

SAVE

FALLING DOWN

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MB

FALLING DOWN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY 1

FROM HIGH ABOVE. It could be a satellite photo. The metropolis sprawls like somebody's lost lunch.

The distant sounds of CAR HORNS HONKING. A man's voice, also distant and frustrated:

MAN (V.O.)

Come on...

2 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY 2

SNAP TO a CLOSER SHOT of the city. Still HIGH ABOVE, but this one could be from an airplane. The layout of streets can be seen, rows of houses. Dead center, a major freeway interchange. The CAR HORNS jump UP in VOLUME. So does the man's voice.

MAN (V.O.)

Come on...

3 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY 3

SNAP CLOSER. The interchange dominates the frame, packed with cars, going both ways. Again the VOLUME JUMPS.

MAN (V.O.)

Come on...

We BOUNCE CLOSER and LOUDER with each repeated phrase.

MAN (V.O.)

Come one, come on...

Until...

4 INT. MAN'S CAR - DAY 4

CLOSE ON a MAN's angry face.

MAN

Come on!

He joins the other idiots leaning on their horns. The CACOPHONY is DEAFENINGLY unreal. He is unremarkable in appearance, dressed in a suit and tie.

5 EXT. - FREEWAY - DAY 5

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

6 INT. MAN'S CAR - DAY 6

He gives up on the horn, slumps back in his seat. His frustration is like a physical pain. He rubs his sweaty face, grips the wheel. His face contorts as the urge to cry comes over him. He fights it away, seems to have trouble breathing. He electronically rolls down his window, but that only lets the noise and fumes pour in. He reacts to it, rolls the window back up. A FLY zips in at the last second, starts to BUZZ around his dashboard.

He tries to ignore it, tries to be calm. The BUZZING CONTINUES. He glances over. Tries to ignore it. It continues. He rolls down the passenger window, watches the fly.

MAN

Go on. Get outta here.

The fly keeps trying to go through the windshield.

MAN

Shoo. Get out.

He reaches over, trying to herd the fly toward the open window.

MAN

Get out. Go on, stupid.

The fly avoids his hand buzzes his face. He pulls back.

MAN

Alright. Alright.

He rolls the window back up, gets a newspaper that's next to him, rolls it up. He searches for the fly, spots it, swats, misses.

MAN

Okay, Okay, come on.

Spots it again. Swings mightily. Misses and his foot slips off the brake. The car lurches. He manages to stop it before it hits the car in front. He puts the car in park, goes on a serious hunt.

MAN

Come on. Come on, you.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

The hunt takes him all over the car. He starts off carefully, stealthily, but as it goes on and he misses the fly again and again, his frustration grows. He builds into a rage. He snaps. He ends up thrashing in the back seat, bellowing his rage.

This leads into a sort of claustrophobic panic that causes him to claw the door open and desperately climb out of the car.

7 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

7

The noise and horror are all around him. He leans against the car.

MAN

I can't. I can't do it.

He opens the driver's door, retrieves his keys 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 think I'm going home.

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

GUY

Hey! Hey!

8 EXT. FREEWAY BUSHES - DAY

8

The Man moves through the strangely pastoral setting, still holding the rolled up newspaper in one hand, briefcase in the other. He pushes past a bush and comes upon a HOMELESS WOMAN, sitting against her shopping cart of belongings. They are both startled. They stare for a second.

MAN

How do I get out of here?

She points. He starts off, then suddenly veers and swats her on the head with the newspaper. Just one vicious swat that sends her scrabbling away. He walks off, without another word. She stares after the strange man.

- 9 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 9
 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 is a plain sedan.
- 10 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CAR - DAY 10
 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.
- 11 HIS POV - BILLBOARD - DAY 11
 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!"
- 12 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CAR - DAY 12
 Prendergast laughs, shakes his head. He looks at the rearview mirror. He sighs.
- 13 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 13
 Prendergast climbs out of his car. The DRIVER behind him is working HARD ON the HORN. Prendergast saunters back to the horn blower, taps on the window. The Driver rolls it down.

DIRECTOR DRIVER

Yeah?

PRENDERGAST

What do you want?

DIRECTOR DRIVER

What?

PRENDERGAST

You were honking. What do you want?

DIRECTOR DRIVER

I want this lane to start moving.

PRENDERGAST

Me, too. What do you suggest I do about it?

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

What?

PRENDERGAST

What should I do? What should I do about it?

DRIVER

I don't know.

PRENDERGAST

Me neither. Nice talking to you.

He heads for his car, leaving the Driver confused. A CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROLMAN on his motorcycle rides past on the shoulder of the freeway.

The C.H.P. parks by the mystery car. The GUY from the following car approaches him, gesturing and talking. Prendergast stops by his own car, then continues on to see what's up. He hears 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.

C.H.P.

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

GUY

What about the car?

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

C.H.P.

... We're going to do this thing by the book. I'm not going to endanger the lives of civilians just to...

PRENDERGAST

Well, hell, I'm sorry. I'm a cop.

He pulls out his wallet, flips the badge.

PRENDERDAST

Prendergast. Downtown. Robbery.

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

C.H.P.

Alright.

(Points at Guy)

You, back in your vehicle.

(points at Prendergast)

You, push. I'll steer.

The C.H.P. heads around the front of the car, Prendergast around the back.

PRENDERGAST

You're lucky you caught me today.

C.H.P.

I am?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

PRENDERGAST

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

C.H.P.

Lucky me.

The C.H.P. opens the front door, leans in to handle the steering.

C.H.P.

You ready?

PRENDERGAST

Yo.

They start to push it over to the shoulder. Prendergast leans into the push, coming face to face with the personalized license plate that says: "D-FENS."

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.

PRENDERGAST

Whoops.

The C.H.P. turns, startled. The car starts to roll back.

PRENDERGAST

Don't stop now!

The C.H.P. grabs anew. The Guy, who's been hanging around, lends a hand. They push the car to the shoulder.

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.

14 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CAR - DAY

14

Prendergast gets it moving. He passes the C.H.P., lifts a hand goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

The C.H.P. crouches next to his bike, brushing it off. He looks up, notices Prendergast, gives him that same blank stare.

PRENDERGAST

(to himself)

Yeah, right. Same to you, pal.

15 EXT. VENICE COTTAGE - DAY

15

A WOMAN maneuvers a CHILD in a stroller, 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. The Woman reaches the door, works on getting her keys out of her purse. The dog takes the opportunity to hump her leg.

WOMAN

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

Inside, her PHONE starts to RING.

WOMAN

Shit!

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

16 INT. VENICE COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

16

Built for midgets, it is clean and abounds with knick-knacks. The Woman dumps her groceries, grabs the phone.

WOMAN

Hello!?

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

WOMAN

Hello!?

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

17 EXT. RUN-DOWN STREET - DAY

17

The Man from the freeway (hereafter D-FENS) stands at a pay phone, receiver in hand. It is next to a high cement wall, topped with a fence and bushes. The freeway is heard from beyond the buses.

It is a dead-end street, trash and graffiti-ridden. He looks across it. There is a run-down market, wire-mesh on the windows. The sign is hand-painted, the last letters of "MARKET" crowding each other for space.

18 INT. MARKET - DAY

18

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

D-FENS

I want something cold to drink.

The Asian points toward the back. D-Fens goes back to the 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.

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? I'm not paying eighty-five cents for a stinking soda.

ASIAN

You pay or go. That's all. No trouble.

D-FENS

I'll give you a quarter.

(CONTINUED)

ASIAN

No way.

D-FENS

Yes way. I'm rolling back the prices to Nineteen Sixty-Five. What do you think of that?

ASIAN

Drink eighdy fie sen!

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. What difference does that make? You come over here and take my money and you don't even have the grace to learn to speak my language.

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.

ASIAN

Help! Help!

D-FENS

Gimme that. What is that!?

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

D-FENS

A baseball bat? Let go.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

He doesn't. D-Fens shakes the Asian around like a scarecrow.

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, flings him back and forth into the shelves.

D-FENS

Let go!

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

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?! Is that it? Fight to the last man?

He smashes a shelf. The Asian scoots along the floor.

D-FENS

Huh?! Is that it? Fight to the last man?

He smashes a shelf. The Asian scoots along the floor.

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.

(CONTINUED)

ASIAN

Take the money.

D-FENS

Take the money? You think I'm a thief? No, see, I'm not the thief. I'm not the one charging eighty-five cents for a soda. You're the thief. I'm just standing up for my rights as a consumer. I'm just fixing your prices. I'm a price fixer, what do you think of that?

He stands, refers to a nearby shelf.

D-FENS

What is this? Donettes. Package of six. How much?

ASIAN

One dollar twelve.

D-FENS

Too much.

He smashed 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

Four twenty-nine.

D-FENS

Guess again.

Smash.

D-FENS

Well, this whole shelf looks suspect to me.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (4)

18

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 quarter on the counter.

D-FENS

It's been a pleasure frequenting your establishment.

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

19 INT. DOWNTOWN POLICE STATION - DAY

19

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.

20 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY

20

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. About a dozen faces peer over the partitions, smiling.

PRENDERGAST

Very funny. Very, very funny.

Some hilarity breaks out. VARIOUS COPS:

(CONTINUED)

JONES

Genuine Arizona sand, Prendergast.
Get used to it.

PRENDERGAST

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

SMITH

Actually it's from my kid's sandbox.
He wants it back.

Everybody laughs.

PRENDERGAST

You did take my stuff out first,
right?

BROWN

Heck, no. What fun would that be?

PRENDERGAST

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

JOHNSON

You can borrow my yogurt spoon.

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. A WOMAN in her thirties wearing a
detective's badge stands at the opening.

SANDRA (WOMAN)

I tried to dissuade them.

PRENDERGAST

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

SANDRA

My lips are sealed.

PRENDERGAST

Oh, boy.

SANDRA

Are we still on for lunch?

(CONTINUED)

PRENDERGAST

Definitely.

JOHNSON appears next to her.

JOHNSON

You ready, Sandy?

SANDRA

In a minute.

JOHNSON

C'mon, leave the poor desk jockey alone.

SANDRA

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

JOHNSON

Jeeze, don't get your pantyhose in a bind.

He goes.

SANDRA

I miss you, Prendergast.

PRENDERGAST

Me too, kiddo.

He goes back to the mess. 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 tray. It catches pens, pencils, etc. etc.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

C'mon, Sandy, let's go!

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

SANDRA

Lunch.

He nods. She goes. The PHONE RINGS. He manages to grab it and continue his sand-pouring business.

