

DARKNESS. THE THIN METALLIC SOUND OF A ZIPPO LIGHTER FLIPPING OPEN. THE FLAME HISSING. 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, EARLY 1970S. A CLASSIC.

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE PATROL CAR. MOVING - DAY

THE WRONG SONG CONTINUES ON THE CAR RADIO.

Through the front wind shield, clouded by cigarette smoke, we are slowly cruising while grokking the Rampart police division, a grubby section of near-downtown L.A.

Welcome, hold on tight, this ain't going to be pretty.

Dig the crazy patchwork of crooked streets.

Dig the GANGBANGERS LOUNGING ON FRONT PORCHES.

Fuckloads of graffitti everywhere.

Dig the WETBACKS scrounging work on street corners.

Dig the SWARMS OF LATIN WOMEN out pushing strollers.

The WRONG SONG KEEPS GOING, stubbornly 70s 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 the driver. 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.

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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 BURGER'S on Beverly and Rampart.

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

They see us and send up a BIG CHEER. They like us.

THE WRONG SONG CONTINUES.

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

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

We drive on.

FADE OUT:

EXT. SANTA MONICA STREET - EVENING

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, 53, wearing his civvies, gets out of his civilian car and waves to TWO WHITE WOMEN in their forties gardening in the front yards of side-by-side houses.

The women wave back and blow kisses: BARBARA (48) and CATHERINE (46). They bear a distinct sisterly resemblance. Mostly because they're sisters. And Dave's ex-wives. And gardening in matching overalls like the Irish twins they are.

Dave walks down the driveway of the right-hand-side house.

A 16-YEAR-OLD-GIRL, HELEN, and a 13-YEAR-OLD-GIRL, MARGARET, are kicking a soccer ball around.

HELEN

Can we stop now?

MARGARET

No, I have to practice.

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We notice the two side-by-side houses are joined by one continuous back yard.

The Girls spot Dave. Helen kicks the ball to him.

HELEN
Hi, Rape!

MARGARET
Hey, Rape Man!

He kicks the ball back a bit too hard. It sails away.
Soccer's for girls.

DAVE
Don't call me that.

He sits down on the steps beside the right-hand-side garage.
The steps lead up to a small apartment. His.

He Zippos a cigarette.

The Girls walk up to him. He hugs them both. Smoke gets in
their eyes. They swat at it.

MARGARET
Nobody smokes anymore.

DAVE
It gives me credibility.

HELEN
It'll give you cancer.

DAVE
I'll let you know.

HELEN
Dad, Margaret has a question.

MARGARET
No I don't.

HELEN
Yes you do.

MARGARET
No I don't.

DAVE
Shoot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She smiles at him. Shy. Sweet.

MARGARET
We're studying genetics in school.

Dave smiles and makes a "keep going" gesture.

MARGARET
(pointing to Helen)
It's just-- Are we-? Are we...
inbred?

HELEN
We're not. It's stupid.
(uncertain)
Right?

Dave laughs and puts one hand on each girl's shoulder.

DAVE
Christ, girls, I married two
sisters is all. Consecutively, not
concurrently. Had two daughters.
One with each. You and you. Three
years apart. It's all perfectly
legal and genetically up to
insurance industry standards.
You're not going to turn into
mongoloids any time soon. You're
not inbred, you're native.

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A mess of a bachelor pad.

WE LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF LIGHTTT SNORING as we pan the walls
of the small living room to see:

A framed diploma from the Stanford University Law School,
made out to David D. Brown. Our man is a cop AND a lawyer.
Was a lawyer? That was then.

We see black and white photo of Dave, armed to the teeth and
in Army uniform, eyes dark, staring to camera near a rice
paddy, Pinkville, Vietnam. The shit. *That's for the ages.*

SNORING CONTINUES.

We see a photo of the Sex Crimes Unit at Hollywood Station,
circa '88. Dave is standing with five other male officers.

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The other officers have casually scrawled their names in cursive on the photograph. Under Dave the boldly block-printed words read: "DATE-RAPE DAVE BROWN." *Way back when.*

We find Dave asleep on his couch, reading glasses resting on his nose, legal papers fallen to the floor, smoky ashtray nesting on his chest.

There's a pile of cash on the coffee table. Street booty.

He coughs through his involuntary nap, disrupting the snoring. *This is now.*

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

A spiffily furnished dining room, swank French Provincial.

Dave, his daughters Helen and Margaret, and the two ex-wives/sisters Barbara and Catherine are sitting around the table.

There's overlapping dialogue, laughter and lots of hubbub going on, the young girls chatting away, the delighted threesome of parents watching.

HELEN

...He didn't say that, not like that, he 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, but he didn't, like not yet, and then...

Dave leans secretively toward Catherine.

DAVE

(whispering)

May I sleep with you tonight?

Catherine smiles and shakes her head "No."

CATHERINE

I got tons of sketches to do.

Dave takes it like a man.

Leans in toward Barbara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE
(whispering)
May I sleep with you tonight?

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.

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. Twenty hours from Crutcher-Sachs straight to you. Okay?

CATHERINE
Okay.

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

He gets up from the table.

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

He's out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

Everyone cracks up except Margaret, the youngest female in the room.

MARGARET
Why is everyone so hard on him all the time?

INT. TAYLOR'S STEAKHOUSE. 8TH AND ARDMORE - NIGHT

Dave sits at the bar.

The TV set perched above the bottle shelf is putting out a news report on the ongoing Rampart Scandal, with the SOUND TURNED LOW.

We watch:

Street rousts of gangbangers, rough and uncereemonious...

A rainbow coalition of Picketers outside Rampart Station...

Biiiiiiiig press conferences, replete with neeeeervous officials standing at lecterns marked with the LAPD and LA Attorney's Office logos...

Dave pans his gaze from the TV to a table of FOUR FORTYISH WOMEN, all afterhours bubbly-buzzed working on blotto.

One of the Women makes flirting eye contact with Dave. Then looks away, half-smiling, twisting a lock of her hair.

INT. TAYLOR'S STEAKHOUSE. 8TH AND ARDMORE - LATER

Dave is sitting with the half-smile, Eye-Contact lush - SARAH. She sure likes twisting those locks.

The other three Women talk among themselves and subtly eavesdrop on the conversation.

DAVE
...With an "A" or an "H"?

SARAH
Come on, Sara with an "A" is a child's name. I'm Sarah with an "H."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE
You're clearly not a child.

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 points to the badge on Dave's belt.

SARAH
You've got a monicker 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?

She laughs.

SARAH
No. Not anymore. Eight years of therapy, thank you very much. So, what's your monicker?

DAVE
What does it matter?

SARAH
It'll tell me everything I need to know about you. Probably more.

DAVE
Okay. "Date-Rape Dave."

She's taken aback.

SARAH
Why's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

There's a rumor. I can't confirm it
and I won't deny it.

He winks at her.

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.

INT. OMNI HOTEL. DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT

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 blinks against the glare.
Sarah studies his face. She's a sweet, sweaty mess.

SARAH

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

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?

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

SARAH

And you don't like talking after
sex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He doesn't reply.

SARAH

Right?

STILLNESS INSIDE, TRAFFIC OUTSIDE.

SARAH

Right?

Right. He remains quiettttt. 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?

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

Dave is driving, looking goood in his tailored LAPD uniform:
senior sergeant's stripes, commendation ribbons, hashmarks
denoting 30-years-plus service.

A YOUNG COP rides shotgun, looking more green than blue.

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 crap game.

Dave hits the gas. The Young Cop holds on in panic.

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.

We hear the DICE ROLLERS YELLING garbled "Motherfuckers!" as
they scam.

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CONTINUED:

The young cop is deeply shaken, academy this ain't anymore.

DAVE
You'll get the hang of it.

Dave laughs to himself.

YOUNG COP
Uh...Sergeant?

DAVE
Yeah.

YOUNG COP
Aren't you afraid you'll get beefed?

DAVE
I've got three decades on the force
and a Stanford law degree, kid.
Only beef I'm getting's lunch.

EXT. RAMPART DIVISION - DAY

BAM - an abrupt rear-ending on the road.

A BOOZY-LOOKING BLACK DUDE spills out of his bullet-proof
SUV; TWO BULL DYKES get out of their Volvo Stationwagon.
VERBAL GRIEF FLARES IMMEDIATELY.

Dave hangs a tire-screaching U-turn and pulls up beside the
two cars. The Dykes and the Black Dude evince "Oh, shit"
looks.

DAVE
(to the Young Cop)
You take Tupac. I'll take Rosie and
Ellen.

The Young Cop gulps, exits the patrol car and walks up to the
Black Dude.

Dave exits the patrol car and sidles up to the two Lezzies.

He looks in their car and sees a LITTLE GIRL strapped into a
toddler chair in the backseat. He smiles at the little girl.

DAVE
Hey, Heather does have two mommies.

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The women seethe. The Dom Dyke, a real bruiser, gets up in Dave's face.

DOM DYKE

Don't mess with us. We know all about the Federal Consent Decree and the Civilian Complaint Board.

DAVE

I'm sure you do. I'm equally sure that you don't know that the man who hit you has no insurance, sells crack-cocaine for a living and is well known to carry a thousand dollar flash roll at all times, which should more than cover the cost of your rear bumper.

The Dom Dyke grins. Dave glances over and sees the Young Cop quietly huddled with the Black Dude.

DAVE

Goddamnit.

Dave whistles.

The Young Cop looks over. Dave motions him to stand by the Volvo.

The young cop walks up and smiles at the Lezbionites. Dave walks up to the Black Dude - LEOTIS.

DAVE

Leotis McCoover --cliche on wheels-- what be happenin', ma brutha?

LEOTIS

Fuck if it's you again.

DAVE

The easy way or the hard way?

LEOTIS

Man, this is a muthafuckin' humbug roust!

DAVE

Is that the easy way?

LEOTIS

You better run down my options.

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CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE
Your roll for their bumper, or I
take you someplace secluded. Again.

Leotis guuuulps. Trembles with rage.

LEOTIS
(mumbling)
Someday walls gonna come crushing
down on you, LAPD.

DAVE
That's not one of the options.

Finally, Leotis slooowly fishes a fat roll of bills from his pocket and hands it to Dave.

Dave walks up to the Dom Dyke, shaves a couple of bills off the top and pockets them. Hands the rest of the roll to her and winks.

The Young Cop's jaw drops.

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

Young Cop and Dave eating burgers. Another black and white drives up. TWO COPS get out. Young, muscular. OFFICERS MICHAEL WHITTAKER AND DAN HORAN. They greet Dave respectfully.

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

Horan is standing with Dave and Young Cop, talking while the two finish up their lunch. Whittaker is inside buying.

HORAN
(to Young Cop)
The Mexicans hate the Hondurans,
the Salvadorans hate the
Guatemalans...

