

# Southland Tales

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This is how the World Ends...

Part I  
The Power

TITLE CARD: PART I -- THE POWER

INT. BLACKNESS

The screen is COMPLETELY BLACK for the first two minutes of this movie.

We hear the sound of the OCEAN. We hear the sound of people passing by... having conversations that we cannot hear. We hear the sound of SKATEBOARDS and BICYCLES.

We hear the sound of ROLLERBLADES.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
I'm going to say this once.  
(beat)  
If you're smart... you'll listen. You'll listen to these five words.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
Girl, I am listening. Bring it on.

Silence.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
The internet is the future.

Silence.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
Hmmm.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
This ship is leaving port, sweetheart. Now... I'm not talking about Yahoo this and Amazon that. These corporate windbags... with their big money and their big IPO...

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
IPO? No wait... I've heard of that.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
Oh please, sweetheart!  
(speaking slowly)  
Internal Power Offer.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
Hmmm.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
You see, it all has to do with your internal power.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 These big companies with their big web sites. They've got the money for these big fat cables.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
 You mean internet power cables?

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
 Yep. IPC's. Now you're catching on. The bigger the cable... the more homes that you can reach.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
 Even homes overseas?

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
 Not yet. But that's the key. Whoever figures out how to get one of those cables buried beneath the ocean... they're gonna rule the internet.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
 Hmmm. But, I thought they already had the internet in certain parts of Europe.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
 You kiddin'? Sweetheart... they can't connect with our power cables!

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
 Why not?

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
 Because of the metric system.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
 Hmmm. Makes sense. Makes total sense.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
 This is only the beginning. Once they convert to metric... this internet thing is gonna be huge. Mark my words... huge.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
 Hmmm. I've got two words for you, Cyndi.

CYNDI (V.O.)  
 Yeah?

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
 Size matters. All this cybertalk is making me wanna go out and get fucked tonight.

CYNDI (V.O.)  
HAAAAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Both are in hysterics.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
Oh Jeez. You're not gonna believe this.  
I've got the friggin' lens cap on!

CYNDI (V.O.)  
HAAAAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAA!!!!

SUDDENLY... the LENS CAP is REMOVED and we are POV inside of her CAMCORDER. We see that the two women are standing on the BOARDWALK of MANHATTAN BEACH.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH BOARDWALK -- DAY

It is a BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DAY. Through the camcorder we see ACTIVITY everywhere.

CYNDI (V.O.)  
Earth to Jerri, Hello!?

JERRI (V.O.)  
Somebody hit the rock this morning.

CYNDI (V.O.)  
Somebody get this girl some cock. Forget  
the rock.

(beat)  
HAAAAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAA!!!!

The CAMERA AIMS UP... and we ZOOM INTO a LUXURY BEACH HOUSE.

CYNDI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Oh... here we go... just in time... here  
we go, baby.

We see a LARGE MAN walk out onto the BALCONY. He is wearing a dark suit.

CYNDI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Now this is Vincenzo. This is his lead  
bodyguard.

JERRI (V.O.)  
Hmmm. He has more than one?

VINCENZO BALDUCCI (age 30) walks slowly around the balcony, surveying the scene.

CYNDI (V.O.)

Oh yeah. I've seen him travel with as many as six.

At this point we move THROUGH THE LENS of the CAMCORDER into 35MM WIDESCREEN GLORY... rising up above the boardwalk and pivoting around to reveal our TWO WOMEN standing against the CEMENT WALL which divides the SAND from the BOARDWALK.

CYNDI PINZIKI (age 43) and JERRI REILLY (age 38) are standing there on the edge of the boardwalk.

They are both wearing ROLLERBLADES and FANNY PACKS.

They are AMATEUR PAPARAZZI.

Jerri has the CAMCORDER placed inside of her OVERSIZE PURSE... with the LENS pointing out of a HOLE that has been cut into it.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

Vincenzo travels with him everywhere. He sees everything. He knows everything. He is paid to keep his mouth shut.

We see a figure emerge from the house onto the balcony.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

Come to mama.

JERRI

I'm getting nervous.

CYNDI

Don't be. As far as they know we're just a couple of south bay soccer moms. Rollerblades are a nice touch.

JERRI

You know they have these new off-road rollerblades?

(pointing to the beach)

Look! Speak of the Devil!

We see a LONG-HAIRED GUY with a BEER GUT and AMERICAN FLAG SPEEDOS cruising along the BEACH with his OFF-ROAD ROLLERBLADES,

He is wearing a SIGN that reads:

**OFF-ROAD ROLLERBLADES - \$3999 + TAX**

**THE FUTURE IS HERE!**

JERRI (CONT'D)

Get me some of that. Hmmm.

(beat)

I don't know, Cyn.

JERRI (CONT'D)

This whole amateur paparazzi thing. It's just... I feel like I'm selling out.

(defensive)

I went to film school.

CYNDI

This is a job, sweetheart.

(getting defensive)

I'm an international documentary filmmaker. I just got back from Lake Havasu. I've shot Mardi Gras. I've shot South Padre. I've shot Cancun.

JERRI

How much did you sell the footage for?

CYNDI

Twenty grand. *Girls Gone Wild*. It sells huge on the internet. See what I mean about the synergy?

JERRI

I went to a club called Sin-ergy once. It's on Pico. You should shoot there!

CYNDI

I shoot the tits, I shoot the ass. As a female director I've got a leg up on the lesbian action. They feel less threatened by me. I can get right up into the action. Especially with these tiny new cameras.

JERRI

Is that how yours broke?

CYNDI

Yeah. You're saving my ass here, Jer. I was shooting this Puerto Rican stripper in Mardi Gras. She was squatting over the lens... beautiful low angle shot... and she slipped.

JERRI

Ouch.

CYNDI

I hear you sister. So the Puerto Rican bitch... she's got a friend. Her name is Krysta Now. She's a porn star... and she's got a serious taste for crystal meth.

CUT TO: [FLASHBACK]

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT -- NIGHT

In a SEEDY NORTH HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT, Cyndi is smoking CRYSTAL METH with a PORN STAR named KRYSTA NOW (age 22).

KRYSTA

So in my first six movies, I was just Krysta... and then... in order to differentiate myself from the seventy-four other Krystas in the business... I added the Now.

CYNDI

Wow.

KRYSTA

Cause it's all about now. You know? Fuck yesterday. Fuck tomorrow. If you want to fuck me... you can fuck me... now.

CYNDI

Wow.

BACK TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH BOARDWALK -- DAY

CYNDI and JERRI continue to stake out the beach house.

CYNDI

And so little Krysta gets all loose lipped about her new boyfriend. Mr. twenty-million-a-picture himself.

(beat)

And here he comes..

BOXER LANTAROS (age 40), the MOVIE STAR in question, comes out onto the porch.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

Little Krysta likes to crash here on occasion. Under an assumed name of course. Vincenzo arranges it.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

The little Palisades wife has no idea.  
She's too busy with the kids.

JERRI

Hmmm.

CYNDI

And so little Krysta promises me a big,  
sloppy morning kiss on the balcony.

KRYSTA NOW emerges from the house onto the balcony. Boxer  
grabs her, and they engage in a LONG... SLOPPY KISS.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

Ka-ching.

We CRANE UP AND AWAY from Cyndi and Jerri toward the  
BALCONY... where KRYSTA finishes making out with BOXER.

EXT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- BALCONY -- NEXT

She moves back into the house.

BOXER

Where are you going?

KRYSTA

I have to get tested. I get tested every  
Friday.

Boxer buzz-kill.

KRYSTA (CONT'D)

Call me.

BOXER

Vincenzo will drop you off.

We follow Vincenzo and Krysta down the stairs into the  
GARAGE.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- GARAGE -- NEXT

Vincenzo and Krysta move toward the MERCEDES.

KRYSTA

Where's your petty cash? I need  
cigarettes and I need money.

Vincenzo gets an irritated look on his face.

INT. BOXER'S MERCEDES -- NEXT

Vincenzo starts the engine. They wait for the garage door to open.

VINCENZO

I thought we discussed this. We're not paying you anymore, Krysta.

Krysta rolls her eyes as they pull the car out into the alley.

KRYSTA

We. We're not paying. I love this we shit, Vinnie. I love it.

(sigh)

Do you know what vicarious means?

VINCENZO

Vicara-what? What the fuck, Krysta.

KRYSTA

Do you know the difference between you and Boxer?

(beat)

Boxer... is currently number sixteen on the Premiere magazine power list. He has a back-end deal with the fucking studio. He has his own fucking jet.

(beat)

You... on the other hand...

(laughing)

You...

VINCENZO

(getting pissed)

I know who I am, Krysta!

KRYSTA

Then you should know that a guy with his own jet can stick his dick in me whenever and wherever he wants... free of charge.

(beat)

A guy like you... a fan... a guy who I might meet at a porno convention... you have to pay.

(beat)

Just because you waterski behind his boat doesn't get you a free jump off my ramp.

Vincenzo angrily pulls out his wallet... completely defeated. He drops FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS into her lap.

She takes the money and puts it into her purse.

KRYSTA (CONT'D)

That's right.

She then leans over and puts her head in his lap.

As she begins to perform fellatio, he backs out of the garage into the ALLEY.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH STREET ALLEY -- NEXT

The MERCEDES races down an ALLEY past a MANHATTAN BEACH POLICE CRUISER driving in the opposite direction.

We track with the cruiser as it approaches Boxer's beach house.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Behind the wheel is OFFICER CLARK (age 32). He glances at the Mercedes in the rear view mirror. He seems innocent... somewhat insecure.

He pulls the cruiser up in front of Boxer's house.

EXT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- NEXT

We follow Officer Clark to the FRONT DOOR. He rings the doorbell.

Boxer answers. He is talking on the phone.

BOXER

Uh-huh.

(covering the phone)

Daily Variety.

(motioning inside)

Come on in... Officer...

CLARK

Officer Clark.

BOXER

Clark, right.

We track with them up the stairs into the main house.

BOXER (CONT'D)

(back into the phone)

Listen, I grew up in Los Angeles. I've lived in this town my entire life. I've seen it evolve. I've seen it change.

BOXER (CONT'D)

My mother was a make-up artist in the industry. My father was with the LAPD for twenty-seven years. I felt that if I'm finally ready to get behind the camera, it should be a story about contemporary Los Angeles. It should be the story of the entertainment industry, as well as the story of modern crime in its most insidious form.

CLARK glances around the luxurious home. He is clearly STARSTRUCK.

CUT TO:

INT. DAILY VARIETY OFFICES -- NEXT

ASH WALLACE (age 28) a REPORTER for the DAILY VARIETY, sits behind his desk.

ASH

Would you say that, in addition to stepping into your father's shoes... playing him in a sense...

BOXER (V.O.)

I would never dream of filling his shoes. No one could ever fill my father's shoes.

ASH

But... as this is your first screenplay, you have to admit, the personal aspects of the story must add pressure as well as a sense of comfort.

BOXER (V.O.)

Listen, I've been in twenty-six films. This will be my twenty-seventh. This will be the first time I've ever played a police officer. Kind of poetic, I think.

ASH

Mr. Santaros, I just want to thank you for speaking to me personally on this. I'm so used to only speaking with publicists.

(beat)

I can promise you front page placement on Monday without a doubt.

BOXER (V.O.)

Thank you, sir.

He hangs up.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- NEXT

Boxer flashes Clark his twenty-million-dollar grin.

BOXER  
(reaches out his hand)  
Boxer Santaros.

Clark shakes it.

CLARK  
An honor to meet you, sir.

BOXER  
Likewise.  
(beat)  
My manager, Joe Weinstein, he contacted you?

CLARK  
Yes. When we got word that you wanted a ride along, well... we had to draw names down at the station to see who got to be the lucky driver.

BOXER  
Aww shucks. That's... that's just such an honor.  
(suddenly serious, touching Clark on the shoulder)  
Now, there is one minor complication. No one can find out about this.

Clark is silent for a moment. Boxer puts on his jacket and walks with Clark down the stairs.

CLARK  
Beg pardon?

BOXER  
This ride along, We can't tell anyone!  
(very intense)  
The insurance policy that the studio has on me won't allow me to go on this little... exercise... without the goddamn secret service trailing us. As you can see that presents a major kink in my research.

Boxer and Clark exit the front door.

EXT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- NEXT

Boxer and Clark emerge, stepping toward the cruiser.

CLARK

Sir, I can assure you that none of the other officers will discuss this. We've dealt with celebrities before and we absolutely understand the need for privacy.

Boxer smiles.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Clark is behind the wheel. Boxer is riding shotgun.

They drive through Manhattan Beach. Boxer removes a SMALL CAMCORDER and aims it at Clark.

BOXER

Do you mind if I record this?

CLARK

Oh, of course not.

BOXER

So tell me, Clark, what goes through your head when you sit behind the wheel... cruising the streets... digesting humanity. Is it a process of elimination... each car that passes, the person inside a mere suspect? Or are we all innocents, our chariots mere chess pieces, waiting to be thrown from the gridlock and into the arms of wolves?

Clark thinks for a moment.

CLARK

Well, I'd say we behave like concerned citizens. We look at all the cars. We look at all the pedestrians. We look for unusual or erratic behavior. Speed changes... or lane changes that seem unsafe. We also monitor the posted traffic signals and make sure that people don't disobey them.

Clark nods his head.

This isn't the answer that he's looking for.

BOXER

But, don't you find that emotions come into play. Judgment calls... affected by whatever mood you might be in on a particular day? Emotional responses based on past events?

Clark thinks silently for a moment.

CLARK

Well... there is this one thing.

Clark still hesitates.

BOXER

Come on, be honest.

(beat)

This is completely confidential.

(beat)

We're friends here,

Clark throws him a nervous glance. He drives silently for a moment.

CLARK

(leaning in)

To be honest... we're just watching out for the niggers.

Clark continues to stare at Boxer.