PRENDERGAST

Prendergast here.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(on phone)

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

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

PRENDERGAST

Oh, hi, honey. I don't know. I guess cause that's the way Dad always answered the phone.

21 INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY

21

MRS. PRENDERGAST, sporting a dye job and too much makeup, works on applying press-on nails.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

It's stupid.

PRENDERGAST (V.O.)

(on phone)

Why, thank you, dear.

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.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Well, stop it.

PRENDERGAST

Did you call just to criticize my phone-answering techniques?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

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?

(CONTINUED)

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 there.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Well, tell your swell compatriots
to come to our garage sale.

PRENDERGAST

How many of these things are we
going to have?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

As many as it takes, Buster. We've
got to cut down on the bulk. That
goes for you too, pal. Remember,
fifteen pounds before we go.

PRENDERGAST

I know. I gotta get to work, babe.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Fifteen pounds. And you're getting
a tan. I don't want to be
spreading salve on your skin
cancers.

PRENDERGAST

I gotta take a statement, hon.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Call me later.

PRENDERGAST

Right.

He hangs up.

PRENDERGAST

Oh, shit!

He pulls his stapler out of the sand.

PRENDERGAST

You're history, aren't you?

He operates the stapler. It makes a horrible CRUNCHING
sound.

22 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

22

Just west of downtown L.A., where the houses have been torn down. Cement foundations, weeds and lonely palms.

D-FENS sits on the edge of a foundation, his briefcase at his feet, half hidden in weeds, staring at the distant high-rises, soda in hand. Behind him:

VOICE (O.S.)

What are you doing, mister?

D-FENS peers around. Two Hispanic youths, unmistakable gang members, stand there.

D-FENS

Nothing.

He turns back. GANG #1 and #2 move around to his front.

GANG #1

Yes you are. You know what you're doing?

D-FENS

I'm just sitting here, drinking my soda.

GANG #1

You're trespassing.

D-FENS

Trespassing?

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 #1 points to a section of foundation where a gang logo is spray painted.

GANG #1

What do you call that?

D-FENS

Graffiti.

(CONTINUED)

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 being funny.

GANG #1

I'm not laughing.

GANG #2

I'm not 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?

(CONTINUED)

GANG #1

What do you think?

GANG #2

I think he should pay a toll.

GANG #1

Good idea. You should pay a toll for crossing our land.

D-FENS

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

GANG #1

What 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.

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 #1 and #2 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 #1 in the face with it, catching him in the mouth and sending him back.

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS

There! Have some briefcase.
Here...

He goes after Gang #2, who backpedals. D-Fens swings missing, then Gang #2 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 #1, 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 #2, who also takes off, scrambling like a crab.

D-FENS

Hey! Come on back! You forgot
your briefcase! Motherfucker!

He jumps onto the foundation, baseball bat in one hand, briefcase in the other. He dances, sings Rocky Balboa's theme.

D-FENS

Da, da da da, da, da da, da da...

He calms down, breathing hard. Looks at the baseball bat in his hand. He laughs.

D-FENS

God damn!

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!

He jumps off the foundation and spots Gang #1'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.

23 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY

23

Prendergast is cleaning out his area. A loud stream of Korean catches his attention. BRIAN, a young Asian, sticks his head around a corner.

BRIAN

Prendergast, you got time to take a statement? I know it's your last day...

PRENDERGAST

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

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

How should I know? He's Korean.

PRENDERGAST

Oh.

BRIAN

If they got slant eyes, they drop 'em in my lap. Let's talk English, okay, Mr. Yi?

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.

MR. YI

Man crazy. Very bad man.

PRENDERGAST

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

MR. YI

White man. Suit and tie. Crazy eyes.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Crazy eyes?

MR. YI

Crazy. Crazy as bed bug.

PRENDERGAST

What color were his crazy eyes?

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. Let's make a list of what he took.

MR. YI

What he took?

PRENDERGAST

What he stole. 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

I told you 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 payed 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)

BRIAN

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

MR. YI

What?

BRIAN

Different man. This is an assault. Whole different department.

Brian takes Mr. Yi's arm, starts to lead him out.

MR. YI

What? Why?

BRIAN

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

MR. YI

Robberies?

BRIAN

That's right. Come on.

Brian leads Mr. Yi out, again talking Korean. Prendergast crumples up the form. Mr. Yi appears again, Brian pursuing.

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

Dee fence. So he stole your baseball bat, but he paid for your soda. This guy's discriminating.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

BRIAN

That still doesn't count. Come on,
Mr. Yi, we'll go to assault.
Thanks, Prendergast.

They go.

PRENDERGAST

Dee fence.

He frowns, 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.

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

PRENDERGAST

What's wrong, babe?

24 INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY

24

Mrs. Prendergast, looking frightened.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

I'm a little scared.

INTERCUT cubicle and kitchen.

PRENDERGAST

What is it, honey?

MRS. PRENDERGAST

I don't know. I was wrapping up
some glasses and I just got scared.
We're doing the right thing, aren't
we?

PRENDERGAST

Of course we are.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PRENDERGAST
But, you want to go, don't you?
You're not just doing this for me,
are you?

Prendergast turns slightly green.

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. Lick the world, right?

MRS. PRENDERGAST
That's right. 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. London
Bridge is falling down...' Go
ahead. Go on.

PRENDERGAST
'My fair lady.'

MRS. PRENDERGAST
(smooches the phone)
Mmmwha! See you later.

She hangs up.

Back in the cubicle. Prendergast does too. 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.

25 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY

25

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 #2

Just shut up, Angie!

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 #4

(laughs)

Yeah, he said, 'I'm gonna cut you
with this credit card, man.'

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!

26 EXT. VENICE COTTAGE - DAY

26

The woman sits on the porch, watching the child and the dog romp through the spray of a sprinkler. The PHONE RINGS. She goes in.

27 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

27

She grabs the phone.

WOMAN

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

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

WOMAN

Hello? Cut the crap, please. Who is this?

28 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 28

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.

D-FENS

Beth?

29 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 29

The woman, BETH, frowns.

BETH

Who is this?

30 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 30

Gang #1, suddenly galvanized, points ahead.

GANG #1

Hey, hey!

31 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 31

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

BETH

Who is this, please?

32 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 32

Everyone peering ahead.

GANG #3

Is that him?

GANG #2

That's him, man.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

ANGIE
Oh, shit.

GANG #2
Angie, get out of the car.

ANGIE
Hey, come on...

33 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 33

D-FENS
It's me.

34 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 34

Beth reacts to the bad news, closes her eyes.

BETH
What do you want?

D-FENS (V.O.)
(on phone)
It's me.

BETH
Yes, I know it's you. What do you want?

35 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 35

GANG #2
Get out of the car, Angie.

36 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 36

D-FENS
I... I'm coming home.

BETH (V.O.)
(on phone)
What are you talking about?

37 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 37

GANG #2
Get the fuck out of the car, Angie!

38 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 38

D-FENS

I just... I wanted to let you know
I'm coming home.

39 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 39

BETH

You're not coming here.

D-FENS (V.O.)

(on phone)
No, don't. Listen...

BETH

No, you listen to me. Don't you
come here.

40 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY 40

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.

41 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 41

D-FENS

Don't talk like that. I have to
come home.

BETH (V.O.)

(on phone)
This is not your home.

D-FENS

How is she?

BETH (V.O.)

(on phone)
I don't want you coming here.

D-FENS

How is she?

42 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 42

BETH

She is doing just fine without you.
I don't want you coming here.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

D-FENS (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 It's alright...

BETH
 You know you can't come here.

43 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY

43

GANG #2
 Go, go!

The CAR SCREECHES forward.

44 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

44

D-FENS
 It's alright, baby.

BETH (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 No!

D-FENS
 I'm coming for you. I'm coming for
 both of you.

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.

45 INT. LOW RIDER CAR - DAY

45

The occupants, including the driver, are looking back at the target.

GANG #4
 Did you get him!? Did you get
 him!?

46 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

46

The CAR ROARS through a red light. Another CAR SLAMS into them.

47 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

47

Beth, phone in hand.

BETH

Shit.

She looks up. Child and dog stare at her from the door.

BETH

Hi.

48 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

48

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 hand gun falls, skittering across the pavement to D-FEN's 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 FIRES three more times hitting and missing. 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 SHOOTS the TIRE of the car and strides away.

49 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 49

The child and dog still are at the door.

BETH
Go outside and play, honey, okay?

The child and dog don't move. Beth shoos them out.

BETH
Go on, both of you guys. I'll be right out.

She picks up the phone, hesitates, hangs it up, picks it up again, dials 911. Waits.

BETH
Hello? Hi, uh... Is this who I call to get some police help?

50 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY 50

Prendergast, working on some paperwork. The level of noise in the office goes up a notch or two. JONES rushes by the opening to Prendergast's cubicle.

PRENDERGAST
Hey, what's up?

JONES
Drive-by shooting.

Prendergast shakes his head. PHONE RINGS. He grabs it.

PRENDERGAST
Honey, I'm...

He sits up.

PRENDERGAST
Yes, sir. I'll be right in.

51 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 51

Beth stands at the window, looking out.

52 HER POV - YARD - DAY 52

The child is squirting the dog in the mouth with the squirt gun. He is trying to drink the spray. A police car with "Venice Police" on the side pulls up. The child looks toward the kitchen window.

Typical. A plaque on the desk says "CAPTAIN YARDLEY." He himself sits, his back to the door, his hands laced behind his head, staring out the window. He's in his fifties, looks like he eats well. There's a KNOCK on the door. Without turning around:

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

She's open!

Sound of someone COMING IN. At length, CAPTAIN YARDLEY peers around.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Ah, Prendergast. Have a seat.
Have a seat.

PRENDERGAST

Thank you, sir.

Prendergast sits.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Did you hear?

PRENDERGAST

The drive-by?

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

(nods)
Fuckin' animals. Oughta put a
fence around the whole place. Let
'em kill each other off.

Captain Yardley laughs. Prendergast smiles weakly.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

So you're leaving us?

PRENDERGAST

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Well, sorry to hear that. Sorry
to hear that. You're very
competent.

PRENDERGAST

Thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

You're, uh...

He leans forward, consults a file.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

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

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 receiving
incomings there.

PRENDERGAST

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

Captain Yardley raises an eyebrow, nods. A pause.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Well, I'll make my speech. They
make me do this, you understand.
We hate to lose a good cop. 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 the 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.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

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? 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.

