

INHERENT VICE

screenplay by

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based on the novel by Thomas Pynchon

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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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A sweet, young woman's voice narrates.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

She came along the alley and up the back stairs the way she always used to. Doc hadn't seen her for over a year. Nobody had. Back then it was always sandals, bottom half of a flower print bikini, faded Country Joe & the Fish T-shirt. Tonight, she was all in flatland gear, hair a lot shorter than he remembered, looking just like she swore she'd never look...

FADE IN:

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT (GORDITA BEACH) - DUSK (1970)

DOC SPORTELO sits half awake on his couch. He looks up, notices someone standing at his door: SHASTA FAY HEPWORTH (20s).

DOC

Is that you, Shasta?

SHASTA

Think you're hallucinating...?

DOC

No... just the new package, I guess...

SHASTA

... I need your help, Doc.

DOC

Come in. (... you know I have an office now and everything? Just like a day job.)

She walks in, Doc gets a slow rising BONER in his pants... casually tries to cover it up.

SHASTA

I looked in the phone book and almost went over there, but then I thought better for everyone if this looked like a secret rendezvous.

DOC

Somebody keeping a close eye?

SHASTA
... I just spent an hour on
surface streets trying to make it
look good.

DOC
How about a beer?

Doc moves to the fridge, Shasta looks around, they sit
down at the kitchen table:

SHASTA
So there's this guy...

DOC
Gentlemen of the straightworld
persuasion?

SHASTA
Okay, Doc. He's married.

DOC
And the wife -- she knows about
you?

SHASTA
But she's seeing somebody, too.
Only it's not just the usual -- I
think they're working on some
creepy little scheme.

DOC
To make off with the hubby's
fortune? I think I've heard this
one once or twice...

SHASTA
They want me in on it... they
think I'm the one who can reach
him when he's vulnerable, or as
much as he ever gets.

DOC
Bare-ass and asleep?

SHASTA
I knew you'd understand.

DOC
Are you still trying to figure out
if it's right or wrong?

SHASTA
Worse than that. How much loyalty
I owe him.

DOC
I hope you're not asking me.
Beyond the usual boilerplate,
people owe anybody they're fucking
steady...?

SHASTA
Dear Abby said the same thing.

DOC
Emotions aside, let's look at the
money. How much of the rent's he
been picking up?

SHASTA
All of it.

DOC
Pretty hefty?

SHASTA
For Hancock Park.

DOC
You're giving him IOUs for
everything, of course...

SHASTA
You fucker, if I'd known you were
still this bitter I wouldn't have
come --

DOC
Me? I'm just trying to be
professional. How much are the
wifey and boyfriend offering to
cut you in for...?

BEAT...

DOC
So, this... this isn't just a
couple of X-rated Polaroids, then.
Dope planted in the glove
compartment, nothin' like that.

SHASTA
It isn't what you're thinking,
Doc.

DOC
Don't worry, thinking comes later,
what else?

SHASTA
I'm not sure, but it sounds like
they want to commit him to some
kind of loony bin.

DOC
You mean legally? Or a snatch of
some kind?

SHASTA
Nobody's telling me, Doc, I'm just
the bait...

CLOSEUP - SHASTA'S FACE

Looking at Doc.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He looks at her. Can't read her face.

DOC
Are you still taking those acting
classes?

SHASTA
Thing is: I heard you're seeing
somebody downtown.

DOC
Oh, you mean Penny. Seeing?
Well. Nice flatland chick out in
search of hippie love thrills,
basically.

SHASTA
Also some kind of junior D.A.?

DOC
You think somebody there could
stop this before it happens?

SHASTA
There's not too many places I
could go with this, Doc.

DOC
Okay, I'll talk to Penny, see what
we can see. So your happy couple.
Do they have a names?

SHASTA
It's Mickey Wolfmann.

DOC
Mickey Wolfmann who's always in
the paper? The real estate big
shot?

SHASTA
You can't tell anybody about this,
Doc.

DOC
I won't. Deaf and dumb. That's
part of my job. You have any
phone numbers you wanna share?

She gets a pencil, writes a number down, he watches
her...

SHASTA
Try to never use it.

DOC
How do I reach you?

SHASTA
You don't. I moved out of my old
place. Staying where I can
anymore...

DOC
You could stay here...

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DOC'S - STREET - EVENING

3

He walks her down to her car, '59 CADILLAC EL DORADO
BIARITZZ --

SHASTA
Don't come any further, somebody
might be watching by now.

DOC
Well, call me or something...

SHASTA
You never did let me down, Doc.

DOC
Don't worry, I'll...

SHASTA
No, I mean really ever.

DOC
Oh, sure I did.

SHASTA
No... you were always true...

She backs away, gets in the CADILLAC and drives off into
the night. MUSIC STARTS. He watches her go... HOLD WITH
DOC. DENIS (rhymes with penis) walks up, says hi, they
walk up towards town, away from the beach...

DOC
Hey, Denis, you hungry?

DENIS

Like Godzilla sez to Mothra, man,
'let's go eat someplace.'

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

When Doc came in that night, it
wasn't just the usual hungry-doper
thing -- it was something else --
and with Neptune moving at last
out of the Scorpio death-trip and
rising into the Sagittarian light
of the higher mind -- it was bound
to be something love-related and I
thought I knew what it was...

CUT TO:

4

INT. PIPELINE PIZZA - NIGHT

4

DOC and DENIS and a bunch of locals, eating pizza.
Sitting here are some SURFERS, a friend named ENSENADA
SLIM and a lovely young girl, our narrator: SORTILEGE
(20s); she speaks in the flesh...

SORTILEGE

Was that Shasta's car I saw down
the drive?

DOC

She stuck her head in for a couple
minutes...

SORTILEGE

Are you broken up?

DOC

Kind of weird seeing her again.
Figured next time I did it'd be on
the tube not in person...

SORTILEGE looks at DOC with sweetness, then at HIS HAIR:

SORTILEGE

Better do something about that.

DOC

Again?

SORTILEGE

I can't say it enough -- change
your hair, change your life.

DOC

What do you recommend?

SORTILEGE

That's up to you. Follow your
intuition.

(ETC. -- Pizza talk here.)

CUT TO:

5

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT

5

He sits on his couch. THE MUSIC PLAYS. He's on the phone, it's ringing to no answer. His hair is rolled into plantation-style knots. He's rolling a joint.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

There was an ancient superstition at the beach, something like the surfer belief that burning your board will bring awesome waves, and it went like this: Take a Zig-Zag paper and write your dearest wish, and then use it to roll a joint of the best dope you can find and smoke it all up, and your wish would be granted. Doc's wish was simple... (just that Shasta Fay be safe...)

He writes on the rolling papers a small note in pencil: "To Shasta's Safety. With Love, Doc." Smokes it and calls his AUNT REET (50s) who lives down the street --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AUNT REET'S HOUSE

She's applying ten tons of various makeups, spraying some on, applying with ten gallon brushes and dipping her face into other paints.

AUNT REET

Make it quick, Larry, I've got a live one tonight and a quarter ton of makeup to put on yet --

DOC

Okay. Mickey Wolfmann, what can you tell me?

AUNT REET

Powerhouse in L.A. real estate from the desert to the sea -- Technically Jewish but wants to be a Nazi -- what's he to you?

DOC

Shasta... she came around... told me about a possible plot to snatch up Wolfmann by his wife and her boyfriend.

AUNT REET

And what is Shasta's role in all this?

DOC

Like how passionately does she feel about her flame Mickey? I didn't ask. 'I love him' is probably the answer, what else?

AUNT REET

Is she paying you?

DOC

Mmm...

AUNT REET

Pause. Silence. Big surprise. Listen, if Shasta can't pay you, maybe that means Mickey dumped her and she's blaming the wife and wants revenge.

DOC

Possible. But say I just wanted to hang out and rap with this Wolfmann?

AUNT REET

I wouldn't recommend your usual approach, he goes around with a dozen bikers, mostly Aryan Brotherhood alumni -- all court certified bad-asses.

DOC

Wait, wait, wait, I flunked social studies: Jews and Aryan Brotherhood. Isn't there something about hatred?

AUNT REET

Mickey's eccentric. More and more lately. I would say stoned out of his fuckin' mind, since he discovered drugs, no offense to you, Doc.

DOC

So where would I find him accidentally?

AUNT REET

I promised my little sister that I'd never put her baby in the way of danger.

DOC
I'm cool with the Brotherhood,
Aunt Reet, I know their secret
handshake and everything.

AUNT REET
It's your ass -- try the Channel
View Estates, his latest insult to
the environment.

DOC
Channel View Estates. The one
Bigfoot Bjornsen does the
commercials for?

AUNT REET
That's the one. Maybe your old
cop buddy's the one who should be
taking care of your case.

DOC
I did think of going to Bigfoot
but just as I reached for the
phone, history and all, I thought,
'naaahhhhh.'

AUNT REET
Maybe you're better off with the
Nazis. Call your mother once in a
while so she knows you're alive...

Doc gets up and walks to the TV, switches the channel,
finds:

5A INSERT - ON TELEVISION

5A

The commercial for "Channel View Estates" comes on after
a bad horror movie: It has LT. BIGFOOT BJORNSEN dressed
as a "hippie." He's wearing an ankle-length velvet cape
in paisley, love beads, shades with peace symbols and an
Afro wig. He's like Cal Worthington, except for live
animals, he has a pack of SCREAMING KIDS that do
cannonballs in the pool of a MODEL HOME that Bigfoot's
showing off and listing details and financing options,
etc... Bigfoot turns to the CAMERA:

BIGFOOT (V.O.)
Those li'l kids, wow, they're
really something, huh!

BACK TO SCENE

Doc looks confused. Bigfoot, ON SCREEN seems to be
looking STRAIGHT AT DOC... and DOC looks back... HOLD
THEIR LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

DOC
 So what's all this now...
 Fucking Bigfoot. Well, wouldn't
 you know. Why does the LAPD need
 SAG cards?

AUNT REET
 I have major liquid liner issues
 to deal with here, Larry -- I'm
 getting off now --

She hangs up. DOC doesn't notice and keeps talking.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. LSD INVESTIGATIONS - DOC'S OFFICE - DAY 6

Doc comes into the office, greets PETUNIA...

PETUNIA
 Morning, Doc. What's on your
 head?

DOC
 Howdy, Petunia. Still married to
 what's his name?

PETUNIA
 Oh, Doc. You've got somebody
 waiting for you...

CUT TO:

7 INT. DOC'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT 7

A large, imposing black man: TARIQ KHALIL (30s, Black
 Panther style) is waiting for him:

TARIQ
 Doctor Sportello?

DOC
 That's right...

TARIQ
 Tariq Kahlil.

Doc collects himself, note pad, etc...

DOC
 Okay -- so how can I help you?

TARIQ
 There's this white guy I was in
 the joint with. Aryan
 Brotherhood. We did some
 business, now we're both out. And
 he still owes me.
 (MORE)

TARIQ (CONT'D)

It's a lot of money. I can't give you details.

I swore an oath I wouldn't tell.

DOC

How about just his name?

TARIQ

Glen Charlock.

DOC

You know where he's staying now?

TARIQ

Only who he works for. He's a bodyguard for a builder named Wolfmann.

MOMENT. Doc writes: paranoia alert.

DOC

If you don't mind my asking, Mr. Kahlil, how did you hear about me?

TARIQ

Sledge Poteet.

DOC

Wow. Blast from the past.

TARIQ

Said you helped him out of a situation back in '67.

DOC

First time I ever got shot at. You guys know each other from the place?

TARIQ

That's right -- they were teachin' us both how to cook.

DOC

I remember him when he couldn't boil water. So if you don't mind an obvious question: You know where this Glen Charlock works now, why not just go over there, look him up directly?

TARIQ

Because Wolfmann is surrounded day and night with the Aryan Brotherhood Army and outside of Glen, I've never enjoyed the company of Nazis.

DOC
So send some white guy in to get
his head hammered.

TARIQ
More or less.

DOC
When you were inside, were you in
a gang?

TARIQ
Black Guerrilla Family.

DOC
And you say you did business with
the who now, the Aryan
Brotherhood? Can you explain that
to me...

TARIQ
We found we shared many of the
same opinions about the U.S.
government.

DOC
Alright, that racial harmony.
I can dig it. There something
else?

TARIQ
My old street gang. Artesia
Crips. When I got out of Chino I
went looking for some of them and
found it ain't just them gone, but
the whole turf itself.

DOC
What do you mean 'gone'?

TARIQ
Not there. Grind up in little
pieces. Seagulls all pickin' at
it. Figure I must be trippin',
drive around for a while, come
back, everything's still gone.

DOC
Uh-huh.

TARIQ
Nobody and nothing. A ghost town
except for this big sign, 'Coming
Soon On This Site.' Guess who the
builder is...?

DOC
Wolfmann again.

TARIQ

That's it.

DOC

Can you show me on the map?

They look at map.

DOC

So you're, like, what again,
Japanese?

TARIQ

How long you been doin' this?

DOC

Looks closer to Gardena than
Compton is all I'm sayin'.

TARIQ

WW Two. Before the war, a lot of
South Central was still a Japanese
neighborhood. Those people got
sent to camps, we come on in to be
the new Japs.

DOC

And now it's your turn to get
moved along.

TARIQ

More white man's revenge. Freeway
up by the airport wasn't enough.

DOC

Revenge for...?

TARIQ

Watts.

DOC

The riots?

TARIQ

Some of us say, 'insurrection.'
The Man, he just waits for his
moment...

BEAT.

DOC

If I can get ahold of your prison
buddy, this Glen Charlock, will he
honor his debt to you?

TARIQ

I can't tell you what it is. I
swore an oath...

DOC

No need.

TARIQ

And I can't give you nothin' up front.

DOC

Groovy with that.

TARIQ

Sledge was right: You are one crazy white motherfucker.

DOC

How can you tell?

TARIQ

I counted.

DOC

Lemme look around -- I'll see what I see. Alright?

CUT TO:

A8

INT. DOC'S CAR

A8

DRIVING TO CHANNEL VIEW ESTATES.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

Long, sad history of L.A. land use -- Mexican families bounced out of Chavez Ravine to build Dodger Stadium, American Indians swept out of Bunker Hill for the Music Center and now Tariq's neighborhood bulldozed aside for Channel View Estates...

CUT TO:

8

EXT. CHANNEL VIEW ESTATES - DAY

8

DOC drives down the street, past a bunch of BLACK PEDESTRIANS walking around, looking for their homes... it's like driving through lost cattle --

DOC pulls his DODGE DART into this UNDER CONSTRUCTION DEVELOPMENT. STREETS AREN'T PAVED, BUT THERE ARE STREET SIGNS, VARIOUS SUPPOSED TO BE SMALL SPANISH TYPE HOMES BEING BUILT... It's quiet.

There's a MAKESHIFT MINI MALL erected for the construction crews. There's a BEER BAR, LIQUOR STORE, SANDWICH PLACE and a MASSAGE PARLOR called CHICK PLANET with a row of Harleys precision parked in a row out front.

Doc parks and musters some courage, passes over the Harleys -- bathes himself in a white glow -- and enters the massage parlor...

9 INT. CHICK PLANET MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

9

Doc steps in... it's quiet and very dark. A sexy young Asian girl in a bikini: JADE (20s).

JADE
Hi, I'm Jade? Please take note of today's Pussy Eater's Special which is good all day till closing time?

DOC
Mmmm... how much is it?

JADE
\$14.95.

DOC
Errr, not that \$14.95 ain't a totally groovy price, but I'm really trying to locate this guy who works for Mr. Wolfmann?

JADE
Does he eat pussy?

DOC
Fella named Glen Charlock?

JADE
Oh, sure. Glen comes in here. He eats pussy. You got a cigarette for me?

He taps her out a smoke.

JADE
Ohhhh. Lock up style. Not much eating pussy in there, huh?

DOC
Glen and I were both in Chino around the same time... have you seen him today?

JADE
If you're a cop, you're entitled to a free preview of our Pussy Eater's Special.

DOC
How about a licensed P.I.?

JADE
Hey, Bambi?

BAMBI comes out, wearing day-glo bikini. Jade reaches into Bambi's bikini bottom and before you know it -- They disappear below the reception desk. Doc watches... in a flash reflected behind him we see a BALD HEAD, SWASTIKA TATTOO AND THEN SOMETHING COMES DOWN ON DOC'S HEAD -- AND HE'S OUT.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE MOTORCYCLES FIRING UP AND TEARING OFF...

10 ANGLE - LATER

10

Doc comes to... lump on his head... he steps outside, opens the door, CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM OUT TO REVEAL:

CUT TO:

11 EXT. CHANNEL VIEW ESTATES - DAY

11

LAPD, DETECTIVES AND CORONER ARE ON SITE AT WHAT IS NOW A CRIME SCENE. A line of POLICE CARS AIM AT DOC led by DETECTIVE LT. CHRISTIAN F. "BIGFOOT" BJORNSEN, eating a chocolate-covered frozen banana and hollering through a bullhorn... Doc steps out, guns aim at him... A DEAD BODY ON THE GROUND BETWEEN HIM AND THE LAPD...

BIGFOOT

Congratulations, hippie scum. And welcome to a world of inconvenience... Yes, this time it appears you have finally managed to stumble into something too real and deep to hallucinate your worthless hippie ass of -- without wishing to seem impatient -- anytime you'd like to join us, we'd so like to chat...

DOC

Bigfoot, what happened...! I remember massage parlor -- Asian chick named Jade and Anglo friend Bambi --

BIGFOOT

Wishful figments of a brain pickled in cannabis fumes, no doubt.

DOC

Whatever it is, I didn't do it.

BIGFOOT

Sure.

12 ANGLE - LATER

12

Doc is in cuffs, sitting on the ground. THERE'S A CORPSE COVERED ON A GURNEY that is taken past. It is a bloody mess, body parts are falling out onto the ground -- Doc is getting sick at the sight of it.