Boxer does not move, he merely sits there with his camera, lowering it slightly... in shocked silence.

BOXER

The niggers.

CLARK

Oh yeah.

(creepy whisper)

They're everywhere.

Suddenly... a wide grin breaks on Clark's face.

CLARK (CONT'D)

HAAAAAAHHHAAAAAAA!!!!

Boxer's eyes widen in shock. He quickly realizes that the man is has a twisted sense of humor.

BOXER

You're joking.

CLARK  
 HUH?!! MARK FUHRMAN?!! HUH?!!  
 HAAAAAAHAAAAA!!!!

A nervous smile breaks on Boxer's face, and he decides to get in on the joke.

BOXER  
 Jesus Christ. You had me there for a second!! You fucker!! HAAAAHHHHAAAA!!!

CLARK  
 Listen, I've got lots of jokes! If you ever need some jokes for your new screenplay you just let me know cause I'm just a barrel of fucking laughs!

EXT. CRENSHAW DISTRICT -- 711 -- MOMENTS LATER

The CRUISER pulls into the front parking lot of a 711 in the CRENSHAW DISTRICT.

CLARK steps out of the cruiser.

CLARK  
 Are you sure you don't want anything?  
 Coffee? Soda?

BOXER  
 Gen-seng.

We follow Clark into the 711.

INT. 711 -- NEXT

As CLARK moves toward the back of the store, we pick up on... ZORA CHARMICHAELS (age 37), a FEMALE BODYBUILDER/PERSONAL TRAINER/STAND-UP COMEDIAN/ACTRESS.

As she waits at the counter with a large GATORADE in her hand... she reaches out and passes a SMALL PIECE OF PAPER into Clark's hand.

Clark, pausing in front of the coffee machine, opens the piece of paper.

It reads: 454334 Vermont -- 10:15 PM

Clark then puts the paper into his pocket. We move back toward the counter, and ZORA nods to Clark.

We then follow Zora out of the 711.

EXT. 711 -- NEXT

Zora passes by the police cruiser, glancing at Boxer, who waits patiently in the passenger seat with his sunglasses on.

Zora then gets behind the wheel of her BLACK FORD VAN.

INT. BLACK FORD VAN -- NEXT

As Zora backs out of the parking lot, she dials a number on her CELL PHONE.

ZORA  
(into phone)  
Clark Gable is en route. I repeat, Clark  
Gable is en route.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

DION ELEMENT (age 28), a BLACK MAN with DREADLOCKS walks through a Venice beach artist's loft with a PHONE to his ear.

This loft belongs to Zora Charmichaels.

The spacious loft (under renovation) is covered with EXERCISE EQUIPMENT and CLEAR PLASTIC with TOOLS scattered about.

DION  
(into phone)  
Copy that. Mark Fuhrman is sleeping like  
a fucking baby.

We pan over to a chair in the middle of the loft, and Officer Clark's IDENTICAL TWIN BROTHER is HOG TIED to a CHAIR... UNCONSCIOUS.

His name is OFFICER DAVID CLARK. He is wearing BOXER SHORTS and a WIFE BEATER.

Dion paces around the loft nervously. He picks up a copy of *Death of a Salesman* from the bar and begins to read a passage aloud.

The TELEPHONE begins to ring once again. Dion picks up.

DION (CONT'D)  
Yo.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Daily Variety's ASH WALLACE is standing at the gate. He has his cell phone to his ear.

ASH

Buzz me in, now.

The gate buzzes and we follow Ash up through the entrance to the loft.

ASH (CONT'D)

The story is going in Variety on Monday morning. I'm not writing it. I passed it off to another reporter.

We follow Ash up the stairs.

DION

What was your reason for passing your story off?

ASH

I said conflict of interest. I gave them two weeks notice. They think I finally sold something.

Ash arrives at the top of the stairs... hanging up his phone.

He sees Dion standing next to Officer David Clark, tied to the chair.

ASH (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ... is he fucking dead?

DION

No. He's not fucking dead, asshole. It's Basitonol. It's an anesthesia. It's safe.

ASH

If he fucking dies, Dion... we go to jail for a long time!

Dion slams Ash up against the wall.

DION

Don't you fucking puss out on me, writer boy. You're in this now, whether you like it or not. The Lighthouse Gang is in control.

ASH

It better be. You better not have fucked things up this morning, because this is it. This is our only shot.

Dion relaxes... letting go of Ash.

DION  
 It couldn't have gone better.  
 (beat)  
 We drove down to the beach last night.

CUT TO: [FLASHBACK]

EXT. CLARK'S BEACH HOUSE -- THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

DION ELEMENT and TERRENCE CLARK (who is currently on a ride along with Boxer Santaros) stand in the doorway of a LARGE BEACH CONDO on the Manhattan Beach strand.

OFFICER DAVID CLARK opens the door to greet them.

The two TWIN BROTHERS hug each other.

DION (V.O.)  
 Terrence introduced me as his friend  
 Antoine. He seems nice and friendly.

We see Dion, Terrence, and David having cocktails in the family room of David's condo.

DION (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It seems our friend David here made a  
 shitload of money in the stock market,  
 and he's got himself quite a beachfront  
 setup for a cop's salary.

We see Dion staring at a CHILDHOOD PHOTOGRAPH of the CLARK BROTHERS.

DION (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 So we go out on the white-bread beach  
 town for some drinks. I'm the only  
 brother in the bar.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH PROMENADE -- NEXT

We see the HERMOSA BEACH PIER PROMENADE... swarming with BAR-CRAWLERS on a Thursday night.

We move in toward a bar called SHARKEEZ.

INT. SHARKEEZ HERMOSA BEACH -- NEXT

We move through the crowded bar... where Dion, Terrence and David sit together with a pitcher of beer in between them.

TERRENCE CLARK  
 You gotta tell him about Boxer Santaros.

David throws his brother an angry expression.

TERRENCE CLARK (CONT'D)

Come on, bro. I already mentioned it to him.

DAVID CLARK

You say a damn word... and I'll arrest you for jaywalking.

Dion nods his head in agreement.

DION (V.O.)

So he starts to tell the whole story for me... thinking I don't already know. He tells us how a month ago the Captain announces that Boxer Santaros wants a ride along. He gonna be playing a cop in his new movie, and his manager wants one of LAPD's finest to do the honors.

CUT TO: [FLASHBACK]

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS -- ONE MONTH EARLIER

POLICE CHIEF FRANK WESTINGHOUSE (age 50) stands before a SQUAD ROOM full of OFFICERS.

WESTINGHOUSE

(sarcastic)

And so, in order to make sure our precious little movie star gets the finest treatment... to make sure that not one hair on his precious little head goes without protection during this potentially lethal ride along, I told Mr. Hollywood Agent...

CUT TO: [FLASHBACK]

INT. CHIEF WESTINGHOUSE'S OFFICE -- PREVIOUS DAY

Chief Westinghouse sits in front of JOE WEINSTEIN (age 44), Boxer Santaros' MANAGER.

WESTINGHOUSE

...we'll carefully set up a committee. We'll narrow it down to five or six potential candidates, We'll interview each candidate, and when we decide which one is best suited to take Mr. Santaros on a ride along...

WESTINGHOUSE (CONT'D)

we'll send him to meet with you. If you aren't satisfied, we'll send our second choice.

WEINSTEIN

I might even need to ask for some background documentation. Possibly even a drug test.

(beat)

My client won't be spending... what could turn out to be several weeks of research... with just any thug cop.

Westinghouse grits his teeth. He wants to jump across the desk and strangle this guy.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

No offense of course... but we've all read the papers.

WESTINGHOUSE

(concealing his rage)

None taken.

BACK TO:

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT

Westinghouse continues to address the Officers,

WESTINGHOUSE

So I have decided to conduct my search in the following manner.

Westinghouse picks up a BASEBALL CAP from the table in front of him. He then steps toward the officers.

WESTINGHOUSE (CONT'D)

If you want to spend your days kissing movie star ass, drop your name in this hat.

The crowd of OFFICERS begins to laugh out loud. Many of them begin to write their names on scratch paper... dropping them into the hat.

WESTINGHOUSE (CONT'D)

If I pick your name from the hat... you get to spend the day getting grilled by his jerk-off manager. His name is Joe Weinstein.

We see DAVID CLARK drop his name into the hat.

WESTINGHOUSE (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll become best friends. Or maybe he'll think you're a thug cop... and we'll have to do this little game once again.

More names are dropped into the hat.

DION (V.O.)

There's something you've got to understand about most of these L.A. cops. Half of them have got one foot in showbiz. The other half are jealous of the ones that do.

We track across dozens of OFFICERS as they watch the CHIEF finish collecting the names.

DION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just ask the boys who did security for Suge Knight and Death Row records. They start showing up at work wearing Versace and shit, Driving a Lexus... pissing off Internal Affairs. Sooner or later you're a suspect in the Tupac murder.

We see Chief Westinghouse shaking the baseball cap dramatically.

DION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or maybe you get out clean, and become a technical advisor for NYPD Blue... or any of the other six dozen cop shoes they're getting ready to put on the air.

Chief Westinghouse dramatically places his hand into the baseball cap.

DION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You see, a lot of these cops are entrepreneurs. They get themselves a badge, and all of a sudden people respect them. People laugh at their jokes. People believe the stories they tell at parties... because a cop don't lie.

Chief Westinghouse finally picks a name from the hat.

WESTINGHOUSE

And the winner is... Clark!

We move in toward OFFICER DAVID CLARK... who closes his eyes in disbelief. Other officers taunt him... make fun of him.

DION (V.O.)

And wouldn't you know it... the chief kept his promise. He picked the biggest boy scout in the department. A boy scout who couldn't give a rat's ass about the movie business, much less Boxer Santaros.

(beat)

So he calls his twin brother that night to get the scoop.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARK'S BEACH HOUSE -- THAT NIGHT

Clark has the phone to his ear, pacing through his beach house.

DAVID CLARK

So I have to go meet with his manager.

INT. TERRENCE CLARK'S HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT -- NEXT

Terrence Clark sits on the couch next to DION ELEMENT... his ROOMMATE... who is eating a bowl of CORNFLAKES.

TERRENCE CLARK

(exasperated)

Joe Weinstein?

(to Dion, covering the phone)

My brother gets to meet Joe Weinstein. He's gonna get to work with Boxer Santaros.

Dion's jaw drops... and he throws his bowl of CORNFLAKES across the room.

The CAMERA TRACKS along with the bowl of cornflakes as it smashes against the wall... splattering milk on a stack of HEADSHOTS.

We move in toward the HEADSHOT... and we see that it is a BLACK & WHITE glossy of THE LIGHTHOUSE GANG... a group of SIX STRUGGLING ACTORS.

Their names are... TERRENCE CLARK... DION ELEMENT... ZORA CHARMICHAELS... ANGELA LOPEZ... ASH WALLACE... KEVIN ZIMMERMAN.

We move in toward Terrence Clark's face...

FADE TO:

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

We pull back from TWIN BROTHER David Clark's unconscious face.

Ash is pacing around the loft nervously.

ASH

So how did you drug him?

CUT TO:

INT. SHARKEEZ HERMOSA BEACH -- PREVIOUS NIGHT

David Clark stands up to go to the bathroom, leaving Terrence and Dion alone.

Dion stares at Terrence for a moment, and then removes a small vial of liquid. He unscrews the lid and raises it above David's glass of beer.

Terrence grabs Dion's wrist.

TERRENCE CLARK

This is my brother we're talking about.

(beat)

Promise me he won't get hurt in all of this.

DION

I'm your brother, too. And if we play our cards right, he'll never know.

Terrence takes a deep breath, and then removes his hand.

Dion dumps the drug into David's beer.

MOMENTS LATER... David returns to the table and takes a long gulp from his beer.

DION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Twenty minutes later we were carrying him through the front door.

INT. CLARK'S BEACH HOUSE -- NEXT

Terrence and Dion drop the UNCONSCIOUS DAVID onto the couch.

DION (V.O.)

The drug keeps you under for a minimum of forty-eight hours.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARK'S BEACH HOUSE -- THE NEXT MORNING

Terrence walks into the family room wearing David's POLICE UNIFORM.

TERRENCE CLARK  
How do I look?

Dion laughs out loud.

DION  
Like a fucking pig!

TERRENCE CLARK  
(angry whisper)  
This isn't funny, asshole! We're risking people's lives!

DION  
Why are you whispering? He ain't waking up.

TERRENCE CLARK  
Dion, if you fuck this up... we could go to jail, and my brother could lose his job.

DION  
Neither of those things are gonna happen.

EXT. CLARK'S BEACH HOUSE -- NEXT

Terrence pulls out of the garage in the POLICE CRUISER, and drives out of the alley onto the street.

DION (V.O.)  
And then he drove over to Boxer's house. I haven't heard from him since.

The POLICE CRUISER passes by BOXER'S MERCEDES... where VINCENZO BALDUCCI is receiving head from KRYSTA NOW.

BACK TO:

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash continues to pace nervously.

ASH  
And so the manager and the bodyguard... they're the only ones from Boxer's camp who know about the ride along?

DION

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. WEINSTEIN'S OFFICE -- WEEKS BEFORE

David Clark sits across from Joe Weinstein.

WEINSTEIN

And if anything out of the ordinary should happen. If you are called into some shit, anything remotely dangerous he's gonna want to tag along, and he's gonna want to videotape it.

DAVID CLARK

Sir, I can assure you that despite what you might see on television, our jobs are not often very dramatic.

WEINSTEIN

I know these things. But my client feeds on drama. My client thinks that he is invincible. It is my job to make sure that he remains invincible. That means that if you get called into the shit... you pull over... you drop him off... and you call me. I don't care if you have to drop him off on the goddamn 405. Drop him off and you call me immediately... no matter how much he protests. This little research experiment is not to make headlines, do I make myself clear?

BACK TO:

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash nods his head.