54 POV FROM VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

54

The child is chasing the dog around the yard, trying to
squirt it with the gun. The cruiser is still outside.

55 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

55

Beth stands at the window, looking out. She turns back
into the room, where a UNIFORMED OFFICER sits.

BETH
Is she okay out there?

UNIFORMED OFFICER
My partner'll keep an eye on her.

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

(CONTINUED)

UNIFORMED OFFICER

No, thank you, ma'am.

(pause)

Nice house.

BETH

Yeah, I like it. It's cute,
huh?

The Uniformed Officer nods. Pause.

BETH

I feel kinda stupid about this
whole thing.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Better safe than sorry.

BETH

Yeah, that's what I thought.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Your husband has a propensity for
violence?

Beth laughs.

BETH

Ex-husband. Yeah, you could say
that.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

He hit the little girl?

Beth nods.

BETH

A couple of times. Mostly it was
me. That's why the judge put that
court order thing on him. He's
supposed to stay a hundred feet
away from us. Or a hundred yards.
Which is it, feet or yards?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

That's up to the judge.

BETH

Really? I thought it was like a
set thing.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

UNIFORMED OFFICER
No. That's at his discretion.

BETH
Really? That's interesting.

Pause.

BETH
You sure you don't want something
to drink?

UNIFORMED OFFICER
I'm sure.

BETH
What about your partner?

UNIFORMED OFFICER
He's fine.

Beth nods. They sit in silence.

56 EXT. BUS STOP BENCH - DAY

56

D-FENS sits, the briefcase on his lap, the gang's gym bag on top of it. He's rummaging through it. He laughs to himself.

D-FENS
It's an arsenal. We've captured
an arsenal. What a bonanza.
(laughs)
Is there some kind of escalation
going on here?

Someone sits next to him. He looks up. A SEEDY-LOOKING FELLOW is there.

SEEDY-LOOKING FELLOW
Hello, sir, how are you today?

D-FENS
I'm feeling rather chipper. How
about yourself?

SEEDY-LOOKING FELLOW
I haven't eaten in three days.

D-FENS
No kidding. Boy, that reminds me,
I'm hungry myself. I could go for
some breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

He looks down at his lap and notices there is a bullet-hole in his briefcase. He gives it to the Seedy-looking fellow.

D-FENS

Here. Get a job.

He gets up and saunters cockily down the street. The Seedy-looking fellow opens the briefcase. It's empty.

57 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

57

Prendergast has just exited Captain Yardley's office and closes the door. He walks down the hall.

Ahead of him various officers are peering through the open door of an interrogation room. He peeks through a couple of them. Angie is sitting behind a plain, scarred table. She is doing a poor job of fighting off tears. A hand slams down on the table.

HAND (O.S.)

Cut the crap, Angelina!

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.

58 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

58

Angie is facing two detectives, SANCHEZ, a Hispanic, and Jones, who is whatever.

JONES

We're not buying it, Angie!

SANCHEZ

Come on, Angie, tell us the truth.
Who hit your guys?

ANGIE

I told you!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

JONES

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

SANCHEZ

Who are you protecting, Angie? 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!

59 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

59

As the Cop leaves:

COP

Good day to leave, Prendergast.

Prendergast acknowledges, takes his place closer to the doorway.

60 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

60

Prendergast is visible at the doorway behind them.

JONES

So what's next, Angie? You gonna 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? You want the blood of another three-year-old on your hands?

ANGIE

No!

(CONTINUED)

SANCHEZ

Then tell us the truth!

ANGIE

I am! It was a white guy!

She is breaking down.

JONES

Why, Angie? Tell me why a white guy in a suit and tie would go after your friends.

ANGIE

I don't know! They had a run-in on the hill.

Prendergast is seen leaving the doorway.

ANGIE

They said he attacked them with a baseball bat. I don't know why!

Prendergast reappears in the doorway.

JONES

Oh, this gets better and better.

PRENDERGAST

A baseball bat?

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 wasn't as tall and he was thinner and his hair was a different color.

JONES

Good description, Angie. We can do a lot with that.

ANGIE

I only seen him from down the street!

PRENDERGAST

Did you see his eyes?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

ANGIE

I was down the street.

Sanchez rises.

SANCHEZ

Prendergast, come here a minute,
will you?

61 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

61

Sanchez pulls Prendergast away from the doorway.

SANCHEZ

Listen, we gotta keep the pressure
on her. Don't interrupt, Okay?

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, I'm sorry. It's just the
baseball bat thing. We had a...

SANCHEZ

I know. What'll she think of
next? Hey, sorry to hear you're
leaving.

PRENDERGAST

Thanks, 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.

Prendergast stares at the closed door.

62 INT. ROOM FULL OF CUBICLES - DAY

62

Prendergast comes into the bustle, still bugged. He
goes to a wall map of the precinct, puts his finger
on it, studies it. Brian hustles past him. As he
does:

BRIAN

Got your finger in the dyke,
Prendergast?

(CONTINUED)

PRENDERGAST

Huh? Oh.
 (laughs)
 Brian! Hey, Brian...

BRIAN

Yeah?

He stops.

PRENDERGAST

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 nine?

BRIAN

About that.

PRENDERGAST

And that drive-by was right here,
 right?

Where his finger is. As Brian leaves...

BRIAN

Uh... yeah, that's it.

PRENDERGAST

I'm probably nuts, but there's a
 hill between these two spots. You
 remember what Mr. Yi said about
 the baseball...

But Brian's gone.

Prendergast enters, sits, starts looking through his
 drawers for something. The PHONE RINGS. He grabs it.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

PRENDERGAST

Prendergast here.

MRS. PRENDERGAST (V.O.)

Get your ass home.

PRENDERGAST

What?

64 INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY

64

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? He was
out all night.

PRENDERGAST

So? He does that a lot.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

I know he does that a lot, but he
comes home in the morning. He
hasn't come home. 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

MRS. PRENDERGAST
Hey, this is all your fault,
Buster.

He's spreading the map out on his desk.

PRENDERGAST
How do you figure that?

MRS. PRENDERGAST
You didn't put his name tag on...

She's working herself into a state.

MRS. PRENDERGAST
So Mr. Peepers is out there with no
identification. He could be laying
in a goddamn street with his back
broken, mewling for us and nobody
would know who the hell he was!

PRENDERGAST
Honey...

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

PRENDERGAST
Amanda! Amanda! Calm down. I'm
sure he's alright.

MRS. PRENDERGAST
He's dead. He's dead.

PRENDERGAST
He's not dead. He's just out...
chasing butterflies or something.

MRS. PRENDERGAST
You think so?

PRENDERGAST
I'm positive.

MRS. PRENDERGAST
Oh. Wait a minute. Never mind.

PRENDERGAST
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PRENDERGAST

He just came back.

(to cat)

Where the hell have you been!?

Sorry.

PRENDERGAST

That's okay. I'll talk to you later,
hon.

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

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, okey
dokey? 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?

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, Okay.

She hangs up.

In his cubicle, Prendergast hangs up. Takes a big sigh.
Studies the map as he gets a pen out of the drawer.
Pulls the top off. Sand spills out onto the map.

65 EXT. WHAMMYBURGER RESTAURANT - DAY 65

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

66 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY 66

Prendergast studies his map.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Lake Havasu city?

Prendergast smiles, looks around. Sandra is at the opening.

PRENDERGAST
Hey, partner. How's the street?

SANDRA
Lonely. How's the desk?

PRENDERGAST
Lonelier.

SANDRA
Ready for lunch?

PRENDERGAST
You bet.

67 INT. WHAMMYBURGER RESTAURANT - DAY 67

D-FENS is in line. 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.

SHEILA
Prick.

(CONTINUED)

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

Sure. 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.

D-FENS

Yes, I know you stopped serving
breakfast, Rick.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS (CONT'D)

Sheila told me you stopped serving breakfast. What I want you to do is to start serving breakfast again.

RICK

We can't. We stop serving breakfast at eleven-thirty.

D-FENS slips his hand into the gym bag.

D-FENS

Rick, that was ten minutes ago. What are you trying to tell me? Ten minutes ago all your egg dishes turned into pumpkins or something?

RICK

No. We just can't serve them.

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.

RICK

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

D-FENS

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

He pulls a small caliber HANDGUN out of the gym bag and SHOTS Rick. The gun makes a TINY LITTLE POP. Rick is holding his clipboard in front of his stomach. A hole appears in it. Rick looks at the hole, confused.

RICK

What did you...

(CONTINUED)

He moves the clipboard aside, sees blood on his stomach.

RICK

Hey...

He looks at the gun in D-FENS' hand.

RICK

You...

The clipboard clatters to the floor.

RICK

Oh, my God...

He staggers back against the counter, then his legs go to jelly and he drops to the floor.

MIKE

What are you doing on the floor,
Rick?

Sheila screams.

SHEILA

He's got a gun!

General movement. Customers at tables stand up. D-FENS puts the gun back and brings out an UZI-TYPE MACHINE GUN.

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.

He turns back to Sheila who is staring at Rick.

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS

Sheila... Sheila!

Sheila jumps and looks at him.

D-FENS

I've changed my mind about breakfast. I want a double Whammyburger with cheese, uh, some Whamfries and, let's see, a chocowham shake. Okay?

Sheila continues to stare at him.

D-FENS

Did you get that, Sheila?

Sheila nods, turns, in a choked voice:

SHEILA

Double Whammyburger with cheese, fries and a chocolate shake. You want to get that shake, Mike?

Mike nods. They move like robots, stepping over Rick, who sweats and breathes hard. 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!

He leans over the counter. Rick looks up with very wide eyes.

D-FENS

That's a joke.

Rick forces a sick smile. Sheila has his order.

D-FENS

Ah, here we go.

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

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (5)

67

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.

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.

68 INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

68

Prendergast and Sandra sit at a table. A waiter is just leaving.

SANDRA

So what the hell is in Lake Havasu City?

PRENDERGAST

An Elizabethan Bridge.

SANDRA

A what?

PRENDERGAST

A bridge. They went over to merry old England and bought a bridge. They took it apart like a jig-saw puzzle and moved it to Lake Havasu City.

SANDRA

Why are you going there?

PRENDERGAST

Fate. We were headed for Vegas and took a wrong turn. Next thing I knew she was learning to waterski.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

Jesus.

PRENDERGAST

She's got it in her bonnet she'll be happy there. She's not handling this middle-age thing too well.

SANDRA

What about you?

PRENDERGAST

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

SANDRA

I'm a woman.

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, but she was always a real beauty.

SANDRA

Thanks a bunch.

