

RAMPART

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"For here there is no place that does not see you. You must change your life."

- Rainier Maria Rilke

"Never, Never, Never, Never, change. I'm still fuckin' wit crime 'cause crime pays."

- Jay-Z

1 DARKNESS. HEAR THE THIN METALLIC SOUND OF A ZIPPO LIGHTER 1
FLIPPING OPEN. THE FLAME HISSSSING. A CIGARETTE SUCKED ON.
LID SLAMMED. A LOOOONG PUFF. EXHHHALE.

DAVE (V.O.)
Rampart. This is my end-of-watch
report and my goodbye to the women.

SUPERTITLE: LOS ANGELES 1999

THE WRONG SONG STARTS PLAYING.

2 INT. POLICE PATROL CAR. MOVING - DAY 2

THE WRONG SONG CONTINUES ON A PORTABLE RADIO hanging from the
hat rack. Through the front windshield, clouded by cigarette
smoke, we are slowly cruising while grokking the Rampart
police division, a grubby section of near-downtown L.A.

Dig the crazy patchwork of crooked streets. The GANGBANGERS
LOUNGING ON FRONT PORCHES. Fuckloads of graffiti everywhere.

Dig the VATOS scrounging work on street corners. The SWARMS
OF LATIN WOMEN out pushing strollers. The WRONG SONG KEEPS
GOING, stubbornly mid-20th century at the end of the
millennium.

Dig the ghetto bird flying overhead.

PEDESTRIANS AND MOTORISTS take notice of us -- we are, after
all, in a black and white. We're driving. We're a sworn
officer of the law. The beast! We're COUGHING on poison
sticks. Our name is DAVE BROWN.

Check out the rat's ass houses and apartment buildings on
terraced hillsides. Listen as BARRIO BOOMBOXES BLAST BEANER
BEAT. Dig more GANGBANGERS in full dress taco wagons.

A FEW PEOPLE wave to us. MANY MORE avert their eyes. SULLEN
YOUNG MEN, BLUNTHEADS AND FUTURE 187S, surreptitiously flip
us off, mean-muggin'.

We stop at a red light next to TOMMY'S BURGERS on Beverly and
Rampart.

FOUR UNIFORMED COPS ARE parked in the lot, eating off the
hoods of their cars. Three males, one female. All inhaling
burgers dripping sacrificial-red ketchup. Fries.

They see us and send up a BIG CHEER with their Code 4 hand-
waving; all's well in the hood. They like us. THE WRONG SONG
CONTINUES.

A CRIPPLED MAN - just a kid living in his wheelchair - rolls
by and eyes us with big-time distaste.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

A collared, runaway PIT BULL walks up to the four fuzz and stands around salivating. Then turns to watch us, tongue unfurled.

3 EXT. SANTA MONICA STREET - DAY

3

GUITAR MUSIC PLAYING OFFSCREEN.

An affluent residential street, north of Wilshire Boulevard in Santa Monica. Clean to/of death. Properly segregated and L.A. Caucasian down to its mailboxes.

DAVE BROWN, 50, gets out of his civilian car, dressed in civilian clothes. He's our man. Thinning hair, he's also much too thin, a guy who shudders at the thought of food, only he knows why.

He waves to TWO WHITE WOMEN in their forties gardening in the front yards of side-by-side houses.

The women wave back: BARBARA and CATHERINE. They bear a distinct sisterly resemblance. Mostly because they're Irish twins. They're gardening at the moment.

Dave walks down the driveway and rounds the right-hand house into a backyard.

A 16-YEAR-OLD-GIRL, HELEN, looks up from her guitar as an 11-YEAR-OLD-GIRL, MARGARET, abandons her homework and runs to him with open arms.

MARGARET

Daddy!

She embraces him and lands a wet one on his cheek.

DAVE

How are my girls?

MARGARET

Great.

Helen keeps her distance, clearly she's got issues with Dave - teen-age, familial, gender or otherwise.

DAVE

No "hello", Helen?

She looks up.

HELEN

Hi, Rape Man!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

DAVE
Don't call me that.

4 INT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

4

LIGHTtt SNORINGgg... A mess of a bachelor pad. Old computer. Police issued typewriter (swiped). There's a pile of cash on the coffee table. Street booty. Family photos, happier days.

We find Dave asleep on his open pull-out couch, reading glasses resting on his nose, newspaper fallen to the floor, smoky ashtray nesting on his chest.

He coughs through his involuntary nap, disrupting the snoring. Wakes with a sudden jolt to realize Margaret is at the door, watching him sleep. He Zippos a cigarette.

MARGARET
Nobody smokes anymore.

DAVE
It gives me credibility.

MARGARET
It'll give you cancer.

DAVE
What do you want from me?

MARGARET
Dinner time.

He sits up. She moves in. Sits across from him, swiping at smoke while he folds his bed back into the couch.

MARGARET
Dad, Helen has a question.

DAVE
You mean you have a question.

MARGARET
We're studying genetics in school.

Dave makes a "keep going" gesture.

MARGARET
It's just-- Are we--? Helen and me--
Are we... Since our Moms are
sisters-- are we...inbred?

DAVE
Christ, no, kid.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

He puts a hand on his little girl's shoulder.

DAVE

I married your moms consecutively,
not concurrently, which makes you
and Helen half sisters and first
cousins. It's all perfectly legal
and genetically up to insurance
industry standards. You're not
going to turn into mongoloids any
time soon, if that's what you're
asking. You're not inbred, you're
native.

5 INT. DINING ROOM. EX-WIFE BARBARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

5

A spiffily furnished dining room.

Dave walks in from the kitchen, beer can in his hand. His daughters, Helen and Margaret, and the two ex-wives/sisters, Barbara and Catherine are sitting around the table, having dinner. An empty chair awaits him, but he doesn't bite just yet.

There's overlapping dialogue, laughter and lots of hubbub going on, the young girls chatting away, Helen avoiding her father's eyes.

HELEN

...She didn't say that, not like
that, she didn't. Lucy told Jenny
that the boys were talking after
school and that one of them,
probably Joe, or Retsky, thought
that Dan was going to ask me, so
the joke's on him, but he didn't,
like not yet, and then...

Dave comes over and leans secretively toward Catherine.

DAVE

(whispering)

May I sleep with you tonight?

Catherine smiles and shakes her head "No."

CATHERINE

I got tons of sketching to do.

Dave takes it like a man. Leans in toward Barbara.

DAVE

(whispering)

May I sleep with you tonight?

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA
I've got a boyfriend.

DAVE
Cheat on him.

BARBARA
(a bit too loud)
Like you cheat on your taxes.

The room goes quiet. All eight suddenly-accusing eyes on Dave. He takes his seat.

DAVE
What are you talking about?

BARBARA
You're claiming alimony and child support on your tax return, while you report a lower net income, which is not exactly 100% legal. I have to show the check stubs to my accountant, babe.

He notices Catherine about to say something and cuts her off.

DAVE
I arranged for a direct deposit. So there's no check. Okay? You know I'm a cash guy.

CATHERINE
Okay.

DAVE
(to Barbara)
I'll get you stubs.
(to his daughters)
I don't cheat on my taxes.

Margaret nods, Helen just eats, averting her eyes as soon as he looks at her. He gets up from the table.

DAVE
Can't cheat on something you never committed to.

CATHERINE
Sit. Eat something.

He laughs.

DAVE (O.S.)
I'm going out for a walk.

He's out the door.

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

MARGARET

Why is everyone so hard on him?

6 INT. DAL RAE'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

6

LIVE PIANO MUSIC, not half bad. The TV set perched above the bottle shelf is putting out a news report on the ongoing Rampart Scandal, with the SOUND TURNED LOW:

Street rousts of gangbangers, rough and unceremonious... A rainbow coalition of PICKETERS outside Rampart Station... Biiiiiiiig press conferences, replete with neeeervous officials standing at lecterns marked with the LAPD and LA Attorney's Office logos...

Dave's at the bar. A WHITE WOMAN - TRISH - appears beside him. He scans her as she addresses the BARTENDER.

TRISH

Club soda and a vodka, straight up.

DAVE

(TO TRISH)

How are you doing tonight?

She looks at him. Smiles politely. Ignoring. Picks up her drinks and goes back to THREE FORTY-ISH WOMEN, two black, one white, all afterhours bubbly-buzzed working on blotto. They're sitting around the piano bar where a PIANIST whose future has recently become his past plays a very standard Standard.

One of the black women makes flirting eye contact with Dave. Then looks away, half-smiling, twisting a lock of her hair. Dave smiles. Attack!

7 INT. DAL RAE'S STEAKHOUSE - LATER

7

The piano is on a smoke break. Two of the four forty-ish Women and Trish talk among themselves and subtly eavesdrop on:

Dave and the half-smile, eye-contact black woman - SARAH. Already in mid-conversation at a nearby table. She sure likes twisting those locks.

SARAH

Come on, Sara with an "A" is a child's name. I've always been with an "H."

DAVE

You're clearly not a child.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Tell that to my ex.

She giggles, pleated-mini-skirted-school-girl-like. Plus alcohol.

DAVE

David Brown's a cartoon name from the get-go. I've been embellishing it all my life.

SARAH

You've got a moniker that your cop buddies call you?

DAVE

You know the lingo.

SARAH

My brother was on the San Berdoo Sheriff's. I got a thing for cops.

DAVE

You sure you don't have a thing for your brother?

SARAH

No. Eight years, three months and... two, nah, three weeks of therapy, thank you very much. So, what's your moniker?

DAVE

What does it matter?

SARAH

It'll tell me everything I need to know about you. Probably more. What is it? Don't be shy. "Roughhouse Dave"? "Bang-Bang Brown"?

DAVE

"Date-Rape Dave."

She's taken aback.

SARAH

Why's that?

DAVE

There's a rumor from when I was working Hollywood Sex. I can't confirm it and I won't deny it.

SARAH

So, tell me.

DAVE

Maybe I killed a bad guy, maybe I didn't. Either way, he got what he paid for. And he never hurt another woman ever again.

Sarah nods, she's on his wavelength now. She smiles. Fully this time. Inviting. Sweet. Early horny. She touches his hand semi-accidentally.

Dave leans in to whisper in her ear. He's hard for her coming on. She drips. She giggles. Twists a lock.

Dave and Sarah fuck in the dark. It's an uuuuuurrgent coupling, hard and soft, missionary but not traditional, borderline romantic, across the board graphic.

They finish up and he collapses into her arms. They lay entwined, both spent. Suddenly sober.

Sarah turns a bedside lamp on. Dave drops off her, blinking against the glare. Sarah studies his face. She's a sweet, sweaty mess.

SARAH

You're cute, but you're a predator.

He nods to himself. She touches his ribs.

SARAH

God, you're so thin.

DAVE

I'm fit.

He turns the lights off. THE SCENE PLAYS OUT IN THE DARK.

SARAH

You know exactly what to do to get what you want, don't you? I bet you get lots of women when you bother to make an effort.

We hear a faint "mmmmm" of agreement coming from Dave.

SARAH

And you don't like talking after sex.

He doesn't reply.

SARAH

Right?

8 CONTINUED:

8

STILLNESS INSIDE, TRAFFIC OUTSIDE.

SARAH

Right.

Right. He remains quietttttt. Just the way he likes it. We HEAR HER LAUGH. Sounds like goodbye. He fires up a cigarette in the dark.

SARAH

Do you mind not smoking?

9 EXT./INT. RAMPART POLICE DIVISION/PATROL CAR - DAY

9

Dave is driving, looking goood in his tailored LAPD uniform: Officer 3+1 stripes, commendation ribbons, hashmarks denoting twenty-four years of service.

A YOUNG FEMALE COP - JANE - rides shotgun; butch, looking more green than blue with a tough interior in need of airing out.

DAVE

(pointing out his window)
...You aim for the blanket, the
spooks skedaddle, you plow the dice
and the Schlitz Malt Liquor cans,
and then hit your siren in
farewell.

(pause)

Let's see what we got.

Dave pulls into a liquor-store parking lot. Yeah! -- there's the craps game.

Dave hits the gas.

Jane braces herself.

The SIX DICE ROLLERS, sucking on short-dog bottles of T-bird, get out of Dave's way quicksville.

Whoosh -- the dice, blanket and a half-dozen malt liquor cans get trashed as Dave rams the crap out of the game. Dave hits his SIREN, then hits the brakes. We hear the DICE ROLLERS YELLING garbled "Motherfuckers!" as they scam.

Jane is deeply shaken, academy this ain't anymore.

DAVE

You'll get the hang of it.

JANE

Uh...Sir?

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Yeah.

JANE

Aren't you worried you'll get
beefed?

DAVE

Twenty-four years on the
department, I don't get beefed.

She takes him in.

DAVE

Call me Dave.

She looks away. Toughens up.

10

INT. TOMMY'S BURGERS. BEVERLY AND RAMPART - DAY

10

Lunch break. Jane digs into her burger, Dave smokes and
drinks a Pepsi.

DAVE

...You were a baby when I had my
first kill. First kill changes
everything. You'll see.

Another black and white drives up. TWO COPS get out. Young,
muscular, friendlier. OFFICERS MICHAEL WHITTAKER and DAN
MORONE. They greet Dave respectfully while scanning Jane.

11

INT. TOMMY'S BURGERS. BEVERLY AND RAMPART - LATER

11

Morone is standing with Dave and Jane, talking while Jane
finishes up her lunch. Whittaker is buying at the nearby
counter.

MORONE

(to Jane)

The Mexicans hate the Hondurans,
the Salvadorans hate the
Guatemalans...

DAVE

Everybody's dealing dope 24/7 --
it's an open air supermarket --
everybody's got a woodstick for
LAPD.

MORONE

The main gangs are Mex. You've got the Fuegos versus the Putasos, and it all fucking derives from which town Uncle Juan came from in Culiacan and how many coyotes he bred with on his way up here.

Jane looks dizzy.

JANE

What about the scandal?

MORONE

The scandal's bullshit.

DAVE

Two dickhead cops got embroiled in some fuck-all and ratted out an entire sweet division to save their own wretched asses. The D.A.'s Office is running scared, afraid to file and afraid not to exonerate en-fucking-masse, and now you've got a lot of hopped-up, Rodney-King-wannabe beaners making whoop-de-doo of their own with get-out-of-jail-free cards and a pile of county cash. It's a tragedy is what it is. It's sue-the-police-city. This was a glorious soldiers' department. Now it's...

(to Jane)

you.

Morone laughs, just as Whittaker steps up with greassssy paper lunch trays.

WHITTAKER

What's funny?

MORONE

(mocking)

"The scandal of the century."

WHITTAKER

Fuck the reporters.

(to Jane)

Planting shit on assholes is God's work.

Dave eyes Jane.

DAVE

You didn't touch your fries.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

JANE

What? Oh. I just had a couple. I got this cholesterol thing. You want them?

DAVE

Jesus Christ.

They don't make cops like they used to. Dave takes Jane's fries and throws them to the pit bull. Much obliged, it tears into them. Morone and Whittaker laugh.

WHITTAKER

Dave hates wasting food.

MORONE

But you'll never catch him eating anything.

Dave lights another cigarette. Catches critical gazes.

DAVE

I know. I know. Nobody smokes anymore. You're all gonna live for fucking ever.

12 INT. RITE AID DRUGSTORE - DAY

12

Dave stands in the security office of the drugstore.

Standing with him: a UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARD and a heavily tattooed YOUNG LATIN PUNK in handcuffs.

SECURITY GUARD

...caught him boosting Ephedrine and propyl alcohol.

Jane is outside the room, at the window. Watching.

DAVE

He's a meth cooker. He came to his calling late in life. Mama had 14 other kids, so she never bought him a chemistry set.

PUNK

Fuck your mother.