ASH

OK. That's good. Weinstein will be our negotiator. He's got Boxer's ear.

(beat)

This could work.

DION

Ain't no *could* about it. This *will* work. And if something goes wrong... we just put the pig to sleep permanently. Cook ourselves some bacon courtesy of the LAPD.

Dion smiles... putting the phone to his ear. Ash can't tell if he is joking.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Terrence Clark and Boxer ride along silently... when suddenly... a CELL PHONE begins to ring.

Both Boxer and Terrence reach for their cell phones.

BOXER

Oh... that's me...

(looking at his phone)

Oh... no... that would be you.

Boxer then points his CAMCORDER back at Terrence.

TERRENCE CLARK

(into phone)

Hello?

DION (V.O.)

Is everything cool?

TERRENCE CLARK

Hi honey. Yeah, everything's fine.

DION (V.O.)

Is Clark Gable cool?

TERRENCE CLARK

Uh-huh.

DION (V.O.)

Did Zora give you an address?

TERRENCE CLARK

Yeah, you know I was thinking about Vermont this fall. October fifteenth.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Dion looks down at a pad of paper. On it he has the same address and time written down.

454334 Vermont -- 10:15 PM

DION

Good. It's Angela's brother's house.  
Don't be late.

(beat)

Mark Fuhrman is never late.

He hangs up the phone.

ASH

You didn't tell him that you brought his brother over here, did you?

DION

No.

ASH

You listened to Zora?! Is Zora running the Lighthouse now? You weren't kidding about killing him! Zora want's to kill him! I knew we should've never let that bitch into the gang!

DION

(calming him down)

It's just a precaution. We keep him here in case of an emergency.

Dion is dialing his phone once again.

ASH

Now who are you calling?

DION

Zora.

EXT. GOLD'S GYM -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

We track along with ZORA as she approaches the entrance to GOLD'S GYM. Her cell phone begins to ring.

ZORA

(into phone)

Hello?

DION (V.O.)

Zora. It's Dion.

ZORA

What's up, my nigga?

DION (V.O.)

We're here at the loft. We've got officer Clark. He's sedated and he's restrained.

INT. GOLD'S GYM -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Zora steps into the gigantic GYM.

ZORA

Keep a close eye. That Basitonol could wear off. If it does, just stick him in the leg with one from my injection kit.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Dion pulls open Zora's INJECTION SUITCASE.

It is filled with all sorts of ANIMAL TRANQUILIZERS, STEROIDS, and various SEDATIVES.

DION

Shit.

ZORA (V.O.)

If you want to bulk up, Dion, take a pack of those blue shots. In four weeks I'll have you ripped.

DION

Listen, have you gotten the blanks?

INT. GOLD'S GYM -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Zora passes through the TURNSTILE next to the FRONT DESK.

She waves to the guys behind it.

ZORA

What up, my bitches!  
(into phone)  
I'm on my way right now.

DION (V.O.)

Remember, .45 caliber blanks.

ZORA

I know my guns, bitch.

Zora passes by a BODYBUILDER FRIEND working out.

She reaches out and slaps him on the ass.

ZORA (CONT'D)

Wacka-wacka,

BODYBUILDER

Hey, Zora.

DION (V.O.)

Have you talked to Angela?

ZORA

Yeah, we're all set. And tell pussy-boy  
writer that if he wets himself on my  
floor I'm gonna make him lick it up.

She hangs up the phone.

We follow Zora until she arrives at a SHOULDER PRESS MACHINE.

There is a very small, SKINNY YOUNG GUY working out on it.

Zora stares at him for a moment, waiting for him to make eye  
contact with her. When he finally does... he stops with the  
bar over his head, unsure of what she wants.

ZORA (CONT'D)

(vicious)

Get the fuck off my machine, you pussy!

The Skinny Kid sits there for a moment in shock, and then  
very nervously steps off the machine, walking off with his  
head down in embarrassment.

Zora sits down on the machine and begins to work out.

We drift past Zora and approach the CARDIO SECTION in the  
back of the gym, where there are FOUR ROWS of BIKE, STAIR,  
and RUNNER machines.

We approach two of the runner machines.

Walking next to each other are RUIZ LOPEZ (age 43) and TERA  
COX (age 23). Ruiz looks as though he has never been in a gym  
in his entire life. Tera looks like she works out every day.

Tera's cell phone begins to ring.

TERA

(into phone)

Hello?

INT. KRYSTA'S APARTMENT -- SAN FERNANDO VALLEY -- NEXT

Krysta Now is sitting in her valley apartment in front of her  
computer.

KRYSTA

Hey girl, what's up?

TERA

Hey Krysta. Just working out. What are  
you doing?

KRYSTA

I just got tested. Now I'm doing a live chat for my fan site.

TERA

No way. Girl, you are so together. The internet is like the future of adult.

KRYSTA

For sure. You should get a site. It's not that expensive.

TERA

I'm saving for new tits.

(beat)

I read that if you have fake tits you get 78% more hits on your site.

KRYSTA

Look at you, miss thing!

(beat)

Hold on, I've got another call.

Krysta clicks over.

KRYSTA (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. LIGHTNING DUBS -- NEXT

CYNDI is standing inside the hi-tech DUBBING FACILITY, surrounded by large dubbing machines.

CYNDI

Hey Krysta. I'm at the dub house now, I'm making five copies, just to be safe.

KRYSTA

Good.

A DUB TECHNICIAN approaches.

TECHNICIAN

Come on... let me have a peak. Please?

CYNDI

No! This is why I pay you double. Now get out.

The technician reluctantly leaves.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

His manager is a man named Joe Weinstein. I'm going to call him tonight, give him a chance to stew it over in his sleep, then call again in the morning.

KRYSTA

Excellent. Listen, I've gotta go, but call me later so we can discuss our fee.

CYNDI

You got it.

INT. KRYSTA'S APARTMENT -- SAN FERNANDO VALLEY -- NEXT

Krysta clicks back over.

KRYSTA

Sorry, Tera. That was a business call.

TERA

God, you're so successful. Will you call me later?

KRYSTA

Sure.

INT. GOLD'S GYM -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Tera hangs up her phone and continues walking. Next to her, RUIZ LOPEZ has pulled a piece of paper from his pocket.

On the paper is a OVERHEAD MAP OF THE GYM. Each MACHINE is laid out with a number.

One of the corner machines is CIRCLED with a red marker.

Printed underneath the circle: ZORA CHARMICHAELS -- 3:00 PM.

Sweating profusely, Ruiz looks up at the wall clock and we see that it is indeed 3PM.

He steps off the machine and we follow him as he approaches Zora.

RUIZ

Zora Charmichaels?

Zora does not stop working out.

ZORA

Yes?

RUIZ  
Meet me at the ice cream truck.

EXT. DIGITAL DOMAIN WAREHOUSE -- NEXT

The parking lot of Gold's Gym sits adjacent to the DIGITAL DOMAIN WAREHOUSE. Parked at the edge of the WAREHOUSE FENCE is a LARGE ICE CREAM TRUCK.

Zora drives her BLACK VAN up to the ice cream truck and parks next to it... backing in so that both vehicles face away from the fence.

Zora steps out of the van and walks up to the side door to the ice cream truck and knocks.

Ruiz opens the door.

RUIZ  
Why are we meeting at a crowded gym?

ZORA  
From your voice on the phone, I could tell you needed some cardio. You'll thank me later.

She steps into the ice cream truck.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Inside the truck... there is no ice cream.

Instead, there are GUNS. LOTS OF GUNS. Stacked along the walls are assortments of every kind of gun you could imagine.

RUIZ  
What do you want?

ZORA  
I need some .45 caliber blanks.

Ruiz stares at her for a long moment.

RUIZ  
Blanks.

ZORA  
Yeah, you do sell blanks, don't you?

RUIZ  
What else do you need, along with the blanks?

ZORA  
That's all, just the blanks.

RUIZ  
(furious)  
You call me over to Venice for blanks?  
Fuck you. Go to K-Mart if you want  
fucking blanks. I've got \$500 dollar  
minimum.

ZORA  
\$500 minimum. You didn't say that over  
the phone, Ruiz.

RUIZ  
My reputation precedes me, Zola.

ZORA  
It's Zora.

Ruiz stares at her. Suddenly... there is a KNOCK on the side  
door.

Ruiz and Zora freeze. Ruiz grabs the GUN from his belt, and  
raises his finger to his lips.

He slowly opens the door to the truck.

EXT. DIGITAL DOMAIN WAREHOUSE -- NEXT

Outside there are two LITTLE KIDS. A BOY and a GIRL.

LITTLE BOY  
We want some ice cream!

RUIZ  
The refrigeration system is broken, I'm  
sorry.

LITTLE GIRL  
What about candy? It says on the side of  
the truck you have candy. You don't need  
refrigeration for candy.

RUIZ  
No candy. Go away.

He slams the door in their faces.

They stand there for a moment, and then walk away sadly.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Ruiz steps back inside.

ZORA

Why are you driving an ice cream truck?

RUIZ

No cop will ever pull over an ice cream truck. I did internet research.

Zora nods her head.

ZORA

Listen, I'll take a .45 along with the blanks. But I'll only pay four-hundred.

Ruiz glares at her.

RUIZ

I'll look around for the blanks.

Ruiz goes to the back of the truck and begins to rummage through his ammunition boxes.

RUIZ (CONT'D)

This little plan... my Angie says that it will help her get a record deal? I'm tired of funding her music videos.

ZORA

Your daughter will be a big star, Ruiz.

Zora stares at the wall of weaponry. Hanging across from her is a large TUBE-SHAPED WEAPON.

ZORA (CONT'D)

Is that a bazooka?

RUIZ

That's a rocket launcher. You can't afford that.

Zora nods her head. She then pulls out her CHECKBOOK, and begins to make out a check for \$400.

RUIZ (CONT'D)

OK. Here are the blanks, and your .45 pistol.

He then sees Zora writing out her check.

RUIZ (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck is this?

ZORA  
 You won't take a check?

RUIZ  
 No, I won't take a fucking check! What the fuck do you think this is, K-Mart?

ZORA  
 You expect me to be carrying four-hundred dollars in cash? You're living in a fantasy world, Ruiz.

RUIZ  
 Get the fuck out of my ice cream truck, you Cro-Magnon bitch.

Rage wells in Zora's eyes.

Suddenly... she lunges at Ruiz... grabbing him around the neck. He struggles for his gun, but she grabs his arm and pins it around his neck, holding him in a violent sleeper hold.

ZORA  
 Say it again you fuck. Say it again.

Ruiz struggles to breathe... gasping for air.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
 What? I can't hear you?  
 (beat)  
 Huh? What was that?

Finally, Ruiz falls to the ground, unconscious.

Zora grabs her gun and her blanks, and then puts the check in Ruiz's front pocket.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
 Cock-fucker.

She then turns to leave.

EXT. DIGITAL DOMAIN WAREHOUSE -- NEXT

Zora moves quickly to her van.

INT. BLACK FORD VAN -- NEXT

Zora starts the engine and then drives quickly out of the parking lot.

She dials a number on her cell phone.

ZORA

Texaco station. 45666 Figueroa. Half an hour.

She hangs up and then dials another number.

INT. CALIFORNIA PIZZA KITCHEN -- BEVERLY CENTER -- NEXT

Behind the bar of the crowded CALIFORNIA PIZZA KITCHEN at the BEVERLY CENTER, the telephone begins to ring.

The MANAGER grabs it.

MANAGER

Hello?

ZORA

Yes, I need to speak with Angela Lopez.  
It's urgent.

MANAGER

Hold on.  
(yelling across the bar)  
Angela!

ANGELA LOPEZ (age 26), a WAITRESS at CPK, is a stunning Hispanic woman.

She takes the phone from the manager.

ANGELA

Hello?

ZORA

Why aren't you out of there?

ANGELA

Chill out, Zora! I'm leaving in five minutes. I've got one table left.

ZORA

I need you to get over to your brother's house and sweep the place for any drugs and guns.

ANGELA

My brother is clean, Zora! Don't you disrespect him!

ZORA

Cut the shit, A. Lo. We both know that your brother is a fucking gang-banger. You volunteered his house because you said yourself he's importing guns from Venezuela to re-stock Daddy's ice-cream truck. When the shit goes down tonight, and we evacuate, that house better be as clean as a baby's ass or he's going to fucking jail! So you get your hoochie ass over to Vermont Avenue and start cleaning!

ANGELA

Yes, sir.

She hangs up on Zora, and then moves quickly across the restaurant.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(muttering to herself)

Fucking muscle beach bitch. My father will put a cap in your ass if you don't step off.

She arrives at a table filled with FOUR WHITE BEVERLY HILLS GANGSTAS. They are LARRY WEISBERG (age 16), FRANKIE ROSEN (age 15), RALFIE VELAZQUEZ (age 17) and A-BALL (age 16).

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(delivering the check)

Here's your check, can I get you another refill on your coke?

LARRY

No. But you can give me your phone number.

ANGELA

Sorry, you're a little young for me.

The others LAUGH OUT LOUD.

LARRY

(getting angry)

What I got between my legs would put you in the hospital, bitch.

Larry pulls up his KINGS JERSEY and we see a GLOCK PISTOL stuffed down his pants.

ANGELA

(remaining calm)

You get the fuck out of this restaurant before I call the cops, you wanna-be bitch-ass vanilla gangsta.

The others crack up with laughter.

A-BALL

Yo! This bitch is fierce.

Larry angrily pulls out a GOLD MONEY CLIP and throws a WAD OF BILLS in Angela's face before storming down the aisle toward the exit, the others following behind him.

EXT. BEVERLY CENTER -- MOMENTS LATER

A LIME GREEN HUMVEE pulls out of the parking garage to the Beverly Center.

INT. LIME GREEN HUMVEE -- NEXT

Our four GANGSTAS are now inside this Humvee. Larry is behind the wheel. A BLUNT is being passed around.

LARRY

Yo, that bitch deserved it!