PRENDERGAST

You know what I mean. She was Queen of the Hop, Miss Homecoming, all that shit. It's not easy to see your beauty go when that's all you've got.

She pats his hand.

SANDRA

I know. I know.

PRENDERGAST

First she lost her figure having the kid, then she lost the kid. I always wonder what might have happened if she hadn't gotten saddled with me.

SANDRA

Oh, come on...

PRENDERGAST

No, I mean it. She should have been a model or an actress or something. Not a cop's wife.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

What's wrong with being a cop's wife?

PRENDERGAST

She's too high strung. She's a thoroughbred.

SANDRA

Oh, brother.

PRENDERGAST

I mean it. You remember when I got shot. She kind of fell apart.

SANDRA

Yeah, I remember. They had more doctors working on her than they did on you.

PRENDERGAST

She was sure I was gonna get shot again. I was late getting home one time and found her sitting in the dark, staring at the wall. She got it into her head that I was dead. She thought I was a ghost. I had to chase her all over the house.

SANDRA

Christ.

PRENDERGAST

That's when I got off the street.

SANDRA

Prendergast, you son of a bitch. Why didn't you ever tell me this? You let everybody think you were spooked when all the time it was your wife?

PRENDERGAST

What's the dif?

Then Sandra's BEEPER GOES OFF. She turns it off, gets up.

SANDRA

Be right back.

She touches his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (3)

68

SANDRA

You're a fucking saint, you know that?

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, right.

69 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

69

The child is having lunch at the table. Beth, the Uniformed Officer and the dog watch her. A KNOCK at the door. Beth jumps.

BETH

Oh! It's your friend.

A second uniformed officer is at the door. He looks at his partner, holds up his hand, taps his watch.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

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

BETH

You are? Really?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Well, it doesn't look like your husband is going to show.

BETH

It doesn't?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

I think he would have been here by now. What probably happened was, he came to his senses and realized he could get into a lot of trouble if he harassed you.

BETH

Yeah?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Nine times out of ten that's what happens. A guy gets pumped up, he gets mad, he makes a call, but when it comes to doing something about it, he backs down.

BETH

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

UNIFORMED OFFICER

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.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

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

BETH

Yeah.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

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

BETH

Okay. Thanks.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Sure thing.

70 EXT. VENICE ROAD - DAY

70

The Uniformed Officer comes out. Beth is at the door. She rattles it, makes sure it's locked, stands looking for a moment, then goes.

71 INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

71

Sandra returns to the table, grabs her purse.

SANDRA

Criminey, I gotta run.

PRENDERGAST

What's up?

SANDRA

You'll love this. Some guy just walked into a Whammyburger and shot the manager because they stopped serving breakfast.

PRENDERGAST

What?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

SANDRA

Yeah. Then he ate, paid for it
and left.

PRENDERGAST

He paid for it?

SANDRA

Yeah. I'm gonna let you pay for
mine.

PRENDERGAST

Wait a minute. Where was this?

SANDRA

Quintero and Fourth. I gotta go.

PRENDERGAST

Hold it. Gimme a second, okay?

72 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

72

Beth, on the phone. She has legal papers in front of
her, to which she refers.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hello there!

BETH

Hello, could I speak to...

VOICE (V.O.)

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

73 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

73

D-FENS listens to a busy tone. He hangs up, waits for
the coin to return, drops it again, and begins dialing.

74 EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

74

Prendergast and Sandra come out.

PRENDERGAST

But they're all within walking
distance of each other and whoever
it was paid at both places.
Don't you think that's weird?

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

SANDRA

I think you've got last-day-itus.

PRENDERGAST

What do you mean?

SANDRA

Maybe you want to crack a big one
before you disappear into the
desert. I really gotta run.

She starts off.

PRENDERGAST

Okay, okay, but do me a favor.
Let me know what the guy was
wearing.

As she goes.

SANDRA

Alright. So long, partner.

PRENDERGAST

And ask about his eyes.

SANDRA

What about his eyes?

PRENDERGAST

Were they crazy?

75

INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

75

Beth, on the phone. MUZAK on the line.

76

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

76

D-FENS. BUSY TONE. Hang up. Coin return. Re-dial.

77

INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

77

Beth, on the phone.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hi!

BETH

Hello...

VOICE (V.O.)

We're still as busy as little
bees, but you hang in there...

78 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 78

BUSY TONE. Hang up. Coin return. Re-dial. It's getting violent.

79 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 79

Beth, on the phone. MUZAK. She is squirted from O.S., accompanied by CHILDISH LAUGHTER.

BETH

Honey, don't. Honey, I'm on the phone. Stop that.

She looks at the phone, gives up, hangs up.

BETH

Ooh, you. I'm gonna get you.

80 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 80

D-FENS 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.

81 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY 81

The PHONE RINGS. Prendergast scurries in, grabs it.

PRENDERGAST

Yes? Hello? Prendergast.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

MRS. PRENDERGAST (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 He's eaten and is resting
 comfortably.

PRENDERGAST
 Who is?

82 INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY

82

Mrs. Prendergast watches her cat lick itself.

MRS. PRENDERGAST
 Mr. Peepers.

INTERCUT kitchen and cubicle.

Prendergast grabs the map, studies it.

PRENDERGAST
 Oh. Good.

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

PRENDERGAST
 That's okay, honey.

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

PRENDERGAST
 Fix?

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

He makes another "X" on the map. Studies it.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Are you all right? What are you doing?

PRENDERGAST

Nothing.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Well, why don't you come home, then?

PRENDERGAST

I can't, hon.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Why not? What are they going to do, fire you? I wish you'd come home. I'm nervous today. I can't settle down.

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

Okay.

She hangs up. Drums her fingers nervously. Looks at the cat.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

Get ready for a get well card, buster.

The CAT MEOWS.

Back in the cubicle:

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

PRENDERGAST

What are you doing? She's right.
You're nuts.

He tosses the map in the wastebasket. The PHONE RINGS again. He grabs it.

PRENDERGAST

Prendergast here.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Suit and tie.

83 INT. WHAMMYBURGER RESTAURANT - DAY

83

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

PRENDERGAST (V.O.)

(on phone)

What about the eyes?

She glances at her notebook.

SANDRA

I quote: 'Screwy.'

INTERCUT restaurant and cubicle.

SANDRA

But this guy wasn't swinging any baseball bats. He had a gym bag full of guns.

PRENDERGAST

A gym bag?

She acknowledges somebody signaling to her.

SANDRA

Yeah, I gotta go. I'm tying up the phone.

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, but listen...

SANDRA

Look, you asked me to let you know what he was wearing and I did. See you around, kiddo.

She hangs up. In the cubicle:

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

PRENDERGAST

Yeah.

Prendergast hangs up. He pulls the map out of the wastebasket, stares at it. He jumps up, exits.

84 INT. WHAMMYBURGER RESTAURANT - DAY

84

Sandra moves over to her partner, Johnson.

JOHNSON

Lieutenant wants us to canvass the neighborhood.

SANDRA

I got my car with me. Why don't we split up?

JOHNSON

Okay.

85 EXT. HOLLYWOOD FRINGE STREET - DAY

85

D-FENS is limping. He leans against a building, painfully pulls his shoe off. Looks at it. Looks up. An Army/Navy Surplus Store is across the street.

86 INT. SURPLUS STORE - DAY

86

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.

VOICE ON SCANNER (V.O.)

It's described as a sports-type gym bag. Got some kind of team logo on the side.

ANOTHER VOICE (V.O.)

Right. And he's in a suit and tie. We gotcha.

VOICE ON SCANNER (V.O.)

Be extra careful on approach, guys. We don't know what he's got in there.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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 accidentally step on it. Personally, I think they're for pussies.

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?

The gay men leave the store. The Owner calls after them.

OWNER

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

OWNER (CONT'D)

(back to D-Fens)

Can you imagine what those two pumpkins did to each other last night? And I'm supposed to protect their fucking rights, right?

(beat)

So, you decide?

87 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

87

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. It's a death-watch.

PRENDERGAST (O.S.)

Angelina?

They all look up. Prendergast holds up his badge.

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 of 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!

Belly-bump.

PRENDERGAST

Angie, I know it was a white guy!

Momma looks back at Angie.

PRENDERGAST

I gotta talk to you. It's important.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

ANGIE
It's alright, Momma.

She joins Prendergast. They move down the corridor.

PRENDERGAST
(quietly)
How many guns were in the bag?

Angie looks at the floor.

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

PRENDERGAST
Angelina, the white guy took it. A
lot more people could get hurt.
Help me out.

She pauses.

ANGIE
I don't know. It was already in
the car when I got in.

PRENDERGAST
They got a lot of guns though, huh?

ANGIE
Yeah, they got a lot of guns. They
got all the guns in the fuckin'
world.

She looks down the corridor. Prendergast follows her gaze. A doctor is standing there, stonefaced, staring at her. Angie moves slowly towards the doctor, stops. She begins to wail. Momma joins her. The family moves to her like a human wave, the women crying, the men fighting tears. Prendergast and the doctor make eye contact.

88 EXT. BULLET-RIDDLED PHONE BOOTH - DAY

88

A black and white cruiser is pulled up to it. A couple of COPS are talking to the Annoying Man. Sandra pulls up in her car, flashes her badge.

SANDRA
What's up?

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

PHONE BOOTH COP
Somebody killed a phone booth.
This gentleman witnessed it.

SANDRA
Guy in a suit and tie?

ANNOYING MAN
Yes!

SANDRA
You hear about that Whammyburger
shooting?

The Cop nods.

SANDRA
When you get this area secured,
take him back there. It might be
related.

She pauses for a fraction.

SANDRA
I gotta find a phone that works.

89 INT. SURPLUS STORE - DAY

89

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 wonder if I
could use your phone?

OWNER
Sure. Behind the counter.

Sandra heads there. 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.

Behind the counter, Sandra dials a number. She notices
the scanner, glances at the Owner, who smiles back.

90 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY 90

The PHONE RINGS in the empty cubicle.

91 INT. SURPLUS STORE - DAY 91

As she waits.

SANDRA

What's the police scanner for?

OWNER

My own personal amusement.

No answer. Hangs up.

SANDRA

Shit. Excuse me.

OWNER

No law against cursing, right?

Sandra comes around the counter, heads for the door.

SANDRA

That's right. Thanks, anyway.

OWNER

Any time.

She stops.

SANDRA

By the way, I'm looking for a man.

OWNER

Are you now?

