICER #1

Well, it doesn't look like your husband is going to show. What probably happened was, he came to his senses and realized he could get into a lot of trouble if he harassed you. \*

BETH

Really? \*

OFFICER #1

What I think you should do is call your lawyer and tell him about it.

BETH

It's one of those services. I didn't have much money.

OFFICER #1

Tell them to call your husband's lawyer. Make it official, you know. \*

BETH

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

OFFICER #1

And in the meantime, lock up and  
if anything happens, give us a  
call. Okay?

BETH

Okay. Thanks.

OFFICER #1

Sure thing.

The Officer goes out. Beth rattles the door, makes sure  
it's locked, stands looking for a moment, then goes to  
the phone. She refers to legal papers, dials a number.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

PHONE (V.O.)

Hello there!

BETH

Hello, could I speak to...

PHONE (V.O.)

Thank you for calling Friendly Law!  
 All of our lines are as busy as  
 little bees, but hang on! We'll  
 be right there.

61 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

61

D-FENS listens to a busy tone. He slams the phone down,  
 starts to retrieve his quarter. A voice:

ANNOYING MAN (O.S.)

Excuse me, excuse me.

An ANNOYING MAN in a suit is outside the booth.

ANNOYING MAN

I don't know if you noticed but  
 other people are waiting to use  
 the phone.

D-FENS

They are? They're waiting to use  
 the phone? Ah, gee whiz, that's  
 too bad, 'cause, you know what?

He pulls the machine gun out of the gym bag, backs out of  
 the booth and blows it to hell.

D-FENS

I think it's out of order.

And he goes, the Annoying Man gaping after him.

62 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY

62

The PHONE RINGS. Prendergast scurries in, grabs it.

PRENDERGAST

Yes? Hello? Prendergast.

MRS. PRENDERGAST (V.O.)

(on phone)

He's eaten and is resting  
 comfortably.

PRENDERGAST

Who is?

63 INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY

63

Mrs. Prendergast watches her cat lick itself.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Mr. Peepers.

INTERCUT KITCHEN AND CUBICLE.

Another line lights up on Prendergast's phone.

PRENDERGAST

Oh. Good.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

I'm sorry. I guess I went a little nuts before.

PRENDERGAST

That's okay, honey. Look, hold on one second, okay?

He punches the other line.

PRENDERGAST

Prendergast here.

64 INT. WHAMMYBURGER RESTAURANT - DAY

64

It's filled with cops questioning witnesses. Sandra is off to the side of the serving area.

SANDRA

White shirt and tie.

PRENDERGAST

Sandra, can you hold on one second?

SANDRA

I gotta go.

PRENDERGAST

Please, just one second, it's important.

INTERCUT KITCHEN, RESTAURANT AND CUBICLE.

He pushes the other button on the phone.

PRENDERGAST

Hon? Let me call you right back.

(CONTINUED)

\*  
\*

64

CONTINUED:

64

MRS. PRENDERGAST  
Why don't you come home.

\*

PRENDERGAST  
I can't, hon.

MRS. PRENDERGAST  
Why not? What are they going to do, fire you?

PRENDERGAST  
It's... you know, it's red tape. Look, the sooner I get done with it, the sooner I'll get home. I'll call you in a while, okay?

MRS. PRENDERGAST  
Wait. As long as I got you on the line, make a list. Chicken, skinless and boneless. Red bell pepper. That's red, not green...

PRENDERGAST  
Honey, hold the phone, okay?

Button push.

PRENDERGAST  
Sandra...

SANDRA  
I'm tying up the phone here!

PRENDERGAST  
Just listen. A gang-girl who was at the drive-by this morning said a man in a white shirt and tie attacked her home-boys with a baseball bat. I think somebody's let their dog off the leash.

SANDRA  
I think you've got last-day-itus. This guy wasn't swinging any baseball bats. He had a gym bag full of guns.

PRENDERGAST  
A gym bag?

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

Yeah, look, you asked me to let you know what he was wearing and I did. I gotta run. Lieutenant wants us to canvas the neighborhood.

PRENDERGAST

Just hold on one more second.

SANDRA

Aw...

PRENDERGAST

Please. I gotta talk to you.

Button push.

PRENDERGAST

Look, uh, maybe you should go to the store.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Why?

PRENDERGAST

Well, I mean, it's my last day, the guys might want to have a little send off or something...

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Such as what? Some broad with tassles on her tits dancing on your desk or something?

PRENDERGAST

Of course not...

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Look, buster, while you're playing cop I'm up to my chin, here, planning your retirement. Try and keep that between your ears, oke doke? It's over. The sooner you accept that, the better. You are no longer in the law enforcement business, Buster. Now, I will expect you at the usual time, capice?

She hangs up. Prendergast takes a breath. Pushes button.

PRENDERGAST

Sandra, are you mad at me?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

SANDRA

No, I hate your stinking guts.  
I'm not mad, I just... just don't  
leave without saying good-bye.

\*

PRENDERGAST

If you go up against this guy,  
be careful.

She hangs up. In the cubicle, Prendergast hangs up,  
looks at the map, jumps up, exits.

65 EXT. SILVERLAKE STREET - DAY

65

D-FENS is limping. He leans against a building that is  
decorated with a wall mural, painfully pulls his shoe  
off. The newspaper he put into it has a hole. He  
continues walking, looking at the mural. It is a thing  
of flowers, families and butterflies. Suddenly it  
changes and a depiction of a Special Forces Commando is  
pointing an Uzi at him. He sees that the building is an  
Army/Navy Surplus Store.

\*

\*

\*

\*

He moves toward the entrance. Unseen by him, CAMERA  
FINDS Rachel and cops canvassing neighborhood.

66 INT. SURPLUS STORE - DAY

66

Filled with everything imaginable, mainly service-  
related. A couple of GAY MEN are examining merchandise.  
Behind a glass case full of knives, the OWNER sits,  
wearing sunglasses and fiddling with the dials of a  
police scanner and a set of earphones.

The aforesaid gym bag is placed on the glass case with a  
METALLIC CLINK. D-Fens stands there. The Owner casually  
turns off the scanner. Smiles.

OWNER

What can I do you for?

D-FENS

I want some hiking boots.

OWNER

Hiking boots, huh? Well, let's  
see what we got.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (A1)

66

He comes around the counter, glances at the gym bag and leads the way down an aisle, giving the Gay Men a look as he does. He comes to a shelf of expensive hiking boots.

OWNER

These here are the top of the line. Scientifically engineered and all that crap. Guaranteed by some Sierra Club asshole not to hurt a chipmunk if you accidently step on it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

OWNER (CONT'D)

Personally, I think they're for pussies and faggots.

The Gay Men look over. The Owner moves down the shelf to military-style boots.

OWNER

Now these are Vietnam jungle boots. They cost half as much, last twice as long and they're great for stomping queers.

The Gay Men look again. The Owner displays the boot's sole.

OWNER

'Course, when you're done, you gotta clean out the waffle with a stick, but, what the hell, you can't have everything, right?

Gay #1 throws down what he was looking at, starts towards the Owner. Gay #2 grabs him.

GAY #2

Forget it. Come on, let's go.

Gay #1 relents. They start to leave the store. The Owner calls after them.

OWNER

Have a nice day! Y'all come back now!

Gay #1 starts for the Owner.

GAY #1

You got a problem?

The Owner points at a "We Reserve The Right To Refuse Service" sign over the counter.

OWNER

Read the sign. I reserve the right. Take a hike.

GAY #1

Make me.

The Owner grabs a giant bayonet.

OWNER

Oh, watch out now.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

Gay #2 grabs Gay #1 again.

GAY #2

Would you just come on. I don't  
need this shit today.

They leave, Gay #1 knocking over a display first.

OWNER

(back to D-Fens)

Fuckin' faggots. And now I'm  
supposed to protect their fucking  
rights, right?