DAVE

That's the problem with education in this country. Can't you guys come up with something more impressive than "Fuck your mother?"

(CONTINUED)

PUNK
Fuck you, dickhead.

DAVE
Try harder.

PUNK
Fuck you.

DAVE
Harder.

The Security Guard gulps -- what's going on here? Jane grins, she's getting her sea legs.

Dave checks the Punk's arms.

Dave motions the Security Guard to step out of the room.

SECURITY GUARD
I don't know, man--

DAVE
Now!

Reluctantly, the Security Guard leaves.

DAVE
I like the tats. You're Putasos, right? You're cooking crank out of somebody's garage, and you know where the garage is, but I don't.

Dave smiles, all knowing. He's got a live one here.

DAVE
This is petty theft with four priors, Ramon. It's a violation and a mandatory bullet. Give me the address and it all goes away.

The Punk turns around, displays his cuffed arms and gives Dave the finger. Dave grabs the finger, pushes the Punk's head against the window, right where Jane is standing on the other side of the glass. Show's on, kid. She watches.

Then, Dave grabs the Punk's long, greasy hair, pulls his head back and viciously punches him in the kidneys. Jane's eyes are as wide as they get.

Then, he grabs the Punk by the neck and shoves him into the wall. Jane looks away.

DAVE
Give me the address. Please.

13 INT./EXT. PATROL CAR/RAMPART STATION - DAY 13

Dave and Jane arrive in their patrol car and drive through the CIVILIAN PICKETERS carrying signs stating: "Reparations for Rampart victims," "Down with blue fascism," "LAPD, you can't hide! We decry your genocide!"

DAVE
Ain't freedom of speech a bitch?

They park and get out. Walk up the stairs into Rampart station, TALKING.

DAVE
So where is he now?

JANE
Most of the week, my mom takes care of him...

14 INT. RAMPART STATION - DAY 14

Dave and Jane walk through the detectives' squad room.

Dave veers off and strides up to a LATINO DETECTIVE sipping coffee at his desk. Lets Jane catch up.

LATINO DETECTIVE
What?

DAVE
(to Jane)
Go ahead.

JANE
Meth lab.

The Latino Detective stares at her.

JANE
The garage at 41 East Cesar Chavez.

LATINO DETECTIVE
That's it? No explanation?
(to Jane)
Who the fuck are you, anyway?

Dave winks at her and starts to walk away. Jane follows him, in sync now.

A 30-YEAR-OLD cop looks up from his desk. He's got a law-school text open in front of him. Dave looks over; the 30-YEAR-OLD cop catches his eye.

(CONTINUED)

30-YEAR-OLD COP
Question.

DAVE
Okay.

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

30-YEAR-OLD COP
Circuit court appeals for illegal
search-and-seizure. Give me a
preced--

DAVE
Cuthbert versus Ingleside County,
Virginia, 1966. Look it up.

The 30-Year-Old Cop eagerly writes it down. Dave smiles at Jane. She nods: Officer Dave Brown, king of the hill.

DAVE
Stick with me, kid.

JANE
Do I have a choice?

15 EXT. PATROL CAR - DAY

15

Dave is driving alone in his patrol car now. He's cruising through the intersection at the top of MacArthur Park, MUSIC ON THE RADIO (still feels like the wrong kind), and then --

CRASH! He gets T-boned at the intersection by a pimped-out '79 black Cadi.

Dave's air-bag inflates, an insult-adding blow to the head.

Dave spills out of the car, blood rushing to his head, adrenaline pumping.

He sees the black Cadi's BLACK MOTORIST get out dazed.

Dave lunges at the Black Motorist, pops him in the face with his Beaver Tail Sap, gets him to the ground and beats him up.

The man does nothing to resist. The blows keep coming. With kicks to boot.

Dave's out of control. Vicious. Almost unrecognizable.

Finally, Dave stops. Hovers over the passed-out man, panting out of breath, sweating.

He looks around. He's got an audience. Wipes his mouth with his sleeve. Doesn't care.

But, wait -- is that a GUY in MacArthur Park with a video camera?

16

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

16

TV NEWS REPORT

We see an instant replay of Dave beating the Black Motorist on a TV set.

NEWSMAN (OVER)
And now, in the midst of the
Rampart Scandal, an incident that
the print media has dubbed,
"Shondellgate."

DIFFERENT POV ANGLE ON THE TV: We see an old photo of Dave,
an academy portrait, way back when.

NEWSMAN (OVER)
Forty-eight-hours ago, 24-year LAPD
veteran, Officer David Douglas
Brown was videotaped severely
beating a motorist named Shondell
Parmallee, in what attorney Johnnie
Cochran has described as, "Rodney
King Revisited, Revised and
Regurgitated."

ANOTHER POV ANGLE ON THE TV SET: We see a shot of fuming
Rampart PROTESTERS going nuts around him, jeering; he's
sneering.

NEWSMAN
Local activists have launched new
attacks on the LAPD for its
"Institutional Racism" and "Culture
of Racial Misconduct", while
Officer Brown waits to hear whether
he will be suspended from duty or
perhaps even prosecuted criminally.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE TV SET: The news footage blips to a
close-up of the Los Angeles D.A. standing at a lectern. A
scroll at the bottom of the screen reads: "DISTRICT ATTORNEY
WILLIAM BLAGO, JR."

D.A. BLAGO
Let me say at the start that the
"Shondellgate" matter is in the
early stages of investigation, as
opposed to Rampart, which is a
longstanding, highly complex and
multi-faceted issue of great social
import.

(CONTINUED)

YET ANOTHER POV ANGLE: The TV news footage blips to a close-up of a 50-ish woman in a business suit, "self-made-lawyer-millionaire" radiating from her perfect *coiffure da politique*. She's speaking to reporters in her office. A scroll at the bottom of the screen reads: "CANDIDATE STACY CRANSTON."

STACY CRANSTON

That's Bill B. for you. He got "highly complex," "multifaceted" and "great social import" into one sentence, and he didn't "say" a damn thing.

(smiling)

I'll "say" this, though. If you're a dirty cop in Rampart and I get elected, katy-bar the door. If you're Officer Dave Brown and I indict you on fair and just charges, you better run for the hills because you're going down. The citizens of this great city are sick and tired of the old way of doing business. They want action, not words. It's a matter of safety. And balls.

We pull back to see Dave in his underwear on his couch watching the news reports. He downs his beer.

A KNOCK ON HIS DOOR.

DAVE

Yeah?

Margaret walks in, smiles at her dad. He smiles back. MUTES the TV.

MARGARET

How was your day?

DAVE

Fine. Helen still mad at me?

She shrugs.

MARGARET

What are we watching?

He switches channels from the news to some idiotic must-see Sit-Com. She sits on the couch next to him. He UNMUTES THE TV. We hear the LAUGH TRACK OFF SCREEN. She laughs.

He gets up, uncomfortable in his underwear next to his girl. Puts pants on.

17 INT. JOAN CONFREY'S OFFICE - DAY.

17

Dave walks into a small Deputy D.A. conference room. Seated at a small table: a SIXTYISH MAN - WOODWARD, and a FIFTYISH WOMAN - JOAN CONFREY.

Dave sits down.

WOODWARD

Cal Woodward, Brown. Remember me?
We worked Newton together twenty-
odd years ago.

DAVE

(nodding)
And this must be the Deputy Blago
by the looks of it.

JOAN

Joan Confrey, Officer Brown.

They sit.

DAVE

If you force me to retire and file
on me, I'll plead not guilty, take
it to trial and represent myself.
I'll be playing to a mentally
deficient jury, so I'll lose,
though I'll work Vietnam for all I
got, not to mention twenty-four
years on the job. I'll draw a fine
and a suspended sentence and Court
TV will broadcast the whole thing.
I'll have my own show on Fox news
inside one week.

(pointing to Joan)
You'll be my first guest.

Joan Confrey smirks. Cal Woodward looks him over.

JOAN

Rampart has become a major legal
and financial crisis, beyond any
level of measurable police
misconduct. Bullshit police
brutality complaints. Bullshit
felony evidence plants. Wrong door
fuck-ups. We have them all. Most of
our solicited and unsolicited
testimony is ambiguous, if not
outright indecipherable. The County
could well go bankrupt from paying
out lawsuit money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

JOAN (cont'd)
The D.A.'s Office and LAPD are hemorrhaging prestige, and a great many vicious criminals have been released from prison precipitously early. And now we have YOU to deal with.

Dave nods, impressed with Joan.

DAVE
Nicely put.
(pause)
Look, I was under attack. I went after the suspect. End of story. The tape doesn't show everything. They never do. I had to neutralize him. That's all I have to say.

He gets up, impatient.

DAVE
You seem to have everything under control here. I appreciate the opportunity.
(to Woodward)
Just remember which side you're on.

JOAN
There are no sides here.

Dave laughs as he walks out, pride intact. Confrey and Woodward exchange looks.

18

EXT. RAMPART STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

18

Dave opens the passenger side door of his civilian car and gets a box of donuts out. He turns, shuts the door, and drops the box clumsily. A donut rolls out. He picks it up. Cleans it off and puts it back in the box.

Dave walks toward the station with the box of donuts.

Ahead - It's a wiiiiiiild scene. Numerous Placard-Carrying Westside White Liberals and pissed-off Black Folks chant, "Dave Brown must go!" and "LAPD, you can't hide! We decry your genocide!"

A GROUP OF COPS standing around bullshitting notices him. TWO BLACK COPS turn their backs. ONE WHITE and ONE LATIN COP wave.

He sees Jane standing by the door with a BLACK COP, flirting.

JANE
I wanted to stay on with you, Dave.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Dave nods. Partner no more. She lowers her eyes to the ground. Dave enters the station.

Dave gets a box of donuts off the passenger seat.

19 INT. RAMPART STATION - DAY

19

Dave walks through the station, box of donuts in his hand.

COPS walking the hallways notice him with grins, smiles, nods, scowls, handshakes and turned-away eyes.

He ducks his head into a crowded roll call room and sees the mid-watch roll call in progress.

SOME COPS CHEER, SOME COPS LOOK AWAY, MOST SIT STONED-FACED.

A HALF-DOZEN get up and clap.

Dave walks through the roll call room.

He cuts down a hallway where HANDCUFFED LOWLIFES sitting on benches give him the fisheye, and knocks and opens a door marked "Captain."

A UNIFORMED CAPTAIN, a 50-year-old black man, sits at a desk.

DAVE

What's the word, chief?

CAPTAIN

Hemorrhoids.

Dave takes him in, surprised enough to forget the donuts in his hands are for the Captain.

CAPTAIN

You're on while they look into it.
Full pay. No suspension. Nothing.
Nothing's changed. Close the door.

Dave nods, truly shocked. He closes the door. Smiles to himself and walks back down a short hallway.

A beautiful YOUNG FEMALE COP walks up the stairs towards him, eyes averted. Dave digs in his pockets, pulls out a card with his phone number and hands it to her.

She tosses it on the floor.

He suddenly realizes he has the donut box in his hand. A JANITOR walks by, wheeling his mop and bucket. He leans over and picks Dave's card off the floor. Dave hands him the donut box.

20 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE. SANTA MONICA STREET - NIGHT 20

Dave drives up to his ex-wives' side-by-side houses. He sees a big swarm of reporters camped on the sidewalk and front lawns. He zooms around the block, ditches his car on a side street and cuts across backyards to his ex-wives' two connected backyards. It's littered with debris left by previous news crews.

He goes to the back window. Sees Helen and Margaret watching TV, horrified. (THE TV IS OFF-SCREEN)

TV REPORTER (O.S.)
Ironically, Officer Brown was never
embroiled in the Rampart scandal.
And now officials want to know, how
many David Browns there are out
there...?

A troubled look crosses Dave's face

He goes to the kitchen window and sees ex-wife Barbara and ex-wife Catherine standing there. They look haggard and furious, talking to each other in hushed but biting voices. There are two empty wine bottles out in plain view.

Dave retreats back toward his car.

21 INT. DAL RAE'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT 21

A BLACK COUPLE recognizes Dave sitting at the bar, shake their heads and carry their drinks to a back table.

Dave guzzles a double scotch.

OTHER BAR PATRONS sneak looks at him. Dave meets their gazes and stares them down.

He looks across the bar. Somewhat paranoid, more specifically on the prowl. He sees a WOMAN in a professional suit sitting alone.

Dave carries his drink over.

The woman, LINDA, points toward the wall-mounted TV. The sound is down, but Dave is plainly visible whomping Shondell Parmallee in SLOW MO. And again. Repeat. Stop motion. NEWS MODELS analyzing.

DAVE
You're wearing a courtroom suit,
and you've got litigator's eyes.
Are you here for me?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

She smiles and keeps watching. The TV news blips to a split screen of D.A. Bill Blago and candidate Stacy Cranston fomenting at lecterns.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE
(to Bartender)
Hey, isn't the game on or
something?
(to Linda)
Dave.

Now she's looking at him.

LINDA
Linda.

They shake hands. Dave sits down next to her.

The BARTENDER materializes. Dave points to his glass and
Linda's glass. Puts up two fingers. The Bartender splits to
pour.

DAVE
Please tell me you're not a lawyer.

LINDA
Okay. I'm not a lawyer.

DAVE
You're selling something, right?
Art? Insurance? Pharmaceuticals?

LINDA
How about real estate?

DAVE
Great.

LINDA
I'm in from Tucson with my eighty-
seven-year-old husband and business
partner for a trade show. He's
taking a six-hour nap. I'm taking a
five-hour walk. Does that work for
you?

DAVE
Yep. I'm looking to refinance.

She smiles. He likes her. He likes this game. He likes her
species.

DAVE
Thanks for talking to me.

LINDA
I figure I'll be safe. Everyone's
watching your every move.

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

DAVE
And now they're watching you.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

Maybe I don't mind. Maybe I like
being watched.

Dave smiles and takes a big jolt of scotch off the incoming
Bartender's serve.

LINDA

Is it all getting to you? You're
not a kid anymore. You got a lot to
lose.

DAVE

Me? Nah. I'm making new friends
every day.

LINDA

Don't consider this a done deal
just yet.

DAVE

There's "Yes," "No" and "Maybe next
time I'm in town without my
husband," and I'm fine with all
three.

Dave glances up at the TV set (unseen). Shakes his head.

DAVE

(yelling)
Put the game on, goddamnit!

LINDA

You shouldn't have beat up that
guy.

DAVE

I don't subscribe to half measures.

LINDA

You're gonna need a better line of
defense than that.

DAVE

Let's get out of here and get some
exercise.

LINDA

Seriously? Exercise? That's the
best you can do?

Dave and Linda fuck face to face, staring into each other's
eyes, both lying on their side. It's hungry. It's tender.

22 CONTINUED:

22

It's lazy. It's freighted with the lonely urge to quash skepticism and mesh, however briefly.

It gets from heated to a boiling point, but suddenly Dave stops. And so she follows, a puzzled look in her eyes. Did he come? Couldn't have already.

Suddenly, they kiss. No explanation. It isn't just fucking anymore. It's passionate. For a moment. A connection.

23 INT. NEW OTANI HOTEL - LATER

23

They rest quietly afterward. Linda moves slightly away from Dave and keeps a light hand on his shoulder. She eyes his gun on the floor. Starts getting dressed. Dave is getting cold. Covers up.

DAVE

Don't go. Please. We could...talk.

LINDA

What do you want to talk about?

They talk.

24 EXT. PATROL CAR - DAY

24

Dave drives his patrol car down an alley near Temple and Alvarado. He's working his day-watch SLO report-car beat. Alone.

Some Latin PUNKS give him the evil-eye.

A Punk picks a piece of dog shit off the ground, hurls it at the patrol car as it passes and hits the back window, then takes off running into an uphill alley.

The other punks make for the hills in every direction.