SANDRA

White male, early thirties, dark suit and tie. Probably has a funny look in his eye, like he's disturbed. He would be carrying a gym bag.

D-FENS makes a movement to stand up. The Owner closes the curtain on him, goes to her.

OWNER

Why don't they call you guys 'Officer-esses?'

SANDRA

Beg pardon?

(CONTINUED)

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.

OWNER

Ah.

SANDRA

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

OWNER

Nope.

SANDRA

Thank you for your cooperation, sir.

OWNER

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

She's out the door.

OWNER

...ess..

He turns around. D-FENS steps out of the booth, a gun in hand.

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.

A tiny, windowless room, dark and musty. It is filled with military hardware and uniforms, so filled you can't see the walls. 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. Sit down. Here.

He clears off a chair. D-FENS sits, looking around. The Owner grabs a gas mask, shows it.

OWNER

Boo!

(laughs)

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

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

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. It was a bunch of
niggers, wasn't it? On T.V. it's
always nice-looking white kids but
you go in there and it's nothing
but a bunch of fuckin' niggers and
you'd better be nice to them or
they'll spit in your food. 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 loos at the canister in his hand. Stands.

OWNER

What's wrong? What's the matter?

D-FENS

We're not the same. I'm an
American, you sick asshole. I
believe in America. I believe in
what America stands for. This
isn't America.

He throws down the canister.

D-FENS

America is freedom from this
bullshit. America is equality
under the law.

OWNER

What kind of a vigilante are you?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

D-FENS

I'm just disagreeing with you. In America we have the freedom to disagree. It's called the freedom of expression. Here, let me demonstrate.

He points the gun at him.

OWNER

Oh, God, no!

D-FENS

God, yes! Now you're getting the swing of it. Feels good to exercise your rights, doesn't it? Doesn't it?

93 INT. CAPTAIN YARDLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

93

He sits in his position, hands on head, staring out the window. Sanchez and Jones lean against the wall on either side of the door. Prendergast sits facing the desk, map in hand.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Go ahead, I'm listening.

PRENDERGAST

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

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Why's he doing this?

PRENDERGAST

I don't know.

Captain Yardley swings around, looks past Prendergast to Sanchez and Jones. Sanchez shakes his head "no." Jones makes the "jack off" sign.

JONES

I got a room full of suspects, Captain. You mind?

Prendergast turns around to them.

PRENDERGAST

Ralph, it wasn't a gang thing. The girl Angelina...

(CONTINUED)

JONES

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

SANCHEZ

And I don't appreciate you talking
to our witnesses behind our back,
Prendergast. You got no business
sticking your nose in our
investigation.

PRENDERGAST

What difference does it make whose
investigation it was? I got a
positive I.D. on the gym bag.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Prendergast.

Prendergast looks. Captain 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 laughs.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

You guys take off.

Jones and Sanchez leave.

PRENDERGAST

Isn't anybody listening here?

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Hey.

Captain Yardley stands.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

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

PRENDERGAST

Captain...

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

This one is from me. I don't like having a man in my command who's afraid to hit the street. It's bad for morale.

PRENDERGAST

Are you saying I'm afraid?

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Anybody who says they're not is either crazy or a liar, but I'll tip my hat to the guy who goes on in spite of that fear, and the guy who doesn't, I got no time for. Now get back to your desk where you belong and don't waste any more of my time pretending you're a cop.

He goes back to his window-staring, hands-on-head position. Prendergast stands.

PRENDERGAST

You're the one behind the desk, Captain. It doesn't matter what you think of me but when you let it blind you to real evidence, with all due respect, you're an idiot, sir.

The Captain swings around to respond. Prendergast is out the door.

94 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY

94

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

SANDRA

Hi.

He sits, gets his gun out of a drawer, checks to see if it's loaded.

SANDRA

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

He straps his gun to his belt.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

Did you hear me?

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

PRENDERGAST

About here?

She looks.

SANDRA

Yeah. How'd you know?

He doesn't answer, gets out a pen, marks the map.

SANDRA

So you still think your guy's
the one?

PRENDERGAST

No. I know he is. He got the
bag of guns from the drive-by.
A girl at the scene told me.

SANDRA

Then you were right.

PRENDERGAST

Guess so. 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. Apparently, that's
the general opinion around here.
Did you think that, too?

Her hesitation says it.

PRENDERGAST

Do you mind getting out of my way?

SANDRA

Prendergast, I'm sorry...

PRENDERGAST

Forget it. It's not your fault.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

Yes, it is. I went along with everybody else. I should have known better. You're the best cop I ever met. You told me about this guy and I dismissed you. I'm so sorry.

PRENDERGAST

It doesn't matter. I'm out of here. I'm gone.

SANDRA

Where are you going?

PRENDERGAST

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

SANDRA

You think you know where this guy's going?

PRENDERGAST

No. But I know where he came from. He surfaced at this Korean's market and started walking. Maybe his car's there. I could I.D. him.

SANDRA

Let me go with you.

PRENDERGAST

Aren't you on duty?

SANDRA

I'm canvassing a neighborhood. What do you say, partner? Fuck 'em.

PRENDERGAST

Okay. Fuck 'em.

Prendergast grabs his map, they exit.

It's empty. The PHONE RINGS. Beth appears, looks at it. Then slowly and calmly she walks over, picks it up.

BETH

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS (V.O.)

(on phone)

Who were you talking to a while ago?

BETH

You'd better stop this.

D-FENS (V.O.)

(on phone)

I can't. You know why?

D-FENS sits behind the counter, wearing the owner's sunglasses. We just see his face.

BETH (V.O.)

(on phone)

Stop calling me.

INTERCUT: Venice kitchen and surplus store.

D-FENS

I'm past the point of no return, that's why. 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.

MOVING DOWN his body, we see he has on a camouflage, military-style shirt.

D-FENS

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.

Still MOVING DOWN. We see his hand practicing opening and closing the gang member's butterfly knife. He's becoming good at it. Below it, the duffel bag with the tube-like thing is laying on the glass counter-top.

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS

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.

DOWN. The dead body of the owner has been stuffed into the display case.

He hangs up. Beth stares at her BUZZING PHONE. Dials 911.

BETH

Hello? Yes, hi, um, I called you guys awhile ago and you sent some police officers over here?

Back at the Army/Navy, D-FENS is gone. Money has been left on the counter over the dead owner's head.

The street with the Korean Market. Sandra parks her car. She and Prendergast get out, look around.

SANDRA

Nice place to visit. What's the agenda?

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.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

Who is it?

Prendergast moves out 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. 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!

98 EXT. BUSHES - DAY

98

Prendergast pushes his way through the undergrowth. He comes upon the HOMELESS WOMAN, dozing against her shopping cart. She starts awake.

HOMELESS WOMAN

No! Don't!

She scurries away. He pushes on. Comes to a particularly thick spot. Struggles through until...

99 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

99

... he bursts out onto the shoulder of the freeway. Traffic roars by. He looks around.

PRENDERGAST

Jesus Christ.

He rushes back into the undergrowth.

100 EXT. RUN-DOWN STREET - DAY

100

Sandra waits. Prendergast appears.

PRENDERGAST
I know who the guy is.

SANDRA
Who is he?

PRENDERGAST
I don't know.

He begins climbing the fence.

SANDRA
What are you talking about?

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
Defense?

PRENDERGAST
D-dash-F-E-N-S. Get the car.

SANDRA
Where we going?

PRENDERGAST
To find a cop.

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

PRENDERGAST
Yo, Mr. Yi! Right on!

Mr. Yi shakes his head, goes in.

101 EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

101

A pack of teenaged girls, in bright clothes, carrying
bright packages, part to let the solid, serious presence
of D-Fens march through. He is in full camouflage
regalia, including a knapsack. They react with giggles
at the "creep."

102 INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

102

A well-muscled man (the CHP from the morning incident) is vigorously soaping up his face. Prendergast peeks his head around a tiled wall.

PRENDERGAST

Hi there!

The CHP looks, then reacts to pain.

CHP

Damn!

PRENDERGAST

Oh, jeeze, you get soap in your eye? I hate that. They told me I'd find you down here. You look different without your helmet on. Listen, I'm the guy who helped you push that abandoned vehicle over to the side this morning. You remember me?

The CHP takes his time turning off the shower, getting a towel off a hook and walking over to Prendergast.

CHP

I remember you.

He exits.

103 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

103

Prendergast follows the CHP as he walks and dries off.

PRENDERGAST

Anyway, the thing is, I gotta find the owner of that car.

CHP

Why?

PRENDERGAST

It's a wacky coincidence, I won't go into it, I can see you're going off duty.

CHP

I thought you were going off duty.

PRENDERGAST

Yeah, well, not until the end of this day.

(CONTINUED)

CHP

I don't know who owned the car. I let the tow truck handle it. I was too busy estimating the damage to my bike.

The CHP turns down a row of lockers.

PRENDERGAST

Oh, yeah. That's okay, my partner's calling the DMV, but you talked to that citizen, right? The one who helped us out? The one that saw him leave? Remember?

The CHP gives him a long-suffering look, opens a locker.

PRENDERGAST

I remember you were talking to him as I walked up to find out what was going on.

CHP

I talked to him.

PRENDERGAST

I'm trying to find out where the guy was going. Did the citizen say anything about that?

CHP

He might have.

PRENDERGAST

Like what? Could you help me out here?

CHP

Why should I?

PRENDERGAST

Professional courtesy?

The CHP snorts, pulls a pair of bikini underwear out of his locker.

PRENDERGAST

Okay, how about because the owner of the vehicle has been involved in a couple shootings and if you don't help me out, I'm going to make sure you squat on that motor scooter until you're fat and fifty-five?

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

The CHP takes this in.

CHP

He said he was going home.

PRENDERGAST

Home?

CHP

He said the guy said he was going home.

PRENDERGAST

Thanks.

The CHP prepares to step into his bikinis. As he goes:

PRENDERGAST

Oh, you wear those, huh? I'm a boxer man, myself. I heard those make you sterile.

The CHP gets one foot hung up in the briefs, hops, trying to recover his balance, and crashes into a locker.

104 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

104

D-FENS trudges along them. He could be in Kansas for all we can tell. Then a CAMERA MOVEMENT shows that he is moving along the old red car line that still divides part of Santa Monica Blvd. The glass skyscrapers of Century City tower over him.

105 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

105

Sandra waits by her car. Prendergast comes out.

PRENDERGAST

He's going home.

SANDRA

The D.M.V. says home is Pasadena.

PRENDERGAST

That's not right. It's the wrong direction.