BIGFOOT

I can almost pity your civilian distress. Though if you were more of a man and less of a ball-less hippie draft dodger, who knows, you might have seen enough over in the 'Nam to share even my own sense of professional ennui at the sight of one more stiff.

DOC

Who is it?

BIGFOOT

Was, Sportello. Here on Earth we say, 'was.' Meet Glen Charlock. Whom you were asking for by name only hours ago, witnesses will swear to that. Furthermore, on the face of it, you've chosen to ice a personal bodyguard of the rather well-connected Mickey Wolfmann. Name rings bell? Or in your case shakes tambourine? Ah, but here's our ride --

A POLICE CRUISER COMES TO A SLIDING STOP NEXT TO DOC AND BIGFOOT.

DOC

Where's my ride?

BIGFOOT

Like it's owner, on its way to impoundment.

CUT TO:

13 INT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

13

Doc in custody sitting across from Bigfoot.

BIGFOOT

So when you and Glen had your fatal encounter, when would you say that was in the series of events?

DOC

I told you the first time I ever saw him, he was dead.

BIGFOOT

His associates, then. How many of them were you already acquainted with?

DOC

Not normally guys I'd hang out with, Bigfoot, totally wrong drug profile.

BIGFOOT

Potheads, you're so exclusive. Would you say you *took offense* at Glen's preference for barbiturates and amphetamines?

DOC

Yes. I was planning to report him to the Dope Fiend Standards and Ethics Committee next week...

BIGFOOT

Now your ex-girlfriend Shasta Fay Hepworth is a known intimate of Glen's employer, Mickey Wolfmann. Do you think Glen and Shasta were --

Bigfoot slides his fingers around, makes a "fucking" sign.

BIGFOOT

How does it make you feel? Here you are still carrying the torch and there she is in the company of all those Nazi lowlives?

DOC

Keep doing that, Bigfoot, you're givin' me a hard-on...

BIGFOOT

Tough little wop monkey as my man Fatso Judson always sez.

DOC

Case you forget, Lieutenant, you and me are almost in the same business, except I don't get that free pass to shoot people all the time and so forth. But if I was in your seat, I guess I'd be acting the same way, maybe start in next with remarks about my mother.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

Or I guess your mother, because
you'd be me... Have I got that
right?

Bigfoot pretends to read notes:

BIGFOOT

While suspect -- that's you -- is
having alleged midday nap, so
necessary to the hippie lifestyle,
some sort of *incident* occurs in
the vicinity of Channel View
Estates. Firearms are discharged.
When the dust settles, we find one
Glen Charlock deceased. More
compellingly for LAPD, the man
Charlock was supposed to be
guarding, Michael Z. Wolfmann, has
vanished, giving local law
enforcement less than 24 hours
before the feds call it a
kidnapping and come in to fuck
everything up. Perhaps,
Sportello, you could help
forestall this by providing the
names of the other members of your
cult?

DOC

Cult.

BIGFOOT

No one would ever be stupid enough
to attempt this alone, which
suggests some kind of Mansanoid
conspiracy, wouldn't you agree?
I've been referred to more than
once by the *L.A. Times* as a
Renaissance detective, which means
that I am many things--
and one thing I am not is stupid --
and purely out of noblesse oblige
I extend this assumption to cover
you as well...

Enter DOC'S LAWYER, SAUNCHO SMILAX (30s).

SAUNCHO

Lieutenant! You know that you
don't have any case here, so if
you're going to charge him,
you better, otherwise --

DOC

Sauncho, remember who this is
you're talking to, it's Bigfoot
Bjornsen, renaissance cop.

SAUNCHO

Charge him or let him go, you have
no case...

DOC
Bigfoot, don't mind him, he
watches too many courtroom dramas.

BEAT. They all look at each other...

SAUNCHO
What's the beef here exactly?

BIGFOOT
It doesn't have much to do with
your speciality, which I
understand is marine law.

SAUNCHO
There's plenty of crime on the
high seas.

BIGFOOT
So far we have murder and
kidnapping, we can work in pirates
if that would make you more
comfortable -- either way it's
high profile.

SAUNCHO
Yes, but given your history with
my client -- you know this is
harassment, there's no case,
this'll never make it to trial.

BIGFOOT
We probably *could* take this all
the way to trial -- but with our
luck the jury pool will be 99
percent hippie --

SAUNCHO
Sure, unless you got the venue
changed to maybe, like, Orange
County -- not as many hippies down
there --

DOC
Sauncho, who are you working for?

SAUNCHO
Clients pay for work.

BIGFOOT
I've decided I'm going to kick Mr.
Sportello.

SAUNCHO
You're gonna kick him? That's
assault!

DOC
(I think it's police slang
Sauncho. It means cut me loose.)

BIGFOOT
I'll release the suspect at the
impound garage...

SAUNCHO
... promise?

BIGFOOT
Promise. And I'll even give him a
ride myself.

SAUNCHO
Alright, I'm glad we got this
worked out then -- remember, Doc:
This was like 15 billable minutes.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BIGFOOT'S EL CAMINO (MOVING) 14

Driving in silence. Bigfoot suddenly makes a sharp U-
turn --

DOC
Where we going?

BIGFOOT
To a nice, secluded spot that has
'shot while trying to escape'
written all over it.

CUT TO:

15 INT. HILLS ABOVE VALLEY - DAY 15

Bigfoot walks Doc deep into the mountainside. Finally
sits him down, stands over him...

BIGFOOT
Are you aware of the dictum that
dope will get you through times of
no money better than vice versa...
You'd be surprised how many in
your own hippie freak community
have found our Special Employee
Disbursements useful.

DOC
... what do you mean? You mean
like 'Mod Squad'? Rat on
everybody I ever met?

BIGFOOT
Right now there's fistfuls of
greenbacks flowing at anything
that even looks like local law
enforcement.

(MORE)

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

Federal funding as far as the eye
can see... or we could certainly
offer you compensation in a more
inhalable form... Acapulco Gold.
Panama Red. Michoacan Icepack.
Our downtown evidence rooms got
filled up long ago, Doc.
Numberless
kilos of righteous weed just for
you. Just for trivial information
we already have anyway. And what
you don't smoke, improbable as
that seems, you could always sell.

DOC

Are you married, Bigfoot?

BIGFOOT

Sorry, you're not my type. What
does this look like? Or don't
they have them on planet hippie?

DOC

You have kids?

BIGFOOT

I hope this isn't some kind of
veiled dooper threat.

DOC

It's just strange that here we
both are with this mysterious
power to ruin each other's day and
we don't even know anything about
each other.

BIGFOOT

Aimless dooper's drivel and yet
you've just defined the very
essence of law enforcement. So
how about my offer?

DOC

Yours is the last wallet I'd want
money out of, Bigfoot...

CUT TO:

16

INT. DOC'S PLACE - LATER

16

Doc's been released. He's watching BIGFOOT on TV from
the newscast at CHANNEL VIEW ESTATES.

DOC half watches, smokes the end of a joint and rolls
another. The PHONE RINGS:

DOC

Hello?

TARIQ (V.O.)
I didn't do it.

DOC
Nobody said you did... Who is
this?

TARIQ (V.O.)
If Glen was a target, then I am,
too. Better not be in contact,
man. This is not some bunch of
fools like the LAPD. And if you
don't mind a piece of free advice -
- forget it all.

Dial tone...

CLOSEUP - JOINT

It's done. He's smoked it all. He lies on the couch.

ANOTHER ANGLE

THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN: It's Bigfoot.

DOC
Hello?

BIGFOOT (V.O.)
So we sent some Police Academy
hotshot over to the last known
address of Shasta Fay Hepworth,
just a routine visit and guess
what?

DOC
Fuck, no, not this.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)
Relax -- don't be so sensitive --
all we know at this point is that
she's disappeared now, too, just
like her boyfriend Mickey... do
you think there could be a
connection? Maybe they ran off
together?

DOC
Bigfoot, can we at least try and
be professional about all this
from now on.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)
I am being professional. There's
certain things I can't tell you
because you aren't on payroll.
(MORE)

BIGFOOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 If anything occurs to you about
 where they went -- don't forget to
 share that with me, will you?

DOC
 What's the last address you have?

Bigfoot has already hung up.

The phone rings again.

DOC
 (into phone)
 Hello?

HOPE HARLINGEN (V.O.)
 Mr. Sportello?

DOC
 Yes?

HOPE HARLINGEN (V.O.)
 I got your number at the head shop
 in Gordita Beach. It's about my
 husband. He used to be a close
 friend of *your* friend -- Shasta
 Fay Hepworth?

DOC
 And you're?

HOPE HARLINGEN (V.O.)
 Hope Harlingen.

DOC
 Okay. And he's...?

HOPE HARLINGEN (V.O.)
 Dead.

CUT TO:

A17 INT. DOC'S CAR

A17

Driving to Hope's house. CLEAN OF SORTILEGE.

17 EXT. TORRANCE - SMALL HOUSE

17

Inside this nice, little house, DOC sits at the breakfast
 table with a sweet faced young woman: HOPE HARLINGEN
 (20s). (NOTE: Still need a ref. to her false
 teeth/calcium/heroin.)

HOPE HARLINGEN

Inside the surf-sax category Coy passed for a towering figure, because he actually improvised once in a while instead of how second and third choruses get repeated note for note?

DOC

You're right. I love surf music -- but some of the worst blues work ever recorded will be showing up on karmic rap sheets of surf-sax players.

HOPE HARLINGEN

It was never his work I was in love with. Coy and I should have met cute but actually we met squalid, down at Oscar's in San Ysidro --

DOC

Oh, boy.

HOPE HARLINGEN

I had just gone running into a toilet stall without checking first, had my finger already down my throat, to throw up the balloon of dope I'd just scored in Mexico and there Coy sat, gringo digestion, about to take a giant shit. We both let go about the same time, barf and shit all over the place, me with my face in his lap and to complicate things, he had this hard-on... Next thing we knew here came Amethyst, and pretty soon this is what we had her looking like...

She hands him SOME OLD POLAROID PICTURES.

DOC

AAAHHAHAH!!

HOPE HARLINGEN

Everybody we knew helpfully pointed out how heroin was coming through in my breast milk, but who could afford to buy formula? It's a long way from my job now. I'm a drug counselor -- talking kids into sensible drug use...

Doc looks very confused for a moment. (What's that?)

DOC CANNOT HELP BUT STARE AT HOPE'S TEETH AND MAKE FUNNY MOUTH MOVEMENTS WATCHING HER SPEAK...

HOPE HARLINGEN
You're staring at my teeth?

DOC
Huh? No? (Sensible drug use)
Yes.

HOPE HARLINGEN
Heroin sucks the calcium out of
your system like a vampire, use it
at any length of time and your
teeth go all to hell. And that's
the good part.

DOC
So... this thing that happened to
your husband?

HOPE HARLINGEN
Whatever he took that killed him,
wasn't California smack, for sure.

DOC
Who was the dealer?

HOPE HARLINGEN
El Drano in Venice.

DOC
Was Coy a steady customer?

HOPE HARLINGEN
Known him for years -- what does a
dealer care? Overdoses are good
for business --

DOC
Sudden herds of junkies showing up
at the door thinking it must be
some really good shit? Something
like that?

HOPE HARLINGEN
You got it. Mr. Sportello, I
don't think Coy is really dead.

DOC
Did you I.D. the body?

HOPE HARLINGEN
No. Whoever called me said
somebody from his band did that.

DOC
It's supposed to be next of kin.

HOPE HARLINGEN
And this... this deposit showed up
close to his disappearance.

She brings out a BANK STATEMENT book and shows it to him, points to a CREDIT. Doc raises his eyebrows at the amount.

DOC
Interesting sum.

HOPE HARLINGEN
He had no insurance policies that I knew about... Why would this big deposit suddenly appear in our account and be anonymous?

DOC
Is there a picture of Coy you could spare?

She hands him a BOX FULL OF POLAROIDs. Doc looks inside. We see: COY HARLINGEN. Coy with the baby, Coy cooking heroin, Coy tying off, Coy shooting up, Coy and Hope out at the beach, sitting in a pizza joint playing tug-of-war with the last slice, sticking his dick in his saxophone.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
These were perilous times, astrologically speaking, for dopers -- especially those of high school age, who'd been born most of them, under a ninety-degree aspect, the unluckiest angle possible, between Neptune, the doper's planet, and Uranus, the planet of rude surprises. Doc had known it to happen that those left behind would refuse to believe that people they loved or even took the same classes with were really dead. They came up with all kinds of alternate stories so it wouldn't have to be true.

DOC
Okay if I take this one?

HOPE HARLINGEN
Sure.

18 AT THE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

18

Doc's on his way out. Just one more thing...

DOC
How did your husband know Shasta Fay?

HOPE HARLINGEN

She picked us up hitchhiking... I think Coy and her somehow stayed in touch... but I don't know for sure...

CUT TO:

19 INT. DOC'S OFFICE - DAY

19

Getting outfit. Making call to Sloane Wolfmann scene.
For poss. over V.O. Petunia here.

CUT TO:

A20 INT. DOC'S CAR

A20

DRIVING TO SLOANE WOLFMANN'S.

Doc in his disguise...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

Shasta had mentioned a possible laughing academy angle to Mickey Wolfmann's matrimonial drama and Doc thought it might be interesting to see how society page superstar Mrs. Sloane Wolfmann would react when somebody brought up the topic... If Mickey was currently being held against his will in some private nuthouse, then Doc's immediate chore would be to try and find out which one...

CUT TO:

20 INT. WOLFMANN MANSION (SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS) - DAY

20

DOC rings the doorbell. He's dressed in a disguise of a DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT, SHORT HAIR WIG, LOAFERS. The door is opened by a sexy young Chicana: LUZ (20s).

LUZ

Who are you supposed to be?

DOC

Good afternoon, here to see Mrs. Wolfmann.

LUZ

She's hanging by the pool with all the police and them... come inside.

LUZ
So you're the shrink that called?

DOC
That's right.

LUZ
Uh-huh...

Out back, by the pool, LAPD are set up in A COMMAND POST by the pool cabana. They're also swimming in the pool, making margaritas and playing Ping Pong.

SLOANE WOLFMANN (40s, British, ex-showgirl) strolls towards the house wearing a black bikini, black shawl, black high heel sandals. She steps into the main living room to greet Doc... and stops, landing in what appears to be the MOST INSANELY GORGEOUS MOVIE STAR LIGHTING IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

SLOANE
Do you like the lighting?

DOC
Uh-huh.

SLOANE
Jimmy Wong Howe did it for us years ago. LUZ! The midday refrescos now, if you wouldn't mind?

They sit down. Luz comes in and pours drinks, shows her ass to Doc while pouring...

DOC
Your husband was planning to endow a new wing for our facility -- he actually tendered us a sum in advance. But somehow it just didn't seem right to keep the money while so little was known of his whereabouts. So, we'd like to refund you the sum, and if, and as we all pray when, Mr. Wolfmann is next heard from, why then, perhaps the process can resume.

SLOANE
We did recently endow another facility, in Ojai... Chryskylodon Institute.

DOC
Kriskleddone? Errrr... yesss, uh-huh...

SLOANE
An ancient Indian word that means,
'serenity.' Are you somehow a
subsidiary...?

DOC
Perhaps one of our Sister
Sanatoria?

Enter RIGGS WARBLING. Big, muscular and blond, spiritual
coach, wearing a tiny swim shorts.

SLOANE
Mr. Riggs Warbling... my spiritual
coach.

DOC
How'd you do?

RIGGS
Pleasureable.

DOC
(to Sloane)
Maybe you can tell us where to
send this refund and what form
you'd like it in?

RIGGS
Small bills! Non-consecutive
serial numbers!

SLOANE
Riggs. Enough. Always making
with the tasteless jokes. Perhaps
if one of your company officers
simply endorsed Michael's check
back to one of his accounts?

DOC
Of course!

SLOANE
Let me just find you a deposit
form...

She gets up and walks over to a desk, revealing a low cut
back and exposing her back...

DOC
You're a spiritual advisor, Mr.
Warbling?

RIGGS
And a contractor.

DOC
You work for Mr. Wolfmann?

RIGGS looks back to SLOANE WOLFMANN, says to Doc:

RIGGS
If you can call it work...

... Riggs starts doing some weightlifting nearby and some practice hump-thrusts. LUZ stands in a corner watching...

CLOSEUP - DOC

watching this circus...

CUT TO:

21 INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

21

Luz walks Doc to the front door. She makes eyes at him.

DOC
I forgot, I, uh, I have to use the bathroom?

LUZ
As long as you don't steal anything.

DOC
Muchas gracias, there, Luz.
I won't be a minute.

22 INT. PALATIAL BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

22

DOC snoops around, goes into a cavernous WALK-IN CLOSET and notices: A RACK DEDICATED TO SOME STRANGE NECKTIES. VINTAGE SILK TIES, HAND-PAINTED WITH A DIFFERENT NUDE WOMAN ON EACH. ERECT CLITS, SPREAD PUSSY LIPS, EACH WOMAN IN A DIFFERENT POSE. HE COMES ACROSS ONE OF SLOANE. SUDDENLY, THERE'S A HAND AROUND HIS BACK.

DOC
HOLY SHIT.

LUZ
I'm in there somewhere. Keep looking.

DOC
Huh huh huhuhuhuhu.

LUZ
There I am. Cute, huh? My tits aren't really that big, but it's the thought that counts.

DOC
Did you ladies all pose for these?

LUZ

A guy over in North Hollywood does custom work.

DOC

How about that chick... what's her name? The one's been missing?

LUZ

Shasta. Yeah. She's in there someplace. Mickey always used to take me in the shower to fuck. I never got a chance to do anything on that groovy bed in there.

SLOANE (O.S.)

LUZ! DONDE ESTAS, MI HIJATA??