DAVE
Everybody's dealing dope 24/7,
everybody's got a woodstick for
LAPD.

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CONTINUED:

HORAN

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

The Young Cop looks dizzy.

YOUNG COP

And the scandal?

HORAN

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 as they breed with speed.

Horan laughs, just as Whittaker comes out of Tommy's with greassssy bags of lunch.

Dave nods self-satisfied and looks at the parking lot's stray pit bull.

WHITTAKER

What's funny?

HORAN

Rampart.

Whittaker sighs and bites into his burger. Dave eyes Young Cop.

DAVE

You didn't touch your fries.

YOUNG COP

Too greasy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE
Jesus Christ.

They don't make men like they used to. Dave takes Young Cop's fries and throws them to the pit bull. Much obliged, it tears into them.

Horan and Whittaker laugh.

Dave lights a cigarette. Catches Young Cop's critical gaze. Then Horan's. Whittaker's.

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

INT. RITE AID DRUGSTORE - DAY

Dave and the Young Cop stand in the security office of the drugstore.

Standing with them: a UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARD and a YOUNG LATIN PUNK. The Punk is in handcuffs and is heavily tattooed.

SECURITY GUARD
...caught him boosting Sudafed and propyl alcohol.

DAVE
He's a meth cooker.
(pause)
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
Can't you guys come up with something original, like "Fuck your father?"

PUNK
Fuck you, dickhead.

DAVE
That's somewhat better. Not much.

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CONTINUED:

The Security Guard gulps -- what's going on here? The Young Cop grins, he's getting his sea legs.

Dave checks the Punk's arms.

DAVE

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

PUNK

Fuck you.

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

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 his long, greasy hair, pulls his head back and viciously punches him in the kidneys.

The Punk screams.

Young Cop looks aghast.

Dave grabs the Punk by the neck and shoves him into the wall. Splat -- the Punk's nose shatters and gouts blood.

DAVE

Give me the address. Please.

EXT. RAMPART STATION - DAY

Dave and the Young Cop arrive in their patrol car. They park and get out.

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Ahead, CIVILIAN PICKETERS march carrying signs: "Reparations for Rampart victims," "Down with blue fascism," "LAPD, you can't hide! We decry your genocide!"

They pass WARN-OUT PICKETERS hydrating.

DAVE
Ain't freedom of speech a bitch?

INT. RAMPART STATION - DAY

Dave and the Young Cop walk through the detective's squad room.

Dave veers off and strides up to a LATIN DETECTIVE sipping coffee at his desk.

LATIN DETECTIVE
What?

DAVE
Meth lab. The garage at 1432 East Cesar Chavez.

LATIN DETECTIVE
That's it? No explanation?

Dave winks and starts to walk away. The Young Cop follows him, puppy-dog like.

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.

30-YEAR-OLD COP
Question.

DAVE
Okay.

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.

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CONTINUED:

The 30-Year-Old Cop eagerly writes it down. Sergeant Dave Brown, king of the hill.

EXT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Dave is driving alone in his patrol car now. He's cruising through the intersection, CLASSIC ROCK ON THE RADIO ROCKING HIS SOUL, and then --

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

Dave's air-bag inflates; he's pinned.

He sees the pimp-attired black Cadi BLACK DRIVER get out and start running.

Dave pops the air-bag with a penknife, exits the car and chases the Motherfucker on foot.

Down alleyways--

Through backyards--

Out on the street again--

Dave gains ground, catches the black motorist and beats him with a beavertail sap.

The man does nothing to resist. The blows keeps coming. He's getting the life lashed out of him.

Dave pounds on. Out of control. Vicious. Almost unrecognizable.

Finally Dave stops. Hovers over the passed-out man, panting out of breath, sweating. He grabs his chest, feels the heart attack coming, and receding. All in his mind.

He looks around. He's alone. Wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

But, wait -- is that a GUY in the shadows with a video camera?

TV NEWS REPORT

We see an instant replay of Dave beating the black motorist.

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CONTINUED:

NEWSMAN

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

We see shots of Dave besieged by REPORTERS as he climbs into his patrol car.

NEWSMAN

Forty-eight-hours ago, 31-year LAPD veteran David Douglas Brown was videotaped severely beating a motorist named Shondell Parmallee, in what attorney Johnnie Cochran has described as a "solo Rodney King thing for sure."

We see a shot of Dave entering the station, 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 Sergeant Brown -- a lawyer himself -- waits to hear whether he will be suspended from duty or perhaps even prosecuted criminally. Both incumbent D.A. Gil Gondolfi and insurgent candidate Steve Cranston have addressed "Shondellgate" against the longer-standing context of Rampart.

The news footage blips to a close-up of a handsome, 60-year-old man standing at a lectern. A scroll at the bottom of the screen reads "DISTRICT ATTORNEY GIL GONDOLFI."

GONDOLFI

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.

The TV news footage blips to a close-up of a bulldog-like 54-year-old man standing at a lectern. A scroll at the bottom of the screen reads "CANDIDATE STEVE CRANSTON."

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CONTINUED: (2)

CRANSTON

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

(pause)

I'll "say" this, though. If you're a dirty cop in Rampart and I get elected, katy-bar the door. If you're Sergeant Dave Brown and I indict you on fair and just charges, you better run for the hills, because you're going down.

We pull back to see Dave in underwear on his couch watching the news report. He downs his beer. This is not good.

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

You know.

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.

DAVE

Be right back. I'm gonna go put on some pants.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

Dave walks into a small conference room with LAPD crests on the walls. Seated at a small table: a SIXTYISH MAN - WOODWARD, and a FIFTYISH WOMAN - JOAN CONFREY.

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CONTINUED:

Dave sits down.

WOODWARD

Cal Woodard, Sergeant. Remember me?
We worked Newton together twenty-
odd years ago.

DAVE

(nodding)
You're I.A. now. And this woman is
a Deputy D.A.

JOAN

(nodding herself)
Joan Confrey, Sergeant.

DAVE

I won't make this easy. 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
play Vietnam for all I got, not to
mention thirty years on the force.
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
of one week.

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

Joan Confrey smirks. Cal Woodard 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)

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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

Look, I was under attack. I went after the perf. End of story. The tape doesn't show everything. I had to neutralize him. That's all I have to say.

He gets up.

DAVE

Good luck with your community mending efforts.

He walks out, pride intact. Confrey and Woodward exchange looks.

EXT. RAMPART STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

It's a wiiiiild 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!"

Dave pulls into the lot and parks far from the protest maelstrom.

A GROUP OF COPS standing around bullshitting notices him.

TWO BLACK COPS turn their backs. ONE WHITE and ONE LATIN COP wave.

One white cop just stands there, bewildered. It's the Young Cop who patrolled with Dave before. Dave laughs. Partner no more.

Dave gets a giant box of donuts off the passenger seat.

INT. RAMPART STATION - DAY

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

HANDCUFFED LOWLIFES sitting on benches give him the fisheye.

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CONTINUED:

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

He ducks his head into a crowded muster 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 keeps walking.

He cuts down a hallway and opens a door marked "Commander." A UNIFORMED CAPTAIN, a 50-year-old black man, sits at a desk.

DAVE

What's the word, chief?

CAPTAIN

They're keeping you on. For now.

DAVE

You joking?

CAPTAIN

You're on while they look into it.
Nothing's changed.

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

A beautiful YOUNG FEMALE COP walks toward 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. Looks around. Takes a sprinkled, chocolate-glazed beauty and wheels it into his mouth.

EXT. SANTA MONICA STREET - NIGHT

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, zooms around the block, ditches his car on a side street and cuts across backyards and alleys to his ex-wives' two connected backyards. It's littered with debris left by previous news crews.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He goes to the back window. Sees Helen and Margaret watching him on a TV news show: He's beating Shondell Parmallee and his daughters are grooving on it.

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.

INT. TAYLOR'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

A BLACK COUPLE recognize 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 around the room. Somewhat paranoid, more specifically on the prowl. He sees a FORTY-ISH WOMAN in a professional suit sitting alone at a table.

Dave carries his drink over.

The woman, SHARON, 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 a lawyer, right?

SHARON

(eyes on TV)

Why would you say that?

DAVE

You're wearing a courtroom suit,
and you've got litigator's eyes.

She keeps watching. The TV news blips to a split screen of D.A. Gil Gondolfi and candidate Steve Cranston fomenting at lecterns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE
(yelling)
Hey, isn't the game on or
something?

Somebody starts channel surfing looking for the game. Any
game.

DAVE
Dave Brown.

Now she's looking at him.

SHARON
Sharon Duncan.

They shake hands. Dave sits down at her table.

A WAITER materializes. Dave points to his glass and Sharon's
glass. The waiter splits to bring refills.

SHARON
I'm not a lawyer. I sell real
estate. I'm in from Tucson for a
trade show. You're looking to
refinance?

He smiles. He likes her. He likes her species.

DAVE
Thanks for talking to me.

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

DAVE
And now they're watching you.

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

Dave smiles and takes a big jolt of scotch off the incoming
waiter's tray.

SHARON
Is it all getting to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

Me? Nah. My ex-wives hate me, my daughters love me, I got my 15 minutes of fame. I'm making new friends.

SHARON

Don't consider this a done deal just yet.

DAVE

There's "Yes," "No" and "Maybe next time I'm in town," and I'm fine with all three.

Dave glances at the TV set. Reporters are tailing Helen and Margaret across Catherine's front lawn. He shakes his head.

DAVE

(yelling)

Put the game, on, goddamnit!

SHARON

You shouldn't have beat up that guy.

DAVE

I don't subscribe to half measures.

SHARON

I'm at the Raddison.

DAVE

I'll follow you.

Dave gets up heavily. Checks the TV set above the bar: A baseball game.

Dave pops a cigarette in his mouth. Wrong way. Flips it over to fit filter in. It is all getting to him.

He follows Sharon out, sneaking looks back. Everyone's watching him.

INT. RADDISON HOTEL - NIGHT

Dave and Sharon make love face to face, both lying on their side. It's hungry. It's tender. It's lazy. It's freighted with the lonely middle-aged urge to quash skepticism and mesh, however briefly.

INT. RADDISON HOTEL - LATER

They rest quietly afterward. Sharon moves slightly away from Dave and keeps a light hand on his shoulder, as if regretting. She eyes his gun on the floor. Starts getting dressed.

Dave is starting to tremble. Covers up.

EXT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Dave drives his patrol car down an alley near Temple and Alvarado. He's working his day-watch 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 and hits the back window.

Dave puts the car in reverse, floors the gas, aims the back bumper at the Punk and plows him to the ground.

The other punks retreat while the shit-throwing Punk moans and writhes on the ground.

There's a big wet turd stuck to the patrol car's back window.