SANDRA

Well, it's the only thing we got.

She starts to get in. He stops her.

(CONTINUED)

- 105 CONTINUED: 105
- PRENDERGAST
Hey. What's his name?
- SANDRA
His name is Bill.
- 106 INT. VENICE BEDROOM - DAY 106
- The child, clutching her squirt gun, and the dog asleep. Beth, stands at the doorway, watching. She turns, moves down...
- 107 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 107
- ... a hallway, to the doorway leading to...
- 108 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 108
- ... the kitchen, where she stops, looking at the Uniformed Cop, who sits at the table.
- 109 INT. PRENDERGAST LIVING ROOM - DAY 109
- Mrs. Prendergast and the cat, asleep. "Donahue" ON the TUBE.
- 110 EXT. GOLF COURSE FENCE - DAY 110
- D-FENS trudges along, tired, staring at the ground in front of his feet. He almost walks straight into a sign that is hung on a padlocked gate set in a chain link fence. He steps back, realizes his path is blocked by a huge gold course. He looks to the right and left. It seems to go on forever. He looks at the sign. It says, "ALTMORE GOLF COURSE. MEMBERS ONLY. ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE." He leans against the fence, looks at the beautiful greenery beyond.
- 111 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY 111
- 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?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

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.

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...

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Fore! You there! Fore! 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! Five!

He SHOOTS from the hip, hitting Frank in the legs and knocking them out from under him. Jim falls back against the cart in shock. D-FENS walks toward them.

D-FENS

What's wrong with you? You have acres of the most beautiful land in the city to play your little game on and you have to get nasty about it? There should be children playing here. There should be swingsets and families having picnics. There should be a petting zoo here.

He turns to the cart. Jim scrambles out of his way and runs as he SHOOTS 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 is laying there, clutching his heart, gasping.

D-FENS

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

FRANK

Heart... heart...

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.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (3)

111

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? Now you're going to die wearing a stupid hat.

FRANK

My... my... golf course.

D-FENS shakes his head in disgust. He looks up. Jim is off in the distance, screaming his head off. D-FENS heads for the rough.

112 EXT. IN ROUGH - DAY

112

D-FENS moves through it. He stops before an 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.

113 EXT. UPPER CLASS BACK YARD - DAY

113

D-FENS drops and falls to his knees on a nicely-tended lawn. He looks at his bloody hand. He's cut between his thumb and first finger. He looks up.

D-FENS

Hi.

Staring at him, open-mouthed, is a family of four. The DAD stands, spatula in hand, by a barbecue. He wears an apron. The MOM, wearing a halter top, sits at a picnic table with the pre-teen daughter, in braces, and a little BOY around five. There is a pool and a swing set.

DAD

What? What are you...?

D-FENS

I'm just passing through. I cut my hand.

DAD

What are you doing?

D-FENS

I'm bleeding. Why is there barbed wire on that wall?

(CONTINUED)

DAD

You can't...

D-FENS

Shhh.

D-FENS listens. He pulls out a handgun. The family reacts. We hear SOMEONE MOVING, TALKING excitedly on the other side of the wall. D-FENS goes to the table.

D-FENS

Be very quiet. It's the golf police. I didn't replace a divot. They don't take kindly to that in this neck of the woods.

They all listen to the unseen PEOPLE FADE AWAY.

D-FENS

There now.

MOM

Please don't hurt us.

D-FENS

I'm not going to hurt you. I'll be out of your barbecue in a minute. I just need something to stop this bleeding.

The Mom and Dad look at each other.

DAD

Surely. Dear, hand me those napkins.

She hands a number of paper napkins to the Dad who takes them to D-FENS.

DAD

That's a nasty cut. You really should have someone take a look at it.

BOY

Why don't you take a look at it?

MOM

Shhh!

DAD

You know there's a clinic very near here. They have excellent emergency facilities. I'll tell you how to get there.

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS

Thank you.

BOY

(to Mom)

But he's a doctor. Why doesn't he look at it?

MOM

Shhh!

D-FENS

You're a doctor?

DAD

Well, uh...

D-FENS

If you're a doctor, why are you shuffling me off to some clinic?

DAD

Well, I'm not a general practitioner. I'm a plastic surgeon.

D-FENS

You went to medical school, right?

DAD

Oh, yes.

D-FENS

Your chicken's burning.

DAD

Oh.

He works on putting his chicken on a plate.

D-FENS

Sonny, run get your mom's sewing kit.

The Boy runs off.

DAD

What, uh, what do you want the sewing kit for?

D-FENS

I want you to stitch me up.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

Oh, no, that's not a good idea.
Not with a sewing kit. That's very
unsanitary.

D-FENS

What's wrong, Doctor? Afraid I'll
slap you with a malpractice suit?
Put the chicken down.

The Dad puts the chicken on the table. The Boy runs back
with a small sewing kit.

D-FENS

Ah, here's the boy. Sit down,
everybody.

The Mom and Dad are on one side, D-FENS and the kids on
the other. He lays the gun on the table.

D-FENS

Doctor, why don't you start on my
hand, and I'll pass the chicken
around. You don't mind if I join
you? I don't want to impose.

DAD

Not at all.

D-FENS

What'll you have? A leg? A wing?

DAD

A leg is fine.

D-FENS passes chicken around.

D-FENS

What about you, son? A nice juicy
thigh?

He offers his hand to the Dad.

D-FENS

Doctor? I'm in kind of a hurry.

MOM

Do we have to sew the hand here?

D-FENS

I don't see why not. After all,
these are the skills that put this
chicken on the table.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (4)

113

DAD

There's, uh, there's no black thread.

D-FENS

Well, mix and match. It's a party.

He reaches across and pulls out spools of thread.

D-FENS

Here's blue. Red. Green. Use 'em all. What the hell. Eat up, folks, come on.

Dad threads a needle. The females make pitiful efforts at eating. The Boy and D-Fens eat hearty. The Dad begins a stitch.

D-FENS

Ouch.

(to Boy)

Stings a little. Ow. You ever seen your daddy work?

The Boy shakes his head. The Dad ties up the stitch.

D-FENS

Oh, here, Doctor, your hands are full.

He picks up the Dad's chicken, feeds him.

DAD

No, that's... thank you.

The Dad starts on another stitch.

D-FENS

(to the boy)

Ouch. He's good, isn't he? Very deft.

BOY

He fixed my mommy's boobies.

D-FENS

Ow!

MOM

Shhh!

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS

Too late. Is this true? You took a scalpel to your own wife, Doctor? Well, this I have to see. Do you mind, ma'am?

MOM

What?

D-FENS

I want to see your husband's handiwork. Do you mind?

DAD

Now, look here...

D-FENS

You sew.

MOM

Please, please don't do this.

D-FENS

Why not? Are you ashamed of what your husband does for a living? Take off your top.

She gives her husband a pleading look. He glares back angrily and concentrates on the next stitch. She takes off her halter top. Her breasts look like they're about to take off.

D-FENS

Oh, now, these are great. These are beautiful. Look what your daddy did. Let's give him a hand. Everybody clap. Come on, everybody.

Everybody claps.

D-FENS

(to the dad)

Not you. Don't clap for yourself. Ma'am, you shouldn't be ashamed of these. You should whip 'em out at parties. These are works of art. They should be signed.

DAD

All right, that's enough...

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS

You're not eating, Doctor.

He stuffs a piece of chicken in the Dad's mouth.

D-FENS

Eat up. You earned it. You and your clever hands. Finish that stitch.

The Dad ties up the stitch.

D-FENS

No, I'm glad to have met such a talented man doing so well. Me, I'm just an unemployed slob. But I wasn't doing anything important. I was just building missiles and planes.

The Dad has finished. D-Fens stands.

D-FENS

I have a family too, you know. That's where I'm going. I'm going home. They're expecting me. Maybe we'll have a barbecue like you guys. After we've eaten, my little girl can 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. We'll go to sleep

He picks up the gun.

DAD

Listen to me. I don't know what's bothering you but it can't be as bad as you think. There are health-care professionals who deal specifically with problems like yours. Why don't you let me...

D-FENS

It's not a double chin, Doctor. You can't lop it off and stitch it up. You have a lovely family. I'm sorry I can't stay for dessert.

He leaves. They sit unmoving. A pause.

DAD

(to Mom)

Cover yourself up, for Christ's sake!

114 EXT. GINGERBREAD FRONT PORCH (PASADENA) - DAY

114

Prendergast and Sandra ring 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. It's about Bill.

115 INT. GINGERBREAD LIVING ROOM - DAY

115

Very tidy. The older woman lets them in. Prendergast takes a prowl around the room.

OLDER WOMAN

What is it? What about Bill?

SANDRA

What relation are you to him?

OLDER WOMAN

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

PRENDERGAST

Would you look at this? This is amazing.

He is looking at an antique case with glass shelves that display hundreds of tiny glass figurines.

THE MOTHER

Oh, please don't touch that. They're very delicate.

PRENDERGAST

I wouldn't think of it.

SANDRA

Does he own another house?

THE MOTHER

What? Who?

PRENDERGAST

There's a cat. There's a dog.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

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

PRENDERGAST

There's some kind of dragon, I
think.

THE MOTHER

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

PRENDERGAST

What is this? Did this one melt?

THE MOTHER

What? Where?

She goes to him, looks at what he's pointing at.

THE MOTHER

That's a giraffe.

PRENDERGAST

That's a giraffe?

THE MOTHER

It's a giraffe drinking. Why are
you asking...?

PRENDERGAST

What's your favorite?

THE MOTHER

Well, right now I think this
skunk...

PRENDERGAST

Where?

THE MOTHER

Second shelf towards the back.

PRENDERGAST

Ah. That's lovely.

THE MOTHER

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

PRENDERGAST

It isn't?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

THE MOTHER

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

PRENDERGAST

You must be very proud. This must have taken you years to collect.

THE MOTHER

Oh, decades. You have no idea.

PRENDERGAST

This whole place is great. I love what you've done here. Why don't you show us around?

THE MOTHER

Oh, all right.

116 INT. D-FENS' ROOM - DAY

116

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

THE MOTHER

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

PRENDERGAST

Not at all. Bill's very neat.

THE MOTHER

He's a mother's dream. When he moved back in, I wanted him to take the master bedroom, but he wouldn't hear of it.

PRENDERGAST

You made the bed, though.

THE MOTHER

No. Bill makes his own bed.

PRENDERGAST

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

THE MOTHER

No. I'll swear on a stack of bibles.

(CONTINUED)

PRENDERGAST

Where is Bill?