LUZ

Another time, perhaps. You're not really a shrink are you?

DOC

No. But I do have a couch.

LUZ

Piscodelico, ese!

She flashes her teeth. He hands her one of the FAKE BUSINESS CARDS with his real number on it. She leaves.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. WOLFMANN MANSION
BIGFOOT/DOC scene TBD.

23

CUT TO:

24 INT. LUNCH SPOT (DOWNTOWN) - DAY

24

DOC is sitting in a lunch spot downtown populated with an assortment of JUDGES, LAWYERS, all completely DRUNK at lunchtime. In walks DEPUTY D.A. PENNY KIMBALL (30s).

PENNY

This Wolfmann-Charlock case. Apparently, one of your old girlfriends is a principal?

DOC

I just heard that she skipped.

PENNY

Put it another way: How close were you and Shasta Fay Hepworth?

DOC

Well, now, I've been asking myself that very question. It was all over years ago. Months? If you hadn't come along, babe, who knows how bad it might've got?

PENNY

True. You were a fucking mess when I met you.

DOC

And how 'bout now?

PENNY

Old times aside, have you had any contact with Miss Hepworth, in, say, the last week or so?

DOC

Well, now, funny you should ask because she called me up a couple days ago before Mickey Wolfmann disappeared with a story about how his wife and her boyfriend were plotting to hustle Mickey into the booby hatch and grab all his money. So I sure hope you guys, or the cops or whoever, are looking into that.

PENNY

And with your years of experience as a P.I., would you call that a reliable lead?

DOC

I've known worse. Or are you all just gonna just ignore that? Some hippie chick with boyfriend trouble, brains all mushed up with dope, sex, rock and roll --

PENNY

I've never seen you this emotional, Doc.

DOC

'Cause the lights are out, usually. I've never had lunch with you before.

PENNY

You didn't tell any of this to Lieutenant Bjornsen when he pulled you in at the crime scene? And Bjornsen seems to think you're as good a suspect as any --

DOC
'Seems to'?? You've been *talking*
to *Bigfoot*? About me??

PENNY
Doc. Shhh. Please. Besides,
maybe you *did* do it, has that
crossed your mind yet? Maybe
you just *forgot*? (Maybe you just
conveniently forgot about it the
way you do so often forget things
and this peculiar reaction of
yours is a typically twisted way
of confessing the act?)

DOC
Did do what?

PENNY
Kill Glenn Charlock.

DOC
Kill him? What? How would I
forget something like that?

PENNY
Grass and who knows what else,
Doc.

DOC
I'm only a light smoker.

PENNY
How many joints a day do you
smoke?

DOC
I... I'll have to check the log
book.

PENNY
You can't remember?

DOC
I don't keep track.

PENNY
Or maybe you can't keep track.

DOC
I don't think my smoking has any
link to the Wolfmann-Charlock,
Shasta case --

PENNY
... No? Why did Shasta Fay
Hepworth dismantle your
relationship?

DOC
She had other fish to fry.

PENNY
Would you say you're still in love
with her?

DOC
No. Wait, what is this, I'm not --

PENNY
Hectic week ahead for me, so
unless any of this heats up
dramatically, I hope you
understand.

DOC
Wouldn't it be nice...

PENNY
Walk me back to my office? I have
to swing by the Federal
Courthouse...

25 EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

25

DOC and PENNY enter. She guides the way, into the
waiting arms of: TWO FBI AGENTS BORDERLINE and
FLATWEED... Penny keeps walking, having set him up...

FLATWEED
I am Agent Flatweed and this is
Agent Borderline.

DOC
Did I miss an episode...?

FLATWEED
It's come to our attention that
not too long ago you had a visit
from a black prison militant
calling himself Tariq Khalil. We
naturally became curious.

26 INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

26

In a tiny office.

BORDERLINE
We like investigating and spending
energy on Black Nationalist hate
groups...

FLATWEED
It's the chronology, really.
Khalil visits your place of
business.

(MORE)

FLATWEED (CONT'D)

Next day, a known prison acquaintance of his, Glen Charlock, is slain, Michael Wolfmann disappears, and you get arrested and let go on suspicion.

DOC

So what do you want with me?

FLATWEED

Ordinarily, we're the one's asking the questions.

DOC

Sure thing, fellas, except aren't we all in the same business?

FLATWEED

There's no need to be insulting.

BORDERLINE

Why don't you just share with us what Mr. Khalil had to say the other day when he visited you?

DOC

Because he's a client, so that's privileged is why.

BORDERLINE

If it has a bearing on the Wolfmann case, we might have to disagree.

DOC

I wish I could help -- but what I can't figure is if your shop is really so focused on the Black Panthers and all that then what's with your interest in Mickey Wolfmann?

LONG PAUSE. No one says anything.

DOC

... Are you guys figuring Mickey's kidnapping as a Black Panther operation? Did they put the snatch on Mickey to make a *political point*? A nice shot at *some ransom money*?

Flatweed and Borderline blink a lot and look nervous.

DOC

Maybe you've at least thought of putting that out there as a cover story for whatever *did* happen? Can I be frank for a minute?

FLATWEED/BORDERLINE

Of course.

DOC

*Fly me to the moon... let me
swing among those stars...* Tell
Penny how nice our time has
been...

FLATWEED

As a COINTELPRO informant you
could be making up to three
hundred dollars a month, Larry.
Consider that.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. DOC'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Doc comes walking up to his office and sees: JADE and
BAMBI, from the Chick Planet Massage, running away from
his office, hopping into a HARLEY EARLE IMPALA and
peeling out...

He walks over to PETUNIA who hands him a flyer for CHICK
PLANET MASSAGE PUSSY EATER'S SPECIAL, shakes her head and
looks sad:

PETUNIA

Oh, Doc. It's dark and lonely
work, but someone has to do it?

DOC

I can explain this...

DOC turns it over, written across the back it reads:

JADE (V.O.)

'Heard they cut you loose. Need
to see you about something. I'm
working weeknights at Club
Asiatique in San Pedro. Love and
Peace, Jade. P.S. BEWARE THE
GOLDEN FANG!!!'

Doc notices, out the window, across the parking lot:
BIGFOOT'S EL CAMINO parked in the distance, engine fired
up and watching Doc...

DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. CLUB ASIATIQUE - NIGHT

28

DOC sits with a cocktail. JADE, wearing a cocktail
uniform, approaches DOC:

DOC

There you are.

JADE
See me outside, okay?

CUT TO:

29 EXT. BEHIND THE CLUB/SAN PEDRO DOCKS - NIGHT

29

Behind the club, on the docks, she speaks:

JADE
I can't stay here long. This is
Golden Fang territory. And a girl
don't necessarily want to get into
difficulties with those folks.

DOC
What is it? A band?

JADE
You wish. I just wanted to say how
sorry I was. I felt shitty about
what I did...

DOC
Which was what again?

JADE
I'm not a snitch. The cops told
us they'd drop charges if we just
put you at the scene, which they
already knew you were -- so where
was the harm? I'm like, so sorry,
Larry...

DOC
Call me Doc. It's cool, Jade.

JADE
That copper?

DOC
Bigfoot?

JADE
He's a warped sheet of plastic.

DOC
And was it Bigfoot who put me on
the Buenos Noches Express? Or did
he subcontract it?

JADE
I missed all that, man. Last
thing I remember was eating
Bambi's pussy -- and Puck
Beaverton's tattoo -- like it was
pulsating...

DOC
What's a Puck Beaverton?

JADE
He's an asshole you don't want to meet. Me and Bambi, we're so freaked with the BadAss Brigade stomping in there we didn't stick around --

DOC
How about those jailhouse Nazis who were supposed to be covering Mickey's back?

JADE
All over the place one minute, gone the next. Like a raid, when people know it's gonna happen? They all cleared out except for Glenn.

DOC
Like someone forgot to tell him something?

JADE
Listen -- there's somebody who wants to talk to you. He thinks you can help each other out. He's a new face. I'm not even sure of his name but I know he's in some trouble.

DOC
Okay...

JADE motions over her shoulder... OUT OF THE MIST WALKS... COY HARLINGEN. DOC blinks a few times. JADE disappears.

DOC
Howdy, Coy.

COY
I would've come to your office, man.
But I thought there might be unfriendly eyeballs.

DOC
Is this safe enough for you. Out here?

COY
Let's light this and pretend we came out to smoke.

They light a joint and pass it back and forth.

COY
I'm supposed to be dead.

DOC
There's also a rumor that you're not.

COY
That don't come as such great news. Bein' dead is part of my job image. Like what I do.

DOC
Are you working for these people here at the club?

COY
I don't know. Maybe. It's where I come to pick up my paycheck.

DOC
Where are you staying?

COY
House in Topanga Canyon. A band I used to play for, The Boards. But none of them know it's me.

DOC
How can they not know it's you?

COY
Even when I was alive, they didn't know it was me, man. 'The Sax Player.' The session guy. Plus, over the years, there's been this big turnover of personnel, like, The Boards I played with have most of them gone off by now and formed other bands. Only one or two of the old crew are left, and they're suffering with heavy doper's memory.

DOC
Story is you came to grief behind some bad smack. You still into that?

COY
No. God. No. I'm clean these days. I spent my time rehabilitating up --

DOC
It's okay. I can't hear too good. And how can I talk about what I don't hear?

Coy is delicate now, sizing Doc up, looking around, words get more whispery:

COY

The thing I wanted to see you about... Just wondering if you could check in on a couple of people. A lady and a little girl. See that they're okay -- and without bringing me into it. It's down in Torrance.

(hands him address)

Just see if they're still livin' there. What's in the driveway. Law enforcement in the picture, any details you find interesting --

DOC

I'm on it.

COY

I can't pay you right now.

DOC

When you can. Unless maybe you're one of those folks who believe information is money, in which case, I could ask you something?

COY

Bearing in mind that either I don't know or it'll be my ass if I tell you, what is it?

DOC

Ever heard of the *Golden Fang*?

COY

Sure. It's a boat. A big schooner, somebody said. Brings stuff in and out of the country but nobody wants to talk about it...

DOC

Because?

COY turns and look out over his shoulder into the HARBOR. It's foggy... DOC squints through stoned eyes... Coy turns back to him:

COY

That was it.

DOC

How do you know?

COY

Saw it sail in. Got here the same time I did tonight.

DOC
I don't know what I just saw.

COY
Me neither. Fact, I don't even
want to know.

Doc blinks and like that... Coy's gone... Doc is left
standing alone, very confused, and paranoid.

30 EXT. BEACH/SAND DUNE - DAY

30

DOC looking through binoculars, SAUNCHO is here, over his
shoulder. They're looking at a THREE-MASTED SCHOONER,
GOLDEN FANG.

SAUNCHO
Meet the schooner *Golden Fang*, out
of Charlotte Amalie.

DOC
Where is that?

SAUNCHO
Virgin Islands.

DOC
Bermuda Triangle?

SAUNCHO
Close enough.

DOC
Sizable vessel.

SAUNCHO
She has a tendency to show up in
the middle of the night, no
running lights, no radio traffic.
See, the problem with this vessel
is trying to find out *anything*.
People back off, change the
subject, get creepy and head for
the toilet, never to reappear...
the owners are listed as a
consortium in the Bahamas.

31 INT. FISH PLACE

31

Doc and Sauncho at a disgusting restaurant.

SAUNCHO
Her name isn't really the *Golden
Fang*.

(MORE)

SAUNCHO (CONT'D)

Her original name was *Preserved* after her miraculous escape in 1917 from a tremendous nitroglycerin explosion in Halifax Harbor which blew away most everything else in it, shipping and souls. After World War II she was bought by Burke Stodger.

DOC

Burke Stodger, Burke Stodger.
Burke Stodger, the actor? .45
Caliber Kiss Off -- Burke Stodger?

Sauncho motions to the wall -- a few 8x10 headshots of film stars who have visited the Fish Place -- one of them is BURKE STODGER from his younger days in BLACK AND WHITE HEADSHOT...

SAUNCHO

... Burke Stodger got blacklisted for his politics, branded a communist and was forced to take the boat and split the country. Which is where the Bermuda Triangle comes in.....

Sauncho hushes up as the waitress arrives...

SAUNCHO

Ordinarily I'd have the Admiral's Luau -- but today I'll have the house anchovy loaf to start and the devil-ray filet. Can I get that deep fried in beer batter?

DOC

I'll have the jellyfish teriyaki croquettes and the eel trovatore.

SAUNCHO

And two tequila Zombies.

Waitress leaves, Sauncho back to whispers:

SAUNCHO

... so Burke's blacklisted, splits town on the boat... but somewhere between San Pedro and Papeete, the ship disappears, till one day, a couple years later, boat and owner suddenly reappear -- *Preserved* in the opposite ocean, off Cuba, and Burke Stodger on the front page of *Daily Variety* in an article reporting his return in a big budget major studio project called *Commie Confidential*. He followed that up with *Squeal*, *Pinko*, *Squeal* and *I Was A Red Dope Fiend*.

DOC
Sooooooooooooo Burke's working
again?

SAUNCHO
And his politics have miraculously
changed. It's wrecking my
appetite just talking about what's
happened to this great ship --
they removed any traces of soul
she once had...

DOC
You're emotionally involved? With
a boat?

SAUNCHO
Not just a boat, Doc. Something
much more. I know why I'm so
interested, but why are you?

DOC
Some story I heard the other
night. Maybe some kind of
smuggling angle?

SAUNCHO
As attorney and client, this story
you heard -- it didn't happen to
include Mickey Wolfmann?

DOC
Not so far, why?

SAUNCHO
According to scuttlebutt, shortly
before his disappearance --
everybody's favorite developer was
observed going onboard the *Golden
Fang*. What we call a three-hour
tour and back again...

DOC
Was he accompanied by his lovely
companion?

SAUNCHO
... Who?

DOC
My ex-old Shasta Fay?

SAUNCHO
Thought you were done with all
that sad bullshit.

DOC
... Everybody make it back? No
one pushed overboard? Nothin'
like that?

SAUNCHO

Let's order you a boilermaker to go with the Zombie and you can start the whole sordid thing over again...

DOC

Just asking... anything else?

SAUNCHO

Word swirling around some of my friends at the Department of Justice says that maybe Mickey Wolfmann's not as missing as we think?

DOC

Like gone but not gone?

SAUNCHO

A rumor that these guys are trying to broker a Vegas deal with Wolfmann...

DOC

Doesn't compute. Say again. Vegas. Wolfmann.

SAUNCHO

It's FBI stuff. That's what they do in Vegas... apparently Wolfmann owned some property they wouldn't mind having...

The drinks arrive.

SAUNCHO

Mmmmmmmmmmm. All this good eatin'.

CUT TO:

32-36 OMITTED

32-36

37 INT. DOC'S PLACE - NIGHT

37

DOC is on the couch, pretty stoned, watching PRESIDENT NIXON on TV at a Republican rally for a group known as VIGILANT CALIFORNIA. Nixon stands in front of a huge banner promoting them. A LONG-HAIRED GUY IN THE CROWD AT THE RALLY STARTS HECKLING NIXON... SCREAMING AND YELLING.

WILD-EYED GUY (V.O.)

(on TV)

HEY, NIXON! TRICKY DICK! FUCK YOU! FUCK EVERYBODY AND THE FIRST FUCKIN' FAMILY! FUCK THE DOG!

PENNY comes out of the bedroom, naked and smoking a joint, sees the TV and says...

PENNY
Hey... it's Chucky!

DOC
Who?

NIXON (V.O.)
(on TV)
Better get him to a hippie drug clinic!

SECRET SERVICE come over and get him. DOC realizes that this WILD-EYED GUY is actually: COY HARLINGEN.

PENNY
That's no hippie! That's Chucky!

DOC
Who is it? A friend of yours?

PENNY
Everybody knows him. When he's not hanging out at the Hall of Justice, he's at the Glass House.

DOC
A snitch?

PENNY
Informant, please.

DOC
And why's he yelling at Nixon like that again?

PENNY
Now he's been on TV. Instant and wide credibility. The police can infiltrate him into any group they want.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

38

DOC, disguised as a REPORTER (ponytail, fedora hat, tape recorder) and DENIS as a PHOTOGRAPHER pull up to the house in Topanga Canyon where The Boards are staying. As they enter the huge mansion, a couple sexy young house GROUPIES come forward with leis and beads and put them around Doc and Denis...

INSIDE

Doc walks through the party...

39

ANOTHER ANGLE

39

SMEDLEY (Spotted Dick band member) and his KEYBOARD.

Doc interviews him, like he's a reporter...

SMEDLEY

This is Fiona...

DOC

What do you and Fiona talk about?

SMEDLEY

Oh, what you'd expect.
Association football, the war in
Southeast Asia, where one can
score, that sort of thing.

DOC

And how's Fiona enjoying it here
in Southern California?

SMEDLEY

Loves everything but the paranoia,
man.

DOC

Paranoia, really?

SMEDLEY

This house...

SMEDLEY grows quiet as he notices road manager-types who
may or may not be working undercover come near --

40

ANGLE - DOC

40

Doc lurks around a hallway and runs into: JADE.

DOC

What, you again?

JADE

I drove up with Bambi -- she heard
Spotted Dick were staying here --

DOC

She's keen on the Dick, huh?

JADE

Tuneful and poetic. English, I
guess. I had to come along to try
and keep her out of trouble.

DOC

If anybody asks, I'm a rock and
roll reporter, okay?

JADE
I'll tell them about your Pat
Boone cover article.

DOC
Have you seen the guy I was
talking to at Club Asiatique the
other night?

JADE
Yeah, he's here. Try the
rehearsal rooms upstairs...

41 REHEARSAL STUDIO

41

DOC makes his way to a SMALL REHEARSAL STUDIO UPSTAIRS.
He steps inside and sees: COY, doing some recording with
his SAXOPHONE... "Donna Lee."

DOC
Howdy! It's me again! Remember
that chore you wanted me to do?