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

The other Punks watch from down the alleyway.

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. What are the odds?

EXT. TOMMY'S BURGERS - DAY

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 used-to-be-fit 70-YEAR-OLD-MAN, HARTSHORN, walks over to Dave's driver's side window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARTSHORN

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

DAVE

Jesus, it's Wednesday! Sorry.

INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - DAY

A secluded nook at the Pacific Dining Car Restaurant. Dave sits with Hartshorn.

Their lunch plates pushed to one side, the food all gone. They're drinking coffee.

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 shakes his head, no clue.

HARTSHORN

Somebody who doesn't like you.

DAVE

Why me?

HARTSHORN

Because they don't like you.

Dave laughs.

DAVE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARTSHORN

Jesus, with the language. What can I do? I'm just a retired cop enjoying his golden years.

DAVE

Fuck you, old man. You got more fingers in department twat than any active cop I know. Milk your contacts. I have some 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.

HARTSHORN

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

Dave stares at him for a long time. Blank stare. Not a muscle moves.

DAVE

I'd rather die.

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.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. DAY.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

I should've never voted for you,
Gil.

GONDOLFI

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

DAVE

I would have filed eleven counts of
Aggravated Rape and Sodomy One on
the victim.

GONDOLFI

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. Bazelon. 1946.

GONDOLFI

I don't know that quote.

DAVE

You went to Cal State.

JOAN

(quietly)

Gentlemen, please.

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

GONDOLFI

(coooooold)

Tell me how your mind works, Brown.
Before you hurt anybody else. Tell
me why I shouldn't discipline you
or fire you right now. What do you
think you can give us? 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. Tell me
something, or go burn in hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dave looks piercingly at Gondolfi. Joan looks piercingly at Dave.

DAVE
I don't know.

GONDOLFI
Fuck you.

JOAN
Gentlemen.

DAVE
Someone is planting cameras in my way. 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 TV crew around when I do the people's dirty work.

GONDOLFI
(deadly)
Ms. Confrey, please walk Sergeant Brown to the elevator. And make sure he presses lobby.

INT. HALLWAY. DA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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! -- Sharon Duncan, Dave's "Real Estate agent" one-night-stand conquest. The name reads: LINDA FENTRESS. Dave keeps cool, but it burns.

DAVE
Sad looking bunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

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

Dave nods casually.

DAVE

Defending scum.

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 sighs.

DAVE

Alleged rapist.

JOAN

Did you do it?

DAVE

There's shit you carry, there's
shit you walk 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE
So women would love me.

INT. DAVE'S CIVILIAN CAR - EVENING

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

DAVE (TO PHONE)
Now I'm worried.

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)
Worried? You remember Kaplan?

DAVE (TO PHONE)
Yeah. Yeah. "If you worry, you die,
if you don't worry, you die..."

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)
"...So why die?"

HARTSHORN CHUCKLES.

DAVE (TO PHONE)
Kaplan was a ding-dong. And he's
dead.

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)
Listen, it's worse than you
thought.

Dave's hand starts shaking on the steering wheel. He puffs on
his cigarette. Plays it cool, but he knows it's going to be
hot.

DAVE (TO PHONE)
Shoot. I can take it.

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)
D.A.'s got a holding-tank audio
tape from Pelican Bay. It's garbled
so they can't I.D. the voices.
There were over twenty imminent
parolees in that tank, and two of
them were discussing a plan to kill
a Rampart officer. Make a statement
about the scandal.

Dave takes it in. He extinguishes his cigarette on the
dashboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)
You there?

DAVE (TO PHONE)
Yeah.

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)
Kill a Rampart cop presumably at random, obviously for revenge. Street cred. Whatever. So the sonofabitch Gondolfi in his infinite wisdom decided to give them a clear, public target, and guess who drew the short straw?

DAVE (TO PHONE)
I guess this means I'm voting for Cranston.

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)
It's no joke. They deny, you die.

DAVE (TO PHONE)
Can you get me the tape?

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)
I can do much better than get you the goddamned tape, you hot-headed bastard.

Dave smiles, his old mentor is coming through for him.

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)
But it's going to cost you an arm and a leg.

Dave's smile turns frownish.

HARTSHORN (ON PHONE)
I'll negotiate it down for you, I promise.

EXT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

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 VOICES IN HIS EARS. CAN'T MAKE THEM OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's an overstuffed envelope next to him simply marked:
DAVE BROWN.

We watch Dave's face reacting to the tape.

He sips from a can of beer and stares into the distance with
rage growing.

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.

MONTAGE. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

--Dave knifes the overstuffed envelope and piles out a glut
of paperwork, files, some marked: "Pelican Bay."

THE GARBLED SOUND OF THE PELICAN BAY HOLDING TANK RECORDING
IS COMING FROM A TAPE RECORDER: CONVICTS CHATTERING IN THE
BACKGROUND OF TWO LATINO VOICES TALKING LOW BUT CLOSE UP.

VOICE 1 (ON TAPE)

...I got the same Jew lawyer. He's
always got that blond bitch with
him. I'd do another three years for
ten minutes with her.

VOICE 2 (ON TAPE)

(with asthmatic wheeze)
Hey, blondie. Thanks for the
kickout, thanks for the money. See
you in...

VOICE 1 (ON TAPE)

Rampart.

We hear them LAUGH, ASTHMATIC VOICE 2 ALMOST CHOKING.

VOICE 2 (ON TAPE)

Fuckin' Rampart.

--Dave inks a wall graph. He lists names under: "paroled
inmates", their known associates under "associates", the
names of the cops who busted them for Rampart-based crimes
under "arresting cops."

VOICE 1 (ON TAPE)

So I'll meet you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE 2 (ON TAPE)
(wheezy)
Right. We'll hook up, then we'll
take our time and do it right.

VOICE 1 (ON TAPE)
One cop. Prime cut.

--Dave goes through a mug-shot stack; we see ONE SLIMEBAG
AFTER ANOTHER.

VOICE 2 (ON TAPE)
(wheezy)
One Rampart cop. That should do.

--Dave digs through a file marked "Medical Records," skims
sheets and sees that only one man -- RAMON ESPESITO -- is
listed as having asthma.

VOICE 1 (ON TAPE)
We did plenty years between us.

VOICE 2 (ON TAPE)
(wheezy)
More than that if you count all the
trial shit.

--Dave pulls a "known associate" list for Esposito. He sees
four names: Juan Chavez Delgado, Gene "The Queen" Guttierrez,
Felipe Hernandez-Sloan and Carlos Sanchez Cruz.

VOICE 2 (ON TAPE)
(wheezing)
Death penalty, man. But no
legal...what's that word?

VOICE 1 (ON TAPE)
You mean "Process?"

VOICE 2
(wheezy)
Recourse.

VOICE 1
Fuck that shit.

--Dave scans more file sheets. Shit -- no paper on Delgado,
Guttierrez, Cruz.

VOICE 2 (ON TAPE)
(wheezing)
White cop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VOICE 1 (ON TAPE)
As fucking snow.

--He finds a sheet on Felipe Hernandez-Sloan. He reads it.

--He writes down a list of arresting officers' names on his wall graph.

--Dave rechecks the Ramon Esposito sheet. He writes down arresting officers' names.

--He starts linking names on his graph. The scene extends. We fade in and out to indicate a long passage of time. MUSIC FADES IN AND OUT - OLD SCHOOL ROCK-N-ROLL, none of that gangsta bullshit - DIFFERENT SONGS, DIFFERENT MOODS, Dave reads, links, reads, links, reads, links...repeats...

INT. HALLWAY. RAMPART STATION - DAY

Dave opens the door marked "Commander" and walks in, leaving the door ajar.

INT. COMMANDER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The 50-year-old African-American Captain looks up at him. There's a YOUNG BLACK TEENAGER sitting to the side reading a book. 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?

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. Lawsuit is moving forward.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
They're looking into the kid you
"defaced" in the parking lot.
Cracked shin. He's got a long rap
sheet. So -- Lucky you. Why is the
door still open? Close it.

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

CAPTAIN
From the outside. Close the door
with you on the outside, Sergeant.

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
(vying for attention)
Sir.

CAPTAIN
Would you listen to that? I believe
that's the first time in years you
called me sir, sergeant. Maybe all
this shit's the best thing that
ever happened to you.

DAVE
Or you.

The Captain laughs.

CAPTAIN
You're the least of my problems.
Close the door. And get a good
lawyer, not a windbag like you.

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.

INT. EX-WIFE CATHERINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave enters the kitchen. Ex-wife Catherine and ex-wife Barbara are sitting at the table, going over bills. Dave looks sheepish.

DAVE
Something's going on. Can't tell
you what it is. Anything left to
eat?

BARBARA
You gotta be kidding.

DAVE
Can I just sit here for awhile?

BARBARA
Oh, no, we're not falling for that
again. EVER.

DAVE
Where are the girls?

CATHERINE
TV.

BARBARA
Their dad's a star.

CATHERINE
(tentative)
We've been talking about moving.
Putting the houses up for sale. You
should think of getting your own
place.

Dave shrugs innocently and walks out of the kitchen into the den. He's not ready to have this conversation and they're not ready to insist.

Helen and Margaret are watching him on TV.

Dave pushes the "Off" button. The TV image dies. His beloved daughters squeal in disappointment.

He positions himself in front of the TV. He screws up his face to speak. The girls look at him. He opens his mouth. No words come out.

INT. DAVE'S CIVILIAN CAR - NIGHT

It's late. Dave is driving westbound on Olympic Boulevard.

He pops out his cell phone and punches in a number. Waits a beat.

EXT. BRENTWOOD STREET - NIGHT

Dave parks in front of a slick-looking, darkened ranch-style house in Brentwood.

He gets out of his car, walks to the door, RINGS THE BELL and gets no response. He dons gloves. Pulls out a lock-pick case, opens it, selects a pick and starts poking at the door-lock.

Pop -- the door opens.

INT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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, AKA SHARON, AND A RANDOM BOYFRIEND, the poor dude's face cut out of the picture. Pictures of cats. AN ELDERLY COUPLE - Mom and Pa.

Dave shrugs, Psycho!

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."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Dave hears a KEY-IN-LOCK NOISE at the front of the house.

He silently walks out of the house via the back door, leaving the D.A.'s office files behind.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. CENTURY CITY - DAY

Dave walks into a tall building of the business of law, passing OFFICE WORKERS standing outside, smoking and coin-wanking.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A plaque: Century City law firm.

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 stares him down.

DAVE

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

In other words, I got nowhere else to go. I don't know how to be anything but a cop or a lawyer. So if I get canned from the force, 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. Would \$25,000 be all right?

Dave smiles to avoid swallowing his tongue.

DAVE

I take it you don't mind cash.

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The clock admits 3:30AM.