THE MOTHER

Well, he's at work. He's working.

PRENDERGAST

What is Bill doing these days?

THE MOTHER

Same as ever. He's building important things. Secret things. To protect us from the Communists.

He glances at Sandra.

PRENDERGAST

A defense plant.

THE MOTHER

Yes. He works at that big airplane place. What's it called? I always forget the name. Notec. That's it. It's such a silly name.

PRENDERGAST

Do you mind if my partner uses your phone?

(to Sandra)

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

Sandra looks at him quizzically.

SANDRA

Sure.

She goes. Pause. The mother smiles at Prendergast.

PRENDERGAST

What is going on with your son?

THE MOTHER

How do you mean?

He touches her face.

PRENDERGAST

I can see it under the makeup.

THE MOTHER

Oh, this? Bill didn't do this. Heavens.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)

I managed this all on my lonesome. Silliest thing. I walked right into a door.

PRENDERGAST

I'm not saying he did it on purpose. Sometimes people react without thinking. It's like when the doctor taps your knee with a hammer.

THE MOTHER

It was my fault one-hundred percent. I just don't know when to keep my big trap shut. He felt just terrible about it, worse than I did, I can promise you that. Believe you me, I'd rather have a smack than... well.

PRENDERGAST

Than what?

THE MOTHER

Than the silent treatment.

PRENDERGAST

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

The mother starts to fight back tears.

THE MOTHER

Yes. Sometimes he'll sit through an entire meal without saying a word. He'll just keep shovelling food into his mouth like some kind of machine. I can see something is bothering him but he won't talk about it. 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.

She goes to him. He puts an arm around her, pats her.

PRENDERGAST

Of course I won't.

(CONTINUED)

THE MOTHER

Well, it's my fault one-hundred percent.

PRENDERGAST

Now don't say that.

He puts his other arm around her, pats her, rocks. She relaxes in the comfort of his arms. Sandra appears in the doorway, reacts to the scene. Prendergast signals her to be quiet.

THE MOTHER

Oh, it's true. Everybody makes such a stink about a man living with his mother. As if that's some horrible crime or something. That's why she made him move away from her in the first place.

PRENDERGAST

She.

THE MOTHER

The wife. Ex-wife.

PRENDERGAST

Ah, the ex-wife.

THE MOTHER

She said it was because she wanted to live at the beach. She wanted to have the 'experience' of living at the beach, whatever that means. She didn't fool me.

PRENDERGAST

What was her name?

THE MOTHER

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

PRENDERGAST

So, did they move to the beach?

THE MOTHER

So they tell me. I wasn't invited.

PRENDERGAST

Where abouts?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (4)

116

THE MOTHER

Where would an Italian want to go?
They went to Venice.

She notices Sandra, pulls away from Prendergast.

THE MOTHER

Oh, I'm so sorry.

PRENDERGAST

What's the word?

SANDRA

Bill was laid off over a month ago.

THE MOTHER

Laid off?

SANDRA

Fired.

THE MOTHER

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

PRENDERGAST

He probably didn't want to worry
you till he found another job.

THE MOTHER

Is everything going to be alright?

PRENDERGAST

Everything's going to be just fine.

117 EXT. GINGERBREAD HOUSE - DAY

117

Prendergast and Sandra come out, stand there, breathing
the air.

SANDRA

I forgot how good you were. I
left the room for five seconds.
I come back and the old gal is
spilling her guts like you're
the Father Confessor.

PRENDERGAST

She never asked why we were
looking for him.

118 EXT. STREET CONSTRUCTION ZONE - DAY

118

A trench has been dug down the center of the street for a couple of blocks. 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; JACK HAMMERS RATTLE, MONSTER MACHINES ROAR, spitting smoke, METAL CLANGS, CAR HORNS HONK. Starting where the major work is happening, we MOVE DOWN the line:

Construction workers scream over the noise.

A worker with a sign stops traffic to let a dozer out.

A group of LEERING WORKERS, sitting on a stack of pipes, yell at an attractive woman on the sidewalk:

LEERING WORKER #1

I love you!

LEERING WORKER #2

Will you have my baby!?

LEERING WORKER #3

I have a station wagon!

PAST three or four cars whose drivers are in various states of frustration.

At any 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 standing next to his open door.

GUY BEHIND HER

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

The traffic lessens. The NOISE goes DOWN a decibel or two. The iron plate covering the end of the trench is pulled aside. A lone construction WORKER sits on the edge of it, dangling his feet.

D-FENS (O.S.)

Ah, now, see, this is what I'm talking about.

The Worker looks up. D-FENS stands there.

WORKER

What?

D-FENS

What are you people doing?

(CONTINUED)

WORKER

I'm sorry?

D-FENS

What are you doing to this street?

WORKER

We're fixing it.

D-FENS

I came by here two days ago. 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.

WORKER

I'm just here to keep people from falling in the hole. I don't know anything about the job.

D-FENS

You're a liar.

WORKER

What did you say?

D-FENS

I don't think anything's wrong with this street. I think you're tearing it up just to make work for yourself.

WORKER

What are you, nuts?

D-FENS

I want you to admit there's nothing wrong with this street.

WORKER

Hey, Rambo, go fuck yourself, okay?

(CONTINUED)

D-FENS

No, you go fuck yourself. I'm a citizen. I have a right. It's my taxes which are paying you to sit on your butt.

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 an apprentice. They won't even let me pick up a shovel...

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...

He pulls the knapsack off his back, works on getting that tube-shaped thing 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

What's the name of the movie you're making?

D-FENS

'Under Construction.' You like it?

KID

Yeah, 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?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (4)

118

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.

119 EXT. VENICE COTTAGE - DAY

119

The Uniformed Officer comes out. Beth follows.

BETH

You didn't hear his voice.
Something has happened to him.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

UNIFORMED OFFICER

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

BETH

I know...

UNIFORMED OFFICER

He's just getting a big kick out of scaring you. The best thing you can do is not play his game. Don't answer the damn phone. If he thinks you're not here, he's not going to bother you.

Beth hesitates, nods.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

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

BETH

What?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

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

Beth nods quietly.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

You have a nice day.

120 EXT. STREET CONSTRUCTION ZONE - DAY

120

The chaos is at full-tilt. D-FENS moves through it, marveling at his creation. People stumble around blood-covered, in shock. The leering workers are tangled up in the pipes they were sitting on. The bulldozer still tries to nose into the storefront, treads grinding uselessly. The flipped car has legs protruding from under it. The driver's head rises INTO VIEW, bloody, gasping in the water raining down. Twin fountains of fire and water dominate the scene. The body of the worker sprawls.

D-FENS

Yeah. Fix this. Let's see you fix this.

121 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 121

Beth closes the door slowly, watching the police car drive off. As soon as it shuts, the PHONE RINGS. She stares at it.

122 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY 122

Prendergast on the phone. He's got the map spread on the desk and a crime report. Sandra comes in from the main room also carrying crime reports. He hangs up.

PRENDERGAST

No answer at the ex-wife's. What about you?

SANDRA

(looking at her reports)

Couple of things but I don't think they're related. Somebody shot up a golf course. Gave some old geezer a heart attack. The assailant was dressed in camouflage.

PRENDERGAST

Such as you might find at an Army/Navy store?

SANDRA

I suppose. Why?

He gives her a pen, points at a map.

PRENDERGAST

Mark it. Anything after that?

SANDRA

Nothing except for a gas line blowing up.

(points at map)

Right here. He couldn't have done that.

PRENDERGAST

Mark it.

SANDRA

How could he blow up a gas line?

PRENDERGAST

I don't know, but connect the dots.

He takes a pen in each hand, draws two lines towards each other as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

PRENDERGAST

Korean market. The ex-wife's house. Drive-by shooting. Gas line. Whammyburger. Golf course. Telephone booth. Boom. They meet right here.

SANDRA

What's there?

PRENDERGAST

Army/Navy Store. The owner was found stuffed in his display case.

SANDRA

Jesus, Prendergast! I was there! That's where I called you from!

PRENDERGAST

Swell.

He picks up the phone.

PRENDERGAST

Get me the Venice Police Department, please.

123 INT. VENICE POLICE STATION - DAY

123

A DESK SERGEANT on the phone.

DESK SERGEANT

This is a false alarm. I been sending people out there all day.
(listens)

No, no, pal, listen. I can't justify sending units to the same address three times in one day to comfort some hysterical woman. This isn't L.A. We just don't have the manpower. Thanks, anyway.

124 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY

124

Prendergast hangs up.

SANDRA

What's up?

PRENDERGAST

We're going to Venice.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

They turn to leave. A CLERK appears, holding a clipboard.

CLERK

Badge and gun.

PRENDERGAST

What?

CLERK

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

Prendergast looks at him uncomprehending for a second.

PRENDERGAST

Oh, yeah, right.

SANDRA

Maybe I should go ahead, Prendergast.

PRENDERGAST

No, this'll just take a second.

He starts to take off his gun and holster.

125 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

125

The PHONE RINGS. Beth stops, on her way to the refrigerator. Looks at it.

126 INT. ONE MORE PHONE BOOTH - DAY

126

D-FENS, listening to it RING.

127 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY

127

The CLERK is taking Prendergast through a healthy stack of papers.

CLERK

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

The PHONE RINGS.

PRENDERGAST

Grab that, would you?

She does.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

SANDRA
Prendergast here.

128 INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY

128

Mrs. Prendergast sits, holding Mr. Peepers.

MRS. PRENDERGAST
The hell it is!

MR. PEEPERS suddenly SCREECHES.

MRS. PRENDERGAST
Ow!

INTERCUT cubicle and kitchen.

SANDRA
Oh, shit, it's your wife.

Prendergast takes the phone and keeps signing.

CLERK
... And here...

PRENDERGAST
Hon?

MRS. PRENDERGAST
Mr. Peepers just scratched the hell
out of me! Who was that?

CLERK
... and here...

MRS. PRENDERGAST
I'm bleeding like a stuck pig.

PRENDERGAST
Listen, something important has
come up.

MRS. PRENDERGAST
What am I, dog vomit?

CLERK
... and here...

MRS. PRENDERGAST
You wife tells you she's bleeding
to death and you say something
important has come up?