Dave hits the brakes. Reverses. Then charges up the hill. The Punk runs up the right side of the alley in panic as the black and white metal monster gains on him. After the laughter come tears.

He sees an open gate on the left side of the alley and makes a mad dash for it, crossing Dave's chasing car.

Dave nicks him with the side of the car and the shit-thrower punk goes down.

Dave gets out, puts a glove on, pries the turd free from the back window and smears it all over the moaning and writhing Punk's face.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Dave stands there breathing heavily. His heart is racing. He lights a cigarette. Coughs on it. Grins at the shit-faced punk.

Hey look, there's a photographer across the street with a long zoom lens making a quick getaway. A NEIGHBOR got the flash on his camera going. SNAP. What are the odds?

25 EXT. TOMMY'S BURGERS - DAY

25

Dave sits in his patrol car in the Tommy's Burgers parking lot.

The previously seen pit bull is sprawled in his lap, taking a snooze. A new old friend.

A man in his sixties, HARTSHORN, sneaks up to Dave's driver's side window and slaps him lightly with a library book. Dave jumps.

HARTSHORN

What's the matter, too famous for me all of a sudden?

DAVE

Jesus, it's Wednesday! Sorry.

26 INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - DAY

26

A secluded nook in the Pacific Dining Car Restaurant. Dave sits with Hartshorn. They're drinking coffee, Hartshorn's cup resting on his book.

HARTSHORN

It's all deliberate provocation, they're predicting your response every time. And you fall for it every time.

DAVE

Yeah, but who are "they?"

HARTSHORN

"They" who don't like you.

DAVE

Why me?

HARTSHORN

Because they don't like you. What do I know? It could be a coincidence.

Dave smiles. Drinks coffee.

(CONTINUED)

HARTSHORN

Strange times is all.

DAVE

If it's the gang fucks, I don't mind. Generic criminal scum, bogus lawsuit-settlement scum, press-scum, I can blow away scum. But if this is Rampart, LAPD, some fucking girly politician setting me up as a shit magnet to take the heat off the fucking scandal, I gotta go deep into this.

HARTSHORN

Jesus, with the language.

(pause)

Lookit, what can I do? I'm just a law-abiding retiree enjoying his golden years.

DAVE

Fuck you with the Mickey Cohen routine, old man. You got more fingers in department twat than any active cop I know. Milk your contacts. I have cash left from the Harris job.

Hartshorn nods. Smiles self-satisfied.

DAVE

Thanks for that, by the way.

Hartshorn nods again. Plays with his wedding ring. Sips coffee. A perfect gentleman.

HARTSHORN

You could just stop beating people up, you know. This ain't your father's LAPD. Or retire. Get out of dodge.

Dave stares at him for a long time. Blank stare. Not a muscle moves. Drinks from his coffee. Then Dave's hand trembles slightly. Hartshorn notices. Dave coils his hands into fists to stop the trembling.

HARTSHORN

I know, pal. It's more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

(snort-laugh)

Hell, it is a barrel of monkeys.

(suddenly serious)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

HARTSHORN (cont'd)

You just got to get through the storm. It's the bad old good-old-days all over again. Again.

DAVE

I'll get through it. Always do.

HARTSHORN

You know, when you joined the department, it wasn't clear if you were the dumbest rookie ever or the most bullheaded.

(pause)

I'm still debating it.

27

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

27

The office of L.A. County District Attorney. It's spacious and wood-paneled. Framed tributes to the D.A. line the walls.

Blago, the silver-haired, silver-tongued D.A. slickster, sits at his desk, facing Dave and Deputy D.A. Joan Confrey. Their conversation is already in progress.

DAVE

I should have never voted for you.

D.A. BLAGO

Well, I should have filed Murder One on you on that date-rape shooting.

DAVE

I would have booked him on eleven counts of Rape, Sodomy One, and penetration with a foreign object on the victim.

D.A. BLAGO

Fourteen years, tops. I'd say your punishment breached legal statute as well as moral code.

DAVE

(smiling)

"The law must always acknowledge and occasionally accommodate the extraordinary vicissitudes of justice." Judge D.T. Eagleton. 1946.

D.A. BLAGO

I don't know that quote.

DAVE

You went to Cal State.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

D.A. BLAGO
Well, at least I passed the bar.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE
Barely, I'm told. Hence politics.

JOAN
(quietly)
Gentlemen, please.

Blago flushes and clears his throat. Dave winks at Joan. Joan looks away. Professional.

D.A. BLAGO
(coooooold)
Tell me how your rogue-cop status
and snotty legal posturing can get
this office out of the fucked-up
catastrophe that your fucked-up
police department got us into,
Brown. Tell me.

Dave looks piercingly at Blago. Joan looks piercingly at Dave.

DAVE
I don't know. I don't know
anything.

D.A. BLAGO
Fuck you.

JOAN
Gentlemen.

DAVE
Someone is planting cameras in my
way. That's all I got. Maybe it's
you. Maybe it's someone smart.
They're definitely smarter than me,
'cause I don't stop to see if
there's a photographer around when
I do the people's dirty work.

D.A. BLAGO
So, it's the cameras? That's the
only problem you see? Have you done
anything wrong here?

DAVE
I'm never wrong when I do the right
thing.

D.A. BLAGO
(deadly)
Ms. Confrey, please walk Officer
Brown to the elevator. And make
sure he presses down.

28

INT. HALLWAY. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

28

Dave and Joan walk down a hallway toward the elevator bank, stealing sidelong glances at each other all the way.

They pass a series of framed group photos on the wall.

Dave notices a D.A.'s Office picnic shot, dated 1992. ALL THE PEOPLE ARE IDENTIFIED BY NAMES TYPED NEAR THEIR INDIVIDUAL PICTURES.

Dave steps closer.

JOAN
Anyone you know?

THERE SHE IS! -- Linda, Dave's playmate and Real Estate agent for a night. The name reads: LINDA FENTRESS. Dave keeps cool, but it burns.

DAVE
Sad looking bunch.

JOAN
They all went into defense work,
every single one of them.

Dave nods casually.

DAVE
Defending scum for profit.

JOAN
Practicing law.

He scoffs. The two continue their walk to the elevator bank.

Joan pushes a button to send an elevator up. They're alone as they stand there.

JOAN
Did you do it?

DAVE
(disingenuous)
Do what?

JOAN
Without admitting guilt or
complicity, did you kill that
rapist?

DAVE
Alleged rapist.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

Did you do it?

DAVE

There's shit you carry, there's
shit you walk away from.

JOAN

Is that a "yes"?

Dave shrugs, says nothing.

JOAN

Let me rephrase. If you were to
have done it, could you tell me
why?

DAVE

So women will love me.

29

INT. DAVE'S CIVILIAN CAR - DAY

29

Dave's driving home, his head in a cloud of cigarette smoke.
His CELL PHONE RINGS. He flips it open.

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)

Not on the phone!

30

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

30

Hartshorn and Dave walk down the loooong corridor toward the
courthouse exit, passing LAWMEN and LAW WOMEN and LAW BREAKERS
and SOON-TO-BE-*EITHER-ORS*.

DAVE

Yeah. Yeah. "If you worry, you die,
if you don't worry, you still
die..."

HARTSHORN

"...So why die?"

Hartshorn chuckles.

DAVE

Kaplan was a ding-dong. And he's
six feet under.

HARTSHORN

Listen, there's something there. It
may be worse than we thought.

A MAN -- call him JOEY -- climbing the steps recognizes
Hartshorn.

OLD MAN

Mr. Hartshorn. Hello.

HARTSHORN

Well, I'll be damned.

They shake hands warmly.

Dave awaits no introductions. He walks down the hall, pops a cigarette in his mouth but doesn't light it. Plays it cool, but he knows it's going to be hot. He watches Call-him-Joey and Hartshorn, now talking in hushed voices. They finally bid each other farewell.

Hartshorn re-joins Dave.

HARTSHORN

Haven't seen him in ages. Looks like death. Twelve years in the can. And for what? For being honest.

They keep walking toward the exit.

HARTSHORN

There's word on the street about a hit. Two Fuegos were overheard in a Pelican Bay holding tank. They were discussing a plan to kill a Rampart officer. Make a public statement about the scandal. Gangland splash sort of thing.

Dave takes it in.

HARTSHORN

Kill a Rampart cop on the streets, in the line of duty, presumably at random, obviously for revenge. Street cred. Whatever.

DAVE

So the sonofabitch Blago in his infinite wisdom decided to give them a clear, public target, and I guess I drew the short straw?

HARTSHORN

We don't know that. We don't know shit yet. Don't jump to conclusions.

DAVE

I guess this means I'm voting for Cranston.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

HARTSHORN
It's no joke.

Dave's smile turns frownish. They step outside.

31 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

31

They stop outside the house of court. Dave quickly lights up.

HARTSHORN
Just be careful, you hot-blooded
bastard. Talk to that Moron and the
kid.

DAVE
Morone, with an "E".

HARTSHORN
Right. And Whittaker. Whomever.
They're always good for
information.

DAVE
Coffee at the dining car?

HARTSHORN
Nah. I gotta go. I have a hot date
with a soon-to-be aging librarian.

32 EXT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

32

Headphones on, Dave sits on the steps of his garage
apartment, smoking, listening to his duct-taped Walkman.
Always the throwback, is he soon to crash and burn a has-
been?

WE CAN ONLY HEAR THE TINY MUSIC IN HIS EARS. CAN'T MAKE IT
OUT. He's trying to relax.

Finally, Dave looks up at the moon. It's full. Fuck it! Gets
up and walks in, flipping the cigarette into his ex-wives'
prized flower garden.

33 INT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

33

--Dave is awake in bed, not sleeping. THERE'S A BEEPING SOUND
COMING FROM SOMEWHERE. He shivers suddenly. But it's not
cold. Shivers again.

--Dave dismantles the fire alarm in the kitchen. The BEEPING
SOUND starts again. FROM SOMEWHERE.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

--Dave showers in the dark. Steaming. When he turns the shower off, he hears the BEEPING SOUND again.

--Dave makes himself some tea. Steaming. Turns on THE RADIO TO DROWN THE BEEPING SOUND from nowhere.

34 INT. HALLWAY. RAMPART STATION - DAY

34

Dave walks up the stairs.

He opens the door marked "Captain" and walks in, leaving the door ajar. Only then does he knock.

35 INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

35

The 50-year-old African-American Captain looks up at him. He's (inexplicably) emotional. There's a YOUNG BLACK TEENAGER sitting to the side reading a magazine. She's his daughter and she's in a world of trouble (but that's a different story.)

CAPTAIN

What?

DAVE

Anything you want to tell me, chief?

CAPTAIN

"Anything" as in what "anything?"

DAVE

As in what's happening? Why am I still collecting a paycheck?

The captain sighs, more in the dark than Dave, couldn't give a shit.

CAPTAIN

Shondell skipped town. His nerves are shot. Civil lawsuit is moving forward. They're looking into the kid you "defaced" in the alley. Cracked shin. He's got a long rap sheet and some outstandings. So -- lucky you. Someone's pulling strings to keep you on. Mother of all miracles. Why is the door still open? Close it.

Dave turns to close the door. The Teenager watches him, amused, she knows who he is.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

From the outside. Close the door
with you on the outside, Brown.

Dave stops with his back to the Captain. Then turns around to face him. The Captain stands as if for a showdown. The Teenager stands, because everyone else is.

CAPTAIN

(to his daughter)
You sit down!

She doesn't.

DAVE

(to Captain's daughter)
What are you in for?

She smiles.

CAPTAIN

That's my daughter you're talking
to.

DAVE

Sorry, sir.

CAPTAIN

Maybe all this shit's the best
thing that ever happened to you,
Brown.

DAVE

Or you.

The Captain smiles sadly.

CAPTAIN

You're the least of my problems.
Close the door. And get a good
lawyer, a windbag like you, but
someone who passed the bar.

(pause)

I can't afford to have another bad
guy around here. I'm really
investing in you right now.

Dave nods. Looks at the Teenager. She smiles victoriously. He considers saying something outrageous, inappropriate and offensive. But instead he closes the door behind him as he leaves.

36 EXT. BRENTWOOD STREET - NIGHT 36

Dave drives up and parks in front of a slick-looking, darkened designer house in Brentwood.

He gets out of his car, walks to the door, RINGS THE BELL and gets no response. Ducks into the darkness as he hears FOOTSTEPS passing down the street. Then he dons gloves. Pulls out a lock-pick case, opens it, selects a pick and starts poking at the door-lock.

37 INT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 37

Dave enters the house, shuts the door, pulls out a penlight and prowls in the dark.

The pad is tidy, arty, innocuous. Hello! -- He comes face to face with a picture of: LINDA FENTRESS AND A RANDOM BOYFRIEND, the poor dude's face cut out of the picture. Pictures of cats. AN ELDERLY COUPLE - Mom and Pa.

Here comes a real pussy cat. Real friendly. A gentle ushering away with Dave's foot unbefriends it. Dave SNEEZES. Cats.

He checks out the living room: freaky neat.

Kitchen: crazy clean.

Bedroom: a drill sergeant's creamy mug splat.

He enters the home office. There's a paper shredder on the desk.

Beside it: stacks of photocopied D.A.'s Office files, all marked: "Rampart/Level-One Security/Eyes Only."

Suddenly, Dave hears a CAR PULLING IN AND STOPPING at the front of the house. ENGINE KILLED. He silently walks out of the house via the back door, leaving the D.A.'s office files behind.

38 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. CENTURY CITY - DAY 38

Dave walks up to a tall building of the business of law, passing OFFICE WORKERS standing outside, smoking and coin-wanking. He pulls the door. It won't open. Pulls harder. Nada. The door says PUSH. He pushes. That's all it takes.

39

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

39

Big, high window views, quite a drop for Los Angeles. Dave is seated with FOUR SHARKS around the conference room table.

DAVE

...I'm LAPD and I want to stay
LAPD. Okay? That's the most
important thing.

SHARK-LAWYER #1

Why?

DAVE

Why what?

SHARK-LAWYER #1

I'm just asking. What if we work
out a settlement? Why is staying on
the most important thing?

DAVE

Because I'm a hard-charging,
dutiful motherfucker, and I want to
explicate the LAPD's somewhat
hyperbolized misdeeds with true
panache, regardless of my alleged
transgressions. Happy?

The Shark-Lawyers dig Dave, there's smiles, guffaws, little
"hear-hears."

DAVE

In other words, I got nowhere else
to go. So if I get canned from the
department, I swear to God I'll
come work here as your token
fascist.

They laugh.

DAVE

And if I get killed, you don't get
paid.

The HEAD SHARK at the end of the table clears his throat.

HEAD SHARK

Well. We'll need a retainer. That's
standard. \$15,000 would set you up.

Dave smiles to avoid swallowing his tongue.

DAVE

Is that at all negotiable?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Fat chance. Just look at their faces. Staring at him. All.

40 INT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

40

The clock admits 3:30AM. Dave is sitting at the desk in his garage apartment. Piles of cash (small denominations) in front of him. He counts. Puts a hefty sum in a duffle bag. Dirty money dwindling.

He walks to the closet. Gets an old bullet-proof vest out. Dusts it off.

Suddenly, a RATTLING OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW. He quickly gets his gun. Sweat beads form on his forehead. He gets down on his knees and sneaks up to the window.

He spots TWO SHADOWS moving about in the back yard. He wipes his mouth in anticipation. He readies his gun. Moves to another window

Finger on trigger. The shadows move closer. Then split. One advancing, the other dropping back.

Dave swallows hard. Aims at the approaching shadow.

Then the shadow's face hits a light. Dave gasps as he's about to shoot--

Helen. Sneaking in. Past her school night curfew. The retreating shadow takes the form of a SHORT-HAIRED GIRLFRIEND. Helen motions for her to advance. They disappear into the shadows, kissing.