(beat)

So, you decide?

D-FENS is watching Sandra and a cop, across the street. \*

67 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

67

Angie and her family are occupying chairs along the wall.  
Included: MOMMA, a short fat woman, a few sisters, a  
couple of brothers and a miscellany of aunts, uncles and  
cousins.

They all look up. Prendergast holds up his badge to the  
Hispanic officer.

PRENDERGAST

I'm Sergeant Prendergast.

Momma explodes out of her chair.

MOMMA

She don't have to talk to you!

She storms up to Prendergast and belly-bumps him,  
knocking him back a couple steps.

ANGIE

What do you want!? I admitted it  
was a gang! What do you guys  
want from me!?

MOMMA

She don't have to say one word to  
you!

PRENDERGAST

Angie, I know it was a white guy!  
I gotta talk to you. It's  
important.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

ANGIE

It's alright, Momma.

PRENDERGAST

How many guns were in the gym bag?

Angie looks at the floor.

ANGIE

I don't know what you're talkin' about.

PRENDERGAST

Angelina, the white guy took it, didn't he? A lot more people could get hurt. Help me out.

She pauses.

ANGIE

The bag was already in the car when I got in.

PRENDERGAST

How many guns were in it?

ANGIE

I don't know. Lots of guns. They got all the guns in the fuckin' world.

Prendergast watches a gurney pass with a sleeping child.  
For a split second, it becomes his own lost child.

\*  
\*

68 OMITTED

68

69 INT. SURPLUS STORE - DAY

69

D-Fens is sitting in a changing booth, lacing up Vietnam jungle boots. The curtain is open. The Owner stands watching him. Sandra comes in. She can't see D-Fens.

SANDRA

Hi.

OWNER

Hi.

She shows him her badge.

SANDRA

Police officer. I'm looking for a man.

OWNER

Are you now?

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED:

69

She notices the scanner, glances at the Owner, who smiles back. \*

SANDRA

Late thirties, white shirt and tie.  
He would be carrying a gym bag.

The gym bag is slightly sticking out of the booth. The Owner pushes it in with his foot. He locks eyes with D-Fens for an instant.

SANDRA

What's the police scanner for?

OWNER

My own personal amusement.

SANDRA

So, have you seen anyone like I've described? \*

She comes around the counter. D-Fens makes a movement to stand up. The Owner closes the curtain on him, goes to her. \*

OWNER

Nope, but listen. Why don't they call you guys 'Officer-esses?'

SANDRA

Beg pardon?

OWNER

You know, like 'act-ress.' Like that.

SANDRA

Ah.

OWNER

Something to signify... you know.

SANDRA

I guess they feel that a police officer is a police officer. Not a... you know.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

OWNER

Ah.

SANDRA

Well, thank you for your  
cooperation, sir.

OWNER

Sorry I couldn't be of more help,  
Officer...

She's out the door. He locks it.

OWNER

... ess.

He turns around. D-Fens steps out of the booth with the  
gym bag, one hand inside.

D-FENS

Why did you do that?

OWNER

There's something I want to show  
you. Come on, I'm not going to  
turn you in. I'm your friend.  
Come on.

He leads D-Fens towards the back of the store.

70 INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

70

A tiny, windowless room, dark and musty, filled with  
military hardware and uniforms, including Nazi souvenirs,  
flags, etc. A crude American flag painted on a wall. A  
dirty glass counter, stuffed with rotting gear is shoved  
to one side. Gas masks stare out of the gloom. The  
Owner leads D-Fens in.

OWNER

I don't bring just anybody back  
here, you know. This is my  
private stash. I got some great  
stuff here.

He grabs a gas mask, shows it.

OWNER

Boo!

(laughs)

World War One. Good shape.  
Speaking of gas. Wait a minute.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

He digs around, comes up with a canister with a skull and crossbones logo.

OWNER

You know what was in this?  
Zyklon-B. You remember? What the  
Nazis had? Listen.

He shakes the canister.

OWNER

Empty.  
(laughs)  
This was used. This was actually  
used. I wonder how many kikes  
this little can took out? Huh?  
Think about it! Here.

He pushes the can on D-Fens, starts digging again.

D-FENS

Why are you showing me this?

OWNER

I'm not. That's just for fun.  
You can keep that. This is what I  
want to show you.

He clears stuff away from in front of a standing locker.  
Opens it, and pulls out a military duffel bag.

OWNER

The real thing.

He opens the top of the duffel bag. A tube-like thing is  
visible.

OWNER

Heat-seeking. Shoulder-fired.  
It's fucking disposable.  
(laughs)  
You could take out a jumbo jet  
with one of these. It's for you.  
I want you to have it.

D-FENS

Why?

OWNER

Because I'm with you. Don't you  
get it? I was listening to the  
police scanner. I heard about the  
Whammyburger.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OWNER (CONT'D)

It was a bunch of niggers, wasn't it? On TV it's always nice-looking white kids but you go in there and it's nothing but a bunch of fuckin' niggers and they'll spit on your food if you're not nice to them. I know all about it. I'm with you. We're the same, you and me. We're the same. Don't you see?

D-Fens looks at the canister in his hand. Stands.

D-FENS

We're not the same. I'm an American. You're a sick asshole!

He throws down the canister.

OWNER

What kind of a vigilante are you?

D-FENS

I'm not a vigilante. I'm just tryin' to get home for my little girl's birthday and if people would stay out of my way nobody'll get hurt.

OWNER

Are you fucking with me?

D-FENS

I'm just disagreeing with you. In America we have the freedom to disagree.

OWNER

Fuck you and your freedom.

He pulls a gun from his back, points it at D-Fens' face.

OWNER

Who the fuck are you? You fuck. You faggot fuck. Gonna take my rocket. I oughta shoot you now.

The Owner kicks him.

OWNER

Turn around. Lean on that counter. Lean on it!

D-Fens leans on the glass counter. Keeping the gun on him, the Owner explores the gym bag.

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED: (3)

70

OWNER

(laughs)

Fuck! Look at this shit!

He pulls out the ceramic rocking horse. \*

OWNER

What is this doin' in there?

Faggot shit!

He smashes it against a wall, then scoops a pair of handcuffs from a box full of them.

OWNER

You want freedom, huh? I'll give you freedom.

The Owner makes him comply to his orders with kicks.

OWNER

Farther back. Feet farther back.  
 Now spread 'em out. Farther!  
 You're going to jail, motherfucker.  
 How's that for freedom? Freedom  
 to get fucked in the ass by some  
 buck nigger. Gimme your hand.  
 Put it back here.

D-Fens puts his left hand back. The Owner puts the cuff on it, leans against D-Fens, talks in his ear.

OWNER

He's going to be behind you just  
 like this. Huh? Think about it.  
 You gonna like that, faggot? You  
 gonna like that, you faggot fuck?  
 Gimme your other hand.

D-FENS

I can't.

OWNER

Why not?

D-FENS

Gravity.

OWNER

What the fuck does that mean?

D-FENS

I'll fall over.

The Owner kicks him in the back of a knee. D-Fens goes down. One lens cracks on his glasses.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (4)

70

OWNER

Now, gimme your hand! Give it to me now! Give it to me!

D-Fens pulls the gangmember's butterfly knife out of his pocket, flips it open quite expertly, and swings the arm back, stabbing the Owner in the side of the neck. There is a shocked instant. The Owner drops his gun and pulls the knife out of his neck. He looks at it.

OWNER

This isn't one of mine.

He stumbles back into his treasures, falling against and CRACKING a MIRROR. He puts his fingers to his neck. The blood pours through his fingers. D-Fens picks up his gun, turns to him.

OWNER

Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

D-FENS

Good. Freedom of religion. Now you're getting the swing of it. Feels good to exercise your rights, doesn't it?

He SHOOTS him.