RALFIE

Fuck yeah! She wanted your cock so bad!

The others laugh out loud. EMINEM blasts from the stereo.

LARRY

Yo, chicks like it rough! They like it harsh! They wanna be slapped to the ground and fucked! That's the truth!

In the back of the Humvee, Ralfie and Frankie are surfing the internet on a TINY LAPTOP that is plugged into a CORDLESS INTERNET CONNECTION.

RALFIE

Yo! A live chat with Krysta Now!

FRANKIE

Shit, I seen all her movies! Log on!

Ralfie logs on. His USER-ID is RALFLVER.

*RALFLVER: Do you like to get slapped to the ground and fucked?*

*KRYSTA: I like to get fucked hard. Sometimes I just can't get fucked hard enough. But the slapping part I don't support. Violence is a big problem in our society today, and I don't want to support that. That's why I won't do anal:)*

INT. KRYSTA'S APARTMENT -- SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

Krysta finishes typing. She grabs her PHONE and dials a number.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

BOXER answers his cell phone.

BOXER

Hello?

KRYSTA

Hi honey. It's me. Where are you?

Boxer glances around nervously.

BOXER

I'm just running some errands, honey. Can you call me later?

KRYSTA

What the fuck is this? You won't even acknowledge me?

(long beat)

I guess now I won't tell you about what the doctors told me today.

Click. She hangs up on him.

Boxer's face goes white.

TERRENCE CLARK

The wife likes to call on the cell phone too, huh?

BOXER

Yeah.

TERRENCE CLARK

Listen, do you mind if I pull over at this Texaco station? I need to take a leak.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- NEXT

The cruiser pulls into a TEXACO STATION in the heart of SOUTH CENTRAL. We notice a BLACK VAN on the other side of the parking lot.

Terrence steps out of the cruiser and walks over to the RESTROOM. He knocks on the door to the MEN'S ROOM.

The door pops open, and Terrence goes inside.

INT. TEXACO MEN'S RESTROOM -- NEXT

ZORA is waiting inside.

ZORA  
You're late.

Terrence begins to GAG at the smell of the bathroom.

TERRENCE CLARK  
(covering his nose)  
Jesus Christ!

ZORA  
I had a bunk batch of Met-Rx this morning. Had to unload.

TERRENCE CLARK  
Did you get the blanks?

ZORA  
Yeah. Hand me your gun. I'll load you up.

Terrence hands her his .45 and Zora empties the bullets and begins to load it with blanks.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Boxer anxiously dials his cell phone.

KRYSTA  
(angry)  
Yes?

BOXER  
(desperate)  
What did you find out at the doctor's office today, Krysta?

Long silence.

KRYSTA

Nothing. I found out that I'm just fine.

Boxer puts his hands to his face.

BOXER

You manipulative little bitch. You almost gave me a fucking heart attack.

KRYSTA

Good. Maybe then you'd learn how to fuck.

BOXER

Listen, you little slut. I don't know who the hell you think you are, but this is over. Don't ever fucking call here again or I'll fucking kill you.

He hangs up on her.

INT. KRYSTA'S APARTMENT -- SAN FERNANDO VALLEY -- NEXT

Krysta brings up a WINDOW for some PHONE RECORDING SOFTWARE on her computer. She isolates the last portion of their conversation, and then hits play.

BOXER

(on the computer playback)  
I'll fucking kill you.

Krysta's telephone rings.

KRYSTA

Hello?

INT. BEVERLY HILLS CARWASH -- NEXT

VINCENZO is watching as Boxer's MERCEDES is taken through the carwash.

VINCENZO

Krysta, it's me.

KRYSTA

(fake crying)  
Vincenzo! Thank God you called! He just threatened to kill me!

VINCENZO

What!?

VINCENZO (CONT'D)  
Hold on, baby. Stay calm. I've got  
another call.

Vincenzo clicks over.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)  
Hello?

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Boxer has the phone to his ear once again.

BOXER  
She is cut off. No more money. No more  
fucking drugs. It is over. Do I make  
myself clear?

VINCENZO  
(beat)  
Yes, sir.

Boxer takes a deep breath. The POLICE RADIO squawks with an  
unintelligible FEMALE VOICE.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS -- POLICE DISPATCH -- NEXT

SUE JOHNSON (age 35) sits at a bank of COMPUTERS in the LAPD  
POLICE DISPATCHERS office with her headset on.

SUE  
(into headset)  
Dispatch to Clark. Do you copy?

She then pulls off her headset in frustration.

We follow SUE as she walks quickly through the hallway to  
CHIEF WESTINGHOUSE'S office.

His SECRETARY is typing something on her computer.

SECRETARY  
I wouldn't go in there. He's with  
Internal Affairs.

SUE  
I have no choice, Cynthia.

INT. CHIEF WESTINGHOUSE'S OFFICE -- NEXT

Sue knocks and then cracks open the door, leaning her head  
in.

WESTINGHOUSE

What is it?

SUE

Clark.

WESTINGHOUSE

What about him?

SUE

He hasn't responded to his radio all day. I've tried more than a dozen times to patch through. His radio is on, but he does not respond.

Westinghouse sighs loudly, covering his face.

SUE (CONT'D)

I thought maybe because of the movie star... God knows I'd be off my rocker if I were riding in a car with Boxer Santaros... but I am now officially concerned, and it is my duty to report this fact to you, sir.

She gives him a fake smile.

WESTINGHOUSE

I'll handle this one, Sue. Go back to work.

SUE

With pleasure, sir.

She shuts the door.

Both of the INTERNAL AFFAIRS COPS, CARTER (age 35) and FOX (black, age 35) are SMIRKING at Westinghouse.

FOX

Has the Hardy Boy Clark gone Hollywood A.W.O.L. on us, Chief?

INT. TEXACO MEN'S RESTROOM -- NEXT

Zora has finished loading the gun with blanks.

TERRENCE CLARK

Come on hurry up, he's gonna think I fell in.

ZORA

Remember. It has to happen quickly. Get to the house... 10:15 sharp. Get in there and do it.

Zora hands him the second .45 pistol.

ZORA (CONT'D)

This is the second gun. This is the one that you're going to plant at the scene. DO NOT CONFUSE THE TWO.

TERRENCE CLARK

Duh!

ZORA

Has he been videotaping you?

TERRENCE CLARK

Yeah, just like the manager said he would.

ZORA

Perfect. Make sure to confiscate that tape immediately after the shit goes down. That tape is our only bargaining chip.

Terrence and Zora shake hands.

ZORA (CONT'D)

Good luck.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Boxer looks up through the windshield and sees Terrence coming out of the bathroom, hiding his coke vial.

He has his phone to his ear once again.

BOXER

You know what's fascinating is how nervous he is. I know that's probably just because I'm here, but I'll have to say that there is a sense of insecurity that I find to be quite endearing.

WEINSTEIN (V.O.)

They're just people, Boxer. People like you and me.

Terrence gets back into the car.

BOXER  
 (covering the phone)  
 Did you bust some crack ho in there?

Terrence throws Boxer a nervous smile.

TERRENCE CLARK  
 I had a bunk Met-Rx this morning. Had to unload.

BOXER  
 I love Met-Rx!  
 (back into phone)  
 Anyhoo... I need you to cancel my reservations at the Ivy tonight. I'm going to ride along until midnight when Officer Clark's shift is over.

INT. WEINSTEIN'S OFFICE -- NEXT

Weinstein has his feet up on his desk.

BOXER  
 Alright Boxer. Just be careful.

He hangs up the phone.

Weinstein's ASSISTANT leans into the office.

ASSISTANT  
 Joe, there is a Cyndi Pinziki on line three.

WEINSTEIN  
 Cyndi Pinziki? Who the fuck is that?

ASSISTANT  
 I have no idea. She said it's urgent.

WEINSTEIN  
 My ass it's urgent. Take a message.

ASSISTANT  
 She says it's about Boxer Santaros.

WEINSTEIN  
 Tell her that ninety percent of my calls per day are about Boxer Santaros, and I've already met my quota.

Weinstein puts on his jacket to leave for the evening.

ASSISTANT

I RSVP'd you for Saturday's party on the Good Year blimp!

We follow the Assistant as she returns to her desk.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mam, I'm going to have to take a message. He's unavailable.

CYNDI

Unavailable my ass. Tell him to check his e-mail, sister. Tell him to check it quick. Tell him he'll be sorry he ever fucked with Cyndi Olga Pinziki!

INT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S HOUSE -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Cyndi slams down the phone. She sits in her LIVING ROOM across from JERRI REILLY.

CYNDI

How the fuck are you supposed to blackmail a movie star when you can't even get their representation on the fucking phone!

JERRI

Hmmm.

CYNDI

Fucking managers. Think their shit don't smell. Well let me tell you something, Jer, when the shit hits the fan, it all smells the same.

JERRI

God you're good.

JERRI takes a hit from her CRACK PIPE.

Cyndi begins to write her e-mail.

It reads:

TO:           joe@weinstein.com  
FROM:         cop@yahoo.com  
SUBJECT:     BOXER SANTAROS

I have some information that could be very damaging to your client. This information is recorded on videotape.

If you aren't interested in this information, I'm sure that I can find others who are. Many others.

All the best,

C.O.P.

BCC: krystanow@excite.com

Jerri leans over Cyndi's shoulder as she presses SEND.

JERRI (CONT'D)

God, you're such a good writer. Where did you learn the craft?

CYNDI

I've found that it goes hand in hand with the directing.

JERRI

Wow.

CYNDI

Come on, let's get some fresh air, give these new off-road rollerblades a spin.

Cyndi takes one more hit off the crack pipe.

EXT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S HOUSE -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Cyndi and Jerri roll down the front sidewalk of Cyndi's house.

JERRI

So how much are we going to ask for in exchange for the tape?

CYNDI

Well, put yourself in Santaros' shoes. How much is your public persona, your marriage, and your box office potential truly worth?

JERRI

Hmmm. Can't really put a number on all that stuff.

CYNDI

I can. We start at \$1 million. Then we bring out Krysta's fuck tape. Then the negotiations really begin.

JERRI

Wow, A million dollars.

Cyndi opens the gate to the street.

CYNDI

We split that three ways... between me, you and the slut... and that's \$333,333.33 each.

JERRI

Wow. Who gets the extra penny?

CYNDI

We frame it. Send it Joe Weinstein with a note that says... here's your commission, bitch!

JERRI

HAAAAAAHHHAAAAAAA!!!

As they ROLLERBLADE AWAY down the street, we CRANE UP AND OVER to ZORA'S LOFT... which sits directly across from Cyndi's house.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

DAVID CLARK is still unconscious, tied to the chair.

ASH and DION are deep in conversation. Dion has a DUFFEL BAG over his shoulder.

DION

Keep your cell phone on. Watch him like a fucking hawk. If he moves, or shows any sign of waking up, stab him in the leg with one of these.

Dion hands Ash one of the BASITONOL INJECTION TUBES.

ASH

OK.

Dion pulls out a PISTOL from his bag and hands it to Ash.

DION

Just in case of an emergency.

ASH  
You want me to shoot him!?

DION  
No! Just take the fucking gun in case of  
an emergency!

Ash's face goes white.

ASH  
We said no guns! We said this was gonna  
be a scam without guns!

DION  
Everything is gonna be fine, as long as  
this motherfucker stays unconscious until  
midnight. Then we bring him back to his  
beach house, and Terrence will explain  
that he got ruphied at the fucking  
whitebread bar.

ASH  
Ruhypinol doesn't last twenty-for hours!  
He's gonna know something went down!

Dion slams Ash up against the wall.

DION  
You signed off on this just like the rest  
of us. The Lighthouse Gang was unanimous.  
And you've got the easiest part. You stay  
here and make sure the copper don't wake  
up.

Dion turns to leave.

ASH  
Now I'm off to Vermont.

Dion storms out of the loft, leaving Ash alone with the COP  
and the DRUGS and the GUN.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

We CRANE DOWN toward the address of reckoning. 454334  
Vermont. This is a small, ramshackle WHITE HOUSE.

MR. OFF-ROAD ROLLERBLADES is skating down the sidewalk.

[He is the guy we saw at the beach at the very beginning. He  
is now dressed in CAMOUF [AGE military gear].

His name is KEVIN ZIMMERMAN (age 45). He glides down the sidewalk of this inner city neighborhood with relative ease, a LARGE BACKPACK the only thing that keeps him from rollerblading at optimal speed.

We track with KEVIN as he approaches the house, turning into the driveway.

INT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

ZORA, DION, and ANGELA are all waiting inside the GARAGE.

Dion sits in a chair, and Zora stands behind him with SCISSORS. She is cutting off his dreadlocks.

ZORA

You're late, Kevin!

ANGELA

We have exactly three hours. Can you do make-up in three hours?

KEVIN

Take it easy! I can do your make-up in an hour, Angie.

ANGELA

You better not make me look like a dog.

DION

It don't matter how pretty you look, baby. It just matters that you look different.

Dion dials a number on his phone.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash answers the phone.

ASH

Hello?

DION

Is he still asleep?

ASH

Yeah.

DION

Keep it that way. I'm going into make-up. I'll call again later.

Ash hangs up the phone. He then paces around the room nervously.

The PHONE rings again.

ASH  
Hello?

FEMALE VOICE  
(very masculine)  
Is Zora there?

ASH  
No.

FEMALE VOICE  
It's Jo. Tell that bitch to call me.

She hangs up. Ash turns around to check on Officer Clark...

HE IS AWAKE.

Ash lets out a pathetic yelp. David Clark looks around the loft in a drugged-out haze.

Ash runs over to Zora's drug kit and begins to fumble frantically through it.

DAVID CLARK  
Where am I?

Ash drops several Basitonol syringes to the floor.

ASH  
Shit!

DAVID CLARK  
Who are you?