Dave drops his gun and collapses to the floor, heaving.

41 INT. LOCKER ROOM. RAMPART STATION - DAY

41

OFFICERS of mostly Caucasian and Hispanic persuasion are hanging out in the locker room in various stages of dress and undress. It's a bullet-proof vest convention. Some are scanning morning newspapers, some pumping dumbbells before going out to pump gangbangers.

Dave finds Morone and Whittaker getting into uniform a few lockers apart.

MORONE

What's the story, Date-Rape?

DAVE

(whispers)

Listen, I got a tip, two assholes are out to suborn a Rampart cop. Prime cut revenge.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

MORONE

White Cop?

DAVE

As fucking snow.

They both laugh awkwardly trying to show they're not scared.

WHITTAKER

Where did you get the tip?

DAVE

Sources.

MORONE

Yeah, well, it's a dangerous world.

DAVE

Just keep your eyes peeled is all I'm saying. For me. Okay? Talk to your boys.

WHITTAKER

Come on, Dave, you're bulletproof.

42 OMITTED

42

43 EXT. RAMPART STATION - DAY

43

Dave walks to his car to the SOUND OF THE PROTESTERS. He's lost in thought.

His PHONE RINGS. He fishes it out, checks out the number and flips it open.

DAVE (TO PHONE)

Are you back in town? Flamingos?
What do you mean Flamingo?

44 INT. EL CID - NIGHT

44

Dave sits with the conquest-formerly-known-as-a real estate agent, Linda Fentress, at a table above staged Flamenco action. The two empty Margarita glasses tell us they've been hanging for awhile, but Dave seems uncomfortable here.

LINDA

(steely-eyed)

I liked the way you moved. Okay?
It's a John Wayne thing. And I like
sucking cock, so sue me. Seemed
like a fine idea at the time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LINDA (cont'd)
You were asking for it. "Tell me
you're not a lawyer." I did.

DAVE
There's something you're not
saying.

He touches her lips to perfect her lipstick.

DAVE
You got too many angles here.

LINDA
Look, I hate the scum I represent.

DAVE
That's not it.

LINDA
You think it's easy?

DAVE
I don't, not really. Nothing's
easy.

LINDA
I help criminals go free with
county cash in their pockets
because LAPD fucks up and eight
times out of ten I see them again
back at Rampart.

DAVE
You're giving me a closing
statement. You came looking for me.

LINDA
I didn't.

He looks deep into her. Suspicious. Too many angles plus one.
She's about to reach liars' climax or confess it all.
Flamenco action stops below. PEOPLE CLAP.

DAVE
What aren't you telling me?

LINDA
(ultra-steely-eyed)
The man you killed, the date rape
guy. I'm a defense lawyer... I
don't want to, but I respect what
you did. I was--
(pause)
--when I was in college. I have
girlfriends who were too.

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

He studies her face; she's telling the truth; she's been hurt.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

44

DAVE

There's no proof I killed anyone.

She smiles sadly. Takes her bag. Time to leave. He grabs her arm. Flamenco action resumes.

DAVE

May I sleep with you tonight?

LINDA

Yes. Thanks for asking.

45 EXT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - DAWN

45

Day breaks. We follow a shaky and haggard Dave as he walks toward his garage apartment.

46 INT. BEDROOM. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

46

Dave goes into his bedroom. Suddenly jumps -- there's someone in his bed.

He draws his gun and moves closer to see: his ex-wife, Barbara under the sheets.

He puts the gun away, pulse racing. She awakes, yawns and smiles.

BARBARA

Hey, babe.

DAVE

Hey. Nice surprise.

BARBARA

Was she any good?

DAVE

She was... She's... kinda great.

Barbara laughs. He shrugs.

DAVE

Seriously.

Dave takes off his clothes and gets in bed with her. They kiss.

BARBARA

(tentative)

We're putting the houses up for sale. You should think of getting your own place.

(CONTINUED)

They kiss.

DAVE
You can't do that.

They grope under the covers.

BARBARA
We have to. It's not working out,
living on top of each other like
this, and you know it. We all have
to move on. You can't make
decisions for us anymore, sweetie.

Dave looks at her in shock. Then, he suddenly starts to sweat and hyperventilate and shudder. His eyes go out of focus. He gasps for air. He braces both hands on the bed rail.

Barbara gets on top of him and pins him to the bed.

BARBARA
Shush, babe. It's going to be all
right. You're going to be all
right.

His panic attack peaks and very slowly tapers off. She lies next to him, holding him. The BEEPING SOUND from the previous scene resumes.

DAVE
I wanted to be your last, not just
your first, Barb.

BARBARA
Well, you went about it the wrong
way. But I forgive you.

Dave sits in the den, drinking hot tea, still looking green-at-the-gills from that early a.m. panic attack. He is watching a TV news report showing:

D.A. candidate Cranston standing at a lectern. A scroll at the bottom of the screen says it: "Candidate Stacy Cranston."

STACY CRANSTON (ON TV)
We've got Rampart and we've got the
Dave Brown antics, and that means
two different kettles of fish to
fry. And everybody is assumed
innocent until proven guilty.
(MORE)

STACY CRANSTON (ON TV) (cont'd)

Which means that all the Rampart officers under suspicion and Officer Dave Brown, who is being kept active on the department God-knows why, will have their day in court. I can assure you one thing. When I'm elected DA, all this macho posturing will stop. It assumes the worst in people and it ends badly. Always. We owe it to our children to clean up this town. And it starts with the LAPD.

Dave glances over and sees elder-daughter Helen standing in the doorway. He hits the remote and turns the TV off. He coughs. Lights a cigarette. Places an ashtray on his lap.

HELEN

(pointing to the TV)
They never say anything substantial. Politicians, I mean.

DAVE

They're buying time and trying not to screw up. You still mad at me?

HELEN

Yes.

DAVE

What did I do?

HELEN

Mom said you take screwing up to a whole new level. She didn't say "screw," though. Is it working?

DAVE

I don't know yet.

HELEN

Where will you go when we sell the house?

Dave smiles.

DAVE

You can't run from me, you know, Helen. I'll always be able to find you. I'll always be your father.

HELEN

Whatever.

He kills his cigarette in an ashtray.

HELEN

You didn't smoke it all the way
through.

He laughs. But it's nervous.

DAVE

I'm quitting.

HELEN

Right.

DAVE

Remember when it was just you and
me against the world? I didn't have
to beg for a hug back then.

He gets up to give her a hug but loses hold of the ashtray
and spills the ashes all over himself.

DAVE

Damn.

HELEN

You're disgusting.

She leaves. He stands there, ashen. Then he notices
Catherine.

DAVE

How long have you been standing
there?

CATHERINE

I came in at "screwing up."

She walks out. Dave kicks the coffee table. Breaks it.
Catherine rushes back in, shoots him a hell of a look.

CATHERINE

Get out!

Dave takes a drag off his cigarette and drops it to the
ground. He steps on it to put it out and looks up smiling as
Hartshorn approaches. He's wearing a VOTE FOR STACY button;
there's a thick, newish library book in his hand.

DAVE

(pointing to button)
Nice.

HARTSHORN

Sent her a 100 bucks and got a free button. Fuck Blago, messing up my Rampart like that. I'd file nomination papers myself if I need to take him down.

DAVE

You'd probably win.

HARTSHORN

That's what I'm afraid of.

Dave holds the door for Hartshorn.

DAVE

I thought Cranston was the tough new gal on the block against old school LAPD.

HARTSHORN

You kidding me? It's all an act. I knew both her faggot husbands. I know everyone on her advisory committee. Skeletons in the closet up the wazoo. She'll cut you a deal any which way.

Dave sits with Hartshorn. They're drinking coffee. Dave sighs.

DAVE

Meanwhile, I'm hemorrhaging cash.

HARTSHORN

I know that twitch.

Hartshorn studies Dave. Plays with his wedding ring. Dave just stares.

HARTSHORN

Okay.

(pause)

There'll be a high-stakes card game at the Crystal Market at 12:00AM tonight. No weapons. You didn't hear it from me, buddy.

DAVE

You don't know how much this means to me, Hart.

HARTSHORN

I was going to mention it before,
but in your state-- Anyway, hate to
see you bled dry like that.

Dave shakes.

HARTSHORN

Are you okay? Holding up?

DAVE

Keeping it real.

Hartshorn nods, unconvinced.

DAVE

How's Ruth?

HARTSHORN

Hanging in there. But not for much
longer. What-are-you-gonna-do?

DAVE

I'm sorry, Hart.

HARTSHORN

She was something, that wife of
mine.

DAVE

She still is. There's always hope.

HARTSHORN

Nah. That's just sentimental crap.
She's got one foot in the grave and
the other on a banana peel. Might
as well take the fall. Luckily for
me, these things are easier when
you believe in God.

He takes his book and slides out of the booth. Drops the
Cranston button on the table.

HARTSHORN

Wear a vest. You never know.

Dave sits on the steps of his garage apartment. He sips a
beer and stares in the distance with no discernible look on
his face. His gun rests at the ready next to him.

Suddenly, he picks up the gun and trudges, determined, out of
the backyard, past the driveway, where two FOR SALE signs
flank the flower beds, and into his car on the street.

He starts the car, puts it in SCREECHY gear then speeds forward towards the FOR SALE signs, knocking them out, and over the flowers for a vehicular uprooting and decapitation.

He gets out of the car to survey his crushed Garden of Eden.

MARGARET (O.S.)

Dad!

He turns around. His youngest daughter stares in shock. Recognizes the intoxication.

MARGARET

Why do you have to be so stupid?

She runs into the house, crying.

DAVE

(calling after her)

Margie. Come on.

He stumbles toward the house.

DAVE

Margaret.

Dave checks his watch and walks down the block, passing low rent Rampart stores, suspect pet shop, video rentals, third-rate art. And finally:

CRYSTAL MARKET.

But he keeps walking, past a locked gate. He parks himself underneath a tree.

He observes a card game through the bars of the gate and an open door. There's lots of movement inside - money on the table; booze, reefer, cocaine.

Dave eyeballs the action, and THEN, from the corner of his eye he sees --

TWO MASKED MEN, ONE THIN, wearing frayed red-cord pants, THE OTHER FAT, push into the Market, a shotgun at the ready in the Thin-Man's hand.

The room freezes.

THE MASKED MEN SHOUT ORDERS THAT WE DO NOT CLEARLY HEAR and scoop the table cash into a jumbo trash bag. Everyone lies on the ground.

Dave starts to run over, then freezes.

The Masked Men burst out of the Market door and take off running.

The frozen Card Players thaw into action. One Card Player goes out the back door, knife in hand.

The foot chase is on.

Dave joins it.

The Card Player gains on the two Masked Men.

Dave keeps a close fourth.

The Thin Masked Man -- the cat in frayed red-cord pants -- peels off and disappears.

The Card Player continues to chase the Fat Masked Man, stabbing on his mind.

Dave pursues both of them.

The chase continues down alleys, over fences, through backyards.

The escaping Fat Masked Man gets to a staircase, slips, and takes the express down, falling through a thicket of tree branches, crashing to the ground below and stumbling to get up.

The Card Player jumps on top of him. Rips his mask off and raises his knife. A GUN SHOT!

Dave pulls his gun and shoots the Card Player once. Twice. Three times. Dead.

The Fat unmasked Man looks at Dave. He's shaking and holding the trash bag full of cash.

Dave looks deep into his eyes, gun pointing.

FAT MAN
Don't, please. I got a kid.

Dave reaches into his pocket, gets a plastic bag out and stuffs it full of C-notes from the Fat Man's trash bag.

DAVE
Go!

The Fat Man runs off with what's left in the trash bag.

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

Dave pulls a spare gun from his waistband, fires three shots into the air and puts the gun in the dead Card Player's right hand. Takes the knife.

SIRENS SCREAM IN THE DISTANCE AND DRAW CLOSER.

Then, Dave notices Crippled Man wheeling away on the street below.

DAVE
(to himself)
Fucking General.

BUT THE SIRENS ARE HERE. Dave throws the money bag away.

52 INT. EX-WIFE CATHERINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

52

Dave walks in the door of ex-wife Catherine's house. He's in civilian clothes.

He finds Catherine sitting at her desk. She's got a tear sheet going over a light box, a sketch pen in hand. Dave notices the underwear designs she's drawing. Boxers and briefs. Wal-mart quality. It's a living.

But her eyes are fixed on the SOUNDLESS TV news report where:

A (so-called) REPORTER talks to camera from the scene of Dave's shooting. Lights flashing. CAMERAS CLICKING.

Dave sees Barbara and Helen arguing in their kitchen across the way.

Dave coughs.

DAVE
I'll pay for the flowers.

Pause.

CATHERINE
Do you have cancer?

Pause. What?

CATHERINE
Cause if you don't, I'm done. We're done.

DAVE
I was on routine patrol, Cathy,
that's all. I blundered into it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVE (cont'd)

I saw a man with a gun running, but
I couldn't see who he was going
after.

(long pause)

He turned and fired three shots at
me. I returned fire in self-
defense.

(pause)

I didn't know about the card-game.
I swear.

Catherine looks at Dave. He returns her look. There's
something shell-shocked and unfathomable in his eyes.

CATHERINE

You need rest. You need to eat.

Catherine takes his hand and makes him lay down on the
hardwood floor. He's shaky now. She positions herself on top
of him and anchors him.

CATHERINE

(softly)

What is this? What's happening to
you?

DAVE

I don't know.

CATHERINE

I think you better set up shop
somewhere else. Right now. Barbara
and I spoke.

DAVE

I want to keep the family together.

CATHERINE

Can't be dragged down by you, Dave.
Not anymore. We have our lives. Our
jobs. Our--

DAVE

Boyfriends?

CATHERINE

You should talk!

He smiles.

DAVE

I can't stop this, Cathy. Can't.
Gotta play my part. I'll get
through it. It's nothing. Nothing's
changed.

She lights a cigarette and gives it to him. He puffs. Coughs.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

You sure you're not dying?

He looks at her as if in a haze.

DAVE

We're all dying, babe. Every
fucking ticking moment. Tick Tock.
Tick Tock. Tick Tock.

He coughs on his cigarette. Tick Tock.

Pandemonium outside a banquet room.

SWARMS OF REPORTERS AND NEWS CREWS facing a lectern.

A PHALANX OF SECURITY MEN help a suit-clad Dave and three of
his previously seen Shark-Lawyers up to the stage.

Dave walks to the lectern. THE BIG AURAL HUBBUB IN THE ROOM
EXPLODES, THEN LULLS TO HEAR-A-PIN-DROP SILENCE.

Dave adjusts the microphone and looks fiercely at the room.
What the fuck is he doing? He reads from prepared notes.

DAVE

Good afternoon. I'll be using some
big words today, so those of you in
the press may want to take notes
for once and look them up later.

A COUPLE OF AWKWARD CHUCKLES. The room grows quickly tense.
Dave looks out at the crowd.

DAVE

I'm here today against the advice
of my lawyers, because after twenty-
four years on the job I believe the
Los Angeles Police Department has
relinquished its moral currency.
Many recent events concerning my
actions have been willfully
misrepresented by a hostile,
panicked, ill-informed and
vindictive press. I want to go on
the record and say, you will not
martyr me. You will not assassinate
me for your sick pleasure or false
distractions. Not the press. Not
the department.

(MORE)

DAVE (cont'd)

The leaders of this once grand institution have capitulated to fatuous public perception and now offer LAPD back to the world in forfeiture and wholly undeserved shame. The nation's greatest police department has succumbed to moral malaise at the top.

MURMURS ALL AROUND.