D-FENS

Doesn't it?

Hhe SHOOTS him TWICE more, looks up, sees himself in the mirror.

71 INT. POLICE STATION - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

71

Yardley and Sanchez are side by side taking a piss. Prendergast stands by the door.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Go ahead, I'm listening.

PRENDERGAST

Well, that's it, sir. We've got a nut case with a bag full of guns. He's in Hollywood now, heading west.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Why's he doing this?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

PRENDERGAST

I don't know.

Captain Yardley looks to Sanchez who makes the "jack off" sign. They zip up.

72 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

72

They come out of the men's room where Jones waits. They all head down the hall.

JONES

We got a room full of suspects, Prendergast. Do you mind?

PRENDERGAST

It wasn't a gang thing. The girl Angelina...

JONES

Hey, the girl Angelina is a tramp and a liar.

SANCHEZ

And we don't appreciate you sticking your nose in our investigation. \*

PRENDERGAST

I got a positive I.D. on the gym bag. \*

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Prendergast.

They are outside Yardley's office. He motions them in.

73 INT. YARDLEY'S OFFICE (CONTINUOUS)

73

Yardley pulls a gym bag from behind his desk. Puts it there.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

What's that?

PRENDERGAST

It's a gym bag.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Does this mean you're putting me under arrest?

Jones snorts.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

You guys take off.

Jones and Sanchez leave.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

I gave you that speech earlier,  
'cause, like I said, that's  
regulations, they make me do it.

PRENDERGAST

Captain...

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

This one is from me. I've never  
liked you, and you want to know  
why? You don't curse. I don't  
trust a man who doesn't curse.  
Not a 'fuck' or a 'shit' in all  
these years. Real men curse,  
Prendergast. And I especially  
don't like a man in my command  
who's afraid to hit the street.  
It's bad for morale.

PRENDERGAST

I'm not afraid to...

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Now get back behind that desk  
where you belong and don't waste  
anymore of my time pretending  
you're a cop.

Prendergast leaves.

74

INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

74

Prendergast appears in the opening. He's pissed. Sandra  
clears out of his chair.

SANDRA

Somebody in a white shirt and tie  
gunned down a phone booth three  
blocks from the Whammyburger.

He puts on his jacket.

SANDRA

Did you hear me?

He opens his map on the desk, points to it.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

PRENDERGAST

About here?

She looks.

SANDRA

Yeah. How'd you know?

PRENDERGAST

He got the bag of guns from the  
drive-by. The girl at the scene  
told me.

SANDRA

Then you were right.

PRENDERGAST

Excuse me.

He gets up to leave. She's blocking his exit.

SANDRA

What's wrong with you?

PRENDERGAST

Me? I'm a coward. The Captain  
just told me. You want to get out  
of my way?

SANDRA

Hey, it's your own fault. You let  
everybody think you were spooked  
when all the time it was your  
wife. I know she made you get  
off the street.

PRENDERGAST

What happens between me and my  
wife is nobody's business but  
mine, Sandra.

SANDRA

I'm sorry. I've been the  
Queen Bitch all day, haven't I?

PRENDERGAST

She didn't make me get off the  
street. I was late getting home  
one night. I found her sitting  
in the dark, staring at the wall.  
She'd gotten it into her head  
that I'd been killed. She  
thought I was a ghost. I had to  
chase her all over the house.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED: (2)

74

SANDRA

Jesus, Prendergast, I'm sorry...

PRENDERGAST

Forget it.

SANDRA

Where are you going?

PRENDERGAST

See if I can't earn my last day's pay.

SANDRA

Let me go with you.

PRENDERGAST

Aren't you on duty?

SANDRA

What do you say, partner? Fuck 'em.

\*

75

INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

75

The PHONE RINGS. Beth decorates the cake. She looks at it. Then slowly and calmly she walks over, picks it up.

\*

BETH

Yes?

D-FENS (V.O.)

(on phone)

Who were you talking to a while ago?

BETH

You're just trying to scare me.

76

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

76

D-Fens sits on the glass counter, wearing the Owner's sunglasses. We just see his face.

D-FENS

Am I succeeding?

INTERCUT Venice kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

76

CONTINUED:

76

BETH

No, you're not scaring me out of my own house. And you're not coming here. So you might as well just stop it.

D-FENS

I can't. I've passed the point of no return. You know what that is?

BETH

The police were here.

D-FENS

That's the point in a journey where it would be longer to go back to the beginning than it would be to continue to the end. It's like when those astronauts got in trouble, you remember? They were going to the moon and something went wrong. Somebody screwed up and they had to get them back to earth, but they were past the point of no return. They had to go all the way around the moon before they could come back and they were out of contact for, I don't know, hours and the world waited breathlessly to see if a bunch of dead guys in a can would pop out the other side of the moon.

MOVING DOWN. The top of the glass display case comes INTO VIEW.

D-FENS

Well, that's me. I'm on the other side of the moon, now, out of contact and everybody's just going to have to wait until I pop out.

MOVING DOWN his body, we see he's changed into surplus clothing. Both ends of the handcuffs are closed on the wrist. The duffel bag with the tube-like thing is laying on his lap. He is putting the guns from the gym bag into it. DOWN his legs. Between the Vietnam jungle boots we see that the dead body of the Owner has been stuffed into the display case. He leaves money for his boots and leaves.

77

EXT. RUN-DOWN STREET - DAY

77

The street with the Korean market.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (A1)

77

Sandra parks her car. She and Prendergast get out, look around.

PRENDERGAST

Let's talk to the Korean guy.  
Then we can just start banging on  
doors and...

He stops, staring at the bushes masking the freeway. She looks. Towering above the bushes is the upper half of a billboard of a beautiful woman.

SANDRA

What is it?

Prendergast moves into the street. The rest of the billboard comes INTO VIEW. It is the same one that amused him at the beginning of the film.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

The little cartoon character still calls for help from his bosomy prison. He trots towards the freeway.

SANDRA

Prendergast?

He leaps up, grabs the fence, climbs it, swings one leg over the top.

SANDRA

What are you doing?

PRENDERGAST

I'll be right back.

He drops down, disappears into the bushes.

SANDRA

Prendergast! I'm sure the guy will let you use his bathroom!

78

EXT. BUSHES - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

78

Prendergast pushes his way through the undergrowth.

\*  
\*

79

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

79

He bursts out onto the shoulder of the freeway. TRAFFIC ROARS by. He looks around.

\*

PRENDERGAST

Jesus Christ.

He rushes back into the undergrowth.

80

EXT. RUNDOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

80

Sandra waits. Prendergast appears.

PRENDERGAST

I know who the guy is.

(CONTINUED)

80

CONTINUED:

80

SANDRA

Who is he?

He begins climbing the fence.

PRENDERGAST

He had this personalized license  
plate. What the hell was it?  
It was weird.

He looks across the street. Mr. Yi, the Korean grocer,  
is standing in the doorway of his store, holding a broom.

PRENDERGAST

Dee fence.

SANDRA

Defence?

PRENDERGAST

D-dash-F-E-N-S. He said he was  
going home. Get an address.

He reaches the top of the fence, gives Mr. Yi the fist-  
raised power salute.

PRENDERGAST

Yo, Mr. Yi! Dee fence!

Mr. Yi shakes his head, goes in.

81

INT. VENICE HOUSE - DAY

81

Violent CARTOON on TV (Yosemite Sam gunplay). Adele,  
clutching her squirt gun, shoots at the screen. Beth  
enters.

BETH

Honey... no!

She turns and looks outside.