- 129 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY 129
Beth tries to ignore the RINGING PHONE, making dinner preparation.
- 130 INT. ONE MORE PHONE BOOTH - DAY 130
D-Fens, waiting.
D-FENS
I know you're there.
- 131 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY 131
Prendergast is still signing forms, phone to ear.
CLERK
... and there. Just one more...
- 132 INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY 132
MRS. PRENDERGAST
When are you coming home?
INTERCUT cubicle and kitchen.
CLERK
... there.
MRS. PRENDERGAST
Huh?
CLERK
Congratulations.
PRENDERGAST
What?
CLERK
You made it out alive.
MRS. PRENDERGAST
When the hell are you 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!?

133 INT. PRENDERGAST KITCHEN - DAY

133

Mrs. Prendergast, shocked.

MRS. PRENDERGAST

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

INTERCUT kitchen and cubicle.

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.

134 INT. VENICE KITCHEN - DAY

134

The PHONE RINGS. The child watching. Beth reaches the
breaking point, slams down a pan lid.

BETH

Get your coat. We're going to eat
at the beach. We'll watch the
sunset from our favorite place.

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

BETH

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

FEATURE the gun on the table.

135 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CUBICLE - DAY

135

PRENDERGAST

Let's go.

He gets up, they go out into...

136 INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

136

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

(CONTINUED)

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, has a glass of wine shoved into his hand, and a silly hat planted on his head.

JOHNSON

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

Beats workin', huh?

PRENDERGAST

You bet, but listen...

JOHNSON

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

SUZIE, a dial-a-stripper, appears. The crowd roars. Cops start moving stuff aside to make a stage. Prendergast is deposited in a chair.

JOHNSON

Yo, Suzie-Q, do yo' thing!

Suzie steps in front of Prendergast.

SUZIE

Is this the birthday boy?

(CONTINUED)

PRENDERGAST

Hey, hey, hey!

Everyone is shocked into silence. Prendergast stands.

PRENDERGAST

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

BROWN

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

JOHNSON

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

General hilarity. Prendergast addresses Johnson.

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 Johnson causing him to sit on the cake.

PRENDERGAST

Let's go.

They do.

SUZIE

Does this mean I can go?

JONES

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

- 137 INT. ONE MORE PHONE BOOTH - DAY 137
 D-Fens slams the phone down with finality.
 D-FENS
 I know you're there.
- 138 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 138
 It's late afternoon, shadows are getting long.
 Prendergast's CAR bounces out of the lot, SCREECHES
 into a turn and ROARS OFF.
- 139 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CAR - DAY 139
 Prendergast maneuvers through traffic. He's still
 wearing the party hat.
 PRENDERGAST
 Come on. Come on.
 Hits the HORN.
 PRENDERGAST
 Move it, stupid! Shit!
 SANDRA
 Maybe they'll respect you more if
 you take off the hat.
 He does. They laugh.
- 140 EXT. VENICE STREET - DAY 140
 Prendergast's car pulls up.
- 141 INT. PRENDERGAST'S CAR - DAY 141
 They stare at the house.
 PRENDERGAST
 Let's do it by the numbers. You
 take the back.
 SANDRA
 'kay.
- 142 EXT. VENICE STREET - DAY 142
 They exit the vehicle. He watches her move down the side
 of the house, towards the back as he crosses to the
 front.

143 EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY 143

He approaches the door, rings the doorbell, looks around. Knocks, waits. Backs away from the door. Goes to a window, squints, as he tries to look in.

Suddenly the curtain is thrust aside and he finds himself nose to nose with D-Fens. It lasts only a split second. The curtain is thrust back.

PRENDERGAST

Hey. Hey!

He backs away from the window, grabbing for his gun which isn't there.

PRENDERGAST

Sandra!

144 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY 144

Sandra is standing on the walk that leads to the kitchen door.

PRENDERGAST (O.S.)

Sandra! Look out!

The kitchen door flies open. She claws for her weapon. Buster, the dog, bounds out of the door, races past her. She reacts with relief, then looks back to the house.

145 EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY 145

Prendergast is moving. A GUNSHOT. He takes off, around the corner of the house.

146 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY 146

Sandra is lying on the walk. The gate is swinging back and forth. Prendergast jumps the picket fence, races to her. She is alive, holding her bloodied side.

PRENDERGAST

Sandra...

SANDRA

Here...

She pushes her gun on him.

SANDRA

Go on.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

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!!

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 street.

SANDRA

He's in camouflage!

Across the street is the entrance to a pedestrian walkway heading towards the beach. Buster stands, looking up it. Prendergast joins him.

147 EXT. PEDESTRIAN PATH - DAY

147

A figure in camouflage, a block ahead, turns the corner. Prendergast takes off running. BUSTER bounds along with him, BARKING, playing.

PRENDERGAST

Shoo. Go away. Go on!

Buster stops, confused. Goes about his business.

148 EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

148

It is in full swing; entertainers and entertainees. D-Fens hurries down it, his gun concealed. He looks back and continues on. A MIME falls in behind him, doing a fair imitation of his crazed walk. The Mime's audience, part of which is in a sidewalk cafe, laughs. D-Fens notices, spins, pulling his gun. The Mime knows he's made a mistake, holds up his hands.

MIME

(mouths)

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

Someone in the audience screams. D-Fens spins back the way he was going and takes off, immediately bouncing off of two body builders, huge greased monsters. He flies back and hits the ground. His GUN DISCHARGES.

A waitress in the cafe is carrying a PITCHER of beer. It DISINTEGRATES. The patrons panic, some duck, some make for the exits, overturning tables.

D-Fens points his gun at the body builders who split to either side, revealing a man on a tall unicycle approaching. The unicyclist sees the gun, wheels aside and crashes into a store. D-Fens scurries up and is overwhelmed by a small fleet of teens on skateboards. He covers up as they sweep past him. He moves on.

Various wacko entertainers and Venice-types scatter. The news is spreading. Everyone is running.

149 EXT. ON PIER - DAY

149

Beth and the child. She steps away from the child, looking confusedly toward the commotion on shore.

150 EXT. FARTHER BACK ON BOARDWALK - DAY

150

Prendergast runs into a wave of fear-stricken people. He is knocked back a few steps, then pushes forward like someone fighting a heavy surf.

151 EXT. AHEAD ON BOARDWALK - DAY

151

D-Fens strides ahead, holding his gun.

152 EXT. ON PIER - DAY

152

Beth figures it out. She clutches the child's hand, starts heading for shore, trying to get off the pier.

BETH

Come on, we're going. Come on!

153 EXT. AHEAD ON BOARDWALK - DAY

153

D-Fens stops, looking seaward toward the pier.

D-FENS

Elizabeth.

154 EXT. FARTHER BACK ON BOARDWALK - DAY 154

Prendergast stops, peering ahead, moves on with a new sense of urgency.

155 EXT. ON PIER - DAY 155

Beth hurrying the child along. She stops. What she sees:

D-Fens rising INTO VIEW at the shore-end of the pier, armed, crazed, but strangely calm. He strides towards her.

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.

D-FENS

Scram!

The pier denizen climbs the railing and leaps into the sea. 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.

D-FENS

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

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?
'Till death us do part.' You remember that?

(CONTINUED)

Beth gasps and takes off running seaward. D-Fens continues his inexorable march.

The child stands in a corner of the end of the pier. Beth runs to her, kneels before her, shielding her from D-Fens, who marches up to them.

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

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.

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, no gun in sight, staring at the ocean, the picture of calmness and civility.

(CONTINUED)

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. I'm moving 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. I'm serious. She thinks she's found paradise in Lake Havasu City, Arizona. 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.

D-FENS

What?

PRENDERGAST

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

He picks the child up before D-Fens knows what's happened.

PRENDERGAST

Ah, she's a little darling. Wheee!

(CONTINUED)

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. One of those infant death syndrome things. If the kid had been hit by a drunk driver, you could say, 'Goddamn that drunk.' 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 toward her mother.

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 toward him.

(CONTINUED)

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. But I think you're liars. 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. It will be easy to take the easy way out and kill 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

Were you gonna look at her when you shot her, you son of a bitch!?

(to Beth)

Elizabeth, get out of here.

D-FENS

No!

PRENDERGAST

Go on!

Beth picks up the child and runs.

D-FENS

Elizabeth!

(CONTINUED)

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. The gun flies through the railing, into the sea. D-Fens slumps looking toward the shore-end of the pier.

Prendergast pulls away from D-Fens, breathing hard, wiping blood from a cut on his cheek. D-Fens indicates Prendergast's pocket.

D-FENS

That a gun you got there?

PRENDERGAST

It's a gun, but there's no need to bring it out now.

D-FENS

Guess what? I got one in my pocket, too. I'm loaded with guns. Let's draw.

PRENDERGAST

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

D-FENS

No, it's beautiful. It's perfect. Showdown at sunset between the sheriff and the bad guy. I'm the bad guy. I don't know how it happened. I did everything they told me to. You're supposed to be rewarded for that but look what they did. They took it all away. They lied to me.

PRENDERGAST

You think that makes you special? They lie to everybody. The only thing that makes you special is that little girl. Don't you want to see her grow up?

D-FENS

From where? Behind bars? Count of three. One.

PRENDERGAST

Bill, don't.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: (6)

155

D-FENS

Two.

PRENDERGAST

Don't do this.

D-FENS

Three.

He goes for the gun in his pocket. So does Prendergast.

PRENDERGAST

Please, please...

D-Fens brings up the GUN. Prendergast SHOOTs. D-Fens 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. 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.
I'm a cop.

156 EXT. VENICE STREET - DAY

156

The sky is almost dark. The area is covered with official vehicles. A COPTER CIRCLES above, playing its search light 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.

(CONTINUED)

Prendergast ignores him, heads for some paramedics wheeling Sandra to an ambulance.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

You go ahead. I'll handle this end.

Prendergast walks beside Sandra.

PRENDERGAST

You still here?

SANDRA

'Fraid so.

PRENDERGAST

My turn to visit you in the hospital.

As they slide her into the ambulance:

SANDRA

Don't let me keep you from Arizona.

PRENDERGAST

You won't.

He heads toward the house.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

Prendergast!

Captain Yardley is holding up the phone from his car.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

It's for you.

Prendergast stops, then:

PRENDERGAST

Tell her I'll call her back.

CAPTAIN YARDLEY

(to phone)

Uh, Officer Prendergast is busy at the moment.

He winces as Mrs. Prendergast, on the other end of the phone, screams in his ear.

Prendergast moves on to the porch of the house where Beth sits with her child. He joins them.

(CONTINUED)

CHILD

Where's my daddy?

Prendergast and Beth look at each other over the child's head.

PRENDERGAST

Your daddy had to take a trip.
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.

PRENDERGAST

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

He puts an arm around her.

FADE OUT.

THE END