DAVE (CONT'D)

It is now a pandering, irresolute nest of vipers, run by sissy bureaucrats who view police work as a social laboratory and not as what it is: a series of socially sanctioned, race-based, class-based daily confrontations that often involve vagueness and require the application of violent, interdictive force. There are no bad apples in the LAPD. There's no institutional decay among the rank and file. There's just the work that you want us to prosecute. You sleep well at night because you know we are out there doing your killing and street cleaning. And we are grateful for the opportunity.

THE ROOM ERUPTS IN GENERAL HUBBUB AND GASPS. Cameras whir; flashbulbs pop; questions are hurled from the floor.

REPORTERS (O.S.)

What about Rampart?/What about that guy you shot last night?/Can you name names?...

DAVE

If anything happens to me, I put it squarely on the D.A.'s shoulders. They're looking to sacrifice an innocent cop, mark my words. I have proof which will be revealed to you by my lawyers the day after my assassination. I want you all to know that I am guilty of nothing. I am a target.

A GIRLY JAPANESE PHARMACIST DUDE looks up from the counter to see Dave walk up.

54 CONTINUED:

54

The Pharmacist bristles -- we know that he knows who this media-mauled motherfucker is.

DAVE

Your bun boy honked a Vice cop at the Pink Parrot last night. He's got a parole hold, so there's no bail.

The Pharmacist gulps.

DAVE

Lorazepam and Phenobarb, and it all goes away.

55 INT. NEW OTANI HOTEL. LITTLE TOKYO - DAY

55

Dave approaches the front desk. A HALF-JAPANESE, fully handsome CONCIERGE in his fifties sidles over and winces -- he too knows who the intense-looking fucker is.

DAVE

The hookers that work the bar weekends. Your call: I notify Central Nightwatch or I don't.

CONCIERGE

What do you want now?

DAVE

A fifth of scotch, a room and a wake-up call.

The Concierge guuuuulps.

56 INT. SUITE. NEW OTANI HOTEL - DAY

56

On the nightstand by the bed: pill vials, a bottle of scotch and a glass.

Dave is asleep on the bed. Almost peaceful.

MUSIC ERUPTS NEXT DOOR. Dave jumps up, startled. Grabs his head. Sharp headache. The MUSIC GETS LOUDER. MIXED WITH EVEN LOUDER SOUNDS OF THREE/FOUR/WHO KNOWS-WAY INTER(AND OUTER)COURSE.

57 INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

57

A conference room at Parker Center. Already in progress:

(CONTINUED)

Dave is in the hot-seat facing FOUR COMMAND STAFF MEMBERS, two in uniform, two in suits, a ROBBERY-HOMICIDE DETECTIVE. A P-3 PEER MEMBER and the Captain sit with him along with a PERSONNEL DIVISION REP.

DAVE

--Empirical knowledge often
distorts the content of the act
under scrutiny, sir.

COMMAND STAFF MEMBER 1

You're not making this easy. And
you're not making friends here.

DAVE

I have all the friends I need at
this stage of my life, sir.

COMMAND STAFF MEMBER 1

Yes, and I understand that all of
them are women.

DAVE

Women make wonderful friends, sir.

COMMAND STAFF MEMBER #2

(impatient)

Describe the events that led to
your use of deadly force, Officer
Brown. You're alive, and an
individual named Jose Lancha Macias
is dead. How did that occur?

DAVE

(flat-tone intense)

At approximately 23:50 hours I was
parked near the southeast corner of
Ewing Street and Echo Park Avenue.
A man approached my patrol car and
stated that he thought he had seen
"suspicious men" in the adjacent
alley. The alley in question was
just west of my location. At this
time I observed an unknown suspect
with a gun chasing another man who
appeared to be unarmed. I
identified myself verbally and
began chasing the man with the
gun...

Looks pass between the command staff members at the table.
This is going to go on for awhile. The Captain keeps his game
face on. It's all theater. And here we are...

57A INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

57A

Dave drives at night, downtown lights dancing on his face. He drives. And drives. A man with nowhere to go. No truth to tell. He'll drive all night. Numb. Thank goodness for WRONG SONGS ON THE RADIO.

58 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

58

Dave and Hartshorn crowd each other from opposite sides of the library table. THEY WHISPER THE SCENE OUT.

DAVE
(flat-tone intense)
Who tipped you to the game?

HARTSHORN
You know I can't give you that,
Dave.

DAVE
You got a tip. I improvised.
There's a man dead.
(pause)
How do you feel about that?

HARTSHORN
Exhilarated. Streets smell cleaner
already. LAPD is back in town and
it's called Dave Brown. Where's
your gratitude?

Dave smiles. Gives Hartshorn a thick envelope.

HARTSHORN
Glad I could help.

DAVE
I need to know.

HARTSHORN
I can't. Forget it. Tips are tips.
Same way I wouldn't turn you in. I
don't play games and I don't name
names.

An awkward pause.

DAVE
I killed this fool. His kids turned
up inside 10 minutes.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED:

58

DAVE (cont'd)
To me that's as shitty as it gets.
To you it's an opportunity.

HARTSHORN
You're talking like I recruited
you.

DAVE
You did. You created me.

HARTSHORN
That's a movie line. You're giving
me fucking movie lines. I never
made you do anything. You like
money same as I do.

Dave nods. Guilty as charged.

HARTSHORN
You should get a card.

DAVE
What?

HARTSHORN
The library. Full of free stuff.
You should join. It's the last
great vestige of American
socialism.

59

EXT. PATROL CAR PARKED AT TOMMY'S BURGERS LOT - NIGHT

59

Dave's sitting in his patrol car with the pit bull sprawled
in his lap.

RAMPART STREET FOOLS bop through the food-line and fish-eye
the Davester.

The pit bull snorts as it snoozes in Dave's lap.

The previously seen Crippled Man - GENERAL - wheels his chair
up to the patrol car. There's a motherfucker of a recent gash
on his face. He's got a pocket full of napkins for later
wiping; (life on the streets!)

Dave reaches into the glove box and withdraws a pint bottle
of scotch. He takes a big pop and passes the jug to the
Crippled Man.

The Crippled Man takes a big pop and returns the jug to Dave.

They repeat the process in silence three more times.

DAVE
Seen anything unusual lately,
General?

(CONTINUED)

CRIPPLED MAN

Nope, but I hear you're in the
shit, Senior.

DAVE

Yeah, but at least I can walk.

CRIPPLED MAN

I can walk. I choose to sit.

Dave laughs. The pit bull stretches and goes back to sleep.
Dave tenderly pets it.

DAVE

What happened to your face?

CRIPPLED MAN

Got busted for a fucking bag.
Possession. Two dick-head cops
broke flashlights on me. Busted me
open.

DAVE

They're just keeping the streets
safer.

CRIPPLED MAN

The streets safer? I am the street.
What choice do I have? Feels better
than my meds. Asshole cops. Sort of
like you, before you started
sharing your booze.

Dave smiles, takes a pop off the jug and passes it to the
Crippled Man. The Crippled Man takes a pop and passes it
back. They repeat the process three more times in silence.
Best Friends Forever.

Dave pulls a business card from his shirt pocket. He passes
the card to the Crippled Man.

DAVE

Call this lawyer. Sue the LAPD.

The Crippled Man squeals in loony delight.

CRIPPLED MAN

This bitch good looking?

DAVE

And blonde all over. Why, your
thing still work?

CRIPPLED MAN

Not really. But a starving man eats
the best pussy.

(CONTINUED)

Dave laughs. Crippled Man gives him the bottle. Dave hands it back.

DAVE
Keep it. And keep your eye on that
beautiful dog.

CRIPPLED MAN
It came from a real home judging by
the collar. Prefers me though.

DAVE
That's beautiful.

CRIPPLED MAN
I'm starting to find it hard to
dislike you, SLO.

60 EXT. RAMPART STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

60

Dave stands in the lot bullshitting with four other OFF-DUTY
WHITE COPS, a captive audience.

DAVE
...The zebra looks over her
shoulder and says to the lion, "Oh,
shit, baby -- I see my husband
coming. Quick, pull out and pretend
like you're killing me."

The four other Cops crack up.

Dave looks past them and sees his 16-year-old daughter,
Helen, approaching on foot. The other Cops look around, see
that something's up with Dave and the kid and drift off to
their cars.

Helen walks slowly up to Dave. He hugs her softly. She
doesn't hug him back.

DAVE
I'm glad you found me.

HELEN
It wasn't that hard. Just wanted to
see for myself. Mom told me you
were deeper in the shit.
(pause)
My words, not hers.

DAVE
(breaking the hug)
People keep telling me that.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Then maybe it's true.

Dave sits down on a bench near the parking lot door of the station. Helen sits beside him.

DAVE

You took a cab, right? You didn't take the goddamn bus out here to the jungle.

HELEN

It's the "Barrio", Dave. It's not the jungle. And, yeah, I did take the bus.

DAVE

I told you a thousand times, babe. I don't want you straying east of La Brea.

HELEN

Don't call me "Babe."

Dave takes her in. She looks away. COPS filing in and out of the station give the two of them odd stares.

DAVE

How's school?

HELEN

It sucks. It's full of candy-ass future fags and dykes like me. Your words, not mine.

DAVE

I never said that.

Helen eyes him seriously.

DAVE

What's going on at home?

HELEN

Margaret's on to you. She's angry. She knows you suck. It's something every Dave Brown daughter has to go through, I guess. I think Mom's doing the UPS guy. He keeps bringing packages over at midnight.

DAVE

Is he white?

HELEN

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

C'est la vie, then.

HELEN

You're a dinosaur, Date Rape. So boring. You're a classic racist. You're a bigot... You're sexist. You're a womanizer... A chauvinist. You're a misanthrope... Homophobe, clearly. Or maybe you just don't like yourself.

Dave nods impressed.

DAVE

How long did it take you to rehearse that?

She snorts a bitter laugh.

HELEN

I'm never going to love you, Dave. I'll never call you "Dad."

He looks at her in shock. Not quite sure what to say.

DAVE

(softly)

I'll drive you home.

HELEN

No. They're doing an open house. I don't want to see those hideous people. Take me to Jo.

DAVE

Joe/Joseph or Jo/Josephine?

She gets up and walks away.

HELEN

I'll take the bus.

He goes after her.

DAVE

I'm kidding. I'm kidding. I'll drive you anywhere.

INT. BARRAGAN'S RESTAURANT. SUNSET & ECHO PARK AVE. - NIGHT 61

THE JOINT IS PACKED AND NOISY. Dave is sitting at the bar, sipping a big double scotch-on-the-rocks and watching TV.

PEOPLE AT THE BAR keep looking back and forth between the TV screen and Dave.

Dave drinks. One hand trembles. He slowly scans the booths that line the back of the restaurant. We follow his eyes to see:

Dan Morone and Mike Whittaker in a booth. They're boozing, noshing nachos, and eyeballing FOXY YOUNG GIRLS in adjoining booths. They make eye contact with LATIN GANGBANGER-TYPE DUDES and share little nods with them.

Dave spots the Fat Man/Card-Game-Heister enter the restaurant. He doesn't see Dave. He walks toward the booths at the back of the restaurant. Wait - did that Fat Punk just share eye contact with Dan Morone and Mike Whittaker? Sure did. They're shaking hands now.

Dave motions to the BARTENDER. The man walks over. Dave points to the Fat Man/Card-Game-Heister over by the booths.

DAVE

Know him?

BARTENDER

Seize Chasco. Don't know his real name. He's with the Fuegos.

Dave downs his drink.

DAVE

Get me another.

Dave awakes with a fright. Looks around confused. He's in the upper civilian parking lot. He fell asleep in his car. He wipes the drool from his mouth. His hangover is real.

He checks his cell phone: beeping Red.

His eyes dart around the darkness.

Both of his hands tremble. A vein on his forehead goes bip-bip-bip.

Dave endures a moment of full-body shakes. Pure fear. What's happening to him?

He fishes for his smokes. Finds the pack. Empty. Damn.

63

INT./EXT. JOHNNY'S SHRIMP BOAT - DAY

63

Dave sits at a table at the tiny eatery on Whittier Boulevard, drinking Pepsi. He's staring at an AFRICAN-AMERICAN DUDE sitting at another table. Their eyes meet.

The man's name is KYLE TIMKINS, but only we fucking know that, right?

DAVE
You fucking with me?

TIMKINS
What?

DAVE
I'm listening.

A long stare down. The guy looks as innocent as the day is long.

DAVE
What are you?

TIMKINS
I'm just waiting for my shrimp.

DAVE
Is that what you're going to say
next time I spot you?

Timkins considers him. Drops the act. Smiles to himself.

TIMKINS
Kyle Timkins. DA Investigator.
Could we talk someplace more
amenable?

Dave makes his "keep going" gesture as he gets up and steps outside. Timkins follows.

TIMKINS
Both of the robbers escaped. I find
that unlikely. There was a gap
between the time neighbors heard
the shots and the time you reported
the incident. I find it odd that
you were in that location without
your radio.

Dave lights a cigarette, forehead vein tapping.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Those are comments, not questions.
They beg the question: why isn't
the Robbery Unit on this when both
robbers did indeed escape?

TIMKINS

(bristling)

There's the question of your recent
misconduct at --

DAVE

Perceived misconduct --

TIMKINS

-- perceived misconduct, which begs
the question of your mental state
on the night of the incident, which
is why I'm--

DAVE

Listen, Jack--

TIMKINS

Kyle.

DAVE

Listen, you got this assignment
because I'm controversial and your
ancestors were stolen from Africa.
You got this assignment to cover
the department on perceived racial
bias pertaining to Shondell J.
Parmallee and other shit-faced
scum. You're mad as hell, you want
to play gumshoe and you want me to
know it. Fine. But what's that got
to do with me? It's J. Edgar Hoover
you're mad at. Fuck, no, take it
out on the founding fathers. Follow
their sorry asses. I'm just doing
my job.

Timkins smiles.

TIMKINS

That's another thing -- Mr.
Shondell J. Parmallee. I looked
into his history. Funny thing is
he's an ex-cop. An ex-cop in a
stolen car. And now he's nowhere to
be found.

Dave stares in shock.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

TIMKINS
(smiling broadly)
Officer Brown, since we're talking,
why are you still in the
department?

Dave looks up at him. Good question.

TIMKINS
With all the shit that went down.
The mayor, the chief, the DA -- all
involved, every day. Why are they
keeping you?

DAVE
Must be 'cause I'm innocent.

64 INT. RAMPART STATION - DAY

64

Dave sits in the detective's squad room, writing up reports.

TWO DETECTIVES walk in with a LATIN SUSPECT in handcuffs.

The Suspect steals a glance at Dave, makes a face of pure
evil, then turns away.

Dave nervously looks down, his hands tremble and his forehead
vein goes bip-bip-bip.

65 INT. JOAN CONFREY'S OFFICE - DAY

65

Dave sits with Joan, their eye contact: Veeeeeeery
motherfucking intense.

JOAN
There are discrepancies I can't
reconcile.

DAVE
Every shooting testimony contains
inconsistencies. Otherwise you
wouldn't have a job. No man who
ever shoots and kills another man
is entirely cogent in the moment.
No plan survives contact with the
enemy.

JOAN
Did you learn that with the first
man you killed?

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Yeah. I learned it serving my country in an often misunderstood crusade for liberty and justice, turned puppet show for politicians, known as the Vietnam War.

She freezes. Now he's angry.

JOAN

Oh. I see.

Dave stares and stares and stares at Joan. That forehead vein goes tap-tap-tap.

JOAN

Are you okay?

DAVE

Why are you looking to hang me? Why me?

She laughs, can't believe this guy.

DAVE

I know you're setting me up. Blago's got it in for me.

JOAN

What?

DAVE

You didn't answer my question. Of all the truly rotten cops out there, why are you after the one guy who gets it?