82

OMITTED

82

&amp;

&amp;

83

83

83A

HER POV

83A

A cop car with two cops arrives. (OFFICERS 2 &amp; 2A)

84

EXT. STREET CONSTRUCTION ZONE - DAY

84

A trench has been dug down the center of the street for a couple of blocks.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

The whole mess is bordered by barriers with flashing yellow lights, reducing passage to one lane. The trench is covered with those three-inch-thick iron plates except for twenty feet or so, where the boys are working today; JACKHAMMERS RATTLE, MONSTER MACHINES ROAR, spitting smoke, METAL CLANGS, CAR HORNS HONK.

At an intersection, a frightened old woman, who can barely see over her steering wheel, is trying to turn left through the zone. The GUY BEHIND HER is leaning on his HORN and screaming at her.

GUY BEHIND HER

It's no left turn! What the fuck is wrong with you?! It's no left turn!

A shadow falls across him and he is suddenly smacked in the face by the owner of the shadow. He looks around paranoically. At the quiet end of the trench, the iron plate covering it is pulled aside. A lone CONSTRUCTION WORKER sits on the edge of it, dangling his feet.

WORKER

Where do you think you're goin'?  
You can't go this way.

\*

D-FENS

What are you doing to this street?

WORKER

We're fixing it. What does it look like?

D-FENS

Two days ago there was nothing wrong with it. What are you trying to tell me? It fell apart in two days?

\*

WORKER

Guess so.

D-FENS

Pardon me, but that's bullshit. I want to know what's wrong with this street.

(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS (CONT'D)

\*

I don't think anything's wrong with this street. I think you're tearing it up to justify your inflated budget.

WORKER

What are you, nuts?

D-FENS

I know what this is all about. If you don't spend as much as you projected for the year, you'll get less money for the next year. I want you to admit there's nothing wrong with this street.

D-Fens pulls a handgun from the bag.

WORKER

Hey!

D-FENS

You think you can hold us all hostage with your big trucks and flashing lights.

WORKER

Look, mister, I'm just here to keep people from falling...

D-FENS

I want to hear you say it. What's wrong with this street?

WORKER

I don't know, really. I think it's a sewer job...

D-FENS

You're a liar. What's wrong with this street?

WORKER

Nothing!

D-FENS

I knew it. See, I knew this. I'll give you something to fix. Here...

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED: (3)

84

He works on getting that tube-shaped weapon out.

WORKER

What are you doing? What is that?  
Jesus!

He climbs out of the hole and starts to run toward the major construction.

WORKER

Hey! Hey!

D-Fens is struggling with the tube.

KID (O.S.)

You gotta pull that thing off.

He looks up. A nine or ten-year-old KID is standing there, pointing.

D-FENS

What thing?

KID

That thing. You pull that off and pull on both ends. The whole thing gets bigger.

D-Fens does. The tube extends.

D-FENS

Like this?

KID

Yeah. Now flip that thing up. That's like your aimer.

The Kid comes over, helps him flip up the sight.

D-FENS

How do you know about this?

KID

I seen it on TV. What's the name of the movie?

D-FENS

Huh?

KID

You're shooting down by the beach, aren't you? What's the name of the movie you're making?

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED: (4)

84

D-FENS

'Under Construction.' You like it?

KID

It's okay. Where's the camera? \*

D-FENS

It's around. Stand back. Now what do I do?

KID

Just look through the aimer at what you're aiming at. What are you aiming at?

D-Fens points down the street at a large earth mover.

D-FENS

That yellow monster down there.

KID

Look at it and pull the trigger. It's easy.

D-FENS

This is the trigger?

KID

Yeah. Aim first.

D-Fens doesn't. With a WHOOSH! He launches a SELF-PROPELLED ROCKET into the trench at their feet.

D-FENS

Look out!

He throws the Kid down. Pause.

D-FENS

Nothing happened.

KID

Must have been a dud.

Two blocks away, the construction zone BLOWS UP. Iron plates fly into the air, spinning. Windows all around burst, raining glass. Piping flies. A bulldozer climbs over a car and tries to drive through a store front. A SECOND, bigger EXPLOSION happens: A gas line goes. A fire ball roars up. More windows. A car flips on its side, shearing off a hydrant, a plume of water sprouts. SCREAMS. Pandemonium. The Kid and D-Fens watch it.

KID

Cool.

85

EXT. GINGERBREAD FRONT PORCH (PASADENA) - DAY

85

Prendergast and Sandra step onto it. The mail box is stuffed with mail. Featured are bills, final notices, threats from collection agencies.

SANDRA

I thought Pasadena was for rich people.

She rings the bell. A barred peep-hole opens revealing an OLDER, suspicious WOMAN'S face.

OLDER WOMAN

What do you want? I'll sic' the dog on you.

They hold up their badges.

SANDRA

Police Officers, ma'am.

86

INT. GINGERBREAD LIVING ROOM - DAY

86

Very tidy. The Older Woman lets them in. Prendergast takes a prowl around the room.

SANDRA

Where's the dog?

OLDER WOMAN

He's dead. What is it? What's it about?

SANDRA

What relation are you to a man named William Foster?

OLDER WOMAN

I have no relation to him. What kind of thing is that to say? He's my son.

Prendergast touches a table that has the outline of a missing TV, then spots something.

PRENDERGAST

Would you look at this? This is amazing.

It is an antique case with glass shelves that display hundred of tiny glass figurines.

(CONTINUED)

\*

86

CONTINUED:

86

SANDRA

Does he have another house?  
Apartment? Is there someplace  
else he calls home.

\*

PRENDERGAST

There's some kind of dragon, I  
think.

MOTHER

No, why would he do that? This  
is his home.

PRENDERGAST

What is this? Did this one melt?

MOTHER

No, it's a giraffe drinking.

PRENDERGAST

Oh... What's your favorite?

MOTHER

Well, right now I think this  
skunk...

PRENDERGAST

Ah. That's lovely.

MOTHER

That's not paint, you know, his  
stripe.

PRENDERGAST

It isn't?

Sandra sees he's won the Woman over.

MOTHER

Well, it might be, but it's not  
painted on. It's in the glass.

87

INT. D-FENS' ROOM - DAY

87

Neat and clean as a pin. The bed would please a Marine.  
A desk and bureau with their items laid in rows. The  
Mother comes in, manically folds an undershirt laying on  
the bed. Prendergast and Sandra follow her in.

MOTHER

And this is his room. Oh, I'm so  
sorry.

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED:

87

PRENDERGAST

Not at all. You're very neat.

MOTHER

Oh, he cleans his own room.

PRENDERGAST

Now, don't make me call you a liar.

MOTHER

No. I'll swear on a stack of Bibles. If he wasn't at work I'd be afraid to set foot in here. \*

PRENDERGAST

What is he doing these days?

MOTHER

Same as ever. He's building important things to protect us from the Communists. He works at Notec. \*

He glances at Sandra.

PRENDERGAST

The defense plant. Do you mind if my partner uses your phone? \*

(to Sandra)

Why don't you call Notec. See if you can't get him on the horn.

MOTHER

Oh, um, I'm afraid the phone is out of order. I don't know what happened. Darn thing went out.

SANDRA

I'll find a phone.

She goes. Pause. Uncomfortable silence.

PRENDERGAST

What is going on with your son?

MOTHER

How do you mean?

PRENDERGAST

You know what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (1A)

87

MOTHER

Oh, you mean... the silent treatment?

PRENDERGAST

That's what he's been giving you lately? The silent treatment?

The Mother starts to fight back tears. Prendergast listens as he moves about the room, checking things out.

MOTHER

Yes. Sometimes he'll sit through an entire meal without saying a word. He'll just keep shoveling food into his mouth like some kind of machine. I get so nervous I can't swallow. I'll sit there with the same piece of food in my mouth until I just have to spit it out on the plate. And when I do he looks at me with such hatred like he wants to kill me. Don't tell him I said that.

\*

PRENDERGAST

Of course not.

He slips open a drawer on the desk, sees something inside. She goes to him.

MOTHER

I try not to be a burden and I'm not just talking financial.

PRENDERGAST

How could you be a burden?