Ash approaches him with the Basitonol, fumbling to peel off the plastic coating.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)  
If you drug me again, you can be tried for attempted murder. That carries a sentence of twenty-five years to life.

Ash begins to HYPERVENTILATE.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)

If you weren't the one who initially drugged me, which I can only presume, given how pathetically unsuccessful you are at opening that syringe, you can only be charged as an accessory to kidnapping, which carries a far lesser prison sentence.

Ash finally has the syringe open.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)

If you untie me, and tell me where my brother and his friend are, you'll turn police informant. I can have the charges against you dropped. You'll get by with a slap on the wrist. You'll walk away from this situation a free man.

Ash is now TREMBLING. He has the syringe held over Clark's leg, unsure what to do.

ASH

You won't remember that we ever had this conversation.

DAVID CLARK

I have a photographic memory. I can still remember what I ate for breakfast the morning of my seventh birthday.

He drops the syringe to the floor.

ASH

It was Dion and Zora. They made me agree to it. Terrence never wanted you to get hurt. Nobody wants anyone to get hurt.

DAVID CLARK

Untie me, and we can go down to the station. You can explain everything there. On the record.

ASH

I... I'm going to explain it to you now... so you'll understand. Your brother will go to jail if you turn us in.

DAVID CLARK

Untie me-

ASH

Shut up! I'm not going to untie you. I'm going to explain the whole thing to you so you'll understand.

Ash is pacing around frantically.

ASH (CONT'D)

We're an actor's troupe. There are six of us. We formed our own production company. It's called the Lighthouse Gang. Our plan is to write, produce, direct and star in our own film projects. We're all so fucking talented... but we just can't get a break. You don't know how hard it is to get an audition, or to get someone to read your script in this town. And we're not getting any younger.

(beat)

When Terrence and Dion found out that you were taking Boxer Santaros on a ride along, they hatched this plan. At first it sounded really far-fetched, but Dion convinced us that it could work. This is our one shot.

(beat)

Your brother is pretending to be you. He's with Santaros right now. The others are at Angela's brother's house in the ghetto. At 10:15 they're gonna drive right by the house, and they're gonna hear screams from inside. It's gonna be Angela and Dion, acting like a married couple in a big argument.

[NOTE: During this sequence we intercut with ANIMATION to illustrate the LOGISTICS of the plan].

ASH (CONT'D)

Terrence is gonna go knock on the door to check things out, with Boxer filming. Just like an episode of Cops. When they don't answer, and Angela keeps screaming, Terrence is gonna kick the door down and go inside... with his gun drawn. He's gonna walk into the bedroom, and find Dion and Angela in this big screaming match. Dion's gonna grab a candlestick and come running at Terrence, and Terrence is gonna shoot him. There will be blanks in the gun, and Dion will have blood packs and squibs under his shirt.

ASH (CONT'D)

Our friend Kevin is a special effects make-up artist. He's even gonna disguise Dion and Angela's faces with prosthetics, so their faces aren't ever on camera.

INT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- GARAGE -- NEXT

Angela sits in a chair in the garage as KEVIN applies a FACIAL PROSTHETIC.

Zora is taping the BLOOD PACKS to Dion's chest.

INT. VENICE LOFT ABARTMENT -- NEXT

ASH

So with Dion dead on the floor, Angela is gonna go psycho and come at Terrence... and he's gonna shoot her too. Same deal. Squibs and blood packs. Now remember, Boxer's got all this on tape. A Mark Fuhrman prototype psycho cop who just murdered a black guy and a Hispanic woman. He's gonna grab Boxer's camera, turn it off, and then plant a gun in Dion's hand... right in front of him. Then he's gonna scream like a motherfucker at Boxer... tell him to get the fuck out of there. Tell him to call his Agent. To say that he was never there.

DAVID CLARK

Mother of God.

ASH

That's not all. Now we've got a tape, shot by a huge movie star, of a racist cop committing double murder. We've got a movie star, who will pay anything to get that tape back.

(beat)

Now Zora, she's gonna call up Joe Weinstein, pretending to be an internal affairs cop. She's got the tape now and she'll turn it over... for a price.

DAVID CLARK

How much?

ASH

Ten million dollars.

DAVID CLARK

He'll never pay.

ASH

The fuck he won't! Let me tell you a little something about movie stars, Officer. They don't like having their name associated with a racially motivated double murder.

DAVID CLARK

He'll figure it out. He'll dig, and he'll find out that it was all a hoax. There won't be death certificates. There won't be relatives mourning. It won't be on the evening news.

ASH

Exactly. Because internal affairs is covering it up. He delivers the ten million, we deliver the tape. They destroy the tape. We've got a movie star who thinks he just bought his way out of a scandal. And best of all, we've got ten million dollars and not a trace of evidence left that a scandal even occurred.

David Clark thinks for a moment.

ASH (CONT'D)

It's the perfect scam. No bloodshed. No crime committed, save for a little blackmail...

DAVID CLARK

And the kidnapping and drugging and false impersonation of a police officer as a racist thug double murderer.

ASH

The only two people on this earth who will think you're a racist thug double murderer will be Boxer Santaros and his agent. Your secret is their secret. They've got a hell of a lot more to lose than you if that fact gets out. And it won't get out, because it's not a fact. It's a hoax!

David stares at Ash... thinking.

DAVID CLARK

My brother is a fucking moron. He'll never be able to pull this off.

Ash's phone begins to ring.

ASH  
Make a sound, and I'll dose you again.

He answers it.

ASH (CONT'D)  
Yeah.

INT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- KITCHEN -- NEXT

DION is sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE. His NOSE and CHEEKBONES are now much chubbier with thick prosthetic make-up.

DION  
How's sleeping beauty?

ASH (V.O.)  
Fine.

DAVID CLARK (V.O.)  
I'M AWAKE, YOU ASSHOLE!!

Dion stands up.

DION  
Motherfucker!

ASH (V.O.)  
Calm down, Dion. He knows. I told him everything.

DION  
One thing! One thing I ask you to do and you fail!

ASH (V.O.)  
It's better this way, Dion.  
(looking at David)  
He's not gonna send his brother to prison. He's gonna cooperate.

DION  
For a price. Now we're gonna have to give him a cut of the money.  
(beat)  
Stay there and keep quiet.

Dion hangs up the phone.

We follow him as he walks through into the GARAGE.

INT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- GARAGE -- NEXT

Inside the garage, KEVIN is taping the squib packs onto ANGELA'S stomach. Her face is now considerably less attractive with the prosthetic make-up on.

KEVIN

Zora and I will be in the garage. When we hear the first gunshot, I'll activate your squib by remote. On the second gunshot, I'll activate Angela's squib.

ZORA has put on a pair of OFF-ROAD ROLLERBLADES. She rolls around the garage.

ZORA

Kevin and I will then evacuate through the back alley.

(coming to a stop)

These rollerblades were a great idea, Kev.

KEVIN

Thanks, Zora.

ZORA

Once Boxer is off and running, you guys have to evacuate immediately. The neighbors will most likely call the cops when they hear the gunshots. That'll give you five or ten minutes to clear out. When the real cops arrive, it's important that they find an empty house, otherwise we're fucked.

ANGELA

Cops have been by here many times when my brother throws parties. They'll just assume somebody got a little too drunk and fired off a couple of rounds.

ZORA

We rendezvous at midnight. The Denny's on La Cienega. By then, Terrence and Ash should have Mark Fuhrman nestled in his bed at the beach condo. Then the negotiations begin.

Zora and Kevin HIGH FIVE.

FADE TO BLACK:

Part II

# The Dungeon of Chaos

TITLE CARD: PART II -- THE DUNGEON OF CHAOS

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES -- NIGHT

[HELICOPTER SHOT]

We fly over the vast city lights... DOWNTOWN looming in the distance. A single POLICE CRUISER idles at a stoplight... and we see the two ACTORS inside of it.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Terrence and Boxer pass through the South Central intersection. Boxer is fidgeting... acting strangely.

TERRENCE CLARK

So your new film. It's a modern crime story?

BOXER

Post-modern. There is no such thing as modern. Hell, post-modern practically needs to be retired from the Zeitgeist.

(laughing)

The basic concept is this. I play an LAPD cop who isn't who he seems. He has this supernatural gift. He can see things. He senses something wrong in the city. Crime suddenly skyrockets, for no apparent reason. The whole world is coming to a fucking end, and he's the only one who can see the truth.

A single bead of sweat rolls down Terrence's face.

TERRENCE CLARK

What's the truth?

Boxer smiles.

BOXER

You better not tell anyone! If I find out you posted the plot of my movie on the internet!

TERRENCE CLARK

I don't use the internet.

BOXER

Clark! Come on, man. The internet is the future!

(shaking his head...back to the subject)

BOXER (CONT'D)

Anyway, my character... he realizes that the apocalyptic crime rate... is because of global deceleration.

(whispering)

The rotation of the earth is slowing at a rate of .00000000006 MPH each day... and it disrupts the chemical equilibrium in the human brain, causing irrational and anti-social criminal behavior.

TERRENCE CLARK

Sounds neat.

Boxer stares at him... somewhat insulted.

BOXER

Neat?

TERRENCE CLARK

Yeah! So how does he stop the global deceleration?

BOXER

Oh... he can't stop it. It is God's will that the earth come grinding to a halt, as our society has lost all sense of values. So in the end I die in a tragic shoot-out in downtown Los Angeles, whispering my theory to Dr. Muriel Fox, the astrophysicist who I fall in love with along the journey.

(beat)

My character, his name is Jericho Cane.

Terrence smiles politely... nodding his head.

BOXER (CONT'D)

(snapping his fingers)

My character's initials. J.C. Jesus Christ? Hello, Clark? Are we paying attention here?

TERRENCE CLARK

Oh... yeah! Symbolism!

Boxer throws him a condescending laugh.

BOXER

You know... I envy you, Officer Clark.

TERRENCE CLARK

Me?

BOXER

The feeling of security that you must carry with you when wearing that uniform.

(beat)

This city can be such a threatening place. Even with all of my wealth and power, I'll never feel as safe as you must feel behind the wheel of this car.

Terrence is silent for a moment.

SUDDENLY... Terrence SLAMS ON THE BREAKS.

TERRENCE CLARK

SHIT!

Standing in the middle of the road is an OLD VAGRANT.

He staggers toward the passenger side of the car... leaning in toward Boxer... looking him dead in the eye.

VAGRANT

The tower of fire will rain down upon this city... with the vengeance of a thousand black angels. Their black eyes can see through time.

Boxer and Terrence sit there silently as the Vagrant backs away from the car... walking down the sidewalk.

BOXER

O-kaaaaaay. Whatever that meant.

Terrence laughs nervously.

He turns right onto Vermont Avenue.

BOXER (CONT'D)

You don't hear that every day.

Through the windshield, HEADLIGHTS are approaching in the opposite lane.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Oh, look. A fellow officer of the law.

Terrence's eyes widen in terror.

THERE IS ANOTHER POLICE CRUISER COMING TOWARD THEM.

Boxer turns on his camera and aims it at Terrence.

EXT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- STREET -- NEXT

The two police cruisers come to a stop DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE VERMONT HOUSE.

Inside the second cruiser is Officer CLARENCE BOOKMAN (age 32). He rolls down his window.

BOOKMAN

Clark.

Terrence's face has gone white. He nods his head, saying nothing.

Bookman notices Boxer.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

Oh. Whoa. Boxer Santaros.

Boxer smiles, holding the camera.

BOXER

Good evening, Officer.

SUDDENLY... there is a LOUD SCREAMING sound coming from inside the 454334 Vermont house. It is ANGELA.

Bookman looks over his shoulder.

BOOKMAN

Hello. What have we here?

ANOTHER LOUD, BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM. This time Angela and Dion.

Bookman grabs his radio and puts it to his mouth.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

(into radio)

454334 Vermont in South Central. Possible domestic disturbance.

BOXER

(whispering to himself)

Finally. Something is happening.

Bookman opens his door and steps out of his cruiser.

Terrence and Boxer step out of their cruiser. Boxer has his camera rolling.

Bookman leads as the three of them walk down the front walk to the house.

Bookman rings the DOORBELL.

Another long... intense SCREAM. It sounds like a woman is getting stabbed to death.

Bookman draws his gun. He tries the door. It is unlocked.

BOOKMAN

Here we go.

INT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

Bookman steps into the house. Terrence and Boxer follow close behind. Terrence's face is white with fear. He draws his gun... unable to speak.

More screams from inside the BACK BEDROOM.

ANGELA

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHGGGGGG!!!

DION

YOU FUCKING BITCH! I'LL KILL YOU!

Bookman rounds the corner... into the bedroom. Terrance opens his mouth to warn them, but he does not have the courage.

The gun is trembling in his hand.

IN THE BEDROOM...

It is dark. There is only one lamp on. Dion has Angela around the neck, strangling her from behind.

Bookman raises his gun.

BOOKMAN

Let her go and step against the wall!

IN THE GARAGE...

Zora and Kevin stand in the middle of the garage. Kevin is holding the REMOTE SQUIB DETONATOR.

Kevin's eyes widen. He turns to Zora.

KEVIN

(whispering)

Is that Terrence?

IN THE BEDROOM...

Dion throws Angela down on the bed and grabs a CANDLESTICK from the bedside table and lunges toward Bookman.

BOXER

He's got a gun!

He FIRES HIS GUN.

The BULLET tears into Dion's chest.

IN THE GARAGE...

Kevin hits the button on the squib detonator.

IN THE BEDROOM...

The squib explodes just before Dion falls to the floor...  
DEAD.

Terrence stands there next to Boxer, both of them FROZEN WITH TERROR.

Angela, who has no clue that this is ALL REAL... continues her pre-rehearsed act.

ANGELA

You motherfucker!!

Bookman notices the CANDLESTICK in Dion's hand.

BOOKMAN

(to himself)

Shit. Oh shit.

ANGELA

You killed him you motherfucker!!

