

INHERENT VICE

screenplay by

Paul Thomas Anderson

based on the novel by Thomas Pynchon

This script is the confidential and proprietary property of Warner Bros. Pictures and no portion of it may be performed, distributed, reproduced, used, quoted or published without prior written permission.

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

WARNER BROS. PICTURES INC.  
4000 Warner Boulevard  
Burbank, California 91522

August 7, 2013  
© 2013  
WARNER BROS. ENT.  
All Rights Reserved

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:

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

2

DOC SPORTElLO 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,  
'naaahhhh.'

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 lowlifes?

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

AAAHHHAHAH!!

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 dooper'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 WOLFMAN'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. WOLFMAN'S MANSION (SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS) - DAY 20

DOC rings the doorbell. He's dressed in a disguise of a DOUBLE-BREADED 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 23  
BIGFOOT/DOC scene TBD.

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.

BODERLINE

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

... Uhhhhh... 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:

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

CHOOTO, 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  
mindresses, 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:

92

SAME SCENE - LATER

92

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.)



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

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 bumner...

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 coadjutors 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, WOULDNT 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



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