Dave is sitting at the desk in his garage apartment. Piles of cash 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.

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--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Helen.

Sneaking in. Past her school night curfew. The retreating shadow takes the form of a snut-nosed boyfriend.

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

EXT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave walks up to the front door of Linda Fentress's previously seen house. Again, it's dark. He places his LAPD business card under the door knocker. Beneath the LAPD logo he's written the words, "One more time?"

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dave sits at the desk in his garage apartment, going over a fresh stack of LAPD personnel files. Photos are clipped to the folders.

We note pix of officers Michael Whittaker and Dan Horan, who hung out at Tommy's Burgers with Dave and Young Cop.

Dave skims file pages intently. A startled look crosses his face. Both of his hands are trembling.

INT. LOCKER ROOM. RAMPART STATION - DAY

OFFICERS of all races, shapes and colors, are hanging out in the locker room in various stages of dress and undress. Some scanning morning newspapers, some pumping iron before going out to pump gangbangers.

Dave finds Horan and Whittaker in the back.

HORAN

What's the story, Date-Rape?

Dave shows them two files.

DAVE

Two suspects I got my eye on: Ramon Esposito and Felipe Hernandez-Sloan. Parolees. Settled for a pile of cash on Rampart complaints and got out of Pelican Bay scot free. Esposito's asthmatic fucker. Talks like this:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He whizzes and snorts. They laugh.

DAVE
Both coke dealers. Probable 211's,
probable housebreak 459's. You know
them?

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

HORAN
Doesn't sound familiar.

WHITTAKER
Why are you busting our balls?

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.

HORAN
We don't keep a scrap book.

DAVE
(to Horan)
Esposito'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?

HORAN
What are you working for the
complaint board now? I don't know
the guy. Or maybe I do, but I don't
remember. All beaners look alike to
me. I can ask.

DAVE
Yeah.
(pause)
Thanks.

He leans in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE
(whispers)
Listen, I got a tip these guys are
out to subhorn a Rampart cop. You
got a history with them.

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

HORAN
Where did you get the tip?

DAVE
Sources.

HORAN
Yeah, well, it's a dangerous world.

Dave spots Young Cop walking toward the toilets. They lock eyes.

DAVE
Lady's room down the hall.

YOUNG COP
I wanted to stay on with you. I
asked. They said--

Dave ignores him and walks away.

YOUNG COP
I did...

Horan and Whittaker watch Dave leave.

EXT. RAMPART STATION - DAY

Dave walks to his car, lost in thought.

His PHONE RINGS. He fishes it out, checks out the number and
flips it open, almost smiling in temporary relief.

INT. TRADER VIC'S - NIGHT

Dave sits with the conquest-formerly-known-as-Sharon, Linda
Fentress, at the bar. The two empty Mai Tai mugs tell us
they've been here awhile.

Dave makes his standard "keep going" gesture; the look in the
former Sharon's eyes says, "I've got to spill."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Yes, I was with the D.A.'s Office.
Yes, I'm in criminal practice now.
Yes, I forced a meeting with you.
Yes, my name is Linda, although I
do like Sharon. I heard you prowled
Taylor's, so I showed up there.

Dave assesses Linda. He makes the "keep going" gesture. His
hand trembles.

LINDA

I've read all the paperwork. My
best assessment is that a
significant level of police
misconduct occurred at Rampart.

"Keep going" gesture.

LINDA

I looked into your files. I thought
you could refer some potential
plaintiffs to me, if you turned up
some bad cops who deserved to go
down.

DAVE

(smiling)

So then you decided to fuck me?

LINDA

(steely-eyed)

No. Then I saw you on TV and-- I
liked you, Dave. I liked the way
you moved. It's a John Wayne thing.
I'm not sick. I kinda fell for you.
And I like sucking cock, so sue me.
Seemed like a fine idea at the
time. An adventure.

DAVE

What aren't you telling me? There's
something you're not saying. You
got too many angles here.

LINDA

Look, I hate the scum I represent.
You think it's easy?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDA (cont'd)

I help them go free with county
cash in their pockets because LAPD
fucks up and eight times out of ten
I see them again behind bars. C'est
la guerre, right?

DAVE

So you --what?-- identified with
me? You expect me to believe this
shit?

He looks deep into her. Too many angles plus one. She's about
to reach liars climax or confess it all.

LINDA

(ultra-steely eyed)

The man you killed, the date rape
guy. That guy... He raped me.

He looks at her hardened all of a sudden.

DAVE

There's no proof he raped anyone.
No proof I killed him.

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

DAVE

May I sleep with you tonight?

LINDA

I thought you'd never ask.

EXT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - DAWN

Day breaks. We follow a shaky and haggard Dave up the stairs
of his garage apartment.

INT. BEDROOM. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - DAY

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA
Hey, babe.

DAVE
Hey. Nice surprise.

BARBARA
Was she any good?

DAVE
(shrugging)
She's a lawyer.

Barbara laughs.

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

Suddenly Dave 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. His panic attack peaks and very slowly tapers off.

INT. EX-WIFE CATHERINE'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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, which means that all the Rampart officers under suspicion and Sergeant Dave Brown, who is being kept active on the force God-knows why, will have their day in court.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE
Shouldn't sneak up like that, kid.

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

DAVE
They're buying time and trying not
to screw up.

HELEN
Mom said you take screwing up to a
whole new level. She didn't say
"Screw," though.

DAVE
She's right.

HELEN
Are you buying time now?

DAVE
Yes. Just bidding my time.

HELEN
Is it working?

DAVE
I don't know yet.

HELEN
Will you tell me when you know?

Dave nods.

HELEN
You can't run from us, you know.
I'll always be able to find you.

DAVE
I'm counting on it.

He kills his cigarette in an ashtray.

HELEN
You okay?

DAVE
Sure. Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HELEN

You didn't smoke it all the way through.

He laughs. But it's nervous.

DAVE

I'm quitting.

EXT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - DAY

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 CRANSTON button.

DAVE

(pointing to button)

Nice touch.

HARTSHORN

Sent his campaign 100 bucks and got a button for free. Fuck Gondolfi, going after Rampart and you like that. I'd file nomination papers myself if I need to take him down.

They walk in.

DAVE

I thought Cranston was the tough guy.

HARTSHORN

You kidding me? It's all an act. I knew his brother. Skeletons in the closet up to wazoo.

INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - DAY

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

DAVE

I don't think holding tank scumbags are coming after me. I think they may have other targets. I have possible names.

HARTSHORN

(excited)

Even better.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARTSHORN (cont'd)

You get a chance to be a hero. Save those cops and you own this town. Who are they?

DAVE

My problem.

HARTSHORN

Roger that.

DAVE

Meanwhile I'm hemorrhaging cash.

Hartshorn sighs.

DAVE

I'm begging you, Hart. Give me something. I know you have something.

Hartshorn studies him. Plays with his wedding ring.

HARTSHORN

Okay. I got a tip there'll be a high-stakes card game at the El Mundo Bodega at 12:00AM tonight. Two-to-one it's gonna be robbed. You didn't hear it for me.

Dave is almost in tears.

DAVE

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

HARTSHORN

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

Dave nods.

DAVE

How's Rosie?

HARTSHORN

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

DAVE

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He slides out of the booth. Drops the Cranston button on the table.

HARTSHORN

Wear a vest.

Dave laughs.

EXT. DAVE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - DAY

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 a ready next to him. But no one's coming.

There's a sign up ahead of the house. It annoys the shit out of him. It reads: FOR SALE.

He takes his gun, walks to the sign, aims and shoots it full of holes, when he notices another sign for the second house reading: FOR SALE.

He walks over, uproots the sign and tears it to pieces.

MARGARET (O.S.)

Dad?

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

MARGARET

Why?

He shrugs, semi-innocently. Tries to be goofy and charming. She runs into the house, crying.

DAVE

(calling after her)

Margaret. Come on, baby.

He stumbles toward the house.

DAVE

Nobody's moving anywhere. You hear?
We're one big happy family.

EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Dave checks his watch. It's 11:46 p.m. He's parked in his patrol car across the street and two doors down from the:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EL MUNDO BODEGA.

He sees a DOZEN MEN being admitted through a back door one by one.

He gets out of the car and walks over surreptitiously, positions himself in an adjoining driveway.

He observes a card game through an open window. There's lots of money on the two tables; there's booze, reefer, cocaine and scantily-clad babes serving drinks.

Dave eyeballs the action, and THEN --

TWO SKI-MASKED MEN, ONE THIN, THE OTHER FAT, push through a back door, holding silencer-fitted revolvers.

The room freezes.

THE MASKED MEN SHOUT ORDERS THAT WE DO NOT HEAR CLEARLY and scoop the table cash into jumbo trash bags.

The babes panic. Hit the deck.

Two CARD-PLAYERS pull guns and aim them at the Masked Men.

Dave tenses.

The Masked Men shoot first. There's two bloody woundings.

Dave starts to run over, then freezes.

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

The frozen Card Players thaw into action. One Man pulls a gun and goes out the back door.

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 -- a cat in frayed red-cord pants -- peels off and disappears.

The Card Player continues to chase the Fat Masked Man.

Dave pursues both of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

The escaping Fat Masked Man crashes through a welter of tree branches, slips, falls to the ground and stumbles to get up.

The Card Player jumps on top of him. He aims his gun at him point-blank.

Dave sprints up, pulls his gun and shoots the Card Player dead.

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

Dave rips his mask off, looks deep into his eyes, gun pointing.

FAT MAN

Don't!

Then 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.

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.

SIRENS SCREAM IN THE DISTANCE AND DRAW CLOSER.

INT. EX-WIFE CATHERINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

He finds Catherine ashen-faced, sitting on the sofa. She's got a sketch pad on her lap, a sketch pen in hand. Dave notices the underwear designs she drew. Boxers and briefs. Walmart quality. It's a living.

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

Dave's back at the just-portrayed shooting scene, talking to reporters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Sounds off. You can't hear me.

CATHERINE

I don't even know what to say,
Dave. It's like a death wish. Like
some fucking cowboy asking for a
bullet between the eyes so he
won't have to grow old and weak or
something.

He laughs. He coughs.

CATHERINE

Do you have cancer?

DAVE

No!

(shaaaaaaky)

I was on routine patrol, that's
all. I blundered into it. 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.

The TV erupts (SILENTLY) with news reporters shouting
overlapping questions.

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

CATHERINE

You need rest.

Catherine takes his hand, walks him to her bedroom and makes
him lay down on the bed, fully clothed. He's shaky now. She
positions herself on top of him and anchors him.

CATHERINE

(softly)

What is this?

DAVE

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE
I think you better set up shop
somewhere else.

DAVE
Cathy--

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.

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

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.

INT. BANQUET ROOM. OMNI HOTEL. DAY.