COY signals his thumb to a cloister of RECORDING
EQUIPMENT.

COY
What was the, uh, make and model
you looked at again?

DOC
... You were asking about a older-
type VW, flowers and bluebirds and
hearts on it?

COY
No new replacement parts?

DOC
None I could see.

COY
Street legal? No hassles with
registration?

DOC
Seemed that way.

COY
Well, thanks for looking into
that, you know, I just wondered
the way people do. I'll be in
touch.

42 LIVING ROOM AREA

42

DOC looks in another room, sees a big TEEPEE. He steps
inside and suddenly, Coy is with him:

COY
So you got to see Hope?

DOC
For a minute. She's okay. And it looks like she's been staying clean, too.

COY
How'd she do it?

DOC
I don't know. She's back teaching is all she said. Public health, drug awareness, something like that.

COY
Where?

DOC
I don't know.

COY
-- You're not gonna tell me where?

DOC
Not even if I knew.

COY
What -- you really think that I would ever start giving either of them shit?

DOC
I don't do matrimonials. I have a terrible history of putting in, and it's never ended well.

COY
Don't matter. No way I can ever go back to them.

DOC
You can't go back, because if you did...?

COY
It would be my ass and my family's, too. This is like a gang. Once you're in, you're in for life.

DOC
I'm not asking you to give away any secrets... But I think I just saw you on the tube at a rally for Nixon?

COY

And your question is, is am I really one of them screamin' right-wing nutcases?

DOC

Somethin' like that.

COY

I just wanted to get clean... and I thought it was something to do for my country. Stupid as it sounds. They saw something in me I didn't see. These people were the only ones who were offering me that. It looked like an easy call... But what they really want is to control the membership by making us feel we're never patriotic enough. My country right or wrong, with Vietnam going on? That's just fuckin' crazy. Suppose your mom was using smack.

DOC

My, uh...

COY

You wouldn't at least say something?

DOC

Wait, so the U.S. is somebody's mom, you're sayin'?... and she's strung out on... what, exactly?

COY

On sending kids off to die in jungles for no reason. Something wrong and suicidal that she can't stop.

DOC

... Uhhhhhh... and Vigilant California, or whoever you're workin' for, won't buy that?

COY

I never got a chance to bring it up. Look at me around here. I'm lower than a groupie, fetching weed, opening beers, making sure there's only aqua jelly beans in the giant punch bowl in the parlor.

DOC

I do get the feeling you'd rather be someplace else --

COY

Back where I was would be nice,
but it's too late --

DOC

Short of actual marriage
counseling, if I did just run a
fast check and happened to find
some angle you maybe haven't
thought of with this --

COY

Nothing personal, man. But
there's too much you haven't
thought of. You want to run your
check, I can't stop you.

DOC

I can dig you're tryin' to chase
me off this, but look, whatever it
is you're caught inside, I'm still
out here, on the outside of it. I
can move in ways you may not be
able to...

COY

The baby? How'd she look?

DOC

A sweetie pie.

COY

Any sign of them little kid blues?

DOC

I couldn't say...

COY

... I've really blown this solo,
man.

DOC

The original call from these
people, where did it come from?

COY

It's like bein' stuck with a
borrowed horn.

DOC

Just give me a glimpse here: Who
set you up with these people?

COY

When I first started snitching, I
realized how often people ask
questions they already know the
answers to -- but they just want
to hear it from another voice,
like outside their head --

DOC
Help me out...

COY
You'd better find Shasta Fay.

Doc blinks and Coy disappears again --

DOC
Now... what the fuck?

43 IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE

43

DENIS has made his way into the kitchen... Denis sees Coy drift into the dining room to get something to eat... so he lifts his camera and snaps. Which sets off a bunch of people moving towards them: Doc runs into Jade:

JADE
Doc, can I get a ride, this place
is freakin' me out --

They head out of the house --

CUT TO:

44 EXT. TOPANGA CANYON - NIGHT

44

A SINISTER-LOOKING WOODIE WITH BLACKED OUT WINDOWS IS FOLLOWING THEM... DOC drives faster and faster through the treacherous canyon road...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
As if things weren't peculiar
enough, Doc was managing to put
himself on a full-scale paranoid
trip about Shasta...

JADE and DENIS are in the backseat and start to strike up a conversation as Denis is rolling a joint...

DENIS
And what's, like, your name?

JADE
Ashley... do you eat pussy, by the
way?

CLOSEUP - DOC

driving, paranoid, bad driver, lights in rearview mirror.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

... and how she must have been using, all the time she and Doc were together, maybe since before they'd met, a devoted junkie taking every chance she could to slip out into the fine breezy nights and go someplace they'd've been looking after her outfit for her so she wouldn't have to hide it at home from Doc... just to be back for a while among the junkie fellowship, to have a break from this hopeless stooge she was already planning to split on and so forth.

45

JADE

45

gets out of the car --

JADE

Thanks for the lift, boys.

DOC

Hey, Ashley?

JADE

Yeah?

DOC

I thought you said your name was Jade?

JADE

That's just my nom du Chick Planet Massage.

DOC

Alrighty, then -- while we're just talking here, is there anything else you wanna tell me about this *Golden Fang*?

JADE

They're an Indochinese heroin cartel. A vertical package. They grow it, bring it in, step on it, run stateside networks of local street dealers and take a separate percentage off of each operation.

DOC

So... you're dealing smack?

JADE

No, but they use Chick Planet as a front to launder money. Should I have told you this earlier?

DOC

Maybe not.

JADE

See you around.

(ALTERNATE)

... just be advised boys, you'll want to watch your step, 'cause what I am is, is like a small-diameter pearl of the Orient rolling around on the floor of late capitalism -- lowlifes of all income levels may step on me now and then but if they do -- it'll be them who slip and fall and on a good day break their ass, while the ol' pearl herself just goes a-rollin'. Thanks for the lift.

CUT TO:

46 EXT./INT. PARKER CENTER- DAY

46

Doc walks up and in the building. Like being on another planet.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

All this strange alternate cop history and cop politics -- cop dynasties, cop heroes and evildoers, saintly cops and psycho cops, cops too stupid to live and cops too smart for their own good -- insulated by secret loyalties and codes of silence from the world they'd all been given to control...

47 INT. HOMICIDE ROOM

47

DOC comes into HOMICIDE ROOM. BIGFOOT is here, eating a frozen banana.

BIGFOOT

I hope this will not be another of those unabridged paranoid hippie monologues I seem obliged to sit through.

DOC

What if someone died but was resurrected?

BIGFOOT

Not at first glance a matter for Homicide.

DOC
So - who around here handles
resurrections?

BIGFOOT
Bunco squad, usually.

DOC
Does that mean LAPD officially
believes that every return from
the dead is some kind of con?

BIGFOOT
Not always. Could be a mistaken
or false I.D. type of problem.

DOC
But not --

BIGFOOT
You're dead, you're dead. Are we
talking philosophy?

48 ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

48

Doc and Bigfoot sitting together, Doc catching him up to
speed on Coy's case. DOC gives him a PHOTO OF COY: It's
like *The Last Supper*, Coy as Jesus grabbing food from
table.

BIGFOOT
Just remind me why I give a shit
again?

DOC
He's worked for the Department as
a snitch, he oughta be in your
file...

BIGFOOT looks at Doc, then the picture: "How much does
Doc know?"

BIGFOOT
Alright, I'll look into it
personally.

He motions down a back corridor...

BIGFOOT
Just want to look in the freezer a
minute... come with me.

CUT TO:

49 INT. CORRIDOR/UTILITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

49

Bigfoot leads Doc down a hall and into a room with a
CORPSE-SIZE PROFESSIONAL FREEZER.

Bigfoot opens it up: INSIDE ARE SEVERAL HUNDRED FROZEN CHOCOLATE COVERED BANANAS.

BIGFOOT

I'm down to a dozen a day now.
The therapist says I've made
amazing progress. Please, dig in,
feel free. I'm told I have to
share.

He puts the FROZEN BANANAS in the PNEUMATIC TUBE DISPENSER, sending chocolate frozen bananas hurling around Parker Center...

DOC

Certainly a lot of these in here.
Is the Department picking up the
tab?

Bigfoot's FACE TURNS AND THE MOLECULES COMPLETELY CHANGE AS HE SEES SOMETHING OVER DOC'S SHOULDER... DOC looks scared stiff... realizes Bigfoot's looking past him, Doc turns --

DOWN THE CORRIDOR --

A FEW OFFICERS, DETECTIVES, VICE SQUAD MEMBERS ARE SAYING SOME KIND WORDS, SHAKING HANDS, LAUGHING WITH A STRANGE LITTLE MAN: ADRIAN PRUSSIA. Everyone's all smiles as they UN-CUFF ADRIAN...

DOC

Is that Adrian Prussia? I
remember him from my skip tracing
days... he's the one with the
bat... he beat up an old lady with
a baseball bat. And why's he... I
mean... why's he shaking hands and
smiling and kissing babies with
the Vice Squad boys again? Which
part did I miss? And why's he
walking this way???

ADRIAN walks over.

ADRIAN

This you're new partner, Bigfoot?

BIGFOOT

Here, Adrian... have a banana.
Bend over and I'll stick it in for
you.

ADRIAN

Fuck you. And fuck your banana.

Adrian exits. Bigfoot to Doc...

DOC

You guys go back, huh?

BIGFOOT
Where do you think Mickey Wolfmann
is, Doc?

DOC
Now that's a good question. (You
try Las Vegas yet?)

BIGFOOT
And where is that love of your
life Shasta Fay Hepworth?

DOC
Play nice. (Mighty snotty,
Bigfoot.)

BIGFOOT
And how much could she have really
meant to him -- or him to her that
he could just let this all get
so fucked up?

DOC
Best question yet. (Is this
multiple choice?)

BIGFOOT
There's places you don't want to
go, Doc -- better get back to the
beach, you smell like a patchouli
factory.

CUT TO:

50 EXT./INT. DOC'S OFFICE - NIGHT 50

Doc walks the long corridor towards his office...

51 DOC 51

walks into his office, is deep in thought, locks the door
double and triple lock turns and SCREAMS AT THE SIGHT OF
A SEXY YOUNG BIKER GIRL: CLANCY CHARLOCK.

DOC
AHHHAHAHAHA!!!! COOTIE FOOD!!

CLANCY
Remains to be seen...

DOC
WHO ARE YOU?!??

CLANCY
Clancy Charlock.

DOC
Glen Charlock's?

CLANCY

Sister.

DOC

I'm sorry about your brother...

CLANCY

Glen was a shit and bound to have his series canceled sometime. But that don't keep me from wanting to know who his killer is.

DOC

You talk to the police?

CLANCY

They talked to me. Some smart-ass named Bjornsen. Can't say it was encouraging. But I guess he's a fan of yours... Would you mind not staring at my tits like that?

DOC

Sorry -- I was just reading your T-shirt. So now... you say... Lieutenant Bjornsen referred you to me?

CLANCY

He sounded a lot more concerned with Mickey Wolfmann's disappearance than Glen's murder, which I guess is no big surprise. Is that a joint? Can I smoke it?

DOC pulls out a freshly rolled one.

DOC

Here's a new one.../Please...

She lights it and smokes half of it down in one suck before passing it back to Doc...

DOC

The theory downtown is that your brother tried to prevent whoever it was from putting the snatch on Mickey and got shot for doing his job.

CLANCY

Way too sentimental.

DOC

Then maybe he saw something he shouldn't have.

CLANCY

That's how Boris has it figured to.

DOC

Who's that?

CLANCY

Another member of Mickey's muscle patrol. They've all dropped out of sight, but last night, Boris called me late. We have some history. Right now, he's scared shitless.

DOC

What of?

CLANCY

He said Mickey was in the deepest shit you could get in all because of this idea that came to him.

DOC

Which was?

CLANCY

All the money he ever made -- he was working on a way just to give it back.

DOC

Can I still get my name on the list?

CLANCY

That's what I said!

DOC

Why, but why would he want to?

CLANCY

Wouldn't be the first rich guy on a guilt trip lately. He was doing a lot of acid and peyote and maybe it just got to a point... you must've seen that happen.

DOC

Once or twice, but it's more like calling in sick for a couple days, breakin' up with your old lady, nothing on that scale.

CLANCY

He said he felt bad about making people pay for shelter -- that all along he should have realized it should've been for free --

DOC

He told him that?

CLANCY

Boris heard him say it... he wanted to build a big place out in the desert where anybody could come and live for free -- called Arrepentimiento.

DOC

Yeah, okay, and what's that mean again?

CLANCY

Spanish for 'sorry about that.' The idea was if there was an open unit -- it was yours for free... anyone from anywhere can have shelter... are you gonna keep holding on to that joint or are you gonna marry it?

DOC

And what about Mickey's ladies? Any of them object to his big giveaway?

CLANCY

Only one I've heard Boris say anything about is Shasta -- the one's gone missing.

DOC

What'd he say?

CLANCY

Said Shasta was the only one that ever made any sense around there -- she was nervous about Mickey givin' away all his money -- which I guess caused some problems because it made him think that's all she was worried about was her meal ticket -- which I guess was really crazy cause she was in love with him. Deeply in love...

DOC

Shasta and I lived for a short while together and I can't say for sure how deep it went. How she really felt about me.

CLANCY

Well, I hope this ain't a bummer for you to be hearin'...

DOC

Clancy, I only look like an evil motherfucker... secretly, I'm as sentimental as any ex-old man.

CLANCY

You are a pretty dangerous hombre,
I can see that... but, as one
who's been down this particular
exit ramp -- you can only cruise
the boulevards of regret so far,
and then you've got to get back up
onto the freeway again.

DOC

Who else does he think was worried
about Mickey's big giveaway?
Business partners? The wife?

CLANCY

That cop friend of yours kept
showing up at the house all the
time warning Mickey...

DOC

Bigfoot? So he warned Mickey to
what?

CLANCY

I don't know. (Mickey didn't
listen to advice... maybe he said
don't give away all your money?
Stop doing peyote? Stop doing
acid? You're the detective.)

CUT TO:

52

EXT. DOC'S OFFICE - NIGHT

52

Clancy and Doc step out of the office. She has TWO
BIKERS waiting for her...

DOC

Anything else?

THE BIKES FIRE UP LOUD. CLANCY YELLS TO DOC:

CLANCY

PUCK BEAVERTON.

DOC

UH-HUH.

CLANCY

HE HAD THE DUTY TO GUARD MICKEY
THAT DAY BUT CHANGED SHIFTS WITH
GLEN AT THE LAST MINUTE...

DOC

YOU THINK PUCK SET GLEN UP?

CLANCY

PUCK'S AN ASSHOLE.

DOC
SOUNDS LIKE YOU DATED.

CLANCY
HIM AND HIS ROOMMATE EINAR.

DOC
BOTH? (TWO AT A TIME?)

CLANCY
THAT'S MY PREFERENCE.

DOC
KNOW WHERE I MIGHT FIND THIS
MR. BEAVERTON?

CLANCY
PROBABLY OUT LOOKING FOR GIRLS TO
TREAT LIKE SHIT -- PREFERABLY
ONES THAT DON'T MIND. HAPPY
HUNTING.

CUT TO:

A53 INT. DOC'S CAR - NIGHT

A53

After Clancy. Driving to get postcard... NO SORTILEGE.

53 EXT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

53

Doc walks up to his place... a FEW SHADOWS AND MOVEMENTS
AROUND click him into a paranoia alert... He sees on the
doorsill a POSTCARD... He carefully picks it up, looks it
over... it's from some place deep in the Pacific Ocean.

SHASTA (V.O.)
I wish you could see these waves.
It's one more of these places a
voice from somewhere else tells
you you have to be. Remember the
day with the Ouija board? I miss
those days and I miss you. I wish
so many things could be
different... Nothing was supposed
to happen this way, Doc, I'm
sorry...

CUT TO:

54 INT. DOC'S APARTMENT

54

He comes in, places the postcard down and lights a joint,
SHASTA'S VOICE CONTINUES.

SHASTA (V.O.)
... you don't remember the Ouija
board? Come on, Doc...
(MORE)

SHASTA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...go stumbling through that city
 dump of a memory... It had been
 one of those prolonged times of no
 dope, nobody had any, everybody
 was desperate and suffering lapses
 of judgment.

CUT TO:

55 FLASHBACK - INT. SORTILEGE'S HOUSE

55

DOC and SHASTA with SORTILEGE and a OUIJA BOARD.

DOC
 Hey! You think it knows where we
 can score?

SORTILEGE
 Easy as pie, just do it all by
 yourself.

DOC and SHASTA put their hands on it. The PLANCHETTE
 TAKES OFF LIKE A ROCKET, SPELLING OUT AN ADDRESS AND A
 PHONE NUMBER. They furiously write this down. DOC picks
 up the phone and dials. It rings and a FEMALE VOICE
 RECORDING ANSWERS:

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 'Howdy, dopers! We've got
 whatever you need, and remember --
 the sooner you get over here, the
 more there'll be left for you.'

DOC
 Who is this? Whom I talking to?
 Hey! She just hung up.

SORTILEGE
 Did you hear what she was
 screaming at you: 'Stay away! I
 am a police trap!' You see the
 problem about Ouija boards --

DOC looks to SHASTA and they RUN OUT THE DOOR, IGNORING
 SORTILEGE.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. SUNSET (NEAR VERMONT)

56

They arrive at the address in the rain. It's a HUGE,
 EMPTY, EXCAVATED LOT. Rain water fills it up... it...
 flows out into the street...

ANOTHER ANGLE

DOC and SHASTA stuff for here.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. SUNSET (NEAR VERMONT) (PRESENT)

57

DOC walks over to the area where the vacant lot was... the hole in ground is gone... and in its place, a STRANGELY FUTURISTIC building. SMOOTH, NARROW, CONICAL -- A SIX-STORY-HIGH GOLDEN FANG.