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED: (2)

87

He puts an arm around her, pats her. She relaxes in the comfort of his arm. He lifts his other hand up behind her back, holding what he saw in the desk: a picture of D-fens with Beth holding a newborn. A man's wedding band is looped on Prendergast's thumb.

MOTHER

Everybody makes such a stink about a man living with his mother. As if that's some horrible crime or something.

He flips the picture over. Someone has written, "Bill, Elizabeth and Adele -- 1988."

PRENDERGAST

Tell me something. If William, or 'Bill,' as I like to call him...

MOTHER

He likes 'Bill.' I call him 'Bill,' too.

PRENDERGAST

If Bill said he was going home, could he have meant where his wife and child live?

MOTHER

(sharply)

Ex-wife.

She pulls away from him. He has slipped the picture back into the drawer.

MOTHER

We shouldn't be in here.

She marches out, he follows.

87A

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

87A

She is marching down it.

PRENDERGAST

Ex-wife, right. Elizabeth. What was her name again? Her maiden name?

She stops, looks up at him.

MOTHER

Tavino. She was part Italian. You know how it goes with them.

87B

INT. GINGERBREAD LIVING ROOM - DAY

87B

The Mother precedes Prendergast in.

PRENDERGAST

So, where is Elizabeth now?

MOTHER

I wouldn't know. They lived in a couple of places. She stopped inviting me.

PRENDERGAST

You don't know where your grandchild lives?

Those tears again.

MOTHER

No. Bill prefers that we don't discuss it. He doesn't want me to know where she is. He blames me for what happened.

\*

Sandra appears in the doorway.

PRENDERGAST

What's the word?

SANDRA

He was fired over a month ago.

\*

\*

MOTHER

What? Where... where has he been going every day? Where has he been eating his lunch?

88

EXT. GINGERBREAD HOUSE - DAY

88

Prendergast and Sandra come out, head for the car.

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

SANDRA

What next? Computerland?

PRENDERGAST

You got it. He's going west. He must be heading for his ex-wife's. All we have to do is find Elizabeth Foster or Tavino or Tavino-Foster or whatever she's calling herself somewhere between that telephone booth he destroyed and the Pacific Ocean. Nothin' to it. Good thing this guy's on foot, huh?

SANDRA

Maybe he's on a protest march.

PRENDERGAST

Let's hope it's a long march and we get home before he does.

SANDRA

I forgot how good you are at this.

Prendergast looks back to the house.

PRENDERGAST

She never asked why we were looking for him.

They climb into the vehicle.

89 EXT. GOLF COURSE FENCE - DAY

89

D-Fens trudges along, staring at the ground. He almost walks straight into a ten-foot tall, ivy-covered brick wall. He steps back, looks to the right and left. It seems to go on forever. He sees a sign partly hidden in the ivy. It says, "ALTMORE GOLF COURSE. MEMBERS ONLY. ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE."

90 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

90

A couple of old boobs in golfing gear (FRANK and JIM) are preparing to tee-off next to their electric cart. Frank looks down the fairway.

FRANK

What the hell?

A short distance away, D-Fens has emerged from the woods and is crossing the fairway.

JIM

Is he a greenskeeper?

FRANK

If he is, he's out of uniform.  
You there!

JIM

Frank...

FRANK

What are you doing there?

D-Fens stops, looks at them.

D-FENS

I'm just passing through.

FRANK

I didn't say you could play  
through. Get off my hole.

JIM

I think he said pass through,  
Frank.

FRANK

He's not even a member. Look  
at the way he's dressed. Get off  
my golf course!

D-FENS

I am.

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED:

90

FRANK

You go back the way you came!

D-FENS continues on his way. Frank prepares to swing.

JIM

Let him go, Frank. I don't like the looks of this guy.

FRANK

What the hell am I paying dues for? This is my golf course. If he gets hit in the head with my Titleist, that's his problem.

JIM

Frank...

FRANK

Fore! You there! Fore!

He tees off. The ball whizzes past D-FENS' head. He stops, pulls a sawed-off shotgun from his bag of tricks.

D-FENS

Five!

He walks toward them.

D-FENS

What are you doing? You're trying to kill me with a golf ball? It's not enough that you have acres of beautiful land fenced off for your little game but you have to try and kill me with a golf ball? There should be children playing here. There should be families having picnics. There should be a goddamn petting zoo here, not stupid little electric carts for old men with nothing better to do.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
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\*  
\*  
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\*

He turns to the cart. Jim scrambles out of his way and runs as D-FENS SHOTS the cart, hitting the batteries. They spray sparks. The cart lurches forward, careening down the fairway. The canopy catches fire. D-FENS turns to Frank, who has fallen over, cluchting his heart, gasping.

D-FENS

Aren't you ashamed of yourself? What's wrong with you?

FRANK

Heart... heart...

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

D-FENS

Something's wrong with your heart? What should I do?

FRANK

Pills...

D-FENS

Where? Where are your pills?

FRANK

Cart.

D-Fens looks up and watches the cart nose into a sand trap. The fire begins to engulf it.

D-FENS

There, now, see, you're out of luck. Your little car is burning up. Aren't you sorry you didn't let me walk across your golf course?

FRANK

My... my... golf course.

D-FENS

Now you're going to die wearing a stupid hat. How does it feel?

FRANK

No... don't let me die. Don't... let... die.

D-FENS

You've lived too long.

D-Fens shakes his head in disgust. He looks up. Jim is off in the distance, screaming his head off to some security people. D-Fens heads for the rough.

91 EXT. IN THE ROUGH - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

91

D-Fens moves through it, holding the shotgun. He stops before another ivy-covered ten-foot wall, listens to DISTANT PEOPLE YELLING. He climbs the wall, reaches the top, grabs hold and gasps, pulling his hand back. It's bloody. He reaches up to the branch of a tree overhanging the wall and, using it, manages to pull himself over the wall.

92 EXT. UPPER CLASS BACK YARD - DAY

92

The sawed-off shotgun drops from a tree that overhangs the back yard wall. D-FENS follows and falls to his knees on a nicely tended lawn. He looks at his bloody hand. He's cut. He looks up. Staring at him, open-mouthed, is a FAMILY OF FOUR in bathing suits. There is a massive house and a pool. The remains of a picnic/barbecue are on a table.

D-FENS

I'm bleeding. Why is there barbed wire on top of that wall? Is this a joke? Is this the way the rich amuse themselves? You have to put barbed wire on the walls so innocent people can cut their hands trying to look in?

He picks up the shotgun. The DAD stands.

DAD

No, please, I'm the caretaker. It's just a barbecue, that's all. Dr. Ashcroft has let us do this before.

D-FENS

You don't live here?

DAD

Is it really necessary to tell them?

D-FENS

Tell who?

DAD

Altmore Security. Aren't you with Altmore Security?

D-FENS

No.

There is a COMMOTION behind the wall. D-FENS listens, signals for them to be quiet. He sees a small pool house, herds the family into it, holding the GIRL.

D-FENS

It's the Golf Police. I didn't replace a divot.

93 INT. POOL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

93

D-FENS stands by the door, looking out, still holding the Girl, not really realizing it.

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS

A doctor lives here? What kind  
of a doctor?

DAD

A plastic surgeon.

D-FENS

Plastic surgery bought all this?  
I'm in the wrong racket. Are  
there correspondence courses for  
plastic surgery? I lost my job.  
Actually, I didn't lose it. It  
lost me. I was overeducated and  
underskilled or the other way  
around, I forget. I'm obsolete.  
I'm not economically viable. I  
can't even support my own child.

D-FENS looks down at the little girl, sees blood.

D-FENS

Oh, my God, she's hurt.

He releases the Girl, who runs to her mother.

D-FENS

I didn't hurt her. It wasn't me.  
It wasn't me, little girl.