Angela comes lunging toward Bookman. In a instant reaction he FIRES ANOTHER SHOT... and a BULLET hits Angela in the chest.

She falls back onto the bed just as the squib explodes through her T-shirt.

IN THE GARAGE...

Kevin grabs his backpack and he and Zora rollerblade out the back door of the garage.

EXT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- BACK ALLEY -- NEXT

Zora and Dion rollerblade into the alley in perfect formation... disappearing into the night.

INT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- BEDROOM

Bookman, Terrence and Boxer stand there in shocked silence.

Terrence has wet his pants.

BOOKMAN  
(looking down at the bodies)  
Shit. Shit.

BOXER  
You shot them. Why... did you shoot  
them?! They weren't armed!

Bookman walks over to Boxer and snatches the CAMCORDER from his hands.

BOOKMAN  
Turn this thing off.

Boxer instinctively shields his face from the camera.

Bookman pulls the tape from the camera and puts it in his pocket. He then hands the camera back to Boxer.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)  
(to Boxer)  
Get out of here. Now. You weren't here.

He turns to Terrence.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)  
Give me your gun, Clark.

Terrence stands there, frozen.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)  
Give me your fucking gun.

Terrence hands him his gun. Bookman takes it, rubbing off the fingerprints with the bedspread... and then places it in Dion's lifeless hand.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)  
Take him out of here, now.

BOXER  
Listen... I... was never... here. I  
didn't see a goddamn thing.

BOOKMAN  
That's right. You didn't see a goddamn  
thing. Neither of you did.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

Neither of you were here. This is my deal. Now get the fuck out of here. Both of you.

EXT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- DAY

Boxer comes stumbling out of the house into the yard. He staggers around for a moment... and then SPRINTS OFF down the street.

Seconds later... Terrence comes stumbling out of the house in a daze... and rushes toward the cruiser.

He gets behind the wheel, starts the engine and speeds off down the street in the opposite direction.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Terrence is about to cry.

TERRENCE CLARK

Oh God... oh God...

EXT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

Bookman comes running out of the front door. He approaches his cruiser and opens up the trunk.

From inside the trunk, he removes another PISTOL.

He then shuts the trunk and rushes back inside the house.

INT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- BEDROOM

Bookman places the second Pistol in Angela's hand.

BOOKMAN

(into his radio)

I repeat... shots fired. Two down.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- TEXACO STATION -- NEXT

Boxer runs into the parking lot of the Texaco station... frantically dialing a number on his cell phone.

No service.

BOXER

Fuck! Come on!

He looks over and sees a PAYPHONE.

He begins to drop quarters into it, dialing a number.

INT. JOE WEINSTEIN'S HOUSE -- BEVERLY HILLS -- NEXT

Joe Weinstein sits on the couch in his family room, drinking a SCOTCH, watching television.

His wife JOYCE (age 35) enters. She has a telephone in her hand.

JOYCE

Joe?

WEINSTEIN

Mmmm?

JOYCE

It's Boxer. He sounds... upset about something.

Weinstein snatches the phone from his wife.

WEINSTEIN

Boxer?

BOXER

(blubbering)

I... I... he just killed them! He just killed those two people!

WEINSTEIN

OK. Calm down. Where are you?

BOXER

I'm at the Texaco station... on the corner of Crenshaw and 47th street.

WEINSTEIN

Jesus. Sit tight. I'll be there as quick as I can.

He hangs up the phone.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

JOYCE

What is it, Joe!

WEINSTEIN

Fuck!

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Terrance is driving aimlessly through the streets of South Central.

TERRENCE CLARK

Fuck!

INT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- BEDROOM

Bookman stands over the bodies. Dion's CELL PHONE is ringing from his pocket.

BOOKMAN

Fuck.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash is trying Dion on his cell phone.

ASH

Fuck.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- TEXACO STATION -- NEXT

Boxer sits on the curb next to the payphones.

BOXER

Fuck.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

RUIZ LOPEZ wakes up on the floor in the back of his ICE CREAM TRUCK. He holds his head in pain.

RUIZ

Fuck!

INT. LARRY WEISBERG'S HOUSE -- BEVERLY HILLS -- NEXT

Larry sits in his bedroom watching a PORNO flick with Krysta Now. She is getting screwed from behind.

KRYSTA

Fuck!

INT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S APARTMENT -- VENICE BEACH

Cyndi and Jerri sit on the couch watching television. Cyndi takes a long hit off of the crack pipe.

CYNDI  
 (exhaling)  
 FUUUUUCK.

EXT. DENNY'S -- LA CIENEGA -- NIGHT

Terrence pulls the police cruiser into the Denny's parking lot.

INT. DENNY'S -- LA CIENEGA -- NEXT

Terrence drops into the BOOTH where Zora and Kevin are waiting.

ZORA  
 Where are Dion and Angela?

TERRENCE CLARK  
 They're dead. They're both dead.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- TEXACO STATION -- NEXT

Boxer sits on the curb at the Texaco station. He looks like he is about to cry.

A LITTLE BLACK KID named CAMERON BRODY (age 11) comes riding into the parking lot on a BLADE SCOOTER.

He circles around the parking lot, glancing over at Boxer curiously.

After a few moments... he approaches.

CAMERON  
 Hey.

BOXER  
 Hey.

CAMERON  
 Are you in trouble?

Boxer is afraid to be recognized.

BOXER  
 My car broke down.

CAMERON  
 What's your name?

BOXER  
 Boxer.

CAMERON  
That's a cool name.

BOXER  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
What's your name?

CAMERON  
Cameron. Cameron Brody.

Boxer nods his head.

BOXER  
Do you live around here, Cameron?

CAMERON  
Kind of.

BOXER  
What do you mean, kind of?

CAMERON  
Me and my mom, we sleep in her car.

Boxer nods his head sadly.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
We used to have a house, but she got  
addicted to crack, and we lost our house.

Boxer nods his head sadly.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
I got this scooter from my big brother.

BOXER  
You have an older brother?

CAMERON  
No. I mean one of those white people who  
shows up once a month and is real nice to  
you and gives you presents.

Boxer stares at Cameron. There is something about this kid  
that makes him feel uneasy.

He opens up his wallet, and pulls out \$424 cash... and hands  
it to the kid.

BOXER  
Don't let your mom near this money. Spend  
it on food or clothes, Okay?

The kid takes the money, nodding his head in awe.

Weinstein pulls into the Texaco parking lot in his Lexus.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Well, that's my ride. I better go.

Boxer smiles at Cameron and walks over to the Lexus.

CAMERON

I know who you are.

Boxer stops in his tracks. He then turns his head and looks back at the kid.

BOXER

Who am I?

CAMERON

You're the King. The King who rules the tower of fire.

Cameron smiles... and then he is off into the night on his scooter.

Boxer thinks for a moment... spooked... and then opens the passenger side door and gets inside.

BOXER

They're dead. He... he shot these two people... right in front of me.

WEINSTEIN

Clark?

BOXER

No. This other cop. It's all on tape.

WEINSTEIN

Your videotape?

BOXER

Yeah. The cop has the tape. Everything is on that tape. If this gets out... I am so fucked.

INT. DENNY'S -- LA CIENEGA -- NEXT

Zora takes a sip of Iced Tea.

ZORA

What was this cop's name?

TERRENCE CLARK  
Bookman. His name tag said Bookman.

ZORA  
We have to get that tape from him.

TERRENCE CLARK  
Fuck that, Zora! This is over! I'm bringing the cruiser back to my brother's and I'm gonna tell him everything.

ZORA  
Your brother is at my place with Ash. He's bound and gagged. He already knows everything.

INT. WEINSTEIN'S LEXUS -- NEXT

Weinstein is dialing a number on his cell phone.

WEINSTEIN  
I'm taking you to the beach house.  
(into the phone)  
Vincenzo.

VINCENZO  
Mr. Weinstein.

WEINSTEIN  
I need you to meet us at the beach house immediately. It's an emergency.

EXT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

There are now FOUR POLICE CRUISERS, an AMBULANCE and a CORONER'S VAN parked in front of the house.

INT. 454334 VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

We track along with DETECTIVE ERIN ROBINSON (age 34) as she moves through the house along with several other OFFICERS... arriving in the BEDROOM, where Bookman watches several CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS analyze the scene.

Robinson looks down at the bodies in disgust.

ROBINSON  
Christ.

C.S.I. GAIL FITZPATRICK (age 28) is leaning down over Angela's body when she notices a CREASE in her prosthetic facial appliance.

She reaches out to touch it with her PEN... and the make-up appliance begins to peel off.

FITZPATRICK

Okay. It gets even better, sir.

(she turns to Robinson)

In addition to the blood packs, they both appear to be wearing facial prosthetics.

Another C.S.I. named WALKER (age 30) approaches.

WALKER

The house is listed to Carlos Lopez. We think that's the brother. Angela has a SAG card in her purse. She's an actress.

ROBINSON

And her friend?

WALKER

Dion Warner. An actor. Another SAG card, the name reads Dion Element.

ROBINSON

Nice.

(to Bookman)

Any clue as to why a couple would be having an argument while wearing blood packs and facial prosthetic make-up?

Bookman thinks for a moment.

BOOKMAN

I've been running that one up the flagpole all night sir, and I've formulated a theory.

She sighs. Clarence is out of control and she knows it.

ROBINSON

Well let's hear it, Clarence. I'm sure Internal Affairs will be very interested in your latest adventure.

BOOKMAN

They must have just returned from the set of some picture, irritated and tired. You know how these movie sets can be. Lots of tension. My guess is they came home and the argument began before they even had time to take off their costumes.

FITZPATRICK

The squibs appear to have been detonated just prior, or perhaps at the exact time of the shooting. There's no trace of a squib detonation device anywhere. That means we've got a third party, who was here during the shooting, detonating the squibs.

Robinson shakes her head in disgust.

ROBINSON

Christ almighty. I've gotta get out of this town.

FITZPATRICK

There's one more thing.

(holding out her rubber-gloved hand, filled with bullets)

The gun in Ms. Lopez's hand. It's loaded with blanks.

ROBINSON

What about the gentleman?

WALKER

His gun was fully loaded. The real deal.

Robinson looks over at Bookman.

ROBINSON

What a mess. What a wasted mess. Let's run some toxicology tests. God help us if these two people were sober.

INT. DENNY'S -- LA CIENEGA -- NEXT

Zora takes the check from the waitress.

ZORA

We have to go back to the loft. We've gotta convince your brother to keep quiet on this. That's the only way.

TERRENCE CLARK

He won't! There's no way he'll keep quiet. We're all gonna go to jail, Zora.

ZORA

Your own brother would send you to jail?

TERRENCE CLARK

Yes. In high school, I was selling blow, right? Just to friends for some extra cash. My brother found my stash, and he called the cops.

(beat)

To teach me a lesson.

(almost crying)

And he was right. I'd do just about anything to get ahead in this town. But this... this is just fucked up! This is an abomination, Zora!

(beat)

We're fucking actors for Chrissakes!

Zora stews for a moment.

ZORA

You're not an actor. You're a pussy.

(beat)

You're both a couple of pussies. Come on, let's go back to the loft. I've got some serious negotiating to do.

KEVIN

(frightened)

What are you gonna do, Zora?

ZORA

I'm gonna torture the fucker until he keeps quiet. The time has come to get medieval, boys. This is survival of the fittest. This is Charles fucking Darwin to the max.

EXT. DENNY'S -- LA CIENEGA -- NEXT

Zora, Kevin and Terrence walk together toward the cruiser.

Kevin stops in his tracks.

KEVIN

Listen guys. I... I think that I'm just gonna rollerblade on home... get some fresh air. You can just call me and let me know what the plan is. I don't really want to be involved anymore.

Zora looks at Kevin in a rage.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I think it's probably best if we all just part company now, and lay low.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Lookout for ourselves. The Lighthouse Gang was fun while it lasted, but every story has to end, right?

Zora glares at him, and then nods her head.

ZORA

Okay, Kev. I respect your decision. Good luck.

KEVIN

You can keep the rollerblades, Zora. Consider them a gift.

Kevin smiles nervously, and then blades off into the alley.

Terrence walks quickly to the cruiser, opening the driver's side door.

Zora approaches from behind and STABS HIM IN THE NECK.

IT IS A BASITONOL SYRINGE.

Within seconds... Terrence is out like a light and Zora pushes him into the car's passenger seat... his head slumped over against the window, unconscious.

Zora closes the door, starts the engine, puts the cruiser into drive and then floors it.

EXT. ALLEY -- LA CIENEGA -- NEXT

Zora pulls the cruiser into the ALLEY that runs parallel to La Cienega.

Through the windshield, we see Kevin blading down the alley.

She is approaching fast behind him.

Kevin looks back over his shoulder in terror.

KEVIN

No!

He picks up speed... rollerblading as fast as he can.

Zora picks up speed... the cruiser fast approaching.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(screaming like a woman)

AAAAAAAAEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

The CRUISER slams into Kevin's body... which cartwheels over the windshield, his rollerblades cracking the glass.

When Kevin's body has fallen to the ground behind her, Zora  
SLAMS ON THE BREAKS.

Without a trace of emotion on her face, Zora puts the car in  
reverse and hits the gas... backing over Kevin's body with a  
thumping sound... finishing the job.

She then puts the car into drive... cruises down the alley...  
and turns south on La Cienega... heading toward the freeway.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Zora dials a number on her cell phone.

ASH

Hello?

ZORA

Ash. It's Zora.

ASH

Jesus Christ, I've been calling you guys  
for hours! What's going on?

ZORA

Everything went exactly as planned. Sit  
tight, and I'll be home before sunrise.

ASH

Sunrise? What the fuck, Zora?

ZORA

I have to run a few errands.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash hangs up the phone. David glares at him.

ASH

Everything went fine. See... you  
shouldn't under-estimate your brother.

DAVID CLARK

Do you think you could get me some food?  
I haven't eaten in twenty-four hours.

ASH

Oh, sure.