DOC walks back down the street.. DENIS is in the car, waiting for him...

DOC

Denis, I'm gonna look around for a while, you want to wait in the car or come in and cover my back?

DENIS

I was gonna go try and find a pizza, if that's okay?

DOC

And you remember that this is a stick, not automatic and so forth.

DENIS

Easy as pie, Doc.

CUT TO:

58 INT. GOLDEN FANG ENTERPRISES H.Q. - THAT MOMENT

58

It's quiet. Doc enters. A receptionist: XANDRA (Asian, British, 20s) and a sign that reads: "Golden Fang Enterprises/Corporate HQ."

DOC

Hi, Xandra. This is the address they told me at the Club Asiatique in San Pedro? Just here to pick up a package for the management?

XANDRA reaches for a telephone, punches some numbers, murmurs into it. She hangs up.

XANDRA

Follow me.

She guides him down a hall...

CUT TO:

59

INT. OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

59

She puts him in an empty office.

XANDRA

Dr. Blatnoyd will see you in a moment.

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

DR. RUDY BLATNOYD (50s) enters, wearing an eggplant velour double-breasted suit; high-energy. Blatnoyd flips open a three-ring binder, looks it over, then looks up at Doc:

BLATNOYD

So... you have some I.D., I imagine?

Doc goes into his wallet, pulls out a business card from a Chinese head shop.

BLATNOYD

I can't read this... it's in some... Oriental... what is this, Chinese?

DOC

Well... I figured that you, *being* Chinese.

BLATNOYD

What? What are you talking about?

DOC

The... the Golden Fang...?

BLATNOYD

It's a syndicate. Most of us happen to be dentists. A syndicate of dentists. Set up long ago for tax purposes, all legit... Wait, where did you tell Xandra you were from again?

DOC

... Uh...

BLATNOYD

Why, you're another one of those hippie dopefiends, aren't you? My goodness! Here for a little perking up, I'll bet --

He brings out a tall CYLINDER of BROWN GLASS.

BLATNOYD

Dig it! Just in from Darmstadt,
lab quality, maybe I'll even have
some with you --

He dumps the PHARMACEUTICAL COCAINE out on the table,
arranges some lines, offers some to DOC.

DOC

I try not to do dope I can't pay
for, 's what it is.

BLATNOYD

Wooooo! No worries. It's on the
house.

DOC

Well, just to be sociable, I
guess...

XANDRA enters, seductively:

XANDRA

Doctor? I think there's a problem
with the couch in your office.
And bring that bottle...

Blatnoyd grabs the cylinder, runs after Xandra, unzipping
his pants as he goes... DOC does some snooping... He goes
to what looks like a closet door, he opens it --

CUT TO:

60 INT. HUGE ROOM - THAT MOMENT

60

It's a pristine, long and narrow DENTAL OPERATION ROOM.
ROWS OF DENTIST CHAIRS, EQUIPMENT ETC. A few chairs are
occupied by clients (mostly hippie-types, cleaned up)
There are DOCTORS and SEXY DENTAL ASSISTANTS wearing
surgical masks. Some of them look up, see DOC, then go
back to their patients. Doc takes this all in...

61 BACK IN RUDY'S OFFICE

61

Doc comes back in...

JAPONICA

Hi, Dr. Rudy... I'm back...

DOC

You're not Dr. Rudy...

JAPONICA

You're not Dr. Rudy...

A young girl has entered Blatnoyd's office: JAPONICA
FENWAY (20). Doc recognizes her.

DOC
That's at Japonica, ain't it?
Japonica Fenway? Imagine meeting
you here...

Doc walks slowly towards Japonica...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
This was not a moment he'd been
either dreading or hoping for,
though now and then somebody would
remind him of the ancient American
Indian belief that if you save
somebody's life, you are
responsible for them from then on,
forever, and he would wonder if
any of that applied to his history
with Japonica here... (more??)

DOC
So... what have you been up to?

JAPONICA
Oh. Escaping mostly? There's
this, like, place my parents keep
sending me to?

DOC
Escaping? Escaping what?

JAPONICA
Chryskylodon Institute.

DOC
Place up in Ojai...?

JAPONICA
You know it?

DR. BLATNOYD comes bursting back into the room, zipping
up his pants --

BLATNOYD
Japonica? I thought we'd agreed
never to --

JAPONICA
I escaped again, Rudy...

BLATNOYD
(to Doc)
What are you still doing here?

CUT TO:

62 IN THE LOBBY - AT THAT MOMENT

62

DENIS is walking around aimlessly looking for Doc. He's holding THE STEERING WHEEL from Doc's car and calling his name... Xandra is running behind him, zipping up her skirt...

DENIS
Doc? Doc? Where are you Doc?

XANDRA
No, no, no, where are you going?
Come back here...!

63 INT. DR. BLATNOYD'S OFFICE

63

Denis enters into Blatnoyd's office --

DENIS
Hey, man... your ride's in a body shop.

DOC
What is it this time?

DENIS
I sort of mashed the front end. I was looking at these chicks out on Little Santa Monica --

XANDRA
I told you you couldn't come up here!
(to Japonica)
Oh. How lovely. Smile
Maintenance Chick.

BLATNOYD
Miss Fenway may seem a little psychotic today --

DENIS
Groovy.

BLATNOYD
What?

DOC
Denis...

BLATNOYD
It's not 'groovy' to be insane. Japonica here has been institutionalized for it.

DENIS
They put those volts in your head?

JAPONICA
Volts and volts and volts.

DENIS
Bad for la cabeza.

DOC
Let's go, Denis, we gotta figure
out a way to catch a bus back to
the beach.

JAPONICA
If you need a ride, I'm heading
that way --

DOC
Cop-friendly? Everything cool
with your ride, Japonica? Brake
lights, license plates, so forth?

JAPONICA
A-okay.

BLATNOYD
Mind if I tag along with you
people? Contingencies of the road
and so forth?

DOC
Yes, yes. Okay. That's a good
idea... and why don't we do a
little bit more of *that* for the
road --

CUT TO:

64 INT. 1960 MERCEDES - EVENING

64

PARKED. They all get in, DR. BLATNOYD pushes a MARKET
BAG under the seat...

DENIS
What's in that bag you're stuffing
under Doc's seat?

BLATNOYD
Pay no attention to that bag. It
will only make everybody paranoid.

JAPONICA starts the car and pulls out into traffic --

CUT TO:

65 INT. 1960 MERCEDES (DRIVING)

65

Japonica humming throughout --

DOC

Ah, Japonica -- your lights? It'd be groovy, Japonica, really to have some lights working seeing's how Beverly Hills cops are known to lurk uphill on these different cross streets? Just waiting for minor violations like lights to pop folks on?

BLATNOYD

Everything all right, baby? Um, Japonica, dear? That was a red light?

JAPONICA

I don't think so... I think that was one of it's eyes.

DOC

Oh, well, yes, we can sure dig that, Japonica, but then again --

BLATNOYD

No, no, there's no 'it' watching you! Those are not 'eyes,' those are warnings to come to a full stop and wait till the light turns green, don't you remember learning that in school?

POLICE LIGHTS.

CUT TO:

66

EXT./INT. STREET - MERCEDES - NIGHT

66

They've been pulled over by the POLICE. Doc tries to calm everyone, etc... TWO ROOKIE COPS walk up to the car looking cautious and careful... GUNS RAISED and SHAKING VISIBLY... nervous as they approach the car.

JAPONICA

Are you the Great Beast?

BLATNOYD

No no no, that's a policeman, Japonica, who only wants to make sure you're all right.

COP

You know you were driving without your headlights, miss?

JAPONICA

But I can see in the dark.

BLATNOYD

Her sister went into labor an hour ago and Miss Fenway promised she'd be there in time to see the baby born, so she might've been a little inattentive back there.

COP

That case, maybe somebody else ought to be driving. And we'll need everybody's I.D.s, too.

DOC

Sure thing. What's it about, officer?

COP

Every gathering of three or more civilians is now defined as a potential cult --

DENIS

What!? Charlie Manson again?

NEXT COP

(to Cop)

Did you hear that? He called him Charlie!

COP

Shush -- Criteria including references to the book of Revelation, males with shoulder-length hair or longer and endangerment through automotive absentmindedness, all of which you folks have been exhibiting.

DENIS

Yeah, but we're in a Mercedes and it's only painted one color!

DOC

Denis --

DOC notices that both COPS are very subtly SHAKING.

COP

We'll hand this all in, Mr. Sportello, and unless there's wants or warrants we don't know about, you won't hear any more on this...

They've pulled up out front of a massive Bel Air home with a GATE AND A MOAT. BLATNOYD gets his BAG, climbs out of the car... goes to the INTERCOM on the gate, says --

BLATNOYD
Evening, Henrich.

-- and the gate opens... he says --

BLATNOYD
Won't be a minute.

JAPONICA
Aren't you the man you found me
and brought me back to my dad that
time?

DOC
I was only doing my job.

JAPONICA
Did he really want me back?

DOC
He seemed like your standard
worried parent.

JAPONICA
He's an asshole.

She's emotional. DOC gives her a card.

DOC
Here, this is my office number. I
don't have regular hours, so you
may not always find me in.

JAPONICA
If it's meant to be...

FEMALE INTERCOM VOICE (V.O.)
*Dr. Blatnoyd wishes to inform you
that he will be remaining as our
guest and there is no further need
for you to wait...*

CUT TO:

SHASTA?

Where's SHASTA? Reminder?

68 EXT. DOC'S OFFICE - DAY/NIGHT (NEXT NIGHT?)

68

DOC walks up to his office, past PETUNIA, who tries to
delay him. She isn't wearing underwear and she opens her
legs...

PETUNIA
Oh, Doc, do you really have to go
in right away?
(MORE)

PETUNIA (CONT'D)

It's been ages since we had one of our interesting chats.

DOC

Petunia, are you trying to tell me I have visitors waiting?

PETUNIA

Not exactly.

DOC

Not exactly visitors?

PETUNIA

Not exactly waiting?

He opens up and looks inside:

69

CLANCY CHARLOCK AND TARIQ KHALIL

69

are on Doc's desk, fucking. TARIQ looks up.

TARIQ

Hey, Doctor Sportello, my man.
This is all right, isn't it?

DOC closes the door, and looks at Petunia:

DOC

Petunia, I know you have the soul of a matchmaker and normally I'm groovy with intimacy of all kinds, but not between elements in a case I'm working on. Too much information I end up never seeing --

PETUNIA

But it's too late, can't you see? They're in love! I'm just the karmic facilitator! I really have a gift for knowing who's supposed to be together and who's not and I'm never wrong. Love is the only thing that will ever save us!!!

DOC

Who?????!

PETUNIA

Everybody.

CUT TO:

70

INT. DOC'S OFFICE - LATER

70

DOC is making them some coffee. CLANCY is sitting by TARIQ, encouraging his sharing with Doc... PETUNIA here, too.

TARIQ

Alright... When I came here first time, I should've told you the whole thing. Too late now, but I still could've trusted you more...

DOC

Tell me what?

CLANCY

(to Tariq)

You need to tell him the whole thing...

TARIQ

Glenn didn't owe me money...

DOC

... What did he owe you?

TARIQ

Guns. For my people at WAMBAM. Small arms... and some bazookas.

DOC

I can dig why you didn't want to get too specific... WAMBAM being?

TARIQ

Warriors Against The Man Black Armed Militia. Glen said he had friends who could score us guns and we're still waiting for our shipment as the revolution rolls on...

DOC

And who were these 'friends' of Glen's that were arranging the arms deal?

TARIQ

Some bunch of honky dentists out on lower Sunset. Worked out of some weird-ass building look like a big tooth.

DOC

Uh-huh. Well. Maybe I can think of one or two places to look.

CUT TO:

71 OMITTED

71

72 INT. PLASTIC NICKEL DINER - NIGHT

72

He's out to a dinner with Clancy and Tariq, who are both in the bathroom. THOMAS JEFFERSON's face is on a NICKEL emblem all over this restaurant. THOMAS JEFFERSON appears, sitting in a booth next to DOC, drinking coffee, says:

DOC
(You look familiar -- are you the guy on the nickel?)

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Thomas Jefferson. So. Guns and Opium. The Golden Fang not only traffic in enslavement, they peddle the implements of liberation as well.

DOC
Yeah... but as a founding father, don't you get freaked out a little with this revolution talk?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.

DOC
Yeah, and what about when the patriots and tyrants turn out to be the same people?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
As long as they bleed is the thing.

Doc deep in thought...

THOMAS JEFFERSON
A nickel for your thoughts...

DOC
Glen Charlock... If Glen was tight with the Golden Fang, could they be the ones who took him out? Is he just another Rudy Blatnoyd, DDS who touched some acupressure point on the mysterious body of the Golden Fang so uncomfortably he had to be dealt with?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
 Nobody trusted Glen -- the Aryan
 Brotherhood had him shitlisted
 as a traitor to his race, the
 Vigilant California was more than
 eager to help -- and the raid on
 Channel View Estates was a cover
 for the hit on Glen --

DOC
 And so Mickey Wolfmann...?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
 Mickey was a witness -- he walked
 in on something he shouldn't have
 the V.C. commandoes hustled him
 off -- Then the Feds found out,
 here's an acid-head billionaire
 ready to give away all his money --
 and of course, they had their own
 ideas on how to spend it. As long
 time associates of the Golden Fang
 by way of scag-related activities,
 they got Mickey programmed into
 Ojai for a little brain work --

DOC
 Wait, wait, wait -- how do you
 know all this?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
 I'm on the nickel. I'm
 everywhere. I see everything.

Every time a hippie puts his hand
 out for loose change -- there I
 am.

DOC
 When you put it that way...

THOMAS JEFFERSON
 Do you detect a common thread
 here, Lawrence?

DOC
 I can trust any of these people?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
 Excellent -- and what, if
 anything, are you gonna do about
 it?

DOC
 Me?

What can I do? I'm feeling pretty
 short on optimism right now,
 sir...

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Put it another way: What will
nag you in the middle of the
night, Lawrence?

DOC
That little Amethyst... Coy
Harlingen's daughter --

... little kid blues... Amethyst.

Amethyst: Coy Harlingen's little
kid -- what's her future gonna
look like without her dad?
Mistakes aside, Coy certainly
doesn't deserve to be without his
daughter and his wife --

CLANCY arrives back to the table. DOC looks up:

CLANCY
Talking to yourself again? You
need to find true love, Doc.

DOC
I'm happy for you and Tariq. But
what happened to that two at a
time?

CLANCY
Doc -- this guy is two at a time --
at least.

CUT TO:

73 INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

73

... Doc is sitting up straight, sleeping. THE PHONE
RINGS:

DOC
Idiots Unlimited.

INTERCUT WITH:

74 INT. BIGFOOT'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

74

His wife in the kitchen and his kids run around in the
b.g.

BIGFOOT
I'm in an evil mood myself
tonight. Dr. Rudy Blatnoyd, DDS?

DOC
Uh-huh...

BIGFOOT
... has perpetrated his last root
canal, I'm afraid.

DOC
What do you mean dead? Real life
dead?

BIGFOOT
We found him next to a trampoline
in Bel Air with a fatal neck
injury. So far we have no
witnesses, no motives, no suspects
apart from you --

DOC
Not me. Why me?

BIGFOOT
Because you were observed in
Blatnoyd's company, both of you
riding in a vehicle full of drug
crazed hippies.

DOC
Yeah, okay, well, the owner of
that car? He's a very well-
respected lawyer down in Palos
Verdes, his daughter was
driving... she offered me a ride?
Cops never gave her a ticket? And
Dr. Blatnoyd was her friend, not
mine?

BIGFOOT
I think it's time for one of our
chats.

CUT TO:

A75 INT. DOC'S CAR

A75

DRIVING TO SEE BIGFOOT AT JAPANESE DINER.

Sortilege watches him quietly --

(ALT: No Sortilege.)

75 INT. JAPANESE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

75

BIGFOOT has some PANCAKES that he eats with two forks.

BIGFOOT
I'd share these with you, but then
you'd be addicted and it'd be
something else on my conscience...

DOC
 you ever feel bitter you
 missed bein' up there at Cielo
 Drive? Stompin' around that
 famous crime scene?

BIGFOOT
 You want the truth?

DOC
 Um. No?

BIGFOOT
 Well, here it is anyway: Right
 now everyone is really scared.

DOC
 Who? You? Me?

BIGFOOT
 Odd, that fear should be running
 the town again as in days of old,
 like the Hollywood blacklist you
 don't remember and the Watts
 rioting you do -- it spreads, like
 blood in a swimming pool, till it
 occupies all the volume of the
 day. And then maybe some playful
 soul shows up with a bucketful of
 piranhas, dumps them in the pool,
 and right away they can taste the
 blood. They swim around looking
 for what's bleeding, but getting
 more and more crazy, till the
 craziness reaches a point. Which
 is when they begin to feed on each
 other.

BIGFOOT takes a BIG BITE.

BIGFOOT
 This Coy Harlingen matter. On the
 face of it, just one more O.D.,
 one less junkie, case cleared.

DOC
 So tell me what you've got...

Bigfoot presents some 3x5 INDEX CARDS... displays them
 like a card trick...

BIGFOOT
 Pick a card... any card... These
 are Field Interrogation Reports...
 see if you find anything that
 looks familiar...

Doc picks the card that Bigfoot favors to him.

BIGFOOT

Puck Beaverton! Excellent choice.
One of Mickey Wolfmann's
bodyguards.

DOC

Interesting fellow, I hear...

BIGFOOT

Sheriff's people happen to run
into him at the Venice home of the
very dealer who sold Coy Harlingen
the smack that killed him.

DOC

So what was Puck doing at Coy's
dealer's place?

BIGFOOT

The interesting thing about this
overdose is that Leonard James
Loosemeat, AKA El Drano, was known
for this three-percent product...
but the report says what killed
him was Pure China White No. 4...