Pandemonium in the large banquet room.

SWARMS OF REPORTERS AND NEWS CREWS facing a raised stage with
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave adjusts the microphone and looks fiercely at the room.
What the fuck is he doing?

DAVE

Good afternoon. I'm here today because after thirty years on the force I believe the Los Angeles Police Department has relinquished its moral currency. Many recent events concerning me have been willfully misrepresented by a hostile, ill-informed and vindictive press. Yes, you! 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 narrative. Not the press. Not the force. 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 require the application of violent, interdictive force.

THE BANQUET ROOM ERUPTS IN GENERAL HUBBUB AND GASPS.

Cameras whir; flashbulbs pop; questions are hurled from the floor.

REPORTERS

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

Dave looks out at the crowd, sees Joan Confrey and winks at her. She scrutinizes him very closely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

Joan walks away and leaves, as the reporter pelt him with questions.

INT. PHARMACY. LITTLE TOKYO - DAY

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

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

Ativan and Nembutal, and it all goes away.

INT. NEW OTANI HOTEL. LITTLE TOKYO - DAY

Dave approaches the front desk. A BUCK-TOOTHED CONCIERGE 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?

DAVE

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

The Concierge guuuuulps.

INT. SUITE. NEW OTANI HOTEL - DAY

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

Dave is asleep on the bed. Almost peaceful.

His CELLPHONE ALARM GOES OFF, and he jumps up startled. Grabs his head. Sharp headache.

DAVE

Shit.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A conference room at Parker Center.

Dave sits in the hot-seat at a table with four HIGH-RANKING LAPD OFFICERS.

A STENOGRAPHER is parked at an adjoining table. The heading on the top page of his note pad reads: "Officer-Involved Shooting Board Minutes."

HIGH-RANKING COP #1

For the record, Sergeant.

DAVE

David D. Brown, Serial Number 3811,
Sergeant-3, Rampart Division.
Thirty-one years of service in
June.

HIGH-RANKING COP #2

Complaints and commendations?

DAVE

Not germane to the issue, Sir. I'd
like the event to be judged ad hoc.

HIGH-RANKING COP #2

(bristling)

We'll look the information up,
then.

DAVE

As you wish, Sir. I'd prefer that
it not be included in the
transcript, though.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE (cont'd)
Empirical knowledge often distorts
the content of the act under
scrutiny.

HIGH-RANKING COP #3
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.

HIGH-RANKING COP #3
Yes, and I understand that all of
them are women.

DAVE
Women make wonderful friends, sir.

High-Ranking Cops #1, #2, and #4 smile.

Dave trembles slightly. He's still got a buzz on.

HIGH-RANKING COP #2
Describe last night's events,
Sergeant. You're alive, and a male
Hispanic named Jose Macias is dead.
How did that occur?

DAVE
(flat-tone intense)
At approximately 11:50 p.m. last
night, 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 a
"suspicious prowler" in the just
adjacent alleyway. Said alley was
narrow and lined with trash cans,
thus I walked over to investigate.
I saw a man with a gun chasing a
man without a gun. I announced my
presence verbally and chased them
on foot. The man without a gun
withdrew from sight. The man with
the gun turned and fired three
shots at me. I returned his fire
and killed him. At that time, I did
not know that the action derived
from a hold-up at the El Mundo
Bodega.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Looks pass between Ranking Cops #1, 2, 3, and 4.

HIGH-RANKING COP #3
A question off the topic, Sergeant.

DAVE
Certainly, sir.

HIGH-RANKING COP #3
How do you justify your bizarre
comments at the press conference?

DAVE
I know whereof I speak, Sir.

The four Ranking Cops seeeeethe.

INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - DAY

The secluded back booth. Dave and Arthur Hartshorn crowd each
other from opposite sides of the table.

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

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 feel cleaner
already.

Dave smiles. Gives Hartshorn a thick envelope.

DAVE
With gratitude.

Hartshorn takes the envelope.

HARTSHORN
Glad I could help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Just like the old days.

HARTSHORN

The old days were only a few days ago.

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

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 wheels his chair up to the patrol car.

Dave cracks the passenger-side door in order to see him better.

DAVE

Don't tell me, I know. Some shit-bird cop shot your brown ass by mistake and planted dope on you to make it look kosher.

CRIPPLED MAN

Punk-kid cop who probably thinks punk old cops like you are cool.

Dave laughs. He 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 surprised Crippled Man takes a big pop and returns the jug to Dave.

They repeat the process in silence three more times.

CRIPPLED MAN

I saw you on TV last night. You're in the shit.

DAVE

Yeah, but not like you.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE
Rampart CRASH shot you?

CRIPPLED MAN
That's right.

DAVE
Wrong-door raid? Your neighbor was dealing, but you got in the way?

CRIPPLED MAN
That's right. His door was steel-reinforced, but mine wasn't. Dick-head 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
Dan Horan and Mike Whittaker. Young daywatch guys. You know them?

CRIPPLED MAN
(nodding in recognition)
Brutal kid-cop motherfuckers. Sort of like you, before you met that dog. Cocksuckers. They're always at Bennigan's, acting like they own Rampart. In bed with Locos.

Dave pulls a business card from his shirt pocket. We see the words "Linda Fentress, Attorney-At-Law" on it. 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.

CRIPPLED MAN
I'm starting to find it very difficult to dislike you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dave looks him up and down. Shows him two mug shots of:

DAVE
Ramon Esposito and Felipe Hernandez-
Sloan? See them around?

Not the prettiest of men.

CRIPPLED MAN
I'm blind when I'm sober, man.

Dave gives him what's left in the bottle.

DAVE
Ask around for me, will you?

EXT. RAMPART STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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 and hugs him. He hugs her back,
his eyes welling with tears.

DAVE
You found me.

HELEN
It wasn't hard. Mom told me you
were in the shit.
(pause)
My words, not her's.

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

(CONTINUED)

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

DAVE

I told you, Babe. I don't want you straying east of La Brea.

HELEN

(eyes flashing)

Don't call me "Babe." Save it for your girlfriends.

Dave puts an arm around her. She leans into him. COPS filing in and out of the station give the two of them odd looks.

DAVE

How's school?

HELEN

It sucks. It's full of candy-ass future fags and dykes.

(pause)

Your words, not mine.

Dave cracks up. Helen eyes him seriously, then cracks up.

DAVE

What's going on at home?

HELEN

Margaret's mad at you for not being around. I think Mom's doing the Fed-Ex man. He keeps bringing packages over at midnight.

DAVE

(smiling)

Is he white?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HELEN
Yes.

DAVE
C'est la vie, then.

HELEN
(shaking her head)
You're a dinosaur.

DAVE
(softly)
I'll drive you home.

HELEN
(softly)
No. They're showing the house. Take
me to Joe.

DAVE
Joe?

HELEN
Joe Retsky.

DAVE
I thought you were MY girl.

She slaps him jokingly. It actually hurts.

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

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 -- yeah, it's him!

Dave drinks. One hand trembles. He slowly scans the booths
that line the back of the restaurant.

We follow his eyes to see:

Dan Horan 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks toward the booths at the back of the restaurant. Wait - did that Fat Punk just share eye contact with Dan Horan and Mike Whittaker?

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

Rafi Chasco. He's with the Locos.
He's loco himself, sort of...

Dave's hands tremble. His forehead vein is going bip-bip-bip. He downs his drink.

DAVE

Get me another.

EXT. RAMPART STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dave awakes with a fright. Looks around confused. Wipes the drool from his mouth.

He checks his cell phone: THREE MESSAGES.

His eyes dart around the dark parking lot.

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.

EXT. PARKING LOT. WINCHELL'S DONUTS, BEVERLY & ALVARADO - DAY

Dave stands by his patrol car, sipping coffee, smoking. An LAPD unmarked car rolls into the parking lot.

A Black Man in his late thirties - KYLE TIMKINS - gets out and walks up to Dave. Dave sticks his hand out. Timkins shakes it with reluctance.

TIMKINS

Kyle Timkins. I'm with Rampart
Homicide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE
(off Timkins' cold look)
I'm listening.

TIMKINS
(off Dave's cold look)
Could we talk someplace more
amenable?

Dave shakes his head "No."

TIMKINS
I've read the Shooting Board
minutes, and I had a few follow-up
questions.

Dave makes his "keep going" gesture.

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 alley without your
walkie-talkie.

Dave puffs on his cigarette, forehead vein tapping.

DAVE
Those are comments, not questions,
Timkins. 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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

Listen Timkins, you got this assignment because I'm controversial and you're ancestors were stolen from Africa. You got this assignment as a sop to other minority officers. You got this assignment to cover the department on perceived racial bias pertaining to Shondell J. Parmallee and other shit-faced scum.

Timkins smiles.

TIMKINS

That's another thing on my mind. Mr. Parmallee. I looked into his history. Funny thing is he's an ex-cop. And now he's nowhere to be found.

Dave stares in shock.

TIMKINS

(smiling broadly)
Sergeant, why are you still on the force?

Dave looks up at him. Good question.

INT. RAMPART STATION - DAY

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, as his hands tremble and his forehead vein goes bip-bip-bip.

INT. JOAN CONFREY'S OFFICE. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

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

JOAN

There's discrepancies in the Shooting Board minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Every Shooting Board testimony contains inconsistencies. 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?

DAVE

I learned it serving my country.

She freezes.

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. I heard the Pelican Bay tape. I know who it is.

JOAN

What Pelican Bay tape?

DAVE

You didn't answer my question. Of all the truly rotten cop out there, why are you after the good guy?

JOAN

You killed an alleged serial date-rapist premeditatively, Officer Brown. He had a wife and three small children.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOAN (cont'd)

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?

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

DAVE

(holding it together)
May I sleep with you tonight?

JOAN

Get out.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

A corridor at a busy shopping mall. Dave punches in his pin number at an automated cash machine.

A message scrolls on the screen: your account has been overdrawn.

A fearful look crosses Dave's face.

He looks down the corridor and sees a man looking at him. The man abruptly averts his gaze. Dave's forehead vein goes bip-bip.

EXT. PARKING LOT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Dave walks to his car. He's on his cell phone.

DAVE (TO PHONE)

Catherine, it's me. Any chance we could do it tonight? Please call.

INT. PATROL CAR. MOVING - DAY

Dave drives and talks on his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Dave disconnects and punches in another number. There's two
RINGS and

LINDA'S VOICE MAIL (OVER)
It's Linda. Please leave a brief
message and I'll call you back when
I can.

DAVE
(even more anxious)
Linda, it's Dave Brown. Any chance
I could see you tonight?

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

INT. TACO JOINT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Dave, more alone than ever in his civvies, noshes a burrito.

A pair of LATIN LOWLIFE/GANGSTER TYPES sit two picnic tables
over.