Ash goes over to the REFRIGERATOR and opens it.

ASH (CONT'D)

Oooh. Not much selection. I hope you like Met-Rx.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Boxer sits on the couch in a bathrobe, .. freshly showered. He is sipping a tumbler of scotch. Weinstein hangs up the phone.

Vincenzo hangs up the phone.

WEINSTEIN

Don't worry. We'll fix this. Whatever the price. If I know anything about the LAPD, it's that no matter how big the problem... you throw enough money at it... it will go away.

VINCENZO

Alright. My pal on the force gave me some information... and it sounds like we're in the clear.

(looking at his notepad)

The officer who fired the shots... his name is Clarence Bookman. A real hot-head apparently. Internal Affairs has been breathing down his neck about torturing a couple of Hispanic gang-bangers. Apparently he and this other officer stripped them down buck naked and paraded them in front of a bunch of women.

BOXER

Jesus Christ! If... if I put that in my screenplay... no one would believe it! Who the fuck do these people think they are! This is America!

WEINSTEIN

Boxer... calm down.

VINCENZO

Okay... now for the good news. There are no reports of an Officer Clark, or a Boxer Santaros at the scene.

BOXER

Oh... thank God.

Weinstein pumps his fist in victory.

VINCENZO

Apparently, no one at dispatch has been in contact with Clark all day. He hasn't answered his radio. He's been considered A.W.O.L.

BOXER

I knew something funny was going on! He didn't answer his radio once! There must have been more than a dozen times when he should have!

WEINSTEIN

That's probably my fault. I threatened to drug-test the kid until he assured me that the ride along would be rated PG.

BOXER

Once again, thank you Joe. Thank you for your guidance and wisdom.

WEINSTEIN

What time is it?

BOXER

Just after midnight.

Weinstein sits down at his laptop.

WEINSTEIN

Too late to call. I'm sending Chief Westinghouse an e-mail.

EXT. MALIBU CLIFF -- NEXT

Zora has the CRUISER parked on a GRAVEL LEDGE overlooking the ocean in MALIBU. She now has Terrence (still unconscious) positioned behind the wheel with his seatbelt on.

She takes his POLICE BATON and closes the door.

She then reaches inside and starts the engine. With the BATON she reaches in and depresses the ACCELERATOR... revving the engine. With her right arm she nudges the Caprice Classic into drive.

The CRUISER lurches forward... spewing gravel from behind its tires... then LAUNCHING OUT over the cliff and into the PACIFIC OCEAN.

Zora then turns, POLICE BATON in hand as a balancing pole, and begins to BLADE her way south down PCH toward Venice Beach.

EXT, ALLEY -- LA CIENEGA -- NEXT

LARRY WEISBERG'S Lime Green HUMVEE comes cruising down the ALLEY at breakneck speed... then SKIDDING to a stop just inches in front of Kevin Zimmerman's body.

LARRY and A-BALL step out of the car... rap music blasting from inside.

LARRY

Wicked!

A-Ball approaches the body.

A-BALL

Should we call the cops?

LARRY

Probably.

(beat)

Let's just stare at it for a little bit first.

Larry and A-Ball stare at the dead body for several moments in silence.

INT, BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Weinstein is typing on his laptop.

WEINSTEIN

Okay. Here we are.

He begins to read his e-mail to Boxer and Vincenzo.

TO: fwestinghouse@lapd.com

FROM: joe@weinstein.com

SUBJECT: RIDE ALONG CANCELLED

Joe-

Just got a late call from Boxer. Apparently he was feeling under the weather and decided to cancel this morning.

Please extend our apologies to officer Clark. Hope to re-schedule soon.

Joe Weinstein

Boxer nods his head in agreement.

BOXER

Good. Sounds real good. Send it to Clark as well. He'll take the hint.

Weinstein presses SEND.

Boxer gets up and begins to pace around the room anxiously.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Okay. Good damage control so far, boys. Now we have to figure out a way to secure that tape.

Weinstein sees something on his computer.

WEINSTEIN

Oh, fuck me hard!

Weinstein has pulled up Cyndi Pinziki's e-mail.

TO: joe@weinstein.com

FROM: cop@yahoo.com

SUBJECT: BOXER SANTAROS

I have some information that could be very damaging to your client. This information is recorded on videotape.

If you aren't interested in this information, I'm sure that I can find others who are. Many others.

All the best,

C.O.P.

They read the e-mail in horror.

BOXER

Oh... Christ.

WEINSTEIN

It was a fucking setup. It was a fucking setup between Bookman and Clark.

BOXER

What?

VINCENZO

No... he's right. This e-mail was sent at six-fifteen yesterday evening. Four hours before the murders.

BOXER

But... how... they couldn't have planned this!

VINCENZO

Why not? Pay a ghetto couple to stage a fight. Then blow their heads off. Plant a couple of guns at the scene. Trust me... that can be done. Very easily.

Boxer pours himself another drink.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash is feeding David Clark Met-Rx by the spoon.

DAVID CLARK

Uggghhh. Enough. This shit is nasty.

Ash puts the spoon back into the jar of Lime Green shake.

Clark looks like he is about to gag.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)

Bring me some water, for Chrissakes.  
Jesus... who eats this shit!

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY -- NEXT

Zora BLADES down the highway. Ahead of her on the right hand side of the road is GLADSTONES... a seafood restaurant.

She blades into the parking lot... where there is a POLICE CRUISER waiting.

The restaurant is CLOSING, and there are several dozen patrons exiting.

Zora blades over to the cruiser... and almost immediately the PASSENGER WINDOW is rolling down.

BEHIND THE WHEEL IS OFFICER BOOKMAN.

BOOKMAN

Just in time.

She opens the door and gets inside the cruiser.

ZORA

I'm never late for an appointment.

BOOKMAN

Is Mark Fuhrman sleeping with the fishes?

ZORA

Him and his cruiser.

BOOKMAN

Excellent. Now all we have to do is take care of the Boy Scout. What about this screenwriter. Ash?

ZORA

Don't worry. He's a pussy.

(beat)

Do you have the tape?

Bookman pulls the SHOOTING TAPE from his pocket. Zora grabs for it, but Bookman pulls it away.

ZORA (CONT'D)

Have you made a copy of it yet?

BOOKMAN

No copies. This is a one time deal. Extra copies of this tape is the worst idea I've ever heard.

ZORA

We make the call first thing tomorrow morning. Negotiations should be brief.

EXT. GLADSTONE'S PARKING LOT -- NEXT

Across the parking lot, there is a BLACK CHEVY SEDAN.

INT. BLACK CHEVY SEDAN -- NEXT

Inside the BLACK CHEVY SEDAN are the two INTERNAL AFFAIRS COPS, CARTER and FOX, working undercover. One of them has a CAMERA with a ZOOM LENS and an INFRARED VIEWFINDER.

THROUGH THE LENS: We see ZORA and BOOKMAN talking.

FOX

Who is this little sweetheart?

CARTER

Wait, I've seen her.

FOX

Where?

He begins to snap pictures of Zora.

CARTER

A big group of us went to the Comedy and Magic store in Hermosa Beach last week. Carolyn loves Jay Leno and he performs there every Sunday night... so I got us tickets.

FOX

She's a stand-up comedian?

CUT TO: [FLASHBACK]

INT. COMEDY & MAGIC STORE -- HERMOSA BEACH -- A WEEK BEFORE

An EMCEE is standing up on the stage.

EMCEE

Ladies and gentlemen... straight outta Venice... Zora Charmichaels!

Zora takes the stage... immediately grabbing the MICROPHONE from the Emcee... putting him in the headlock.

ZORA

(into the mike)

AAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!

The crowd goes wild.

ZORA (CONT'D)

WHO LIKES PUSSY?!!!!

The men go crazy.

CARTER (V.O.)

She was this lesbian ripping off Sam Kinnison.

ZORA

I WANT SOME FUCKING PUSSY!!!

AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!

She throws the Emcee to the ground... and then points to him.

ZORA (CONT'D)

NOT THIS KIND!!!

The crowd goes nuts.

Zora then looks to the FRONT TABLE... where CARTER... his wife CAROLYN and several other COPS... including BOOKMAN... are sitting.

Zora points directly at CAROLYN.

CAROLYN  
 THAT KIND!!!

The crowd goes nuts. Carolyn blushes, covering her face.

CARTER (V.O.)  
 Carolyn wanted to leave, she was so embarrassed. By we decided to stay just to see Leno. He does his dirty material there... and it was worth the wait.

INT. COMEDY & MAGIC STORE -- HERMOSA BEACH -- BACKSTAGE

We are now backstage... and we see JAY LENO talking with ZORA. She is effusively kissing his ass.

CARTER (V.O.)  
 We got to go backstage and meet with Leno, and she was there.

Leno moves away from Zora, rolling his eyes politely.

He approaches CARTER and CAROLYN.

JAY LENO  
 Hi... is it Carolyn?

CAROLYN  
 Yes. It's so great to meet you.

CARTER looks over and sees that Zora is talking with bookman in the corner.

CARTER  
 Bookman was there and they were talking about something. I couldn't tell what.

The camera moves over to where Bookman and Zora are standing. We can now hear their conversation.

BOOKMAN  
 I don't know. This is fucking risky. What if the movie star doesn't cooperate?

ZORA  
 He will. The Manager is so paranoid. If we ask for ten million they'll fucking pay it. Ten million I'd rather split two ways... not six!

Bookman thinks for a moment.

BOOKMAN  
 Throw enough money at a problem... and it  
 goes away.

BACK TO: [END OF FLASHBACK]

INT. BLACK CHEVY SEDAN -- NIGHT

The IA COPS continue to photograph them.

CARTER  
 I wonder what they're up to...

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Weinstein has composed a return e-mail.

TO: cop@yahoo.com  
 FROM: joe@weinstein.com  
 SUBJECT: RE: BOXER SANTAROS  
 How much for the tape?

WEINSTEIN  
 Should I send it now?

BOXER  
 Yeah.

Weinstein presses SEND.

INT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S APARTMENT -- VENICE BEACH

Cyndi sits at her kitchen table in front of her LAPTOP...  
 playing MINESWEEPER... smoking a cigarette.

Across the room... Jerri is asleep on the couch.

LAPTOP  
 (AOL voice)  
 You've got mail!

Cyndi opens up the mail from Joe Weinstein.

CYNDI  
 Jackpot! Wake up Jer! We're in business!

JERRI  
 Wha... OH SHIT!

Cyndi begins to type her reply.

SUBJECT: OUR FIRST AND FINAL OFFER

\$1,000,000 cash.

Cyndi goes to press SEND.

JERRI (CONT'D)

Wait!

CYNDI

What, should I make it more threatening?

JERRI

Cyn, I'm no expert... but... shouldn't we aim a little higher? I mean... say they come back at half a million and don't budge. Then we're stuck at half a million, right? I mean from what I know about these Hollywood managers is that they like to play hardball on these deals.

(beat)

Let's play hardball, sister! It's now or never!

Cyndi thinks for a moment.

CYNDI

How high should we go?

Jerri reaches out and adds a ZERO to the offer.

\$10,000,000 cash.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

Fuck me!

Jerri cackles out loud.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

Alright. Let's go for it.

Cyndi presses SEND.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM

Weinstein reads the offer.

WEINSTEIN

\$10,000,000 cash.

Boxer and Vincenzo look at each other.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

No fucking way.

Boxer takes a long sip from his scotch... staring out at the ocean.

Weinstein begins to type his reply.

No fucking way.

BOXER

Stop typing, Joe.

WEINSTEIN

Boxer... let me do my job. Ten million dollars? This is extortion on a level above and beyond...

BOXER

This is my fucking career, Joe! This is the rest of my fucking life! This is my fucking reputation! Are you telling me that my career isn't worth ten million dollars! I make twice that for a single picture.

WEINSTEIN

In reality, no you don't. After taxes... agent, lawyer and manager commissions... you make about eight and a half million a picture.

Boxer is silent for a moment.

BOXER

Well... you'll just have to get me twenty-five from now on to make up for it.

WEINSTEIN

Boxer... at least let me counter at five.

BOXER

You counter at five... they might counter at fifteen! Then what?

VINCENZO

Boxer... give me a couple of hours to look into this. Maybe the tape isn't as incriminating as you think.

BOXER

TWO PEOPLE ARE DEAD. I SAW IT WITH MY OWN FUCKING EYES! IT'S ON THE TAPE!

BOXER (CONT'D)  
 I'M ON THE FUCKING TAPE! I SAID THE "N"  
 WORD! I ENCOURAGED HIM! ACCEPT THE  
 FUCKING DEAL... CASE CLOSED!

Weinstein sighs.

He types his response.

Deal. When and where?

- INT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S APARTMENT -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Cyndi and Jerri are silent for a moment... before SCREAMING  
 BLOODY MURDER.

CYNDI  
 AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

They jump up and down... hugging and screaming.

JERRI  
 OH MY FUCKING GOD!!! TEN MILLION  
 DOLLARS!!!

Cyndi calms down... sitting in front of the computer.

CYNDI  
 Okay, baby. Calm down. Calm down.

She types her reply.

Marisol at the end of the Santa Monica pier. NOON.

No funny stuff.

She presses SEND.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Weinstein reads the e-mail.

WEINSTEIN  
 Alright. We're in business.  
 (deep sigh)  
 It's going to take some serious string  
 pulling to get ten million in cash before  
 noon tomorrow.

Boxer drinks his scotch... staring vacantly out at the ocean.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)  
 You may have to offer Bill Dial at Schwab  
 a part in the new movie, Boxer.

BOXER  
Whatever it takes.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Officer David Clark is squirming in his seat. His face is now BRIGHT RED. He moans out loud.

DAVID CLARK  
Jesus. What was in that shit!

ASH  
I told you, it was just Met-Rx.

DAVID CLARK  
I've gotta go to the bathroom. We're gonna have a serious mess if you don't untie me!