DAD

It's alright, it's alright. It's  
your hand. You cut your hand.

D-FENS

Oh, right, my hand.

DAD

Please, take me with you.

MOM

No!

DAD

They won't do anything as long as  
I'm with you. Please, let them go.

D-FENS looks at them, sees their terror for the first  
time.

D-FENS

What do you think I'm going to do,  
hurt your family? I have a family  
of my own. Don't you believe me?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

MOM

We believe you.

D-FENS

That's where I'm going. I'm going home. It's my little girl's birthday. We're going to have a barbecue like you guys. My little girl will run around the yard and my wife will hold my hand and we'll talk about grown-up things. Then, when it's dark, we'll all go to sleep together. We'll go to sleep together in the dark. And everything will be just like it was before.

\*  
\*  
\*  
  
  
\*  
\*  
\*

94 OMITTED  
thru  
97A

94  
thru  
97A

98

EXT. VENICE COTTAGE - DAY

98

The Uniformed Officer #2 comes out. Beth follows.

BETH

You don't know him. Something has happened to him.

OFFICER #2

Ma'am, it doesn't take seven hours to drive from Pasadena to Venice.

BETH

I know...

OFFICER #2

And that didn't constitute a threatening phone call in my book. The guy was talking about 'Star Trek' or something. He's just getting a big kick out of scaring you.

BETH

Please, don't.

OFFICER #2

Ma'am, there's only one thing you can really do to feel safer.

BETH

What?

OFFICER #2

The next time there's a proposition on the ballot that cuts the number of patrol cars we have on the street, you vote 'no', okay?

Beth nods quietly.

OFFICER #2

You have a nice day.

98A

INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE

98A

Sandra on the computer. The map is spread on the desk. Prendergast comes in from the main room carrying a stack of crime reports.

SANDRA

No luck on 'Foster-Tavino.'

(CONTINUED)

98A CONTINUED:

98A

PRENDERGAST

Go straight to the maiden name.  
I don't think she wants to carry  
this guy around for the rest of  
her life. I got something on an  
Army-Navy store here.

Sandra stops typing.

SANDRA

Where?

Prendergast points to the location on the map.

SANDRA

Jesus, Prendergast! I was there!  
That's three blocks from the  
telephone booth. The guy was a  
real prick.

PRENDERGAST

You know what else he was?

SANDRA

What?

PRENDERGAST

Murdered. They found him stuffed  
in his display case.

99 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

99

The child sits at the table. The PHONE RINGS. Beth  
walks over, picks it up.

D-FENS (V.O.)

(on phone)

Beth? Beth, you know what they've  
done?

INTERCUT WITH:

100 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY

100

D-FENS stands in front of a painted store talking on a  
public phone. He is surrounded by Venice beach life;  
skaters, tourists, etc. Hare Krishnas Chant and so do  
the senior citizens in the center next to him as they  
prepare for services at sunset.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

199

D-FENS

They've turned our ice cream parlour into a 'new age-American southwest' kind of place. I wanted to get Adele a rocking horse, but the closest thing I could find was a unicorn with an American Indian on top of it.

Beth's eyes snap open.

D-FENS

Can you believe that, Beth?  
Can you believe what they've done?

She slams the phone down.

BETH

Get your sweater. We're going to your favorite place.

The child reaches for the squirt gun, laying on the table.

BETH

No, no, leave that. Let's go.

They race out the back door. DOG BARKS.

100A EXT. SENIOR CITIZENS CENTER - DAY

100A

D-FENS dashes toward the front of Beth's house and up the stairs. As he bolts through the front door and into the house, CAMERA FINDS Beth and Adele hiding. They dash quickly past the house and into an alley as CAMERA MOVES AGAIN to find D-FENS running onto the front steps. He looks around. Beth and Adele are nowhere in sight. He'll wait. They have to come home sometime.

101 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE

101

Sandra and Prendergast are still at work.

PRENDERGAST

Some G.I. Joe gave an old geezer at the Altmore Golf Course a heart attack. Then apparently accosted a family right next door.

SANDRA

'G.I. Joe'?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

PRENDERGAST

He was wearing a surplus jacket,  
the kind you'd get in an Army-Navy  
store.

SANDRA

Jesus...

(turning towards  
computer screen)

I've got her! Tavino, Elizabeth!

PRENDERGAST

Don't tell me...

Prendergast connects the dots on the map with a straight  
line leading to...

PRENDERGAST

... Venice!

SANDRA

How'd you know?

PRENDERGAST

Where else would an Italian move  
to?

101A INT. VENICE LIVING ROOM - DAY 101A

D-FENS sits, staring at the TELEVISION screen. The PHONE  
RINGS, and RINGS.

102 OMITTED 102

103 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY 103

Sandra re-appears. Prendergast hangs up.

SANDRA

No answer at the ex-wife's. You  
send the cavalry?

SANDRA

No. Pacific Division are pricks.  
They say they can't justify sending  
units to the same address three  
times in one day to comfort some  
hysterical woman. What do you  
want to do?

(CONTINUED)

103

CONTINUED:

103

PRENDERGAST

Go to Venice.

\*

The PHONE RINGS. He puts on his coat.

\*

PRENDERGAST

Grab that, would you?

She does.

SANDRA

Prendergast here.

104

INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY

104

Mrs. Prendergast sits, holding Mr. Peepers.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

The hell it is!

MR. PEEPERS suddenly SCREECHES.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Ow!

INTERCUT:

105

CUBICLE AND KITCHEN

105

SANDRA

Oh, shit, it's your wife.

(CONTINUED)

Prendergast takes the phone.

PRENDERGAST

Hon?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Mr. Peepers just scratched the hell out of me! Who was that? I'm bleeding like a stuck pig.

PRENDERGAST

Listen, something important has come up.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

What am I, dog vomit? Your wife tells you she's bleeding to death and you say something important has come up? When are you coming home?

PRENDERGAST

I don't know.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Don't tell me you don't know! Tell me when the hell you're coming home!?

PRENDERGAST

Amanda, shut up! I'll be home when I'm finished and not one second before. Is that clear? Is that clear!?

Mrs. Prendergast, shocked.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Well, sure, you don't have to take my head off.

PRENDERGAST

You get dinner ready and have it waiting for me. And, Amanda, leave the skin on the chicken.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

But...

PRENDERGAST

'Bye.

Prendergast slams down the phone.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2) 105

PRENDERGAST

Let's go.

He gets up, they go out into...

106 INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY 106

... where they are greeted by a crowd of cops wearing party hats.

ALL

Surprise!

SANDRA

Oh, shit, I forgot.

A cake sits on a desk, candles lit, a palm tree sprouting out of it. On the cake, written: "SO LONG PRENDERGA..."

The name runs off the side. Prendergast is engulfed, slapped on the back, pulled to the cake, and a silly hat planted on his head. \*

LYDECKER

Sorry, Prendergast, there wasn't enough room for your name.

General hilarity. Some MUSIC STARTS UP.

PRENDERGAST

Thanks, guys, this is great, but...

Sanchez and Jones smack him on the back.

JONES

No hard feelings, huh? You're alright.

SANCHEZ

Yeah, you're okay.

BRIAN

Congratulations. You made it out alive.

PRENDERGAST

You bet, but listen...

LYDECKER

Gentlemen, your attention. This evening's entertainment, Suzie!

(CONTINUED)

106

CONTINUED:

106

SUZIE, a dial-a-stripper, appears. The crowd roars. Cops start moving stuff aside to make a stage. \*

LYDECKER

Yo, Suzie-Q, do yo' thing!

Suzie steps in front of Prendergast.

SUZIE

Is this the birthday boy?

PRENDERGAST

Hey, hey, hey!

Everyone is shocked into silence. Prendergast stands.

PRENDERGAST

Guys, this is swell. Thanks. But I can't stay.