JOAN

Look, I have no idea what you're talking about. But let me remind you that several years ago you killed an alleged serial date-rapist premeditatively, Officer Brown. He had a wife and three small children. The wife suffered a nervous breakdown after her husband's death and spent nine years in a mental institution where she ultimately cut her wrists with a disposable razor blade. The children were raised in foster homes. Two of them have alleged that they were sexually abused by their foster fathers. And you come in here to claim victimhood?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

Dave looks at Joan. For one small portion of a second, tears cloud his eyes.

DAVE
(holding it together)
Do you want to cuddle tonight? I'll
be a gentleman.

JOAN
Fuck off!

66 EXT. PATROL CAR. PARKED - DAY

66

Dave paces around his black and white, dialing his cell phone. Waits. Listens. ONE RING. Straight to voice mail.

CATHERINE (ON PHONE)
It's Catherine. You know what to
do.

A BEEP.

DAVE (TO PHONE)
Catherine, it's me. Any chance we
could do it tonight? Please call.

He hangs up. Dials as he paces. Listens. THREE RINGS.
Message:

BARBARA (ON PHONE)
You've reached Barbara Brown.
Please leave a message after the
beep. Thank you and have a great
day.

BEEP. Pacing.

DAVE (TO PHONE)
(anxious)
It's me, Barb. Any chance of your
place or my place tonight? Call me,
please.

Dave disconnects. Paces. Punches in another number. TWO
RINGS.

LINDA (ON PHONE)
It's Linda. Please leave a brief
message and I'll call you back when
I can.

Pacing. BEEEEP.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

DAVE (TO PHONE)
(even more anxious)
Linda, it's Dave Brown. Would you
marry me? Or maybe just get
together tonight, instead. I miss
you.

Dave disconnects and sticks the cell phone in his pocket. He
lights a cigarette with trembly hands. Takes a puff. Coughs.

67 INT. PHARMACY. LITTLE TOKYO - NIGHT

67

Dave waits in line in the previously seen Little Tokyo
pharmacy.

The Pharmacist sees him and emits an "Oh, shit" look. Dave's
smiling as the Pharmacist grimaces.

DAVE
(pointing to the sky)
Up this time. Plus Valium. And
something to get it hard.

The Pharmacist seethes and unlocks a drawer under the
counter.

68 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET/KLUB SATAN - NIGHT

68

Dave walks up to a large, unmarked door of an industrial
building. He's finger-popping alert and pharmaceutically hot-
wired.

He looks at someone off-screen, waves. We hear a BARK.

Dave confronts the GOON AT THE DOOR.

DAVE
(to Goon)
Tattoo me.

The Goon nods and lets Dave enter.

69 INT. KLUB SATAN - NIGHT

69

Whoa! -- it's the pulse-pounding pus dungeon palace supreme,
its lights bathing the maze of an industrial mausoleum in
Beelzebub's reds, reddish reds and blood reds.

Buffet tables covered with hot trays, brimming with Mexican
chow. Full bars buzzing.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

Rooms upon rooms upon hallways of vice and depravity narrated by blow-to-the-head MUSICAL BEATS.

A SWIIIIIIIRL OF HEADS turns Dave's way -- it's a gangbanger/scumbag paradise, so what's this cop from the news doing here?

Dave walks to a buffet table, fills a plate full of food, and exits the club.

70 EXT. KLUB SATAN - NIGHT 70

Dave lays his full plate on the sidewalk in front of the pit bull. Gives it a kiss on the snout. The pit bull snarfs it up. Dave walks back into the Klub.

71 INT. KLUB SATAN - NIGHT 71

THE MUSIC IS BRAIN-POUNDING. Dave walks through:

An orgy room... an empty room where a COUPLE is making out... crowded hallways... a rave room exploding with dancers high as kites... empty hallways... party rooms... searching...

Dave grabs a GOON-TYPE's arm. They exchange words and the Goon-Type ushers Dave into a:

72 BACK ROOM. KLUB SATAN 72

--A craps game is going full-tilt. All eyes turn Dave's way as he enters. A QUICK SUCCESSION OF CLOSE-UPS:

--A BLACK RAP ARTISTE-TYPE is holding the dice, looking at Dave.

--Fat Man/Seize Chasco sniffs him out, he's got two GANGBANGERS flanking him - RAMON QUESADA AND FELIPE HERNANDEZ-JONES. (BUT THAT'S FOR LATER)

--ASSORTED FUCKS give him a silent nod.

--THE CROUPIER hesitates.

Chasco, Jones and Quesada leave.

DAVE
Where you guys going?

73 EXT. KLUB SATAN - NIGHT 73

Dave stumbles, zorched way beyond out-of-his-gourd. The pit bull is sleeping off his big buffet meal on the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

Dave notices the Crippled Man snoozing in his wheelchair, looking younger than ever.

Drunk, Dave drops all his winnings in the Crippled Man's lap. An operatic gesture. He'll regret this in the morning if he has any recall. Which he won't. Crippled man stirs.

Dave leans over, sticks a finger down his throat and vomits.

Dave is looking out over the city. You'd think he's on top of some hill. But Joan Confrey enters from off-screen to claim her balcony. She hands him a cup of tea with a saucer.

JOAN

I shouldn't have said what I did.

DAVE

I don't blame you for it. And you did call to invite me here. So we're squared.

JOAN

You've made your own bed. You created the distraction. No one's setting you up.

DAVE

I'm going to do what I have to do. That's all I ever do. So what if your DA wants me dead?

She looks him over, considering.

JOAN

Your Captain called Bill. Your actions were ruled "In policy." The DA is letting it go.

DAVE

More proof he wants me dead.

JOAN

I actually think he likes you in his own perverted way.

DAVE

Can you get me money? I could use some money. I had a pile of cash last night. Don't know what happened to it. Call it a loan, Joan. I haven't been feeling very well. For my family.

JOAN

Listen, Kyle Timkins thinks your shooting's dirty. He has a law degree. Hastings, I think.

DAVE

Every-fucking-one in this fucking mess has a fucking law degree.

Joan smiles. It's warm, it's almost inviting, it's perplexed. It's there to chill him way down. Dave's hands tremble. That forehead vein goes tap-tap-tap.

The siiiiiiiingle longest silent interval of this drama stretches. Joan retreats into her living room. Dave faces her from the balcony.

DAVE

May I sleep with you tonight? I have nowhere to go.

She gives it a thought.

JOAN

You can sleep on the couch.

DAVE

Thanks.

He walks inside off the balcony. Now what? Awkwardness.

JOAN

Do you want to go out? Clean up? Maybe grab a bite at Lucia's?

DAVE

No. Thanks. I'm not hungry.

Dave swings by the Crystal Market in his civilian car. He grimaces -- Kyle Timkins is out on the sidewalk, questioning THREE MEN that we saw back at the card-game heist.

Dave checks his rear-view mirror. Whoa -- is that car behind him tailing him?

Dave swings south. He hits 2nd and Loma.

He sees FOUR LATIN MEN, three sheets to the wind, standing outside a scrungy apartment house. ONE MAN is wearing faded red-cord pants. Dave gets a brain blip: he recognizes the pants of the thin masked robber who peeled off and disappeared at the Market-Heist-Chase.

75 CONTINUED: 75

He's thin enough to be the guy. And he happens to be one of the two guys who flanked Seize at Klub Satan.

The Man on the street turns around as Dave drives by.

Dave checks him out surreptitiously. Then slams on the brakes. Backs up. Only to see the Four Latin Men take off in every direction.

76 INT. PATROL CAR. MOVING - DAY 76

Dave sees the Crippled Man out of his patrol car window and waves to him.

The Crippled Man proudly points to his snazzy new wheelchair and the two on-the-clock TRANSVESSTITES by his side. Recall - that's where the money went!

DAVE

Fuck.

77 EXT. MORONE'S HOUSE. HERMOSA BEACH - DAY 77

Dave pulls up to the curb in front of a small house in a quiet cul-de-sac. He gets out of his car and walks to the front door. The place is dark inside. The mailbox strip reads: "Morone."

He walks around the house. Finds a glassed-in converted garage/bungalow in the backyard. A man-cave.

He dons gloves, pulls out his set of lock-picks, picks the door-lock and enters.

78 INT. MAN-CAVE. MORONE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 78

Amid the baby toys and the great deal of innocuous clutter, he finds a locked fridge. He picks the lock: machine guns, sawed-off shotguns, silencer-fitted handguns - a smorgasbord of confiscations.

He finds glassine bags containing white powder.

He finds an address book. Leafs through it. Smiles as names pop out at him.

LATER

He goes through Morone's house.

(CONTINUED)

Prowling. Closes curtains. Goes through closets, shelves, underwear drawers, bookcases and medicine chests. He looks under beds, sofas and chairs.

Finally, sits down on kid's bed. Looking into empty space. What now?

Gun in his hand, Dave steps through a desert landscape that opens up into a downtown dirt lot. He's in his civies. TWO CUTE HISPANIC KIDS look up at him as he passes. The place is littered with engine blocks and rusted-out transaxles, leading to a backyard that is part junk cemetery, part open greenhouse tended to by a certain PEDRO.

A TATTOOED GANGBANGER leaning on a car smiles to himself as Dave passes him.

In the backyard, Seize looks up to see Dave approaching. He's talking on his cell phone. Quesada is lining up cocaine on the picnic table. Seize hangs up. Quesada covers the coke. High Noon this ain't.

Dave puts his gun on the table. Seize and Quesada stare.

DAVE

We've never been formally introduced.

SEIZE

So why start now?

DAVE

Thanks for the money.

DAVE

I could've taken all the money. I could have let that guy kill you.

QUESADA

What's this dog talking about?

SEIZE

Never seen him before in my life.

Dave looks at Seize. Then at Quesada. Back. And forth. Does he have the wrong guy?

DAVE

I know you have cop friends, we could be better friends.

SEIZE

We don't associate with the biggest gang in America. We got principles.

DAVE

Do you know a man called Hartshorn?

QUESADA

I know an ugly girl called hard-on. I don't mind the ugly girls. I'd take one for the team. Ugly girl's always the one with the car. If no one bangs her, she takes the fine ones with her.

They laugh.

SEIZE

Look, man. We don't know who you are. If you're here to shoot, shoot! That's the problem with all you pigs, too much talking.

DAVE

I know who your partner was on the Crystal job. I'm on your side. Just looking out for my family.

SEIZE

(to Quesada)
Crystal job?

QUESADA

Crystal's cheap.

DAVE

Are The Fuegos looking to score a Rampart cop?

They say nothing. A definite concurrence/denial. The two cute kids move closer.

SEIZE

We're not in the business of smoking cops. We're in the business of business.

QUESADA

We're in the business of making paper.

SEIZE

Sometimes there are casualties. But that's war, right? Los Angeles' under U.S. Occupation.

DAVE
(to Seize)
You got to give me some answers,
man. Your kid over there owes me a
father.

SEIZE
Then take it up with him. He's
right here. Take your gun and get
what you're owed. He's just gonna
grow up to be me. Just like me, my
pappi.

DAVE
Which one's yours?

SEIZE
Take your pick.

Dave picks up his gun and walks to the kids, past the kids,
and out the gate.

Dave is driving his car down Beverly Boulevard eastbound.

Cokkkked up and paaranoid, he's in a twitchy state,
constantly checking his rear-view mirror.

He spots a car close behind him, a scrungy LATIN GUY driving.

He turns south on Bonnie Brae; the car follows him.

He stops at a red light. Throws the car in reverse.

BAAAM -- he taps the bumper of the Latin Guy.

Dave spills out of his car while drawing his gun.

He storms back to the tail car.

DAVE
(yelling)
Show me your hands!

The DRIVER, covered with Putasos tattoos, gives Dave a cool
"what's next?" kind of look, raising his empty hands, fingers
spread apart like he's groping C-cups.

Dave's about to cut loose, but looks around first instead.

He sees Detective Kyle Timkins in his car, twenty yards back.

80

CONTINUED:

80

And -- twenty yards behind him -- two more FUZZ-TYPES in their fuzzmobile.

Dave strides paranoically back to his car. No show today, boys. And fuck you.

Timkins gets out of the car. Walks over to Dave. Just as Dave drives off, leaving him in the dust.

81

INT. KITCHEN. EX-WIFE BARBARA'S HOUSE - DAY

81

Dave is standing in front of the refrigerator with the door open. Cold, fummy air is washing over him. He's sweating and hyperventilating, holding a bag of ice cubes to his head. He's having a world-class panic attack.

Barbara and Catherine walk into the kitchen.

Dave dumps the ice bag, closes the refrigerator door and sits down in a chair. Man, are his fucking nerves shot!

DAVE

My lawyers are going through my money fast, so we'll have to tighten our belts for awhile. We're gonna get a trial date soon.

CATHERINE

We? Who's we? What are you even doing here?

DAVE

I don't--

CATHERINE

You don't what?

BARBARA

Cathy--

CATHERINE

You know what I think, Dave?

BARBARA

Cath!

Dave gets up and goes to the living room. They follow him.

CATHERINE

No. You stay. And you listen this time.

They square off, he's not moving.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

Look, Cathy--

CATHERINE

(to Dave, ignoring
Barbara)

...I think you were a dirty cop
from day one. Dirty cop with a
dirty mind. And you dirtied up all
of us by default.

BARBARA

Come on, now--

Barbara puts a calming hand on Catherine, but she's on fire.

CATHERINE

(to Dave)

I think you're trying to ride this
out, thinking you could go back to
your fucked up law-and-order, tough-
guy bullshit. But it's over. It's
over, Dave.

BARBARA

Dave, you don't have to listen to
this--

He just takes it.

CATHERINE

(to Dave, ignoring
Barbara)

...I'll tell you what happened to
you. First the bar. And then the
bar. The booze. The women. You're
selfish. You were always selfish.
You were a bad husband and a bad
father and a bad lay. And all that
man-keeping-the-family-together
bullshit you hoisted on your girls
did nothing but fuck them up.
Forever. You don't know shit about
them. You never ask them one
fucking question about their lives.
Never changed a diaper. Never
helped with their homework. You're
a fraud, Dave--

BARBARA

(forceful, to Catherine)

Enough!

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

Dave stares at Catherine. At Barbara. Then at his shaking hands.

He looks up and sees Helen and Margaret peering into the kitchen from a slightly cracked doorway.

DAVE
(softly)
Okay.

He smiles at Catherine. She's crying.

DAVE
Okay. Thanks.

He moves slowly. Heartbroken.

DAVE
I'll see you later.

Barbara grabs his hand.

BARBARA
(whispering)
You were never a bad lay.

He smiles.

DAVE
Just lazy.

We follow Dave out into daylight.

82 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. RAMPART STATION - DAY

82

Staring at each other across a small table: Dave and Detective Kyle Timkins. TWO TIMKINS ASSOCIATES hang back. Cops and Detectives stop in the window as they walk by, staring.

TIMKINS
I checked out the victim's gun. The serial numbers were burned off. It's a throw-down piece. I know your career fairly well. You were "Throw-down Dave" before you were "Date Rape."

Dave makes his "keep going" gesture.

TIMKINS
Don't do that. It's rude.

Dave laughs.

(CONTINUED)

TIMKINS

I put a spot-tail on you yesterday.
You spent some time with a male
Hispanic named Rafael Dominguez
Chasco. Mr. Chasco is a Fuegos
gangbanger and a reputed dope
dealer.

Dave makes his "keep going" gesture. Timkins notices the
people outside the door, staring.

TIMKINS

(to Associates)
Let's lose the audience.

The two Associates start messing with the blinds. Not easy.

TIMKINS

Mr. Chasco has known associates
named Felipe Hernandez-Jones and
Ramon Quesada. I received a tip
that Mr. Hernandez-Jones
participated in the card-game
heist.