The jumpy Dave glances over. The two creeps stare, then look
away.

His breathing accelerates. He gets up. Leaves sans taco.

INT. PHARMACY. LITTLE TOKYO - NIGHT

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.

The Pharmacist seethes and unlocks a drawer under the
counter.

EXT. KLUB SATAN - NIGHT

Dave walks up to the Klub Satan. He's finger-popping alert and pharmaceutically hot-wired.

The pit bull is lounging on the sidewalk, licking his balls.

Dave gives the pit bull a kiss on the snout and enters the Klub.

INT. KLUB SATAN - NIGHT

Whoa! -- it's the pulse-pounding pus palace supreme!

Buffet tables covered with hot trays brimming with Mexican chow.

A full bar buzzing.

Tables facing a bandstand where a shitty MEX-ROCK BAND plays.

SCANTLY CLAD WOMEN giving blow jobs on their knees under the tables.

TOTALLY NUDE CHICKS dancing on the bar-top, while HORNY GANGBANGERS try to grab them.

Mounted on one wall: a neon sign of a little red devil with a giant donkey dick, replete with a three-pronged pitchfork head.

Dave roars with laughter -- as CLUBGOERS turn, notice him and come alive with little looks and nods of recognition.

A SWIIIIIIIRL OF HEADS turn his way -- it's a gangbanger/scumbag paradise, so what's this white cop in civvies doing here?

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

EXT. KLUB SATAN - NIGHT

Dave lays his full plate on the sidewalk in front of the pit bull. The pit bull snarfs it up.

Dave walks back into the Klub.

INT. KLUB SATAN - NIGHT

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

MONTAGE. BACK ROOM. KLUB SATAN

--A crap game is going full-tilt. All eyes turn Dave's way as he enters.

--A BLACK RAP ARTISTE-TYPE is holding the dice. He rolls and craps out.

--Dave bets/rolls/loses, bets/rolls/loses, bets/rolls/loses -- with wildly apparent silent glee.

--The crap game continues.

--Dave makes brief and nerve-jarring eye contact with fat Man/Rafi Chasco; little smiles and intense nods go down as they sniff each other out.

--Dave bets/rolls/loses, bets/rolls/loses.

--Dave throws down a fat wad of cash and buys drinks for the house. The gangbanger fucks give him a silent round of applause.

--Dave guzzling scotch. Rafi Chasco slips a note in his pocket. A fuck-it look crosses Dave's face.

--Dave bets/rolls/wins, bets/rolls/wins, bets/rolls/wins.

--Dave throws down a thousand dollar tip for THE CROUPIER and bolts out of the room.

EXT. KLUB SATAN - NIGHT

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

Dave notices the Crippled Man snoozing in his wheelchair.

Dave drops all his winnings in the Crippled Man's lap.

INT. DAVE'S CIVILIAN CAR - NIGHT

Dave collapses into his car. Checks his cell phone. One message. Barbara? Catherine? Linda? He checks his watch: 11.30PM. He grins.

Dials his voice mail. Punches in numbers.

INT. JOAN'S PAD - NIGHT

Dave and Joan Confrey sit in her living room sipping tea. They're silent. We get the feeling that small talk has failed to ignite. Tension bubbles palpably.

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. What's the tape?

DAVE

Doesn't matter. Not your game. Maybe I made it up. 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

The Shooting Board captain called Gil. Your actions were ruled "In policy." The DA is letting it go.

DAVE

More proof he wants me dead.

JOAN

You're not making any sense.

DAVE

Can you get me money? I could use money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

What? No. Listen, Kyle Timkins thinks the 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 siiiiiiiiingle longest silent interval of this drama stretches.

DAVE

May I sleep with you tonight?

JOAN

You can sleep on the couch.

INT. JOAN'S PAD - LATER

Dave is stretched out on the couch in Joan's living room. His eyes are open; his hands are trembling.

He pulls a pill vial from his pocket, dumps three pills into his hand and dry pumps them. He shuts his eyes. His hands still tremble. His forehead vein still taps. We see veins in his neck start to pulse.

INT. PATROL CAR. MOVING - DAY

Dave is out in his patrol car.

He sees the Crippled Man on Temple and Alvarado and waves to him. The Crippled Man proudly points to his snazzy new wheelchair and the two GARISH HO'S pushing him around.

INT. PATROL CAR. MOVING - DAY

Dave swings by the El Mundo Bodega and grimaces -- Kyle Timkins is out on the sidewalk, questioning THREE MEN that we saw back at the card-game heist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 bodega heist chase. He's thin enough to be the guy.

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

Dave checks him out surreptitiously.

FUCK -- thin man is Felipe Hernandez-Sloan. Would be Rampart assassin.

Dave slams on the brakes. Backs up. Only to see the Four Latin men take off in every direction.

EXT. HORAN'S HOUSE. HERMOSA BEACH - NIGHT

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 completely dark.

Dave shines a penlight on the mailbox strip. It reads: "D. Horan."

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

INT. HORAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dave shuts the door, pulls out the penlight, and prowls the house.

He goes through closets, shelves, drawers, bookcases, and medicine chests.

He looks under beds, sofas and chairs.

He finds a great deal of innocuous clutter and a weapons stash: machine guns, sawedoff shotguns, silencer-fitted revolvers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He finds glassine bags containing white powder.

He finds an address book. Included in it: a shitload of names that we recognize from Dave's file perusals, including Rafi Chasco, Felipe Hernandez-Sloan, and Horan's old high-school rival, Ramon Esposito.

Dave is sweat-drenched. That vein on his forehead goes tap-tap-tap.

EXT. SHITTY BACKYARD. OFF VIRGIL AVENUE - DAY

Dave, in civvies, walks into a small backyard. It's littered with engine blocks and rusted-out transaxles.

Rafi Chasco is sitting at a picnic table, four lines of cocaine laid out in front of him, along with a straw.

Dave sits down, takes his gun out and puts it on the table. Then sniffs all four coke lines while Rafi howls with laughter.

DAVE
(wiping his nose)
We've never been formally
introduced.

RAFI
So why start now?

DAVE
Thanks for the money.

RAFI
You could've took it all. You
could've let that guy shoot me.

DAVE
Shit plays out. I made some money,
you're still alive. More shit could
play out. I know you have cop
friends, we could be better
friends.

RAFI
Yeah?

DAVE
Yeah.

Rafi studies Dave, not sure how far he can push this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE
I'm listening.

RAFI
Okay. I'm Locos. That means you
stay clear of us and lean on the
Flats if you have to go
gangbashing.

DAVE
Done.

RAFI
If I ask you for shit, you do it?

DAVE
(nodding along)
Yes. And you me.

RAFI
Meaning?

DAVE
Who was your partner on the El
Mundo job?

RAFI
That's shit you shouldn't know.

DAVE
What if I do know? What if I do
know another friend of yours,
Esposito. What if I know what
they're up to?

RAFI
What if you do?

DAVE
Locos looking to score a Rampart
cop?

RAFI
What? No fucking way. That's the
chair.

DAVE
I want a sit down. No weapons.
Esposito and Hernandez-Sloan.

Rafi eyes Dave's gun on the table. Is he setting him up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAFI
Maybe I should kill you for them?

Dave smiles.

DAVE
Go ahead. I could use the break.

Rafi looks away. Dave gets up, takes his gun and leaves.

DAVE
Let me know, friend.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S CIVILIAN CAR MOVING - DAY

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 slams down an alley, U-turns and comes up behind the assumed tail car.

BAAAM -- he taps the bumper, BAM -- the tail car stalls out.

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 Primavera Flats 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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!

BARBARA
Crutcher-Sachs didn't do that
direct deposit.

DAVE
They fired me.

CATHERINE
I was expecting a deposit from
Silver-Freedman.

DAVE
They fired me too. My lawyers are
going through my money, so we'll
have to tighten our belts for
awhile. I --

CATHERINE
(cutting in)
You know what I think, Dave?

Dave gets up, he'd rather not.

CATHERINE
No. You stay. And you listen this
time.

They square off, he's not moving.

BARBARA
Look, Cathy--

CATHERINE
(to Dave, ignoring
Barbara)
...I think you're a dirty cop.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE (cont'd)
I think you were always a dirty
cop. Dirty cop with a dirty mind.
And you dirty-ed us all up by
default.

BARBARA
Comeon, Cathy--

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 hypocritical, 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)
...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 hoist on your
girls does nothing but harm. 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 to your
own family, Dave--

BARBARA
(forceful to Catherine)
Enough!

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. Both girls have
tears in their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE
(softly)
Okay.

He smiles at Catherine.

DAVE
Okay. Thanks.

He moves slowly. Heartbroken.

DAVE
I'll see you later.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. RAMPART STATION - DAY

Staring at each other across a small table: Dave and Detective Kyle Timkins.

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 "Throwdown Dave" back in the '70's.

Dave makes his "keep going" gesture.

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

Dave laughs.

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 Locos gangbanger and a reputed dope dealer.

Dave makes his "keep going" gesture.

TIMKINS
Mr. Chasco has a known associate named Felipe Hernandez-Sloan. I received a tip that Mr. Hernandez-Sloan participated in the card-game heist.
(cynical)
Irony, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

DAVE
That's not irony. That's
coincidence. Common mistake.

TIMKINS
Sergeant, why are you still here?

Dave gets up.

DAVE
You wanted to see me.

TIMKINS
On the force. Why are they keeping
you on after all the shit you keep
pulling? In the midst of a scandal.
With all eyes on the department.
Where's the logic here? Who are you
in bed with? Who's pulling your
strings?

DAVE
You tell me. Pretend I'm listening.

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

EXT. WHITTAKER'S HOUSE. MANHATTAN BEACH - NIGHT

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A CAR DRIVES BY. Dave looks up nervously.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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 pretty boy candidate Steve 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. She leans against the door. Dave just stares at her.

She walks to a liquor sideboard, pours herself a big brandy and knocks half of it back.

DAVE

Steve's out for the DA's job, you're looking for Rampart settlement money. None of it's much of a stretch. We both know you'd fuck for less.

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 laughs and 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 his advisory board. That doesn't mean shi--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Tell some truth for once. Where's his payoff?

She considers him.

LINDA

From my Rampart settlements. I'm funneling money into his campaign fund. I double dipped, I know, but that's all I've done. We're not together... anymore. I like you, that's my payoff.

DAVE

Here's my payoff. You get Cranston to find me a compliant judge. I want sealed bug-tap warrants issued for two cops and two D.A.'s Bureau D.T.'s 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.

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

Stay with me.

DAVE

No. You drink too much.

LINDA

Look, you killed the man who raped me. I owe you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE
Highly unlikely.

She looks at him in shock.

DAVE
That man never raped anyone, as far
as I know. And I know.