GRAHAM

Jesus, Prendergast, what's your fuckin' problem? Are you afraid of women, too?

LYDECKER

I don't blame him. You ever met his wife?

PRENDERGAST

What did you say? \*

SANDRA

Prendergast...

PRENDERGAST

Just a second. Are you saying something derogatory about my wife?

SANDRA

Prendergast, we don't have time for this.

PRENDERGAST

You're right.

He slugs Lydecker causing him to sit on the cake.

PRENDERGAST

Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2) 106

They do.

SUZIE

Does this mean I can go?

JONES

Hell, no. You got paid. Let's see your act.

107 INT. POLICE STATION - STAIRS - DAY 107

Prendergast and Sandra dash down the stairs.

108 EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY 108

They dash into a crowded parking lot.

PRENDERGAST

Come on. Come on.

He directs traffic.

PRENDERGAST

Move it!

SANDRA

Maybe they'll respect you more if you take off the hat.

109 INT. VENICE COTTAGE - DAY 109

The VIDEO plays on Beth's TV. We see the happy images D-FENS still dreams of. 1988. Adele's birthday. The rocking horse. It's a little more ordinary. Not so dreamlike.

109A D-FENS 109A

watching.

110 VIDEO 110

The camera shows the rocking horse and the baby crawling towards it.

D-FENS (O.S.)

Put her on it. Beth, put her on the horse. Beth!

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 110

BETH (O.S.)  
She's too small.

D-FENS (O.S.)  
Hold her there. It's for the  
picture. It's just for the  
picture. Beth!

111 ANOTHER ANGLE 111

The lower half of Beth is holding the baby on the rocking horse.

D-FENS (O.S.)  
Yipee! Yipee Kai yea! Alright,  
everybody. Big smile. Ready,  
set, cheese!

Beth lays the baby down.

D-FENS  
Don't put her down. I'm trying  
to take a picture here.

BETH  
She wants to get down.

D-FENS  
Why do you put her down, when I'm  
taking a picture?

112 OMITTED 112

113 ANOTHER ANGLE 113

As in the beginning of the film, the camera POV moves down a pier overlooking water. Beth comes into view, looking at the water. She turns as the camera approaches her, holding the puppy and the baby. She doesn't laugh this time. She has been crying. She stares sullenly at the camera. The frame freezes.

D-FENS (O.S.)  
Hey. Hey. Give us a smile. You  
call that a smile?

114 INT. BETH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 114

D-FENS sits staring sadly at Beth on the TV. Then the image of the pier makes him jump up and look out the small window.

114A HIS POV - PIER IN DISTANCE 114A

114B D-FENS 114B

He realizes that they could be there. He is about to take off when suddenly Prendergast's car pulls up outside the front of the house.

D-FENS quickly tucks some guns into his jacket. He stashes the bag with the rest of his arsenal and ducks into the shadows.

115 OMITTED 115

116 EXT. BETH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY 116

They exit the vehicle.

PRENDERGAST

You take the back.

SANDRA

'Kay.

Prendergast watches her move down the side of the house, towards the back as he crosses to the front.

117 OMITTED 117

118 EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY 118

He approaches the door, automatically reaching for his gun which isn't there. He reacts to himself, rings the doorbell, looks around. A GUNSHOT from the back of the house.

Prendergast throws himself through the door and onto the floor. Then, he's up, running through the house and out to the --

119 EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY 119

Sandra is lying on the walk. BUSTER is BARKING. The gate is swinging back and forth. Prendergast comes out the back door, races to her. She is alive, holding her bloodied side.

PRENDERGAST

Sandra...

She points to the gate.

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED:

119

SANDRA

Go on. Watch out. He's got my  
gun.

He stands up and sees a next-door neighbor peeking out of  
a back door.

PRENDERGAST

Get an ambulance!

The neighbor is frozen.

PRENDERGAST

Get an ambulance!! Call 911.  
Tell them an officer has been  
shot.

\*  
\*  
\*

The neighbor disappears into the house. Prendergast  
looks down at Sandra.

SANDRA

Go on! I'm all right!

He runs to the gate, hesitates, looking up and down the  
alley. Buster follows.

\*  
\*

120

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

120

D-FENS turns the corner. Prendergast takes off running.  
BUSTER bounds along with him, BARKING, playing.

\*

PRENDERGAST

Shoo. Go away. Go on!

Buster stops, confused. Goes back.

121

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

121

It is in full swing; entertainers and entertainees.  
D-Fens hurries along. He looks back and continues on.

122

EXT. ON PIER - DAY

122

Beth and the child. The child eats a hot dog. Beth  
looks around anxiously.

\*

123

EXT. AHEAD ON BOARDWALK - DAY

123

A PRODUCTION COMPANY is setting up a car commercial.  
D-FENS comes amongst them, stops, looking seaward toward  
the pier.

\*

(CONTINUED)

123

CONTINUED:

123

D-FENS

Elizabeth.

He hurries on.

A.D.

Okay, shut it down! Let's try one!

They stop pedestrian traffic.

DIRECTOR

Roll camera.

CAMERAMAN

Rolling.

SOUND

Speed.

The SLATE GUY leans in.

DIRECTOR

And... action.

A muscleman pretends to hold up a car as bathing beauties approve. Prendergast bursts through the watching crowd.

SECOND A.D.

Hey...

CAMERAMAN

Wait. Cut.

DIRECTOR

What are you doing?

CAMERAMAN

That guy looked at the camera.

DIRECTOR

You don't say cut.

CAMERAMAN

He looked at the camera.

DIRECTOR

I don't care. I'm the only one who says 'cut,' is that clear?

The Cameraman nods.

DIRECTOR

Alright, who looked at the camera?

Everyone looks around. Prendergast is gone.

124 EXT. ON PIER - DAY 124

Beth and the Child. The Child looks toward shore.  
Matter-of-factly:

CHILD

Daddy.

Beth freezes, then looks.

125 HER POV 125

D-Fens rising INTO VIEW at the shore-end of the pier,  
strangely calm. He pulls a gun, strides towards her.

126 BACK TO SCENE 126

Beth backs up, looking for an exit. There isn't one.

BETH

(to the Child)

Go to the end of the pier. Go  
on! Hurry!

The Child runs seaward. Beth continues backing away from  
her ex. D-Fens passes a pier denizen gaping open-mouthed  
at the man with the gun. Another couple of bystanders hug  
the railing as D-Fens passes them and they hot-foot it  
towards shore. He approaches Beth who continues backing  
up, holding up her hands. He grabs her, kisses her. \*

D-FENS

Hi, honey. I thought I'd find  
you here.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

Leave us alone.

D-FENS

What? I can't talk to my own wife?

BETH

I'm not your wife anymore.

D-FENS

No? Does this ring a bell, sugar? 'Til death us do part.' You remember that?

He kisses her.

BETH

Bill, what are you doing?

D-FENS

What does it look like I'm doing? I'm coming home after a hard day. God bless the working stiff, huh? Let me see her.

BETH

Bill, please...

D-FENS

You're in the way. Let me see her.

He pushes her aside. The Child stares, wide-eyed, at her father. D-Fens goes to his knees. Tears come to his eyes.

D-FENS

Adele, you're so big. How did you get so big? I missed it. They stole it from me. Don't worry, baby, it won't happen again.

D-Fens puts the gun down next to him and pulls the Child to him, holds her, strokes her hair.

BETH

Bill, listen, please, you've got to stop this. You need help. You're sick.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

D-FENS

Sick? You want to see sick? Try taking a walk in this city. That's sick.

PRENDERGAST (O.S.)

You ain't kidding.

D-FENS grabs the gun, turns to see Prendergast, leaning on the railing, staring at the ocean, the picture of calmness and civility.