DOC

Like the kind you'd get from the
whole-seller? Like whoever's
bringing it in?

BIGFOOT

I seem to recall that some years
ago, just before he went into
Folsom, Beaverton used to work for
your best friend and loan shark
Adrian Prussia...

DOC

Your best friend.

BIGFOOT

And this dealer El Drano also
happened to be one of Prussia's
steady customers. Maybe Puck was
there on Adrian's behalf?
What do you think?

DOC

I think you and Adrian have a
history you're not sharing...

BIGFOOT screams to the Japanese WAITERS.

BIGFOOT

CHOOT, KENICHIRO! DOZO, MOTTO
PANNUKEIKU!

JAPANESE WAITER

You got it, Lieutenant!

BIGFOOT

(to Doc)
Pancakes aren't quite as good as
my mother's -- what I really go
for here is the respect.

DOC

Didn't get enough of that from
your mom?

BIGFOOT

You probably imagine I have a lot
of status up in Robbery-Homicide.
Who could blame you for thinking
that... The reality, however... No
Cielo Drive for Bigfoot. No TV
movie rights or book deals for
Bigfoot... even the extra work is
drying up... God Help Us All.
Dentists on trampolines.

Bigfoot is shaking his head slowly, Doc doesn't know how
to deal with this...

DOC

Okay, Bigfoot...

DOC writes something on a napkin...

DOC

It was dark, windy roads, couldn't
make it back there if I tried in
broad daylight --

He slides the napkin to him.

DOC

That's the address where we
dropped Dr. Rudy. It was about
eleven.

BIGFOOT

That's just where we found him.
This helps with the chronology.
Hair and drug issues
notwithstanding, I think you're
being very professional about
this...

DOC

Don't get sentimental on me, man,
it fucks up your edge.

BIGFOOT

I can be even more emotionally
irresponsible than that.

(MORE)

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

There are certain polygraph keys on this case that if I told you what they were, then the only ones who'd know would be Homicide, the killer and you.

DOC

Good thing you're not telling me.

BIGFOOT

Suppose I tell you anyway?

DOC

Why should you?

BIGFOOT

Just so we know where we're 'at' as you people say.

DOC

How about I put my fingers in my ears and scream if you try and tell me?

BIGFOOT

You won't do that.

DOC

Really? Why don't I?

BIGFOOT

Because you're one of the few hippie potheads in this town that appreciate the distinction between *childlike* and *childish*. Besides... it's right up your alley -- we're officially calling it a neck injury --

DOC PLUGS HIS EARS AND STARTS TO MAKE NOISES "blah, blah, blah." BIGFOOT SMACKS HIS HANDS AWAY.

BIGFOOT

Dr. Blatnoyd had puncture wounds on his throat, consistent with bites from canines of a midsize wild animal. That's what the coroner found.

DOC

Well, now that's mighty weird, Bigfoot. Because Rudy Blatnoyd was one of the partners in a tax dodge that calls itself the Golden Fang Enterprises. I don't suppose you had the SID test out those neck punctures for gold or nothin' like that?

BIGFOOT

I shouldn't think there'd be much trace. Gold is all but chemically inactive, as you might have learned in chemistry class if you hadn't been ditching all the time to score dope.

DOC

What happened to Locard's Exchange Principle? Every contact leaves traces? It would sure be ironic, man, is all I'm saying, if it turned out Blatnoyd was bit to death by a golden fang. Or even better, like two golden fangs.

BIGFOOT

I don't see why anything like that would be material?

DOC

Because it's the fucking *Golden Fang*.

BIGFOOT

The descendent's tax shelter. So what?

DOC

Not just a tax shelter, Bigfoot. Maybe something much more, more vast.

BIGFOOT

And this wouldn't be just more of your paranoid hippie bullshit, would it?

DOC

And have the lab look for traces of copper. Not the kind that goes stumbling all over the crime scene contaminating evidence -- more like copper, the metal? See, gold teeth are never pure gold, dentists like to alloy it with copper? If you hadn't ditched forensics class to go steal hubcaps to plant on some innocent hippie, you might have known *that*.

Doc gets up and leaves.

BIGFOOT

Bet you almost feel like a cop now, Doc.

CUT TO:

76 OMITTED 76

R76 INT. DOC'S CAR (DRIVING) R76

TO CHRYSKYLDON. Doc and Sortilege, driving in a canyon-type area...

SORTILEGE

... Where you off to?

DOC

Someplace up in Ojai called Chryskylodon.

SORTILEGE

Chryskylodon? Animal tooth?

DOC

Ancient Indian word means 'serenity.'

SORTILEGE

I minored in the classics at Stanford, that's not Indian, it's ancient Greek.

DOC

You went to Stanford?

SORTILEGE

It means 'Animal tooth made out of gold.'

(pause)

Have I told you lately how strong I think your morals are, Doc?

DOC

Thanks, 'Lege.

TURNS INTO DRIVING SHOTS APPROACHING CHRYSKYLODON...

A77 EXT. GATES AT CHRYSKYLODON - DAY A77

Doc goes through a security check. Patted down by security guards who are holding GUNS.

CUT TO:

B77 EXT. CHRYSKYLODON - DAY B77

Doc drives up -- ESTABLISH SHOT... see building.

CUT TO:

C77 EXT. CHRYSKYLDON - DAY

C77

Arrival and greeting, handshakes outside...

CUT TO:

77 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

77

Doc walking through with DR. THREEPLY and staff...

DR. THREEPLY

This is our Administrative
Lounge... Our Chenin Blanc comes
from the Institute's own
vineyard... Hand's steady as a
rock today, Kimberly?

KIMBERLY

So happy you noticed, Dr.
Threeply... more soup, Dr. Igor?

DR. IGOR

Thank you, Kimberly.

78 INT. OTHER AREA - DAY

78

Tour continues... picture of Sloane Wolfmann... sign
under construction that partially reads, "Made Possible
Through The Selfless Generosity Of A Devoted Friend Of
Chryskylodon."

DOC

What's in here?

DR. THREEPLY

A brand new wing for housing our
Noncompliant Cases Unit...

Doc sees a bunch of kids cleaning the place... etc...
Photo of Sloane, etc...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

Doc was visited by the creepy
feeling that somewhere close by,
in some weird indeterminate space
whose residents weren't sure where
they were, inside or out of the
frame, might indeed be some
version of Mickey, not quite in
the same way that the lady with
the big check was a version of
Sloane, but altered and -- he
shivered -- maybe mentally or even
physically compromised. If Sloane
was endowing looney bins with
Mickey's money, why not take some
credit? Why be anonymous?

DOC

Nice.

DR. THREEPLY

Come, let's continue...

A79 INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY/HALLWAY - DAY

A79

Walking the hallway -- TWO VERSIONS -- with dialogue and without.

STAFF ASSISTANT

Have you been with us here before,
Mr. Sportello? I know I've seen
your face...

DOC

First time I've been down here...
normally I don't get much south of
South City.

DR. THREEPLY

And *ab*-normally?

DOC

What?

DR. THREEPLY

I only meant that with any number
of qualified facilities in the Bay
Area, why bother coming all the
way down here to us?

DOC

I believe that just as chakras can
be identified on the human body,
so does the body Earth have these
special places, concentrations of
spiritual energy, grace, if you
will, and that Ojai, for the
presence of Mr. J. Krishnamurti
alone, certainly qualifies as one
of the more blessed of planetary
chakras, which regrettably cannot
be said for San Francisco or its
immediate vicinity... Burke
Stodger?

DR. THREEPLY

Part of our Burke Stodger
marathon. All Burke, all day. 24
hours of Stodger. It's quite
popular with our patients...

Doc and the tour poke their heads in... BURKE STODGER on
the screen... Doc watches all the kids watching Burke
Stodger...

CUT TO:

79

INT. STEAM TUNNEL - DAY

79

Doc and tour continue...

DR. THREEPLY

Come... see our Advanced Therapy
Group...

Doc advances, sees a bunch of chanters in white robes...

... THE SOFT SOUND OF DISTANT CHANTING. A group of six
or so in flowing robes/hoods... Doc looks a little closer
-- one of them is Coy Harlingen...

A BIG ORDERLY is sitting in a nearby chair. He's rolling
his TIE up under his chin, holding it there, then lifting
his chin and letting the tie fall back down.....

DOC'S POV

THE TIE unrolls, revealing HAND PAINTED NAKED SHASTA WITH
HER ASS STUCK OUT. Straight from Mickey's Tie
Collection. The orderly rolls the tie back up to his
chin...

Doc's POV TILTS UP FROM the tie to see the SWASTIKA ON
TOP OF THE ORDERLY'S HEAD... is this Puck Beaverton????

BACK TO SCENE

DR. THREEPLY

Any questions?

DOC

Does that man have a swastika on
his head?

DR. THREEPLY

No, he doesn't. That's an ancient
Hindu symbol meaning 'all is
well.' It brings good fortune,
luck and well-being, what do you
mean?

DOC

Only that it looks like a swastika
to me...

DR. THREEPLY

He isn't a regular employee of the
Institute, perhaps you should pay
no attention to that man...

DOC

Ah-huh.

A MOMENT OF EYE CONTACT between ORDERLY/PUCK and DOC...

CUT TO:

80 INT. LOBBY

80

Doc continues on tour...

DR. THREEPLY
Next, we'll see the Institute's
own Zen garden imported from
Kyoto. Each pebble, each grain of
white sand was transported and
reassembled here exactly in
place...

A STAFF ASSOCIATE RUNS UP.

STAFF ASSOCIATE
Doctor -- there's a problem with
the volt generator in the
Dungeon...
(ALTERNATE)
Doctor, there's a broken volt
generator in the Dungeon...
(ALTERNATE)
Doctor -- the electroshock machine
is acting fussy again...

DR. THREEPLY
Excuse me, Mr. Sportello...

He leaves. Doc goes snooping...

81 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

81

Kids cleaning hallways...

Doc walks down... O.S. voice "psssssst." He goes into a --

ROOM

Coy is there...

COY
Thinking of checking yourself in?

DOC
More like lookin' for a way to get
outta here. Couldn't afford it.
I thought you were supposed to be
clean these days -- what are you
doing here?

COY
Bi-monthly checkup.

DOC
Why can't you just leave, Coy?

COY
It's part of the job, it's part
of being dead...

DOC
You can't go back to your family,
because if you did...?

COY
It would be my ass. I've told
you.

DOC
Or maybe you're as addicted to
this as you were some other
things...

COY
This is a higher discipline.
They saw something in me I didn't
know I had.

DOC
You're a snitch, man.

COY
I have a gift for projecting
alternate personalities --

DOC
A spy and a weasel --

COY
I have an addictive personality.

DOC
You're a stool pigeon, what about
your girls, then? What about
THAT?

COY
Why are you mad at me?

DOC
I'm not mad at you...

COY
What else was I gonna do? The
baby was gonna die --

DOC
-- you made a choice, Coy --

COY
I made the only one I had, man --
doesn't everybody wish they had a
different life?

DOC
I'm not mad at you, Coy, I'm just
-- what the fuck?

With that, COY is gone again... DOC hears CHANTING
AGAIN...

Something draws Doc to the window... he sees: PUCK
BEAVERTON... leading the group of CHANTERS IN ROBES...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
It was occurring to Doc now
something someone said once about
vertical integration... that if
the Golden Fang can get its
customers strung out, why not turn
around and sell them a program to
help kick? Get them coming and
going, twice as much revenue and
no worries about new customers...
as long as American life was
something to be escaped from, the
cartel could always be sure of a
bottomless pool of new customers.

A82 EXT. GROUNDS - DAY

A82

Doc follows Puck...

82 EXT. ANOTHER AREA - DAY

82

Doc follows Puck through the water... leads him to a
BUNGALOW surrounded by FBI...

Doc sees MICKEY WOLFMANN.

Doc gets closer... and talks to Mickey... who's lounging
on a patio/deck area --

DOC
Mickey...

MICKEY
... (Hello, little hippie... how
are you?)

DOC
What are you doin' here?

MICKEY
They're helping me wake up from
my bad hippie dream...

DOC
What did you dream? Mickey...
what did you dream?

MICKEY

I dreamed I gave away all my money...

(I spent my whole life making people pay for shelter... ..when all along I didn't realize it should've been for free...)

DOC

Who's brought you here?

MICKEY

My friends...

DOC

(...)

MICKEY

The bigger my setback, the bigger my comeback...

DOC

... Mickey... where's Shasta?

Mickey gets emotional...

FBI

Step away from the subject...

CUT TO:

83, 84 OMITTED

83, 84

85 INT. FBI - HOLDING ROOM - DAY (VERSION 1)

85

FLATWEED and BORDERLINE questioning DOC:

FLATWEED

You're making things awkward. This curiosity of the Michael Wolfmann matter is inappropriate.

DOC

Mickey? No longer even a active case for me, man, fact, I never even made a ticket on it, 'cause nobody was payin' me.

FLATWEED

Yet, you're up here.

DOC

Looking into something totally else. I can see how busy you fellows are, so rather than keep you, I think I'll just... *LIKE, FUCKIN' RUN?*

INT. HOLDING AREA (VERSION 2)

FBI AGENT FLATWEED comes in...

FLATWEED

Your somewhat out on the
probability curve and sure merits
a closer look.

DOC

How close is that, you're already
upside my face here.

FLATWEED

I'd say you're the one who's *too*
close. You recognized that
subject, didn't you?

DOC

Elvis, was it?

FLATWEED

You're making things awkward.
This curiosity of the Michael
Wolfmann matter is inappropriate.

DOC

Mickey? No longer even a active
case for me, man, fact, I never
even made a ticket on it, 'cause
nobody was payin' me.

FLATWEED

Yet, you pursue him all the way
here.

DOC

I'm here looking into totally
something else.

FLATWEED

Then you won't mind my sharing a
thought. It's you hippies.
You're making everybody crazy.
We'd always assumed that Michael's
conscience would never be a
problem. After all his years of
never appearing to have one.
Suddenly he decides to change his
life and give away millions to an
assortment of degenerates --
Negroes, longhairs, drifters. Do
you know what he said? We have it
on tape. 'I feel as if I've
awakened from a dream of a crime
for I can never atone, an act I
can never go back and choose not
to commit.

(MORE)

FLATWEED (CONT'D)

I can't believe I spent my whole life making people pay for shelter, when it ought to've been free. It's just so obvious.'

DOC

You memorized all that?

FLATWEED

Another advantage of a marijuana-free life. You might want to try it.

DOC

I can see how busy you fellows are so rather than keep you, I think I'll just... *LIKE, FUCKIN' RUN?*

INT. CHRYSKOLODON - HOLDING AREA - LATER (VERSION 3)

FLATWEED and BORDERLINE questioning DOC:

FLATWEED

You're somewhat out on the probability curve and sure merits a closer look.

DOC

How close is that, you're already upside my face here.

FLATWEED

I'd say you're the one who's too close. You recognized that subject, didn't you?

DOC

Elvis, was it?

FLATWEED

You're making things awkward. This curiosity of the Michael Wolfmann matter is inappropriate.

DOC

Mickey? No longer even a active case for me, man, fact, I never even made a ticket on it, 'cause nobody was payin' me.

FLATWEED

Yet, you pursue him all the way here.

DOC

I'm here looking into totally something else.

FLATWEED

Then you won't mind my sharing a thought. It's you hippies. You're making everybody crazy.

DOC

So you guys have your own ideas about how Mickey should be spending his money?

FLATWEED

Yes we do. There's better places it can go -- just look at Mr. Howard Hughes...

DOC

... Howard Hughes...

FLATWEED

Bought the Desert Inn Hotel and Casino, a fine investment in the future of Las Vegas.

DOC

... Las Vegas...

BORDERLINE

-- we'd always assumed Michael's conscience would never be a problem after all his years of never appearing to have one. Suddenly he decides to give away millions to Negroes, longhairs and drifters.

DOC

My bad luck and lousy timing. Man sees the light, tries to change his life, my one big chance to rescue somebody from the clutches of the system, and I'm too late. I can see how busy you fellows are, so rather than keep you, I think I'll just... *LIKE, FUCKIN' RUN?*

CUT TO:

86, 87 OMITTED

86, 87

88 CLOSEUP - NEWSPAPERS

88

"MICKEY WOLFMANN RE-EMERGES! Opens New Casino in Las Vegas."

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

So in the never-ending battle
between the FBI and the Mafia for
control over Las Vegas... score
one for the FBI... Mickey
Wolfmann's money would be now
spent a different way, opening the
Kismet Hotel and Casino... no more
acid-head philanthropist, no more
Arrpentimiento... he was now back
with Sloane and the kids and back
to his greedy-ass ways...

IMAGES INCLUDE A GROUNDBREAKING CEREMONY WITH MICKEY,
looking reprogrammed. Sloane smiling. FBI lined up
behind him... etc., etc., etc.

CUT TO:

89

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - DUSK

89

Doc at home. Watching "ADAM-12" with Bigfoot doing some
extra work. DOC LOOKS UP TO HIS DOOR.

DOC

Hi, Shasta.

REVEAL: INSIDE THE APARTMENT, in beach wear, T-shirt,
flower print bikini bottom.

SHASTA

Hi, Doc.

Which is all it takes. He slides the newspaper casually
down to conceal his hard-on.

DOC

Either I'm on the time machine or
you're back.

SHASTA

I've been away.

DOC

Where?

SHASTA

Up north. Family stuff. Anything
been happening down here?

DOC

Your friend in the construction
business?

SHASTA

Oh, that's all over...

DOC
You got a load of people out
lookin' for you, Shasta...

SHASTA
Well, here I am.

DOC
... he isn't back by any chance?

SHASTA
Some rumors. He's back with
Sloane and the kids and so what?
C'est la vie.

DOC
Que sera, sera?

SHASTA
Something like that...