(cynical)
Irony, isn't it?

DAVE

That's not irony. That's bullshit.
Common mistake.

TIMKINS

Brown, why are you still here?

DAVE

You wanted to see me.

Dave stares at Timkins. Then gets up. His hands tremble, his
veins pop, one leg starts to shake.

TIMKINS

In the department? Why are they
keeping you on after all the shit
you keep pulling? In the midst of
a scandal. Who are you in bed with?
Who's pulling your strings?

DAVE

You asked me that already. You tell
me. Pretend I'm listening.

He keeps making his "keep going" gesture as he leaves the
room, his back to Timkins.

82A INT. LOCKER ROOM. RAMPART STATION - EVENING

82A

Whittaker and Morone are at the mirror, mustache grooming and electric shaving respectively. Here comes the Davester. Sigh. He shows them two mug shots. The scene plays in mirrors.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Two suspects I got my eye on: Ramon Quesada and Felipe Hernandez-Jones. Parolees. Settled for a pile of cash on Rampart complaints and got out of Pelican Bay scot-free. Both coke dealers. Probable 211's, probable housebreak 459's. You know them?

Whittaker shoots Morone a look, then covers it up with a shrug.

MORONE

Doesn't sound familiar.

WHITTAKER

Why are you busting our balls all of a sudden?

Dave gives him a look. That was a nervous thing to say. Why are these guys nervous all of a sudden?

DAVE

Figured you knew them since you street-rousted them on several occasions. You got nine excessive-force complaints, total, between them. I've been going over reports.

MORONE

We don't keep a scrap book.

DAVE

(to Morone)

Quesada's and your DOB's are three months apart. You're both Belmont High grads. You want to tell me you don't know him?

MORONE

What are you working for IA now? I don't know the guy. Or maybe I do, but I don't remember. It's a big fucking school. All beaners look alike to me.

DAVE

Yeah. Okay.

(pause)

Thanks. Have fun at the game. That's tonight, right?

WHITTAKER

Courtside, baby.

83

EXT. WHITTAKER'S HOUSE. MANHATTAN BEACH - NIGHT

83

Dave pulls up to the curb in front of a small house on a quiet side street. The house is dark, but the one next door is hopping with CHILDREN running amuck inside and a TEEN BABY-SITTER at her wit's end.

Dave gets out of his car, dons gloves and walks to the front door of the dark house. He checks out an embossed name above the mailbox. It reads: Michael Whittaker."

He pulls out his lock-picks and tries to pick the doorlock -- but his tools jam and won't work.

He circles the outside of the house, penlight first.

He peeps in windows and sees only darkness.

He goes through three brim-full trash cans on the back porch, finding innocuous debris, dozens of spent bullet casings and a half-dozen glassine bags, bearing white-powder traces.

A CAR DRIVES BY. Dave looks up nervously.

84

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

84

Darkness, slowly fading into ambient light from a window. Gradually, we see that Dave is sitting in a chair in a dark living room. Waiting. Breathing Deeply.

SUDDENLY, A KEY-IN-LOCK SOUND.

The door opens. A dark shape steps inside and shuts the door.

DAVE
You and your gal pal, Stacy
Cranston. I'm thinking you're out
to get me killed.

A GASP IN THE DARK. A switch is flipped. Wall lights go on.

Linda Fentress is standing there. Dave just stares at her.

LINDA
It has nothing to do with you.

She walks to a liquor sideboard, pours herself a big brandy and knocks half of it back. Starts turning lights on in the room and throughout the house.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Cranston's out for the DA's job,
you're looking for Rampart
settlement money. None of it's much
of a stretch. Girl power bringing
down the old boy establishment.
With an extra thing for fucking.

Linda hurls her glass at Dave. But misses. It shatters on the
wall behind him. He laughs.

She pours another glass and sits down in a chair across the
room from Dave. She finishes her second drink in one blast.

Dave walks to the liquor sideboard, pours himself a jumbo
blast of scotch and drains it faaaassst. He walks to a chair
closer to Linda and sits down.

DAVE

Cranston. You're working for
Cranston.

LINDA

I'm on her advisory board. So what?
That doesn't mean shi--

DAVE

Where's her payoff?

She considers him.

LINDA

From my Rampart settlements. I'm
funneling money into her campaign
fund. I double dipped, I know, but
that's all I've done. I like you,
that's my payoff. A lot.

DAVE

Here's my payoff. You get Cranston
to find me a compliant judge. I
want sealed wire-tap warrants
issued for two cops and two D.A.
Investigators to man a full-time
listening post. Do it immediately,
or I'll give you and Cranston up to
Joan Confrey.

She's flushed with fury. She walks to the sideboard and pours
herself another stiff brandy. She breathes out and seems to
unclench.

LINDA

Okay. But not because you're
threatening me.

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

She notices the shattered glass on the floor as if for the first time. She kneels to pick up the pieces. He makes to leave.

LINDA

Wait.

She stands.

LINDA

May I sleep with you tonight?

DAVE

No. You drink too much.

She smiles. Is she crying? He looks at her, then comes over and moves his fingers lightly on her cheek for the briefest of moments.

DAVE

You're good in the sack, Linda, but you lie to be liked. You lie to be loved.

LINDA

Takes one to know one, Dave.

He leans down and kisses her.

85 INT. LIVING ROOM. JOAN'S PAD - NIGHT

85

Dave is stretched out on the couch in Joan's living room, eyes wide open. That vein is tap-tap-tapping. He pulls a pill vial from his pocket, empties out three pills and swallows them. He shuts his eyes. The tap-tap-taps slowly subside.

He sits up. Grabs the remote. Turns the TV on. Watches a LATE NIGHT INFOMERCIAL: Weight Loss for Women, 12 pounds in 12 days. Eat what you want. He turns the VOLUME UP.

86 INT. LIVING ROOM. JOAN'S PAD - LATER

86

Dave sleeps on the couch. The pajama-clad Joan enters the living room, gets on the couch and snuggles into him. She pulls a quilt over them both.

JOAN

This is a one shot deal.

They start kissing.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

DAVE
I'll miss you.

87 EXT. HERMOSA BEACH HOUSE - DAY

87

A van pulls up to the curb. Two MIDDLE-AGED MEN, LUNDY and MINEAR, get out, nod to Dave and start hauling out electronic equipment. Dave walks over to them. Handshakes go around.

LUNDY
Dave Brown, right? Dick Lundy.

MINEAR
Chuck Minear.

DAVE
I appreciate you fellas being on time.

LUNDY
Well, we're Stacy guys. We don't want to see that fuckhead Bill B. get reelected.

MINEAR
She got you your warrant.

LUNDY
(smiling)
She's got all these drinking-pal judges. She's a pistol.

MINEAR
(pointing to the house)
The transmitters feed back to this place. We've got two teams wiring the pads up now, while those humps are out working daywatch.

Dave nods and helps Lundy and Minear carry the electronic gear.

LUNDY
What's this all..?

DAVE
Rampart.

MINEAR
Can you get more specific?

DAVE
Yeah. It's this bullet I can't dodge.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

Minear and Lundy share a look -- say what? -- and enter the house.

88 EXT. PATROL CAR MOVING. - DAY

88

Dave is cruising the south border of Rampart Division in his patrol car. He keeps scanning his rearview mirror, eyes latching onto:

Official-looking sedans and taco-wagon Chevys.

Fuck, and isn't that -- Two car lengths back -- it's an LAPD unmarked unit, with Detective Kyle Timkins at the wheel.

89 INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - DAY

89

Coffee cup empty. Dave sits alone, impatient, pissed off and paranoid.

A WAITER holding a coffee pot approaches.

WAITER

Refill?

His PHONE RINGS. He fumbles to answer it. The Waiter takes it as a "yes" to refill his coffee cup. Dave storms out mid-pour.

90 EXT. BEACH - DAY

90

Hartshorn is sitting on the beach looking out at the ocean. A YOUNG MAN is sitting next to him. They're chatting.

Dave approaches and drops next to Hartshorn. The young man gets up. Retreats.

DAVE

Who's he?

HARTSHORN

He's taking care of me.

Dave looks at the guy. The guy looks away.

HARTSHORN

Two, three hours in the sun, that's your vitamin D intake right there. All this talk about what it does to your skin, the sun - cosmetics industry propaganda.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Can you help me put a leash on Kyle Timkins?

HARTSHORN

Help you? All I do is help. I'm not the help. I can't help you with anything anymore, Dave. You're too risky. I can hardly help myself.

Dave watches the young man pacing not far behind while checking them out.

HARTSHORN

Let's walk.

Hartshorn gets up. Dave follows in a daze. He looks at the young man watching them. The man starts walking behind. Dave starts sweating.

HARTSHORN

Don't mind him.

Dave swallows hard, feeling trapped in the great outdoors. They head up deeper into blue sky.

HARTSHORN

Everything was fine until the war was over, you know -1945, 46. On my side of the tracks there was never a problem. That's the only good thing about growing up poor: no money, no problems. We were all pals in the neighborhood. Then our dads came home from the front and things went to shit. Suddenly Lopez was no longer my friend. And Diaz was in a gang. And Vasquez. And, what was his name? - Garcia. Fred. That was my world back then and that's where I learned: friendship, it has no shelf life, or any moral value.

Dave looks back in full-fledged paranoia at the young man following them.

HARTSHORN

I told you to stop looking at him.

DAVE

(urgent now)
I need to go soon.

HARTSHORN

I understand. You got unfinished business to take care of.

They stop at a spot overlooking the ocean. Hartshorn puts his hand on Dave's shoulder. Dave is rattled. The young man moves closer.

HARTSHORN

You know what the law means, the whole lot of it, I'm no lawyer, but I can tell you, the law means someone says what goes and someone follows. There will always be more money to make in the shadows than in broad daylight. Always. That's the free market. So laws change, so what? And people change. So what? They accommodate. They transform. But you don't. And why is that?

Dave says nothing.

HARTSHORN

I'm asking you.

DAVE

I don't know.

HARTSHORN

You don't read books. That's your problem.

Dave watches him in shock, what the hell is he talking about? Hartshorn looks down at the ocean.

HARTSHORN

My Ruthie is dead.

DAVE

Jesus. I'm sorry, Hart.

HARTSHORN

She's in a better place.

(pause)

I need a little time to sort things out. Shed some extra baggage. Make some plans.

(pause)

You know that if you die right now, Rampart is over. Even if it's just a fall into the ocean. It turns everything around. They need a dead cop.

Dave takes him in.

(CONTINUED)

HARTSHORN

You can't resolve your little mess.
I've done enough crying this week
to last me a lifetime.

DAVE

I need to know who tipped you off
to the Crystal Market game, Hart?

HARTSHORN

Why?

DAVE

So I could trust you again.

HARTSHORN

Fuck you. I won't come to your
funeral. Might as well say goodbye
now.

Dave looks down at the waves breaking, then looks back at the
young man watching them.

HARTSHORN

That's my grandson.
(laughing)
He thinks he wants to be a cop.

Dave pulls out his gun and holds it to Hartshorn's head.

DAVE

Of all the assholes out there, you
go after me?

HARTSHORN

Put the gun down, Dave. You're
making a mistake.

The young man rushes Dave. Dave aims his gun at him and he
freezes. Dave presses the gun hard against Hartshorn's
temple.

DAVE

Why me, Hart, why me?

Hartshorn turns beet-red. Starts coughing. Sweating.

HARTSHORN

Stop whining. Put the gun away. Why
any of us?
(to Young Man)
You stand back!

DAVE

Who tipped you off? Who set me up?

(CONTINUED)

HARTSHORN

Jesus, I can't breathe, you fucking
dope-fiend.

Hartshorn's soaked in sweat, breathing hard, too hard. He
grabs his chest.

HARTSHORN

Call an ambulance. Call a fucking
ambulance!

EXT. PARKING LOT. TOMMY'S BURGERS - DAY

Dave is back in uniform and sitting in his patrol car. He's
taking pops from a pint bottle of scotch.

The pit bull is snarling a cheeseburger in the backseat.

The Crippled Man wheels his chair up to the front-seat,
passenger-side window. He's haggard. His clothes are
tattered. He looks waaaaaasted and beat up. He puts his hand
in the window expecting the bottle, but Dave is not sharing
today.

CRIPPLED MAN

Linda's a good woman.

Dave stares him down.

CRIPPLED MAN (CONT'D)

Taking real good care of me. Gonna
take all your asshole friends down.

DAVE

What do you want?

CRIPPLED MAN

Spot me a 20, I don't feel so good.

Dave drinks off the bottle.

DAVE

Sell your wheelchair.

CRIPPLED MAN

Hey, vets got to stick together.
You're my brother in arms.

DAVE

I'm not your brother.

CRIPPLED MAN

Yes you are. Yes you are. You just
forgot. San Julian motherfuckers
took everything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED:

91

CRIPPLED MAN (cont'd)
Give me a lousy 20 and I'll take
care of you when Linda and I make a
killing.

DAVE
Stop saying her name.

CRIPPLED MAN
Or what? We're gonna be rich.
Everything is gonna be better.

Dave makes the jackoff sign.

CRIPPLED MAN
Give me a fiver then. Don't leave a
man behind. This is the desert not
the river. I don't have time for
this shit! I gotta a meeting with
Linda-

Dave throws his door open, CRACK Goes Cripple Man's arm. He
howls. Dave pulls out some bills without looking and shoves
'em into Cripple Man's mouth. Dave slams the door shut.

Dave CRANKS UP THE RADIO and takes off.

92

EXT. RAMPART STATION - DAY

92

Dave is walking. He rounds the corner tapping a brand new
pack of cigarettes. Timkins appears out of nowhere.

DAVE
Jesus.

TIMKINS
Discrepancies. Inconsistencies.

Dave puts out a big stage yawn. And starts walking. Timkins
follows.

TIMKINS
I have six card players who swear
it was a no-weapons game. Four of
them heard the shots. They've all
stated that both sets of three pops
had the exact same clip. Which
indicates that you fired first, and
then--

Dave's hand trembles. Timkins notices.

(CONTINUED)

TIMKINS

What's wrong with your hand?

DAVE

Acid reflux. I stopped smoking.

Timkins smirks. Eyes the cigarettes in Dave's hand. Walks shoulder to shoulder with the Rapester.

TIMKINS

I traced the gun. It came from a pilfered vault stash at Hollywood Station. I ran ballistic tests and got a match to a dirty officer involved shooting in Newton Division. I'm sweating the officer who sold you the gun. I can prove his shooting was dirty, just like your shooting is. Just like you are.

Dave makes the jackoff sign -- but his hand trembles worse.

TIMKINS

I have two eyewitnesses. Both of them saw you walking near the Crystal Market before the place was-

Dave turns around and walks away in the opposite direction.

TIMKINS

That's right. Go home, Dave. Pack your bag. I'm taking you up the river.

Dave turns and lunges at Timkins, holding himself back from hitting the man.

DAVE

I've been upriver, motherfucker. When you were still sucking on your mama's tit.

TIMKINS

I lost my mother the day I was born, you racist scum. Save your bullshit Mekong stories for the jury.

The living room is strewn with electronic equipment and takeout food containers. Bureau cops Don Lundy and Chuck Minear sleep on couches.

Dave is at a desk, wearing headphones.

He's facing two large, floor-mounted consoles. A green light blinks on the one tagged, "Morone, Daniel R.;" a red light blinks on the one tagged, "Whittaker, Michael D."

Dave reads through pages of a notebook-bound phonecall log. We scan words along with him:

All of the calls are precisely logged and state the time of the call, presumed caller and subject matter discussed.

(He see the words: "Morone's girlfriend #1," "Whittaker's girlfriend #2," "cop buddy/innocuous conversation," "Morone's father" and "Whittaker's mother." We may see them, too.)