PRENDERGAST

Would you believe it? I used to fish right here. This very spot. Now they tell you, 'Don't eat the fish, it's poisonous.' You can't even swim in the water. It'll give you some kind of bacterial infection. How's that for sick?

D-FENS

I'm having a private moment with my family. We'd like to be alone.

PRENDERGAST

I'm leaving soon. I'm retiring to Arizona. Lake Havasu City. Ever been there?

\*

D-FENS

That's not what I meant.

PRENDERGAST

They call it a lake but it's really just a big bowl of muddy water...

D-FENS clicks back the hammer on the gun, starts to raise it.

PRENDERGAST

The wife thinks it's paradise. What can you do? Everybody has their own idea of paradise. Take me, for instance. You know what I thought paradise was?

\*

D-Fens stops raising the gun.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (3)

126

D-FENS

What?

PRENDERGAST

Making babies. Ain't that a kick?  
This your little girl?

He picks the Child from D-Fens before he knows what's happened.

PRENDERGAST

Ah, she's a little darling.  
Wheee!

He hoists the Child over his head and spins around. He holds the Child on his hip.

PRENDERGAST

My wife wasn't ready for motherhood. She did it for me, see; went through all that pain, lost her figure, all for me. Then the kid went to sleep one night, and never woke up. They called it 'infant death syndrome,' even though she wasn't an infant. She was a big girl. Two years old. What can you do? If she'd been hit by a drunk driver...? But who do you blame when they just don't wake up? That's why I'm going to Lake Havasu City, Arizona. You're lucky, you know that, don't you?

They hear a SIREN and look toward shore. A police car with flashing light, races along the boardwalk. Prendergast rolls his eyes: this is all he needs. D-Fens gets agitated.

D-FENS

Put her down.

PRENDERGAST

Why?

D-FENS

Put her down!

PRENDERGAST

What for? What are you going to do?

Another SIREN. They look. Another black and white. Prendergast steps between Beth and D-Fens, puts the Child down and pushes her towards her mother.

(CONTINUED)

PRENDERGAST

What are you going to do?

D-FENS

I don't know. I don't know.

He is torn between Prendergast and the cop cars.  
Prendergast walks towards him.

PRENDERGAST

Oh, I think you do. Guys like you  
always say you don't know what  
you're going to do until you do  
it. I think you know what you're  
going to do.

D-FENS

Shut-up!

PRENDERGAST

You're going to kill your wife and  
child. And I think you know once  
you do it, you won't be able to  
turn back. I think you do it to  
make it easy to turn the gun around  
on yourself. I think you're a  
coward, Bill.

D-Fens stares at him in confusion.

D-FENS

You know my name.

Prendergast grabs his gun hand, pushes it down. He's  
face to face with D-Fens.

D-FENS

You're a cop.

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, Bill, I guess I am.

They struggle.

PRENDERGAST

Elizabeth, get out of here!

D-FENS

No!

PRENDERGAST

Go on!

Beth picks up the Child and runs.

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS

Elizabeth!

He tries to break free from Prendergast, FIRES into the pier. Then D-FENS gets an arm free and beats Prendergast down to his knees. In spite of it, Prendergast clings to the gun hand. D-FENS FIRES again. Prendergast charges into D-FENS shoving him back until he slams into the railing, cracking it. Prendergast manages to pull the gun from D-FENS' hand, backs away. D-FENS slumps looking towards the shore-end of the pier. Beth has met a group of Venice uniforms. A couple of them start to head up the pier. Prendergast pulls away from D-FENS, breathing hard, wiping blood from a cut on his cheek.

D-FENS

Look at me. I'm the bad guy. How did it happen? I did everything they told me to. I built missiles and planes to protect America. You're supposed to be rewarded for that but they gave it all to the plastic surgeons. They lied to me.

PRENDERGAST

Is that what this is about? You're angry because you got lied to? Is that why my chicken dinner's drying out in the oven? Hey, guess what? They lie to everybody. They lie to the fish. That doesn't give you any special rights. The only thing that makes you special is that little girl. Come on, let's go meet the nice policemen.

Prendergast puts Sandra's gun in his pocket.

D-FENS

Guess what? I got another gun in my pocket. I'm loaded with guns. Let's draw.

PRENDERGAST

Let's not. Let's call it a day.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (6)

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D-FENS

No, it's beautiful. It's perfect. Showdown at sunset between the sheriff and the bad guy. Count of three.

PRENDERGAST

This doesn't have to be the end, Bill. You have a choice. My little girl is dead. I don't have a choice.

D-FENS

You have two choices. I kill you or you kill me and my little girl gets my insurance. One.

PRENDERGAST

Don't you want to see her grow up?

D-FENS

From where, behind bars? Two.

PRENDERGAST

Don't do this.

D-FENS

Three.

He goes for the gun. So does Prendergast.

PRENDERGAST

Please, please...

D-FENS brings up the gun. Prendergast SHOTS. D-FENS is thrown back, cracking the railing more. He stands, holding the bright blue squirt gun. Prendergast wipes some water off his face, looks at it.

D-FENS

I would have had you.

He falls back. The railing goes. He topples into the water. The UNIFORMS arrive. They draw down on Prendergast.

UNIFORM

Drop the gun! Drop it!

Prendergast carefully puts the gun down.

PRENDERGAST

It's all right. It's all right.

127 EXT. VENICE STREET - DAY

127

The sky is almost dark. The area is covered with official vehicles. A copter circles above, playing its searchlight about. Rubbernecks push at the police lines. Captain Yardley is holding forth for some reporters and TV cameras.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

... not to denigrate the Venice Police Department, but it was one of our fellows that put this thing together. Here he is, now!

Prendergast weaves through the crowd. Captain Yardley offers his hand for the benefit of the media.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Damn fine work, Prendergast.

Prendergast shakes his hand. For the cameras, very friendly:

PRENDERGAST

Fuck you, Captain Yardley. Fuck you very much.

He leaves.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

You... you're welcome.

Prendergast heads for some PARAMEDICS ministering to Sandra on a gurney. They are near the porch of the house where Beth sits with her child.

PRENDERGAST

You still here?

SANDRA

'Fraid so.

PARAMEDIC

She's stabilized. Let's take her in.

PRENDERGAST

I'll see you at the hospital.

They work on strapping her to a gurney. Prendergast joins Beth and the Child.

BETH

I haven't told her yet...

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

127

CONTINUED:

127

She looks over his shoulder.

BETH

... oh shit!

He follows her gaze, a small GROUP OF MOTHERS AND CHILDREN have arrived bearing gifts for Adele's birthday.

BETH

(to Prendergast)

It's her birthday! What should I do?

\*  
\*

Prendergast realizes Beth's impossible situation.

\*  
\*

PRENDERGAST

Tell her tomorrow.

\*  
\*

He sits down with the child.

\*  
\*

Beth, grateful that Adele is in good hands, goes to deal with the wide eyed birthday guests.

\*  
\*

PRENDERGAST

What's your name, darling?

CHILD

Adele.

PRENDERGAST

Adele. That's a nice name. If I had a little girl, I'd want her to be named Adele.

CHILD

What's your name?

PRENDERGAST

Mine? My name is Mud.

CHILD

Uh uh.

PRENDERGAST

Uh huh.

CHILD

Uh uh. Your name is not Mud.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (2)

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PRENDERGAST

It will be when my wife finds out  
I'm still a cop.

As she is being wheeled away, Sandra hears this. She looks at Prendergast. He puts an arm around the Child.

CAMERA MOVES PAST Prendergast and Adele UP the back steps INTO the house.

Where a cop watches the video. The cop is called away as the CAMERA CONTINUES CLOSER and CLOSER toward the video.

D-FENS, Beth and Adele appear. They are happy. \*

FADE OUT.

THE END

THIS SCRIPT WAS PREPARED  
BY WARNER BROS. INC.  
SCRIPT PROCESSING DEPARTMENT  
(818) 954-4632