DOC
I like your necklace...

CUT TO:

90

ANOTHER ANGLE

90

THE PHONE RINGS... Doc answers. Shasta mingles around
the edges, gets a beer, smokes a joint, Doc watches
her... INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BIGFOOT'S HOUSE

His kids screaming and killing each other in the b.g.

BIGFOOT
Word is your girlfriend's back.

DOC
Oh, yeah? And her front's not so
bad either.

BIGFOOT
Where've you been?

DOC
No place I'd recommend.

BIGFOOT
Any developments on the Coy
Harlingen matter? Any of them
include young, what was his name
again... Beaverton?

DOC
Any results on those Fang marks?

BIGFOOT

Nothing yet from Dr. Noguchi's people. They seemed very upset with me for suggesting lab work --

DOC

Only thought it'd be a helpful tip to a fellow professional. Just trying save you some trouble down the line, is all.

BIGFOOT

How's that?

DOC

When your own hearing comes up.

BIGFOOT

My, Sportello -- what are you suggesting?

DOC

One county supervisor with a bug up his ass is all it takes to bring you down, Bigfoot --

TOTAL SILENCE.

DOC

Bigfoot?

An extension is picked up and we hear MRS. BIGFOOT get on the phone.

MRS. BIGFOOT

This is Mrs. Chastity Bjornsen, and if that is one more sociopathic 'special employee' of my husband, I'll thank you to stop harassing him on his day off --

BIGFOOT

There, there my little boysenberry. Sportello's only been indulging in his idea of humor.

MRS. BIGFOOT

Doc Sportello? The Doc Sportello? Mr. Moral Turpitude himself! Have you any idea of the therapist bills around here for which you are directly responsible?

BIGFOOT

The Department picks up most of that, honey --

MRS. BIGFOOT
AFTER A DEDUCTIBLE THAT WOULD
CHOKE A FUCKING HORSE!!!

91 DOC

91

hangs up...

SHASTA
What kind of girl do you need,
Doc? Maybe a thing for those
Manson chicks?

DOC
Well, thing... that depends what
you -- are you sure you wanna be
doing that?

She's unbuttoned her shirt and is rubbing her nipples.

SHASTA
Submissive, brainwashed, horny
little teeners who do exactly what
you want before you even know what
that is. You don't even have to
say a word out loud, they get it
all by ESP. Your kind of chick,
Doc?

DOC
You the one that's been stealin'
my magazines?

She slides out of her shirt and down on her knees, crawls
over and grabs his hard-on...

SHASTA
Now, what would Charlie do?

DOC
Probably not this...

Doc lights a joint... he holds it for her to smoke...

DOC
Look, I'm sorry about Mickey,
but...

SHASTA
Mickey... Mickey could have taught
all you swinging beach bums a
thing or two. He was just so
powerful. Sometimes he could
almost make you feel invisible.
Fast, brutal, not what you'd call
a considerate lover, an animal,
actually, but Sloane adored that
about him, and Luz -- you could
tell, we all did.

(MORE)

SHASTA (CONT'D)

It's so nice to be made to feel
invisible that
way sometimes...

DOC

Yeah. And guys love to hear this
shit like this.

SHASTA

He'd bring me to lunch in Beverly
Hills, one big hand all the way
around my bare arm, steering me
blind down out of those bright
streets into some space where it
was dark and cool and you couldn't
smell any food, only alcohol --
they'd all be drinking, tables
full of them, in a room that could
have been any size, and they all
knew Mickey, they wanted, some of
them, to be Mickey... He might as
well have been bringing me in on a
leash. He kept me in those micro
minidresses, never allowed me to
wear anything underneath... just
offering me to whoever wanted to
stare. Or grab. Or sometimes he'd
fix me up with his friends. And
I'd have to do whatever they
wanted...

DOC

Why are you telling me all this?

She drapes herself over him and plays with her pussy.

SHASTA

Oh, I'm sorry, Doc. Do you want
me to stop? If my girlfriend had
run away to be the bought-and-sold
whore of some scumbag developer?
I'd just be so angry I don't know
what I'd do. Well, no, I'm even
lying about that, I know what I'd
do. If I had the faithless little
bitch over my lap like this --

And they're fucking.

CUT TO:

Doc and Shasta together.

SHASTA

This doesn't mean we're back
together.

DOC

'Course not.

BEAT.

DOC

You didn't get that necklace up
north did you?

SHASTA

I went on a boat ride.

DOC

Like a three-hour tour?

SHASTA

They told me I was precious cargo
that couldn't be insured because
of inherent vice.

DOC

What's that?

SHASTA

I don't know... something on your
mind?

DOC

I met a friend of yours...

SHASTA

Who's that?

DOC

Coy Harlingen. And he's clean.

SHASTA

Glad to hear it. Long may he
wave.

DOC

He's been working as a snitch for
the LAPD, and I also saw him on
the tube working undercover for
this outfit called Vigilant
California... and you don't look
surprised enough, Shasta, he's
meant to be dead...

SHASTA

Then I guess that one's on my
ticket because it was me who
introduced him to Burke Stodger
and Burke who set him up with the
Viggies...

DOC

Help me out here, how do you know
Burke Stodger?

SHASTA

We were neighbors in Hancock Park.

DOC

Didn't think you liked those
kindsa movies...

SHASTA

I saw him on a 'Brady Bunch'
episode once. We walked our dogs
at the same time each morning...

DOC

Which one?

SHASTA

Which one what?

DOC

Which episode?

SHASTA

Jan gets a wig. Gets tired of
being a blonde.

DOC

Not the same thing as changing
your politics, I guess.

SHASTA

I told him I had a friend who
needed to kick drugs -- and he
told me he knew a program that
really worked... and then Coy just
disappeared.

DOC

... and were you seeing Mickey
then?

SHASTA

... god, you're a nosy fuck,
aren't you?

DOC

Put it this way... how did you and
Coy's wife get along?

SHASTA

Was I running around on Mickey?
What a thing to ask.

DOC

When did I --

SHASTA

In case you haven't figured it
out, I was never the sweetest girl
in the business...

(MORE)

SHASTA (CONT'D)

...but there was no reason for me to waste a minute on a sick junkie like Coy... he wasn't my charity project and if you stop to think about some of the girls you've hung out with...

DOC

Alright -- whatever you meant to do, Shasta, you ended up saving Coy's life... now he's a snitch for the LAPD and an undercover agent for the Viggies and maybe the Golden Fang -- the outfit, not the boat -- and there's a few stiffs so far that may or may not be on his karmic ticket.

SHASTA

I should be saying 'Coy's a big boy and he can take care of himself,' but the only thing is I don't think he can...

DOC

But whatever these people are into, it ain't helping junkies get back on the straight and narrow... What did he think was gonna happen? That cover story about him being dead fell apart from the second he started using it? What the hell was he thinking?

SHASTA

... what do you think was gonna happen when you got into your whole P.I. trip?

DOC

Different situation.

SHASTA

Oh? Far as I can see, you and Coy, you're peas in a pod.

DOC

How's that? I'm not working for them.

SHASTA

Cops who never wanted to be cops.

DOC

Yeah, but I'm not working for any of those folks...

SHASTA

Rather be surfing or smoking or
fucking or anything else but what
you're doing.

DOC

Yeah, but I'm not working for
anyone, Shasta, I'm a force for
the good.

SHASTA

You guys must've thought you'd be
chasing criminals, and instead
here you are both working for
them.

DOC

Ouch.

SHASTA

Courage, Camile. You're still a
long way from LAPD material...
(Sorry... I'm just being actressy,
Doc. I love those zingers, I
can't resist 'em...)

CUT TO:

93

BEACH

93

(NOTE: see pg. 314. Shasta and Doc walking, etc...)

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

Could that be true? All this
time, Doc assumed he'd been out
busting his balls for folks who,
if they paid him anything it'd be
half a lid or a small favor down
the line or maybe only just a
quick smile, long as it was real.
He began to run through the cash
customers he could remember,
starting with Crocker Fenway and
going on through studio
executives, stock market heroes of
the go-go years, remittance men
from far away who needed new pussy
or dope connections, rich old guys
with cute young wives and vice
versa... It was sure a piss-poor
record, not too different, after
all, he guessed, from interests
Coy had been working for. Forget
who -- *what* was he working for
anymore?

(NOTE: Poss. actressy line here on beach, post-narr.)

94

EXT. WASTE A PERP SHOOTING RANGE - DAY (OR INT. PHONE CALL)

94

Doc comes to see Bigfoot who's in the Chicano/Negro/Hippie section.

BIGFOOT

Mrs. Bjornsen sends her regards.

DOC

Can I say something out loud, is anybody listening?

BIGFOOT

Everybody. Nobody. Does it matter?

DOC

Alright, then: Correct me if I'm mistaken, Bigfoot, but it's clear to me that you're desperate to have a word with Adrian Prussia but can't let on, because otherwise you're in deep shit with powers unnamed -- so you're using me instead -- have I got that more or less right?

BIGFOOT

We're in sensitive territory here, Sportello.

DOC

Well, somebody's gonna have to be less sensitive for a minute and just wipe off their chin and stand up and deal with it. If there's something you need, just come on out and say it, how hard can that be?

BIGFOOT

Pretty hard. Internal Affairs has it all locked down.

DOC

Internal Affairs, what does Internal Affairs have to do with this?

BIGFOOT

Figure it out. Use what's left of your brain. The trouble with you people is that you never know when somebody's doing you a favor -- you think you're entitled because you're cute or something. Go look in the mirror sometime.

(MORE)

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)
 'Dig' yourself, 'man,' till you
 understand nobody owes you
 anything. Then get back to me.

CUT TO:

95 INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

95

DOC comes into see current girlfriend: PENNY KIMBALL.
 Her cubicle mate is a straight-looking DA RHUS
 FROTHINGHAM.

RHUS
 Are you all right? Should I call
 security?

PENNY
 (to Doc)
 Am I?

DOC
 Only wondering when you'd be free
 for dinner. Didn't mean to freak
 you out. I'll even spring for it.

PENNY
 I'm fine, Rhus, thank you.
 (as he leaves)
 Listen, would you mind if we just
 went back to my place?

DOC
 Wait... what?

PENNY
 And we can pick up a pizza on the
 way.

DOC
 A pizza?

PENNY
 I can hear you getting a hard-on.

DOC
 Well, okay, I'll see you back
 at your place -- no, no, no, wait
 a minute, I came here for a
 reason --

PENNY
 What is it?

DOC
 I need to look at somebody's
 jacket. Ancient history, but it's
 probably under lock and key...

PENNY

That's it? No big deal, we do that all the time.

DOC

What, break into officially sealed records? And here I had all this faith in the system.

PENNY

Oh, Doc. Grow up. What's the name?

DOC

Adrian Prussia.

PENNY

Ewwwwwww. Really?... that'd be an Internal Affairs file.

DOC

Internal Affairs? What does Internal Affairs have to do with this?

PENNY

Adrian Prussia has been booked on murder one charges more times than I can remember... and each time, he's walked...

DOC

So what are you guys doing wrong?

PENNY

Last time was called a justifiable homicide of one of the LAPD's very own...

DOC

Who?

PENNY

Your friend's partner...

DOC

What's that? Which friend? Hang on.

PENNY

Bigfoot.

DOC

What what now?

PENNY

Adrian's like the LAPD'S own personal hitman, doing deeds for them that they won't do themselves...

DOC

And you know all this because...?

PENNY

Everyone does. State Attorney General's office has been after him for years but nobody can touch him, partly because of this interesting portfolio of IOUs he has -- and that's always enough to guarantee obedience.

DOC

Obedience to who?

PENNY

Commanders. Controllers. The Department itself.

DOC

So someone inside the LAPD ordered a hit on Bigfoot's partner?

PENNY

You think it's all some monolithic fun fest down here, Doc? Nothing to do all day but figure out new ways to persecute you hippies?

DOC

Did you change your hair?

PENNY

Somebody talked me into seeing this hotshot on Rodeo Drive. He put these streaks in and called it the Surfer Chick Special --

DOC

For me?

DOC

Who else?

PENNY

Or maybe you'd go for Lynette Squeaky Fromme-type look?

DOC

Long and curly? Well, huh?

PENNY

Thing for those Manson chicks?

DOC

Wait a minute...

PENNY

Word around you go in for that sort of thing...

Doc is speechless.

DOC
Why was I here again?

PENNY
You wanted to see a restricted
file. (Adrian Prussia.)

DOC
So Adrian Prussia kills Bigfoot's
partner with the apparent
collaboration of elements within
the Department. Everybody knows
he did the deed but there's no
back channel outcries in the
paper, no vigilante revenge by
horrified fellow officers... No,
instead it's locked up tight for
the next thirty years, everybody
pretending it's another cop hero
fallen in the line of duty.
Forget about decency, or
respecting the memories of all the
real dead-cop heroes -- how can
people be that fuckin'
unprofessional?

Penny is tearing up... Doc sees she's human.

DOC
Penny?

96

CLOSEUP - DOC

96

looking at Adrian Prussia's INTERNAL AFFAIRS FILE. He
sees of picture of Adrian onboard the *GOLDEN FANG*...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
What Doc was seeing now was
something that made his heart
hurt... that Bigfoot's pain was
deep. That Adrian Prussia worked
not only as a what seemed to
be a personal loan shark for the
LAPD but moon-lit as their own
personal contract-killer -- doing
deeds for them that they couldn't
do themselves. Time after time,
he was pulled in, questioned,
arraigned, indicted, no matter --
somehow the cases never quite got
to trial, each being bargained
down in the interests of justice,
not to mention Adrian, who
invariably walked. And one of
those deeds appeared to be
(MORE)

SORTILEGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 labeled 'the justifiable homicide'
 of one of the LAPD'S very own
 named Vincent Indelicato...
 Bigfoot's partner. Lieutenant
 Detective Christian F. Bigfoot
 Bjornsen... This was mourning all
 right, and it was deep. Bigfoot's
 air of possessed melancholy now
 made sense.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. AP FINANCE - DAY

97

Adrian Prussia Finance is somewhere between downtown and
 South Central and the Wash. Doc pulls up, parks, looks
 around... There's a BUNCH OF MEN LOITERING AROUND... Doc
 notices them, they notice him...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
 Doc knew he had needed to see
 Adrian Prussia at some point...
 he'd really been avoiding it,
 mostly because Bigfoot was pushing
 him towards it -- but here he is:
 looking for something he doesn't
 want to find and seeing someone he
 doesn't want to see -- (and
 where's the partner to watch *Doc's*
back?)
 (ALTERNATE)
 (wondering, 'where's the partner
 to watch *my* back?)

OFF IN THE DISTANCE

Bigfoot watching...

CUT TO:

98 INT. AP FINANCE - DAY

98

It's nondescript offices. A SECRETARY is here:

SECRETARY
 May I help you?

DOC
 I'm here to see Adrian Prussia,
 my name is Doc Sportello.

SECRETARY
 Yes. May I tell him what it's
 regarding?

DOC
 (...)

SECRETARY

What is it regarding?

DOC

Bigfoot Bjornsen.

CUT TO:

99

INT. ADRIAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

99

DOC is let in by the Secretary. He enters. It's covered... wall-to-wall with BASEBALL BATS... ADRIAN is sitting behind a desk...

DOC

Afternoon...

ADRIAN

So, you here about... (Bigfoot)

DOC

Good question.

ADRIAN

Wait-a-minute. This is bullshit, I remember you -- the kid from Fritz's shop out in Santa Monica, right? I lent you my special edition Carl Yastrzemski bat once, to collect from that child-support deadbeat you chased down the Greyhound and pulled him off of, and then you wouldn't use it.

DOC

I tried to explain at the time, it had to do with how much I've always admired Yaz?

ADRIAN

There's no place for that in this business. So what are you up to these days? Skip tracing or'd you go into the priesthood?

DOC

P.I.

ADRIAN

They gave you a license? So who sent you here? Who you working for today?

DOC

All on spec. All on my own time.

ADRIAN

Wrong answer. How much of your own time do you think you got left, kid?

Adrian presses a buzzer under his desk...

DOC

I was just about to ask...

ENTER: PUCK BEAVERTON.

DOC

Howdy... Puck...

PUCK

Do I know you? I don't think I do.

DOC

You look like somebody I ran across once. My mistake.

PUCK

Your mistake.

ADRIAN

I have a busy day ahead. And I know nothing of any of this.

PUCK sits at Adrian's desk and lights up A VERY LARGE JOINT. He takes a hit, hands it over to Doc... Doc notices PUCK wearing the same seashell necklace as Shasta.

PUCK

It helps to have a bad memory sometimes.....

(You didn't take my advice.)

So what can I help you with today?

DOC

I'm not sure. It's these cases I'm working on... wondering if you can shed some light on the winding out at Channel View Estates with Glen Charlock?

PUCK

Glen was the target all along. That outfit he was runnin' guns for didn't trust him anymore than the Brotherhood who shitlisted him for being a traitor to his race...

DOC

And what about Mickey Wolfmann...

PUCK

Mickey just saw things he shouldn't've. The boys in the John Wayne outfits at Channel View panicked and hustled him away -- then the Feds found out -- here's an acid-head billionaire about to give away all his money -- and, of course, they had their own ideas on how to spend it -- then they programmed Mickey into Ojai for a little brain work.

DOC

While we're just talking here -- did you know a detective named Vincent Indelicato?

PUCK

Sure.

DOC

He met an untimely end -- any ideas on what might have happened

PUCK

That was Adrian's. But I got to pull the trigger...

DOC

... So who hired Adrian?

PUCK

It's cop-on-cop. Kind of a waste of time to try and figure out...

DOC

... Why are you telling me all this?

PUCK

After faithful attendance at Ninja School in Boyle Heights, I have become a master in the technique known as false inhaling -- Acid invites you through a door. PCP opens the door, shoves you through, slams it behind you and locks it.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

So commencing a classic and memorable bummer...