She starts crying. He comes over and moves his fingers
lightly on her cheek for the briefest of moments.

DAVE
Get some help, Linda. You're good
in the sack, but you lie to be
liked. And I don't like that.

And then he walks out. Dramatic-shit-like.

INT. LIVING ROOM. JOAN'S PAD - NIGHT

Dave and Joan sit close together on the couch, both looking
late-night exhausted, worded out, lonely together.

Dave softly touches her lips and shakes his head. Joan kisses
his fingers.

Kisses his neck. Kisses his mouth. He just lets her.

INT. LIVING ROOM. JOAN'S PAD - LATER

Dave is stretched out on the couch in Joan's living room,
with his 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.

INT. LIVING ROOM. JOAN'S PAD - LATER

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN
I don't think we should see each
other ever again after tonight.

DAVE
Okay.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Dave sits on the steps of a small stucco house.

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? Don Lundy.

MINEAR
Chuck Minear.

DAVE
I appreciate it.

LUNDY
We'll, we're Cranston guys. We
don't want to see Gil G. get
reelected.

MINEAR
Steve got you your warrant.

LUNDY
(smiling)
He's got all these drinking-pal
judges.

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..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE
Rampart.

MINEAR
Can you get more specific?

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

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

EXT. PATROL CAR MOVING. - DAY

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.

INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - DAY

Dave sits with Arthur Hartshorn. Neither man has so much as poked his chow.

DAVE
Can you help me put a leash on Kyle
Timkins.

HARTSHORN
No.

DAVE
Comeon, Hart.

HARTSHORN
I'm not a miracle worker.

DAVE
The FBI's tailing me.

HARTSHORN
I think my phone is tapped.
Rampart!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE
(urgent now)
I need money.

HARTSHORN
I'm sorry, Dave. I got nothing. No
tips. No scoops. No insiders.
Nothing for you. I gotta lay low
with my business too.

The tension between them is unusual and harsh.

DAVE
Are we okay here, Hart?

HARTSHORN
Sure. We're peachy. Strange days is
all. What-are-you-gonna-do?

DAVE
Are you angry or something?

HARTSHORN
Why would I be?

DAVE
How much information have you
withheld from me?

HARTSHORN
Lots.

They lock eyes.

HARTSHORN
Just kidding. How are the girls?

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.

CRIPPLED MAN
(sucking up)
Say, brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Don't pull that "Brother" shit with me.

CRIPPLED MAN

Two yards, man. That ain't a lot compared to what you laid on me last time. I got a jones, brother. I been on that pipe since I saw you.

Dave makes the jackoff sign.

CRIPPLED MAN

I got Linda Fentress for my lawyer, brother. Just like you told me. I'll be rich soon. Two yards, that's all I'm --

The pit bull growls and starts to jump over the seatback. Dave grabs him and holds him back.

CRIPPLED MAN

(shrieking now)

I'll get you, motherfucker! I know shit about you! I'll fuck you up!

The pit bull growls, snaps and tries to break loose.

The Crippled Man wheels off in impotent fury, just as a cop-like sedan cruises by and TWO COP-TYPES check out Dave.

Dave lets the dog out. CRANKS UP THE RADIO and takes off.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Dave sits at a sidewalk table eating a Big Mac. Detective Kyle Timkins walks up and sits across from him. Silent tension pop-pop-pop-pop-pops.

TIMKINS

Discrepancies. Inconsistencies.

Dave puts out a big stage yawn.

TIMKINS

I have four witnesses who heard the shots. They have all stated that the single shot preceded the three shots, which indicates that you fired first, and were not fired at.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave's hand trembles. Timkins notices.

TIMKINS
What's wrong with your hand?

DAVE
Acid reflux. I stopped smoking.

Timkins smirks.

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 peering in the window of the El Mundo Bodega before the place was --

Dave kicks the table over as he gets up. Timkins gets up.

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

Dave holds himself back from hitting Timkins.

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

TIMKINS
Save it for the jury, you racist scum. I was raised on formula.

INT. LIVING ROOM. HERMOSA BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The living room is strewn with electronic equipment and takeout food containers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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, "Horan, 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.

We see the words: "Horan's girlfriend #1," "Whittaker's girlfriend #2," "cop buddy/innocuous conversation," "Horan's father" and "Whittaker's mother."

Our eyes fall on the most recently logged call: "6"43 p.m./D. Horan to M. Whittaker. Discussed: "Scoring young snatch"/"laying low from 'Rafi,' '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 "Horan, Daniel R" console blinks. Three rings, a pick-up sound, and this:

HORAN'S VOICE

Hello?

TIMKIN'S VOICE

Officer Horan?

HORAN'S VOICE

Speaking.

TIMKINS' VOICE

It's Detective Timkins, Rampart Homicide. Could I have a few minutes of your time?

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

HORAN'S VOICE

Sure. What's it...

TIMKINS' VOICE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HORAN'S VOICE
(laughing)
Jesus, Date-Rape Dave.

TIMKINS' VOICE
Yes, indeed.

HORAN'S VOICE
Is this about the El Mundo thing?

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

HORAN'S VOICE
Certainly.

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 "Rafi" Chasco. Three, I'm wonder--

HORAN'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 --

HORAN'S VOICE
(agitated)
-- he's dirty, and I think he's on the take with the Flats. A buddy of mine saw him with that disgraced retired commander Arthur Hartshorn at the Pacific Dining Car. He's before your time. Rotten motherfucker. Guys like those two don't fucking hobknob, and Brown's been showing up at roll calls half-blitzed. And Brown's been-- You know...

Dave's look now -- SUPERSONIC ELECTRIC.

TIMKINS' VOICE
Frankly, officer, I believe you're in some kind of danger.

INT. SUITE. NEW OTANI HOTEL - NIGHT

Dave pops three pills and chases them with a jolt of 151 rum.
THE DOORBELL RINGS.

Dave checks the peep hole and opens up.

Arthur Hartshorn walks in. The two men stand by the door.
Hartshorn frosty, Dave perched right on the edge.

HARTSHORN
What's so goddamn important?

DAVE
One man fingered the El Mundo game.
Timkins traced my throwdown piece.

HARTSHORN
Circumstantial and dismissible.

DAVE
Who told you about El Mundo?

HARTSHORN
Dave, we've known each other for
thirty years. What's going on?

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

DAVE
Who told you about El Mundo?

Hartshorn smiles.

HARTSHORN
Put the gun down, Dave.

Dave's hand shakes, the gun pressed hard against Hartshorn's temple.

DAVE
Who gave you the tape? What's your
connection to Cranston?

HARTSHORN
Dave, no!

Dave pulls the trigger.

CLICK. No bullets inside. Hartshorn pulls himself together,
beet-red and about to have stroke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave drops the gun, dazed and confused. He collapses to the floor. Hartshorn loses it and starts kicking him over and over again. You can see the ex cop in him. You can see where Dave got his moves.

Dave laughs, but the old man's kicks are lethal.

HARTSHORN
You're dead in more ways than one,
you fucking dope-fiend.

Finally Hartshorn stops. Soaked in sweat he collapses on the bed breathing harder than he had in years.

HARTSHORN
Call an ambulance.

DAVE
(still hurting on the
floor)
Fuck you.

HARTSHORN
Call a fucking ambulance.

EXT. BACKYARD. CHASCO'S BACKYARD. NIGHT.

Dave, Rafi, Ramon Esposito and Felipe Hernandez-Sloan are seated at the picnic table. The boys are jolting 151 rum with tangy cerveza chasers. Esposito plays nervously with his inhaler. Tension climaxes.

ESPOSITO
I'm not getting this.

HERANDEZ-SLOAN
Cop's making a point.

ESPOSITO
So, let me in on it. What the fuck
are we here for with this dog?

RAFI
Hey, this is a peaceful sit-down.

HERNANDEZ-SLOAN
We ain't at war.

DAVE
There's been some street talk about
a revenge hit on a Rampart cop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Esposito and Hernandez-Sloan start laughing.

DAVE
What? That's funny to you?

They just laugh. And high-five.

RAFI
What's the fucking joke?

HERNANDEZ-SLOAN
(to Dave)
You heard the tape? How'd you know
it was us?

Dave almost swallows his tongue.

DAVE
What do you know about that?

HERNANDEZ-SLOAN
Ramon and I got paid to talk that
shit up in this tank at Pelican
Bay.

DAVE
(mock-cool, but trembly)
Who paid you?

ESPOSITO
Some puto who knew some puto who
knew some puto on the outside. Who
gives a shit? It's not like we'd do
something that fucking dumb like
slug a po-po.

HERNANDEZ-SLOAN
No one's that stupid.

Dave fakes the biggest smile he can muster. Recovers.
Recovers. Douses his mouth with 151. Lights a cigarette.

His hands tremble. His veins go tap-tap-tap.

The three slimeballs laugh. Everybody takes two bracing
blasts of 151 rum. Aaaaaaaah!!!

Dave recovers.

DAVE
Listen, Whittaker and Horan. You
think you got them in your pocket?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE (cont'd)
You don't. They're bent. I 459'd
their pads. They're trading guns
for dope up the ying-yang with the
Flats. I ran their credit cards.
Horan's scoring bondage shit and
Vicodin off the Internet with Flats
money. Whittaker blows all his coin
on phone-sex shit and video poker.

Esposito gulps and pours himself a 151 rum shot.

Chasco and Hernandez-Sloan tensely eyeball the Rapester.

RAFI
We work with Danny and Mike
sometimes. Yeah. Maybe they ain't
so trustworthy now.

ESPOSITO
(shrugging nervously)
Phone-sex shit and Vikes ain't so
bad. We all done worse than that.

DAVE
They'll stab you in the back. But I
can hot-wire their pads for you.
Bug and tap lines, 24/7. For the
right price.

RAFI
That being?

DAVE
Twenty grand covers it.

Nods all around.

RAFI
Dave's all right for a cop.

Dave smiles. He just improved a good score. Double dipping
the wire tap.

RAFI
(dead serious)
And if we don't get our money's
worth, Dave's a dead cop with a
dead family and a dead dog.

Dave stares at him. Clearly, he ain't joking.

DAVE
We don't own a dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAFI

I'll get you a schnauzer for your birthday so I could wack him.

They hoowelllll in laughter. High-five. Nice to have a cop on the payroll to kick around.

DAVE

Just make sure you get me the cash.

RAFI

Yeah.

Dave gets up.

DAVE

(still in disbelief)
So the tape was a hoax?

They laugh.

ESPOSITO

Deal's a deal a deal. Make tape, get cash, get out of jail free.

RAFI

Go to work, Davie.

Dave stares at him dead serious. The honeymoon is over. He leaves to the sound of their laughter... The harder they fall.