Along with: logged call: 6:43 p.m./ D. Morone to M. Whittaker. Discussed: "Scoring young snatch"/"laying low from 'Seize,' 'Felipe' and 'Ramon,' before going back to the white-powder biz again."

Dave sits at the desk. We hear phone-line static pass through his headphones. The green light on the "Morone, Daniel R" console blinks. Three rings, a pick-up sound, and this:

MORONE'S VOICE

Hello?

TIMKINS' VOICE

Officer Morone?

MORONE'S VOICE

Speaking.

TIMKINS' VOICE

It's Detective Timkins with the D.A. office. Could I have a few minutes of your time?

Man -- the look on the Dave's face is ELECTRIC!

MORONE'S VOICE

Sure. What's it ab...?

TIMKINS' VOICE

I'm calling all the officers assigned to Rampart day-watch. It pertains to Dave Brown.

MORONE'S VOICE

(laughing)

Jesus, Date-Rape Dave.

TIMKINS' VOICE

Yes, indeed.

(CONTINUED)

MORONE'S VOICE

Is this about the Crystal Market thing?

TIMKINS' VOICE

In part, yes. Police confidence on this? I need your assurance.

MORONE'S VOICE

You got it.

TIMKINS' VOICE

One, Brown was spotted in the vicinity of your house. Two, Brown was spotted in the company of a Rampart gangbanger named Rafael "Seize" Chasco. Three, I'm wonder--

MORONE'S VOICE

My house? That crazy cocksuck--

Dave's look is now HYPER-ELECTRIC.

TIMKINS' VOICE

(cutting back in)

Easy, now. I'm sure there's --

MORONE'S VOICE

(agitated)

-- he's dirty, and I think he's on the take with the Putasos. A buddy of mine saw him with that retired captain, Hartshorn, at the Pacific Dining Car. Guys like that don't fucking hobnob, and Brown's been showing up at roll calls half-blitzed. Brown's been-- You know...

Dave's look now -- SUPERSONIC ELECTRIC.

TIMKINS' VOICE

Frankly, officer, I believe Dave Brown is in some kind of danger.

It's raining. The house is dark. Dave is in the pool. Naked. Lights turn on suddenly in the house. Linda appears in the bedroom behind him. She looks out, then opens the door.

DAVE

Hello.

LINDA

Dave, what the hell are you doing?

DAVE

Why? You're afraid of something?

LINDA

(softly)

Come inside. It's raining.

DAVE

I can see it's raining. I'm in
already, so what does it matter?

(pause)

You afraid of rain? Or me?

She steps out and approaches the pool. But carefully.

DAVE

General told you.

LINDA

Who?

DAVE

He saw me shoot that man at the
Crystal Market and drop the piece
on him.

LINDA

I don't want to hear this, baby.
Come on. Let's go in--

DAVE

He's a crack-head. LAPD roughed him
up. That's all. You're gonna
believe him over me?

LINDA

Dave. I love you, but you're a
crazy person.

DAVE

He's willing to give me up, right?
Testify. To Cranston. He'll give me
up in a heartbeat and Stacy will
get elected D.A. on this. That's
what you want.

LINDA

I'm leaving the door open. You make
the next move. There's a warm bed
waiting for you inside.

Linda walks in. Dave stays in the pool.

DAVE

(yelling)

It's Rampart, Linda, it's an
election. It's politics. It's a
battle zone. I'm dispensable.

(pause)

I'm just a fucking cop.
Shit happens! There are always
other cocks to suck. You got what
you wanted. You win. I'm just a
fucking--

She's at the window. Watching him. He goes under water.

Dave walks toward the hotel entrance. Chasco, Hernandez-Jones
and Quesada are up front. He turns around and runs into:

Mike Whittaker and Dan Morone. Threatening.

MORONE

We pulled the wires. We got a
jammer. We traced the signal
to the listening post.

WHITTAKER

We went there. There was
nobody around. We destroyed
all the tapes and bagged the
log. You got no evidence.

MORONE

Thanks for the tip. Thank Timkins
for us.

WHITTAKER

(very slow, a whisper)

Don't mention us to your operator.
Don't put our names in any official
record. Tell the listening-post
guys that we turned out to be
clean.

MORONE

We're clean as you, Date Rape.
Probably cleaner.

ANOTHER KNOCK (there was one before...) Dave opens the door.
His daughters, Helen and Margaret, stand there. He forces a
smile.

DAVE

You found me.

HELEN

You look terrible.

He lets them in. The three stand there, looking numb. Then,
the girls move to hug him, a three way family hug.

MARGARET

It was easy to find you.

DAVE

How?

HELEN

Caller ID. You called the house
from here, and the number showed
up. You fucked up.

Dave nods. He's moving from numb into shell-shocked.

DAVE

(very softly)

You want to know if it's true.
Every bad thing you've heard about
me? You want me to give you some
kind of way out, so it won't hurt
so much.

Helen nods. Margaret just stands there overwhelmed, what has
happened to her hero dad?

DAVE

(even softer)

There's no way out.

(MORE)

98

CONTINUED:

98

DAVE (cont'd)
Every single thing you've heard,
and more. All true. And it can
never change.

Helen takes a step backward. She's feeling her way in and out
of the moment with frightening precocity. Margaret takes her
hand.

DAVE
I just want you to know, I never
hurt a good person.

HELEN
How do you know that?

He looks at her. At Margaret. He doesn't know anything.

DAVE
(a rasp)
I'll call you a cab.

Helen and Margaret exchange tearful looks. He moves over and
hugs them as one. A long goodbye.

99

INT. SUITE. NEW OTANI HOTEL - DAY

99

Dave sits, facing the coffee table. It's covered with pill
vials and booze bottles. His gun rests beside them. He looks
at the tabletop tableaux. He picks up the phone and punches
in a number.

100

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - EVENING

100

Elysian Park -- a road cut-off and rise in the hills above
Dodger Stadium and the LAPD Academy. A widely expansive view
of Rampart Division.

Dave stands by his civilian car. Another car pulls up. Kyle
Timkins gets out and walks up to Dave.

TIMKINS
What's on your mind?

Dave shrugs. Timkins blows on his hands, it's cold up here.
He leans on the car.

TIMKINS
(looking out)
Some police beat.

DAVE
(smiling)
Someone's got to keep the bottom
down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVE (cont'd)
You don't want Watts or 1992 all
over again. By any means necessary,
right?

TIMKINS
You don't even know what that
means, Brown.

DAVE
I tried. I tried.

TIMKINS
The sun's setting on the wild west.
You gotta pick sides.

DAVE
That so?

TIMKINS
I'm afraid it is.

Dave smiles, the man's a poet. And the sun has long set.

DAVE
He's just one man. Can't blame him
for anything. You have nothing. No
proof.

TIMKINS
Who?

DAVE
What?

TIMKINS
Who's just one man?

DAVE
He's not legally dirty, and he's
not collusively dirty with LAPD.

Timkins listens. Is Dave hanging himself?

DAVE
When the scandal broke and he was
squeezed, he set me up to take the
heat off his business. He sent
cameras to catch me in the act.
Told me some bullshit story about
being a marked man.

TIMKINS
What's whose business?

Dave studies the view.

DAVE

Maybe he had me dialed. Maybe you have me dialed. And maybe you don't. Either one of you. Maybe none of this is really happening. Maybe I'm about to wake up.

Timkins looks at Dave with a strange sort of empathy. The dude's spun out.

DAVE

(pointing out)

All this shit is going to go on without us. When we're gone.

Timkins stares at Dave, then turns his gaze to the wide Rampart view. Dave lights a cigarette, pulls out his pocket tape recorder and turns it on.

DAVE

This is Officer David D. Brown, Los Angeles Police Department. This statement is made of my own free will. During my 25-year police career, I employed brutal and coercive methods at whim and created racial animus with reckless disregard for the law I was sworn to uphold as a police officer. On April 15, 1987, I murdered a business acquaintance of mine named Karl Joseph Huneck, and rationalized the act as a morally sound expression of street justice against a man I knew to be... a date rapist. I was legally sane at the time I committed the crime. This statement is proffered lucidly. I am not in a state of duress.

Timkins looks at Dave. He's half a mile past duress. Dave turns off the tape recorder. SILENCE STRETCHES.

DAVE

I'll give you the tape if you give me twenty-four hours.

TIMKINS

Why the fuck should I do that? I don't believe a word you say.

DAVE

That's okay - I don't believe a word YOU say either. I need time to set things right for my family.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (3)

100

Timkins looks him over, considering.

TIMKINS

You can't run from me, you know,
Dave. I'll always be able to find
you.

Dave looks him over. Considering. Weirdly connecting.

DAVE

You're like family to me, Kyle.

101 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

101

Hartshorn is asleep in his hospital bed. Pale as a sheet.
Tubes up his nose. Tubes in his arms. The IV drip-drip-drips.
The monitor beep-beep-beeps.

Dave is at the door. High as a kite. Crazy look in his eyes.
He steps in and closes the door behind him.

Comes closer, studies Hartshorn's wrinkled face. Looks around
the room. He's not sure what to do.

By the bed, Dave finds a crucifix and an old black and white
photo. He picks the photo up. Stares at RUTH HARTSHORN as a
young woman. Beautiful!!! He grimaces. Puts the photo down.

Hartshorn's eyes flutter open. He sees Dave hovering above,
crazy-eyed. Smiles faintly.

HARTSHORN

You got it all wrong, Dave. You got
it all wrong.

Dave chokes Hartshorn in his bed. Presses his fingers into
his old friend's windpipe as hard as he can, until the life
is sucked out of him. He lets go of the dead Hartshorn. Wipes
his tears. Covers him up with a sheet. And leaves.

102 INT. STACY CRANSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

102

Dave walks into the office and shuts the door behind him.
Cranston looks up from her desk. A long look goes down.

STACY CRANSTON

I'm going to say "No" in advance,
Brown. I'm not elected yet, I can't
cut deals, and I wouldn't be
inclined to cut you a deal anyway.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

(hoarse)

My family. I need to get them
placed in a program.

STACY CRANSTON

Don't make me say it.

DAVE

I'm giving you Rampart. I'm getting
you elected. Let's make a deal.

Dave steps toward Cranston. Cranston's PHONE RINGS. She picks
up, places her hands on the receiver and shakes her head
negatively.

STACY CRANSTON

I feel for you. And for your kids.
The family structure is the
backbone of a healthy society, I've
always said that. Traditional or
untraditional, it's about family.
Last weekend at the Gay, Lesbian,
Transgender center. That's exactly
what I said. And I meant it.

(pause)

But you made your own grave. No
deal.

He just looks at her. And looks. And looks.

103 INT. SUITE. NEW OTANI HOTEL - DAY

103

Dave is stretched out on the couch. He's staring up at the
ceiling with no expression on his face.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. Dave takes his gun, walks over, checks
the peep hole and opens the door.

Linda is standing there, holding a big bag.

DAVE

Thanks for coming.

LINDA

Where are you going to go?

They look at each other.

104 INT. SUITE. NEW OTANI HOTEL - DAY

104

Dave wakes up on the couch. He's still fully dressed. Linda
is gone as is the bag. He looks around the room. There's a
big pile of cash on the coffee table.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

He springs into action. Empties the garbage can on the floor and stuffs the money into the plastic garbage bag.

105 EXT. EX-WIFE BARBARA'S HOUSE - EVENING

105

Dave is standing outside the dining room window of ex-wife Barbara's house. He's hidden from view. He's got the garbage bag in his hands. He's observing Barbara, ex-wife Catherine and daughters Helen and Margaret eat dinner with a UPS GUY, still in his short pants brown uniform - nice legs.

The two women and two girls eat, gesture, pass plates back and forth, and move their lips silently inside, to the amusement of the UPS Guy, a new rooster. They do not know they are being watched.

Dave is lost in reverie, anger, hate and fully controlling the process of memorization. Tears cloud his eyes for the briefest of split-seconds.

Dave leaves the garbage bag with the cash from Linda by the door.

106 EXT. RAMPART DIVISION - NIGHT

106

It's late. We're on a quiet Rampart side street.

Officers Mike Whittaker and Dan Morone are sitting in their LAPD patrol car. They're yawning. They're drinking coffee. The car windows are down.

They hear A NOISE. They look to the sidewalk. They see Dave Brown walk up.

MORONE
(grinning, wise-ass)
Hey, Dave.

WHITTAKER
(grinning, wise-ass)
Hey, Pops.

Dave pulls out a silencer-fitted pistol and shoots each one in the face three times. For a total of six shots. Two murked.

Dave drops his LAPD business card on the front seat.

107 EXT. BACKYARD. SEIZE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

107

Dave walks into Seize Chasco's auto-part strewn backyard. Seize is working on a car with Ramon Quesada and Felipe Hernandez-Jones.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

The three see Dave and start howwwllllling. The nerve!

Dave walks up, pulls his silencer-fitted pistol and shoots each men twice in the face. For a grand total of six shots. Three murked.

Dave drops his LAPD business card on the picnic table.

108 EXT. TOMMY'S BURGERS - DAY

108

Dave buys burger and fries. Finally, the man makes eating plans. These will be his goodbye bites. He walks to his civilian car in the parking lot of Tommy's Burgers.

The Crippled Man eyes him with his signature big time disdain.

But the pit bull is excited to see him. Dave opens the rear door for the dog.

The pit bull ambles over from the Crippled Man, hops into the car and makes a cozy nest for itself among the clothing.

CRIPPLED MAN (O.S.)

That's my dog!

Dave looks around. His eyes dart and pick up details.

CRIPPLED MAN (O.S.)

Man stole my dog!

Suddenly - SIRENS. Two police cars storm the scene and SCREEEECH to a halt.

Dave gets in the car and starts it.

FOUR COPS spread around him, all pointing their guns at him. One of them - surprise! - is Jane, young cop, the future.

CRIPPLED MAN

Careful with the dog!

Kyle Timkins arrives in his car. Steps out slowly, knowingly. He's got one of his ASSOCIATES with him.

Dave gets that look in his eyes. Trapped. One way or another, this is going to be fucking loud! He lights a cigarette. The pit bull BARKS.

JANE

(voice shaking)

Sir, get out with your hands up.

(CONTINUED)

Dave presses the side buttons to open all windows. He pushes the pit bull, nudging it.

DAVE
(to pit bull)
Go on! Git!

The dog growls and jumps out the window, making its escape while BARKING at the cops.

JANE
Dave!

Jane is shaking in her boots. The pit bull BARKS.

Timkins watches coolly.

The Crippled Man shakes his head as he rolls away. He doesn't want to see this.

Dave smiles. There goes his getaway. His eyes meet Timkins'. Timkins watches not unsympathetically, as if wishing Dave well.

Dave lets his cigarette dangle from his mouth, playing with something unseen underneath the wheel. Something up his sleeve?

He opens the door and steps out of the car. Suddenly, he raises his Baretta and aims at Jane.

DAVE
See you later, kid.

No time to think. Jane is quick to shoot at Dave. Two pops.

Dave slumps to the ground, dead.

And then - NOTHING. Silence. The BARKS SIMMER DOWN TO A WHIMPER.

Jane stares, shaken. She's going to cry. She's smiling. She wants to cry. Her hands are shaking. She's swallowing hard. She's not going to cry. She's arrived.

MORE SIRENS. More police cars arrive on the scene.

Timkins crouches down on the ground and looks at Dave's gun for a long time. His ASSOCIATE comes closer.

TIMKINS' ASSOCIATE
What?

TIMKINS
Empty chamber. No magazine.

He gets up and walks away from Dave's suicide by cop.

The pit bull approaches Timkins. Timkins sits on the ground and pets it like a man who grew up with animals and still lives among them.

TIMKINS
(to dog)
Good girl. Good girl.

THE END