FADE IN:

100 INT. ROOM WITH WINDOWS

100

PCP TRIP.

There are two Docs, one on each side of a window in a strange room.

DOC #2

Hi.

DOC

You look just like you do in the mirror.

DOC #2

Groovy, because you don't *look like anything*, in fact you're *invisible*.

DOC

How can you see me?

DOC #2

Because I'm lookin' right at you. How come you ask so many questions?

DOC

That's my job. Like, what I do.

DOC #2

And perhaps you could *get a fuckin' haircut*.

Docs turn and look at another window. There's a LARGE BLACK-HOODED FIGURE WITH NO FACE.

GOLDEN FANG

As you may have already gathered -- I am the Golden Fang.

DOC

Like J. Edgar Hoover 'is' the FBI?

GOLDEN FANG

Not exactly... they have named themselves after their worst fear. I am the unthinkable vengeance they turn to when one of them has grown insupportably troublesome, when all other sanctions have failed.

DOC

Okay if I ask you something?

GOLDEN FANG

About Dr. Blatnoyd. Dr. Blatnoyd
had a fatality for rogue profit
sharing activities of which his
coadjustors have taken a dim view.

DOC

So you... ate him up?

GOLDEN FANG

Sunk these into him --

Doc walks towards the Golden Fang, unable to do anything
else, it embraces him, and then EATS HIM ALIVE.

VOICE (O.S.)

He's freaking out...

DOC

Am not.

THERE'S A BLUR AND BLAST OF NOISE.

101 ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

101

Doc comes out of the PCP fog and realizes he's been
HANDCUFFED to something. A bed? His gun is gone. He's
in deep shit.

He's able to peer out a window, he's on the second floor
of someplace with a warehouse. There's a CAR and a
MOTORCYCLE parked here... Puck is here

PUCK

Didn't know you were a weekend
warrior... I could have gone cheap
and used beer...

Special treat for you today, Doc.
We just got in a shipment of Pure
Number Four, not a white guy's
finger laid on it between the
Golden Triangle and your own
throbbin' vein, and there's worse
ways to be removed forever from
the major-pain-in-the-ass list.
Just let me step out here and get
you some. Don't go away now.

PUCK leaves... closes the door and locks it on the
outside... DOC, still in a PCP fog... STARTS PULLING THE
HANDCUFFS AROUND HIS WRIST THAT IS ATTACHED TO THE BED
POST... BREAKS IT.

LIKE AN ANIMAL HE TEARS THE BEDPOST APART.

He stands up on the chair, unscrews the light bulb. It's
pitch black. He waits.

Puck opens the door... Doc whips the TOILET SEAT INTO HIS FACE, then instantly smashes his foot down into Puck's knee, bringing him down

A TRAY AND NEEDLE AND DOPE FALL TO THE FLOOR FROM PUCK'S HANDS.

Doc takes the syringe from the floor, draws up the dope and plunges it straight into Puck's jugular. He gets his gun off Puck...

ADRIAN (O.S.)

Puck? Puckie?

DOC gets his GUN off PUCK'S DEAD BODY... and goes into the hallway...

Adrian FIRES A SHOT THAT HITS A GONG BEHIND DOC -- THAT RINGS OUT THROUGH THE REST OF THE SCENE.

Doc crouches behind a sofa, takes off his SANDAL and throws it in the general direction of Adrian...

THIS DRAWS A SHOT FROM THE PATIO FROM ADRIAN. MUZZLE FLASH. SMOKE... DOC trains his gun up...

Waits until he sees a DENSE PATCH OF MOVING SHADOW AND FIRES OFF THREE ROUNDS... THERE'S A FAINT SOUND... AND THERE'S NO SOUND AFTER THAT.

DOC WAITS UNTIL HE HEARS SOME INVISIBLE CRYING, BREATHING IN THE ROOM SOMEWHERE:

DOC

That you, Adrian?

ADRIAN

I'm fuckin' lunch meat... oh, shit...

DOC

Did I get you?

ADRIAN

You got me.

DOC

Fatal, I hope?

ADRIAN

Feels like it.

DOC

How can I know for sure?

ADRIAN

Maybe it'll be on news at 11, asshole.

DOC
Stay there. Try not to croak,
I'll call this in.

DOC gets into the KITCHEN AND CALLS AN AMBULANCE... BELOW THE KITCHEN, HE HEARS MOVEMENT IN THE GARAGE. He creeps down for a look, his pistol ready --

102 INSIDE THE GARAGE

102

It's BIGFOOT, who's unloading a bunch of HEROIN PACKS from Adrian's Lincoln Continental and into a '65 Impala...

DOC
Bigfoot? Bigfoot, what the fuck?

BIGFOOT
Take care of 'em okay, Doc?

DOC
You fuckin' lunatic. What is this?

BIGFOOT
I'm in enough shit personally with the captain and I've seen you on the range... Nice work.

BIGFOOT puts the PARCEL into his car...

DOC
And that there, is that what I think it is?

BIGFOOT
Well... it's only one. There's more. Enough left for evidence.

DOC
Bigfoot, Bigfoot, I saw the movie, man, and as I recall, that character comes to a bad end.

BIGFOOT
I have obligations. Expenses.

DOC
This is the Golden Fang you're about to rip off here, man. The fully fuckin' weird outfit that kills people --

BIGFOOT
That's according to your own delusional system --

... COPS AND STUFF START TO APPROACH IN THE DISTANT B.G...

BIGFOOT
Get in the car.

DOC
Fuck you, Bigfoot. You're a
fucking lunatic.

BIGFOOT
Get in the car.

Bigfoot gets Doc in the car.

CUT TO:

103 INT. BIGFOOT'S CAR (MOVING) 103

They're driving. DOC is silent, he looks out the window
that's open... wind blowing... Bigfoot's driving fast.

DOC
You're the LAPD's own Charlie
Manson...where are we going?

BIGFOOT
We had to impound your car again.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. CANOGA PARK TOW YARD - NIGHT 104

DOC is waiting out front of the tow yard... filling out
some paperwork...

Bigfoot is around back... he takes a KILO out of his
trunk and plants it in Doc's trunk...

Bigfoot brings Doc's car around, hands him keys...

DOC
Maybe I should take a small
commission for doing your dirty
work.

BIGFOOT
BUT THAT WOULD PUT YOU ON THE
FUCKING PAYROLL, WOULDN'T IT?????

Bigfoot gets in his car and drives off... Doc gets in his
car...

SORTILEGE
(whispers)
Doper's ESP, Doc... doper's ESP...
listen to it...

105 INT. DENIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

105

Doc has put the heroin into an CARDBOARD TV BOX. Denis is here with Jade... they hide it in Denis' apartment.

DENIS

What is it?

JADE

A new TV!!!!

CUT TO:

106 INT. DOC'S PLACE - MORNING

106

It's the next morning. DOC is sitting on his couch. He's waiting for the phone to ring, drinking coffee.

TV playing something... JOHN GARFIELD, *He Ran All The Way*. THE PHONE RINGS.

DOC

Hello?

MALE

It's sure been a long time...

DOC

And your name was...

MALE

This is Crocker Fenway.

DOC

Japonica's dad? Japonica's gone missing again?

CROCKER FENWAY (V.O.)

You have something that belongs to some people I represent and they'd like it back...

DOC

So not that it's any of my business, but you're a principal in all this?

CROCKER FENWAY (V.O.)

It's only because of me and our small transaction over Japonica that you're still alive...

DOC

Ever so grateful, sir... so what do we do? I'd come to your house, but don't you live behind a gate in an already gated community?

CROCKER FENWAY (V.O.)
You people do humor?

DOC
Well... more like practicality.

CUT TO:

107 INT. RESTAURANT (LOCATION TBD) - LATER

107

Doc is here, trying to keep it together. Crocker Fenway (50s, white, lawyer) slides into a booth with him and looks at him, orders a rum and Coke.

DOC
... How's the family?

CROCKER FENWAY
Mrs. Fenway still looks like the Gross National Product and Japonica is fine, if that's what you mean.

DOC
Yeah, thought I saw old Japonica at my doctor's office just the other day... By the way, did you ever run into a dentist named Rudy Blatnoyd?

CROCKER FENWAY
Yes, I do seem to recall the name, perished in a trampoline accident, didn't he?

DOC
The LAPD's not sure it was an accident.

CROCKER FENWAY
And you're wondering if I did it? What possible motive would I have? Just because the man preyed on an emotionally vulnerable child, tore her from the embrace of a loving family, forced her to engage in sexual practices that might appall even a sophisticate like yourself -- does that mean I'd have any reason to see his miserable pedophile career come to an end? What a vindictive person you must imagine me.

DOC
You know... I did suspect he was fucking his receptionist.
(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

But I mean, what dentist doesn't, it's some oath they all have to take in dentist school, and anyhow that's a long way from strange and weird sex. Isn't it?

CROCKER FENWAY

How about when he forced my little girl to listen to *original cast albums* of Broadway musicals while he had his way with her?

DOC

Japonica's legal age now, isn't she?

CROCKER FENWAY

In a father's eye, they're always too young.

BEAT. They look at each other.

CROCKER FENWAY

To the matter at hand.

DOC

So I suppose you want your drugs back. And I also suppose you think I want some money -- but what if it didn't have to be in the form of money...

CROCKER FENWAY

Well, money would be a lot easier.

DOC

I've been more concerned about the safety of some people.

CROCKER FENWAY

... How much of a threat are they to my principles?

DOC

There's a saxophone player named Coy Harlingen, who's been working undercover for different antisubversive outfits, including the LAPD. He's come to feel lately that he made the wrong career choice. It lost him his family and his freedom. Like you, he has an only daughter.

CROCKER FENWAY

Please.

DOC

Okay, well, anyway, now he wants out.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

I think I can square it with the heat, but there's this other bunch called Vigilant California and... well, whoever's running them, of course.

CROCKER FENWAY

My guess is that they'd prefer he didn't disclose any confidential information.

DOC

Last thing he'd ever do.

CROCKER FENWAY

Your personal guarantee.

DOC

I'll go after him myself he tries anything.

CROCKER FENWAY

That's all you wanted. No money, now, you sure?

DOC

How much money would I have to take from you so I don't lose your respect?

CROCKER FENWAY

People like you lose all claim to respect the first time they pay anybody rent.

DOC

And when the first landlord decided to stiff the first renter for his security deposit, your whole fucking class lost everybody's respect.

CROCKER FENWAY

Ah, so you're looking for what? A refund? Plus how many years interest?

DOC

Course. Nothin' to you. Just a couple hundred bucks to roll up and snort coke through...

CUT TO:

It's Sunday morning. Empty parking lot. DOC has brought DENIS along. JADE is in the backseat... They sit in (some borrowed?) car and wait...

DENIS
... You should be getting
something for your trouble...

DOC
I'm getting their word they won't
hurt somebody.

DENIS
You believe that?

JADE
I thought I was naive.

DOC
Good people get bought and sold
every day. Might as well trust
somebody evil once in a while, it
makes no more or less sense.

A '53 BUICK ESTATE WAGON carrying a BLOND FAMILY:
MOTHER, FATHER, EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER AND SIX-YEAR-OLD
SON. GOLDEN FANG OPERATIVES.

The MOTHER is wearing a TENNIS OUTFIT, smoking a
cigarette. The son has buzz cut and already looks like a
Marine and stares Doc down. The Daughter looks like she
has a future in drug abuse. The FATHER and DOC take the
dope and put it in the back of the station wagon...
MOTHER hands over something to DOC.

DOC
What's this?

DAUGHTER
A credit card. Don't hippies have
them?

DOC
I must have meant, why's your mom
handing me this?

MOTHER
It isn't for you.

COY HARLINGEN's name on the card. They drive off. The
Daughter gives Doc the finger. HOLD.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - DAY

109

Doc is waiting in the car out front. There's a BUDDHIST
PRIEST walking around the yard with some girl groupies
... he's performing an exorcism...

Coy emerges from the house... looking a little paranoid
and confused, walks to Doc, gets in the car...

COY
Everything's cool...

DOC
Drac's a part of the band?
So... *The Boards* aren't so evil
anymore?

COY
Maybe just confused now and
then... you know a band that
isn't? I'm officially off
everybody's payroll. Burke
Stodger called me personally...

CUT TO:

110 EXT. COY/HOPE'S HOUSE - LATER AFTERNOON

110

Drops Coy off at his place. Coy just breathes,
emotional...

COY
You know what the Indians say.
You saved my life, now you've --

DOC
Yeah, yeah, some hippie made that
up. You saved your life, Coy.
Now you get to live it.

Coy gets out, walks up to his house and is greeted at the
door by HOPE and AMETHYST. Hope and Coy start making
out... HOPE waves to DOC...

DISSOLVE TO:

111 FISH PLACE - DOC AND SAUNCHO - DAY

111

DOC
Anything you can tell me about an
inherent vice clause?

SAUNCHO
It's what you can't avoid.

DOC
Like... original sin?

SAUNCHO
Stuff Marine policies don't like
to cover. Usually applies to
cargo like eggs break -- chocolate
melts -- glass shatters, that
sorta thing... thinking of --

THE PHONE AT THE BAR RINGS, SAUNCHO RUNS FOR IT... he
listens, then hangs up...

SAUNCHO

They got her --

Sauncho runs out as fast as he can -- Doc on his heels.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. SAN PEDRO - DAY

112

Department of Justice and Coast Guard boats have taken
hold of the *Golden Fang*...

Doc and Sauncho watch from the shore...

SAUNCHO

If she could be brought back in,
into some kind of safe
receivership and the owners don't
come and claim her within a year
and a day -- then she's officially
abandoned.

DOC

And then what?

SAUNCHO

I don't wanna jinx anything --
everybody starts coming out of the
woodwork -- multiple insurers; ex-
old ladies -- maybe one of your
lowlife millionaire friends will
end up stealing her at auction --
but!... say there was a legal
marine policy in force --

DOC

... you didn't happen to take out
a policy yourself, Saunch...

SAUNCHO

If there's litigation -- I'll be
on it.

DOC

Well... I hope it works out for
you, man. That boat and you
really do belong together...

Sauncho starts singing "We Should Be Together," from
Little Miss Broadway.

CUT TO:

113 INT. DOC'S PLACE - DAY

113

Doc is on his couch. LONG PAUSE, THEN: BIGFOOT'S FOOT
SMASHES HIS DOOR DOWN... The door is shattered in a
thousand pieces. Doc looks up scared shitless:

BIGFOOT

Don't get up...

DOC

Bigfoot. Bigfoot, man... smash down my door?!?! Come on, man...

BIGFOOT

After a long and busy day of civil rights violations, I found myself in the neighborhood and compelled to drop in... just to check and see the current state of affairs of my old stomping grounds. Seeing as your effort to keep lines of communications open with me have been limited to say the least...

DOC

I've been busy...

BIGFOOT

Trying to figure out which side of the Zig-Zag paper is the sticky side?

Then... they both talk at the same time...

DOC/BIGFOOT

Listen... I'm sorry about last night. You? Why should you be sorry?

The spell is broken.

DOC

Weird.

BIGFOOT

Extraordinary...

Bigfoot looks over Doc's weed supply... BIGFOOT starts to EAT DOC'S WEED BAG AND JOINTS.

HE SWALLOWS... BIGFOOT takes another BIG BITE OF DOC'S DRUGS... FINDS SOME PILLS, EATS THEM UP, TOO.

BIGFOOT

This fucking Gordita Beach has been cursed from the jump. I've been trying my whole life to get out of here. Indians lived here long ago, they had a drug cult, smoked toloache which is jimsonweed, gave themselves hallucinations, deluded themselves they were visiting other realities -- why, come to think of it, not unlike the hippie freaks of our present day.

(MORE)

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

Their graveyards were sacred portals of access to the spirit world, not to be misused. And Gordita Beach is built right on top of one.

DOC

Yeah? And these spirits, can you, like, catch them, Bigfoot?

BIGFOOT

You plod along in pursuit, maybe only wanting to apologize and they fly away like the wind, and wait their moment...

He heads for the door and WALKS INTO THE WALL.

DOC

You okay, brother?

BIGFOOT

I'm not your brother.

DOC

No... but you could sure use a keeper.

Bigfoot walks out the door and falls over the balcony...

114 INT. DOC'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT

114

Doc driving on the freeway. Shasta is curled up in the passenger seat. A fog is rolling in on the Santa Monica Freeway. Headlights drift ahead and behind him...

SHASTA

Remember that day, the Ouija board set us off into that big storm?

DOC

One of a couple things I never forgot -- don't know why.

SHASTA

This feels the same way, tonight. Just us. Together. Almost like being underwater. The world, everything gone someplace else.

DOC

Figured it was Sortilege just settin' us up.

SHASTA

No, she...

DOC

Her Ouija board...

SHASTA

She knows things, Doc... maybe
about us that we don't know...

DOC

This don't mean we're back
together.

SHASTA

Course not.

She drifts -- off to sleep.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

Doc fell into a car convoy, moving slowly, single lane through the fog. He figured if he missed the Gordita Beach exit, he'd take the first one whose sign he could read and work his way back on surface streets. He knew that at Rosecrans, the freeway began to dogleg east, and at some point, Hawthorne Boulevard or Artesia, he'd lose the fog, unless it was spreading tonight, and settled in region wide... Maybe then it would stay this way for days, maybe he'd have to just keep driving, down past Long Beach, down through Orange County, and San Diego and across a border where nobody could tell anymore in the fog who was Mexican, who was Anglo, who was anybody. Then again, he might run out of gas before that happened, and have to leave the caravan, and pull over on the shoulder, and wait. For whatever would happen. For a forgotten joint to materialize in his pocket. For the CHP to come by and choose not to hassle him. For a restless blonde in a Stingray to stop and offer him a ride. For the fog to burn off, and for something else this time, somehow, to be there instead.

FADE OUT.

THE END