EXT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

It's raining. Dave stands under a canopy on the front porch of Linda Fentress's house. A car pulls up. Linda gets out, ducks rain and fast-walks up to the porch. She sees Dave and stands stock-still.

DAVE

Hello.

She starts backing off from Dave.

DAVE

Going somewhere?

She keeps backing away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Did you pay Ramon Esposito and
Felipe Hernandez-Sloan to talk up a
death threat on a Rampart cop?

LINDA

(emphatic)

Me? No, I did not.

DAVE

Did you give the tape to Arthur
Hartshorn?

LINDA

Who? No.

Dave looks at Linda intently. She backs further away from
him, gets hit by a gust of rain and steps back under the
canopy.

DAVE

(softly)

You're afraid of something?

LINDA

(softly)

Yes. You.

Dave steps toward Linda. Raises his hand to slap her. She
stands defiant. He stops himself, but he fumes.

She steps away from him.

DAVE

What do you want?

LINDA

I just want you.

He turns to leave.

LINDA

There's something you should know.

He stops. Turns back. Re-approaches.

LINDA

You sent me a client in a wheel
chair. A cripple. He told me that
LAPD shot him and he's handicapped
for life. He was credible, so I
took him on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDA (cont'd)

Then he told me that he saw you
shoot that man last week and plant
a gun on him.

DAVE

He's a crack-head.

LINDA

A credible crack-head.

Dave steps toward Linda; she sidesteps him.

LINDA

He's willing to give you up, Dave.
Testify. To Cranston. He'll give
you up in a heartbeat and Cranston
will get elected D.A. on this.

DAVE

I don't mean shit to anyone.

LINDA

You're at the epicenter. You mean a
lot to him.

DAVE

Him?

LINDA

And me.

DAVE

So you didn't you tell Cranston
yet?

She shrugs, shakes her head.

LINDA

I think maybe I love you.

Dave laughs.

LINDA

It's not something I want to feel
or even feel very often, trust me.

Dave gets into his car.

LINDA

This had nothing to do with you. We
were going to use the tape to
embarrass Gondolfi.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINDA (cont'd)
To show that the scandal's gotten
out of control.

He starts the car.

LINDA
It's Rampart, Dave, it's an
election. It's politics. Grow up!

He pulls away in the car.

LINDA
I don't know how anybody got hold
of it. We weren't going to use it.
I swear. We didn't. Shit happens!

He drives off.

LINDA
(to herself)
Shit happens.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The room is filled with get-well flower arrangements.

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. Crazed 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, a photo. He picks it up. Stares at ROSIE
HARTSHORN, emaciated from a disease that would soon finish
her off. But smiling strongly. He grimaces.

Looks at Hartshorn. Puts the photo down. Spits into a flower
arrangement.

And leaves.

EXT. NEW OTANI HOTEL - NIGHT

Dave walks toward the entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bam! -- two Men jump him, throw him to the ground, hold guns on him and clamp tight gloved hands over his mouth. It's Mike Whittaker and Dan Horan.

Dave struggles and tries to get up; Whittaker and Horan pin him to the ground that much harder.

HORAN

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've got no evidence.

HORAN

Thanks for the tip. Thank Timkins for us. We'll never go near Rafi and his guys again.

WHITTAKER

(very slow, a whisper)

Do not mention us to your operator. Do not put our names in any official record. Tell the listening-post cops that we turned out to be clean.

HORAN

Or someday, some way, some time, somehow, someone un-fucking traceable to us will come for both of your fucked-up daughters.

Whittaker kicks Dave in the balls -- hard.

Dave writhes and gasps for breath.

Poof! -- the two rogue cops disappear. Dave is laughing in pain so hard he's crying.

INT. SUITE. NEW OTANI HOTEL - NIGHT

Dave opens the door. His daughters Helen and Margaret stand there. He forces a smile.

HELEN

You look terrible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

DAVE
You found me.

MARGARET
It was easy.

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)
It's all true, girls. There's no way out. It's all my fault, every single thing you've heard, and more.

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

DAVE
(yet softer)
You want me to tell you something else?

Margaret nods heartbroken.

HELEN
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE
(a rasp)
Go home. I'll call a cab. Get you
out of here.

EXT. DAVE'S CIVILIAN CAR - DAWN

Dave cruises Rampart Division in his civilian car. He looks around. He's got nowhere to go. No one to go to.

INT. SUITE. NEW OTANI HOTEL - DAY

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.

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - DAY

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
(pointing out)
Some police beat.

DAVE
(smiling)
Not much of a scandal, though.

TIMKINS
Tell the public that.

Dave bristles.

TIMKINS
Hate to tell you this, the sun's
setting on the wild west.

DAVE
That so?

TIMKINS
I'm afraid it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave smiles, the man's a poet.

TIMKINS

It's Hartshorn, right? He's dirty all over Rampart. He's got clubs, bodegas, firetrap buildings and land lots owned by dummy corporations. He's not legally dirty, and he's not collusively dirty with LAPD. That's what he had you for all these years. You worked with him. For him. Straight out dirty dough jobs.

Dave nods.

TIMKINS

Then the scandal broke and he was squeezed, so he set you up to take the fall. He knew your code of conduct, as it were, he sent photographers to catch you in the act. Told you some story about you being a marked man. You were there to draw heat, divert resources and deflect attention from the scandal itself and keep his holdings hidden. But you still trusted him.

Dave studies the view.

DAVE

He had me dialed.

TIMKINS

(steely)

Well, I'm going after him.

DAVE

(steely)

No, you're not doing that. He gets a walk.

TIMKINS

(dumbfounded)

Why?

DAVE

(hushed, reverent)

Because he knew my father. He knew me. Because he gave me Rampart all these years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Timkins looks at Dave in bewilderment.

DAVE
(pointing out)
It was mine.
(pause)
Some things you wait your whole
life for. When you lose them--
Damn...

Timkins looks more bewildered.

DAVE
Someone has to pay. I'll pay.

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 Sergeant David D. Brown,
Los Angeles Police Department. This
statement is made of my own free
will. During my 31-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. My
actions were entirely self-
generated. On April 15, 1987, I
murdered a man named Karl Joseph
Huneck and rationalized the act as
a morally sound expression of
justice against a rapist. I was
legally sane at the time I
committed the crime. Mr. Huneck
owed me money. This statement is
proffered lucidly. I am not in a
state of duress.

Timkins looks at Dave. He's a mile past duress. Dave turns
off the tape recorder. SILENCE STRETCHES.

DAVE
I'll give you the tape if you give
me a day.

TIMKINS
Why the fuck should I do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVE
Street justice.

INT. STEVE CRANSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dave walks into the office and shuts the door behind him.
Cranston looks up from his desk. A long look goes down.

CRANSTON
I'm going to say "No" in advance,
Dave. I'm not elected yet, I can't
cut deals, and I wouldn't be
inclined to cut you a deal anyway.

DAVE
(hoarse)
My family. I need to get them
placed in a program.

CRANSTON
Don't make me say it.

DAVE
I'm giving you Rampart. I'm getting
you elected.

Dave steps toward Cranston. Cranston's PHONE RINGS. Cranston
picks up, places his hands on the receiver and shakes his
head negatively.

INT. SUITE. NEW OTANI HOTEL - NIGHT

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.

LINDA
Will you write to me?

DAVE
No.

They look at each other.

LINDA
How much do you need?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He smiles. Lets her in. They walk to the couch and lay down together.

INT. SUITE. NEW OTANI HOTEL - DAWN

Dave wakes up on the couch. He's still fully dressed. Linda is gone. He looks around the room. There's a big pile of cash on the coffee table.

He springs into action. Empties the garbage can on the floor and stuff the money into the plastic garbage bag.

EXT. EX-WIFE CATHERINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave is standing outside the dining-room window of ex-wife Catherine's house. He's hidden from view. He's got the garbage bag in his hands. He's observing Catherine, ex-wife Barbara and daughters Helen and Margaret eat dinner.

Behind him are two lawn signs, one for each house, each stating: SOLD.

The two women and two girls eat, gesture, pass plates back and forth, and move their lips silently inside. They do not know they are being watched.

Dave is both lost in reverie 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 front door.

EXT. RAMPART DIVISION - NIGHT

It's late. We're on a quiet Rampart side street.

Officers Mike Whittaker and Dan Horan 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.

HORAN
(grinning, wise-ass)
Hey, Dave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITTAKER
(grinning, wise-ass)
Hey, Pops.

Dave pulls out a silencer-fitted revolver and shoots each one in the face three times. For a total of six shots. Two marked.

DAVE
You don't threaten my daughters.

Dave drops his LAPD business card on the front seat.

EXT. BACKYARD. RAFI CHASCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave walks into Rafi Chasco's auto-part strewn backyard. Rafi is sitting at the picnic table with Ramon Esposito and Felipe Hernandez-Sloan.

The three see Dave and start howwwllllling.

RAFI
Get that dog yet?

Dave walks up, pulls his silencer-fitted revolver and shoots each man twice in the face. For a grand total of six shots. Three marked.

Dave drops his LAPD business card on the picnic table.

EXT. TOMMY'S BURGERS - DAY

Dave pulls into the parking lot of Tommy's Burgers. He's in his civilian car. The backseat is stuffed with clothing and books.

The pit bull is excited to see the car. Dave opens the rear door for him.

The pit bull ambles over, hops into the car and makes a cozy nest for himself among the clothing.

Dave looks around. His eyes dart and pick up details. Long seconds passsss.

Dave commits the moment to memory. He blinks once.

Suddenly - SIRENS.

Two police cars storm the scene and SCREEEECH to a halt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOUR COPS spread around him, all pointing their guns at him. One of them - surprise! - is Young Cop.

Dave gets that look in his eyes. This is going to be fucking loud! He lights a cigarette. The pit bull BARKS.

YOUNG COP

Dave, it's over. Get out with your hands up.

Dave presses the side buttons to open all windows - no sense in shattering glass. 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.

YOUNG COP

Sir!

The Young Cop is shaking in his boots. The pit bull BARKS.

Dave smiles. Lets his cigarette dangle from his mouth. Then floors the car and it speeds mercilessly toward Young Cop.

DAVE

Get out of the way, kid.

No time to think. Young Cop shoots at Dave's oncoming car. And rolls away.

Dave is hit, loses control, the car flips, crashes into a wall and EXPLODES into a ball of fire.

Young Cop gets up shaken. We see he flames reflected in his eyes. He's going to cry. He's smiling. He wants to cry. His hands are shaking. He's swallowing hard. He's not going to cry. He's arrived. A FELLOW COP pats him on the back.

FELLOW COP

Good work.

The BARKS SIMMER DOWN TO A WHIMPER. MORE SIRENS. More police cars arrive on the scene.

The pit bull walks away, unscathed.

-- THE END --