ASH  
Sorry, buddy. No can do.

Officer Clark screams out in pain.

DAVID CLARK  
Ahhh! It's like glass. Come on, man! Just untie me from the chair and let me walk over to the toilet!

ASH  
Jesus, what's that smell?

DAVID CLARK  
What do you think it is, you little prick! I shit my pants!

Ash lets out a loud sigh. He pulls out his GUN... and walks over to release the Officer's hands from the chair.

ASH  
Straight to the bathroom. No funny stuff.

Free from the chair, with his hands still tied behind his back, Officer Clark hops his way over to the bathroom.

Ash follows close with the gun.

DAVID CLARK  
Keep the door open!

But Clark slams the door closed before Ash can stop him.

Ash tries to open the door, but Clark has the door locked.

ASH

I said keep the door open!

DAVID CLARK

Fuck you!

From inside the bathroom we hear horrific shitting noises.

INT. BATHROOM -- NEXT

Inside the small, windowless bathroom, Officer Clark gets up off the toilet and spins around so that his back is facing the sink.

He turns on the water... and then begins to open drawers looking for something to cut through the ropes around his wrists.

From one of the drawers he finds a NAIL FILE... and begins to cut through them.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash paces around nervously... he has the PHONE in his hand and he begins to dial a number.

ASH

If you don't come out in ten seconds I'm gonna start shooting holes in the door!

No response. Only running water.

Ash moves in toward the door, placing his ear against it.

INT. BATHROOM -- NEXT

With his arms and legs now completely free, Officer Clark KICKS THE BATHROOM DOOR AS HARD AS HE CAN.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

The DOOR SMASHES OPEN and sends Ash flying across the room onto the floor... the gun sliding across the hardwood floor out of his reach. Ash is unconscious.

Clark sprints for the gun... grabs it... and turns to grab the phone.

No dialtone.

DAVID CLARK

Shit!

He looks over at the bathroom door and sees that the SHELF holding the CORDLESS CRADLE has knocked over, ripping the cord from the WALL.

Clark moves quickly to the door.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Officer Clark comes bursting out the door and runs toward the gate. Just as he has the gate open...

ZORA appears behind him and CLUBS him over the head with her BATON.

Clark falls to the ground, unconscious.

Bookman emerges from the shadows.

ZORA

Like I said. I'm never late.

They pick him up and begin to carry him back up the steps.

EXT. ALLEY -- LA CIENEGA -- NEXT

LARRY WEISBERG and A-BALL stand with the cops next to his Humvee.

Kevin Zimmerman's body is now covered with a BLANKET.

OFFICER

And so you didn't see anyone exiting the scene. No other witnesses.

LARRY

No. Just the dead guy.

OFFICER

Uh-huh.

LARRY

You guys think I hit him didn't you! You guys think it was me who ran him over!

A-BALL

Fuckin' five-o! That's bullshit!

OVER AT THE BODY...

C.S.I. FITZPATRICK, WALKER and DETECTIVE ROBINSON are conferring around the body.

Fitzpatrick removes his wallet. Walker is going through his backpack.

FITZPATRICK

He's got himself a SAG card as well. His name is Kevin Zimmerman.

ROBINSON

Jesus. Tough night for the union.

WALKER

You're not gonna believe this.

Robinson turns and sees that Walker has emptied the contents of the backpack.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Make-up kit... and squib detonators.

ROBINSON

Jackpot.

(to Fitzpatrick)

These kids run him down?

FITZPATRICK

Not a chance. See those Humvee tires? They're way to wide for the tread marks on the victim. And if you'll notice there are two sets, going in different directions. Whoever ran this guy down put it in reverse... and finished the job.

ROBINSON

Bring the two Vanilla gangstas in for questioning. Call their parents. I'm going to bed.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Officer Clark is tied to the chair once again.

He opens his eyes. Bookman sits across from him.

From the NEXT ROOM... there are LOUD SAWING NOISES. Ash is nowhere to be found.

DAVID CLARK

(very weak)

You're a disgrace, you know that? You're a disgrace to this fine city.

Bookman smiles.

BOOKMAN

You just don't understand how this city works, Clark. You never have.

(beat)

We're never gonna make a difference, you and me. We pay our dues wading through the fucking gutter to keep them safe... we serve this city... and we get shit on... every day.

(beat)

My days of public service are over, brother. I've earned my way out of this uniform.

He approaches with the Basitonol syringe.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. You'll get an honorable send off.

He jabs the syringe into Clark's neck. He quickly begins to lose consciousness.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Goodbye Officer...

Just then... Zora emerges from the rear CONSTRUCTION ROOM.

She is wearing GOGGLES, RUBBER GLOVES and a WHITE APRON covered in BLOOD.

ZORA

I've got a torso jam. Can you help me?

Bookman nods his head, and follows Zora into the next room.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

From outside of the apartment, we see Zora step out onto a FIRE ESCAPE with a BODY PART wrapped in black plastic. She drops it into the DUMPSTER below.

We pull up and away from the loft as Venice Beach quietly sleeps.

FADE TO BLACK:

Part III

The Tower of fire

TITLE CARD: PART III -- THE TOWER OF FIRE

EXT. SUNSET STRIP -- EARLY MORNING

[HELICOPTER SHOT]

We approach the SUNSET STRIP... which is slowly creeping to life on a Saturday morning. At HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD... Larry Flynt's answer to Barnes and Noble... two PORN STARS are just starting their day.

INT. HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD -- NEXT

KRYSTA NOW and TERA COX are having coffee. They sit at a table within the CYBER-CAFE section of the store. A LAPTOP sitting in between them.

An OVERWEIGHT SHOPPER (mid 40s) approaches them.

SHOPPER

Wow. Tera Cox and Krysta Now having coffee together. I must be dreaming.

He gives them a creepy smile. They smile politely.

SHOPPER (CONT'D)

Did you pick your last name... Cox... because... it makes us... like... subconsciously think about you sucking cock every time we hear your name?

Tera thinks for a moment.

TERA

Well, it is my real last name.

SHOPPER

Maybe then... it was your destiny... to suck... cock.

Tera smiles politely.

TERA

Thank you.

The Shopper nods his head politely, and then meanders away.

KRYSTA

Uggghh. They should really get a VIP room for performers to sit and have coffee in peace. I am so sick of these creepy fans.

TERA

I think it's kind of sweet.

Krysta takes a deep breath.

KRYSTA

So I get a call from Cyndi this morning.

(beat)

It worked. Boxer is gonna pay.

TERA

Oh my God. How much?

She raises one finger.

TERA (CONT'D)

A million dollars. Oh my God! And you get a third?

KRYSTA

Yep.

TERA

Aren't you worried about getting blackballed from mainstream now? I mean... you just blackmailed Boxer Santaros!

KRYSTA

This is my big moment. I want everyone to know that I fucked him. Cyndi doesn't know this, but I'm going to steal a copy of the tape from her place and go straight to the press with it.

KRYSTA (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard of Southland Tales?

TERA

No.

KRYSTA

It's a tabloid dot com. It's like the new Drudge report... but better. It's run by this guy Sebastian Travis. I hear he's desperate to break a sex scandal.

Krysta types in the website:

[www.southlandtales.com](http://www.southlandtales.com)

TERA

No way.

KRYSTA

Yep. This is it. My fifteen minute test in the mainstream. I figure I'll get a free ride for two months. All the talk shows... Howard Stern... maybe even Playboy.

(beat)

But I'm not gonna fuck it up like Divine Brown, or that bitch who fucked Frank Gifford. They had their shot and they blew it... at like... minute four. I'm gonna make this last. Fuck fifteen minutes. I'm talking fifteen years. Once you get the spotlight, you have to learn to run with it. That's what I've been studying for.

TERA

God, you're so smart.

(taking a sip of coffee)

You see, that's the difference between us and them. We're educated.

They toast one another.

EXT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S HOUSE -- VENICE BEACH -- MORNING

Cyndi Pinziki walks out of her house with TWO LARGE TRASH BAGS. She opens her gate... crosses the street and approaches the DUMPSTERS adjacent to ZORA'S LOFT,

She sets the TRASH BAGS down on the cement and begins to open the dumpster when...

ZORA

Stay the fuck out of my dumpsters, Pinziki!

Cyndi looks up at the FIRE ESCAPE to Zora's loft to see the woman herself standing there... sipping a Met-Rx.

CYNDI

Well... if it isn't the high priestess of Venice Beach. Shouldn't you be working out?

ZORA

Those are my dumpsters... and they're off limits! You know the rules!

CYNDI

Come on, Zora! My cans are full! You've got a whole dumpster to yourself! Where's your sense of community?

ZORA

If you put your trash in that dumpster you're gonna find it spread all over your lawn, Pinziki!

CYNDI

Go fuck yourself!

INT. KRYSTA'S TOYOTA CELICA -- NEXT

Krysta pulls up in the ALLEY next to Zora's loft.

She looks through the windshield and sees Zora and Cyndi screaming at one another.

KRYSTA

What the hell?

She rolls down her window to listen.

CYNDI

Come on, Zora! It's not yours to keep to yourself!

Cyndi shakes her head and then retreats back to her house.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Krysta gets out of her Celica and walks to Zora's gate, pressing the BUZZER.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Zora hears the buzzer. She turns to Bookman... who is drinking coffee in the kitchen area.

ZORA

That's my nine o'clock client.

BOOKMAN

How long are you going to be gone?

ZORA

Two hours max.

BOOKMAN

Alright. I'm going to pick up some equipment. Be back here by noon. Then we make the call. We settle this tonight.

ZORA

Fine.

BOOKMAN

Do you have a safe?

ZORA

A safe?

BOOKMAN

For the tape.

He points to the SHOOTING TAPE... sitting on the kitchen counter.

ZORA

Yeah, over on the wall. It's open.

Bookman walks over to the wall of the loft where there is a SAFE mounted. He opens the door and puts the tape inside, closing the door.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Zora comes out front to the gate of her loft.

Krysta is waiting.

ZORA

Hey sweetie!

They kiss politely. Zora seems smitten with her.

ZORA (CONT'D)

You ready to blast some abs?

KRYSTA

Hell yeah!

They jog off down the street toward GOLD'S GYM.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS -- DETECTIVE'S CENTER -- NEXT

ROBINSON, FITZPATRICK, IA COPS CARTER and FOX are sitting around a table with coffee and donuts.

FOX

Her name is Zora Charmichaels. She's a former Miss Olympia. Now she works as a personal trainer and moonlights as a stand-up comedian on the weekends.

FITZPATRICK puts a picture of THE LIGHTHOUSE GANG promotional HEADSHOT up on the LARGE BULLETIN BOARD.

- DION ELEMENT... ANGELA LOPEZ... KEVIN ZIMMERMAN... ZORA CHARMICHAELS... ASH WALLACE... TERRENCE CLARK.

FITZPATRICK

I just had this faxed over from SAG.  
(she circles the first three faces)

The three victims are all part of the same acting troupe. Apparently they do some writing and directing as well.

CARTER

Wait... look here!

He points to Terrence's picture.

CARTER (CONT'D)

That's Clark! Clark's a goddamn actor?

FOX

That's his twin brother. Terrence.

ROBINSON

Hold on here... hold on... have we located Officer Clark?

FOX

No. We've sent people to his house. We've called. No sign. He's A.W.O.L. We notified Orange County, Vegas, everywhere.

WALKER steps into the room with a piece of paper in his hand.

WALKER

Okay... new development. The gun found in Angela Lopez's hand is internal. It's registered to Officer David Clark.

CARTER

Do we want to bring in the bodybuilder for questioning?

Everyone looks to Robinson.

ROBINSON

Not yet. Let's let Bookman and the bodybuilder continue their little rendezvous. They may solve this little mystery for us.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS -- PRESS ROOM -- NEXT

Chief Westinghouse is addressing a LARGE ROOM FULL OF REPORTERS. Flashbulbs are going off every several seconds.

ROBINSON steps in near the front.

WESTINGHOUSE

And it is my hope, that if re-elected as Chief of Police... that in addition to reducing the level of crime in this city... we can somehow connect a bridge over the abyss that is our great and unfortunate disparity. The abyss between those who have too little and those who have too much. From Beverly Hills to Compton it is our duty to stop crime before it happens.

(beat)

That is a task that the LAPD cannot partake by itself, but a task that must engage every citizen of this great city.

(beat)

Thank you.

As he steps away from the PODIUM amidst great commotion from the press, ROBINSON grabs him.

ROBINSON

I know that this is the last thing you want to hear... but we may have a problem. I just sat down with Internal Affairs. We're in for some trouble.

INT. LAPD HOLDING ROOM -- NEXT

LARRY WEISBERG is asleep on a bench. FITZPATRICK approaches him, jostling him awake.

FITZPATRICK

Larry?

(pointing across the room)

Your parents are here to take you home.

We pan over to reveal JOEL and MIRANDA WEISBERG (mid 40s).

INT. LIME GREEN HUMVEE -- NEXT

MIRANDA WEISBERG is driving her son's Humvee. Larry rides shotgun.

MIRANDA

Your father and I have talked about this.  
It's time to make some changes.

She glances over at Larry, who shows no emotion.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

First it was your grades. Then it was the marijuana, and the fights at school. Now you're poking dead bodies with a stick.

(beat)

All this money has de-sensitized you. You've been spoiled rotten to the core and the only thing left to do is take it all away. Then maybe you'll realize how lucky you are.

(beat)

So from now on, no more allowance. You're getting a job. And your father and I will be driving you to this job, because I can't stand looking at this ugly-ass car in my driveway every morning when you sleep in until twelve o'clock... wasting your goddamn life.

Larry says nothing. He shows no emotion. He looks through the windshield... thinking of what will happen next.

INT. CHARLES SCHWAB BUILDING -- SECRET VAULT -- NEXT

BILL DIAL (age 50), one of the top FINANCIAL PLANNERS at Schwab... stands in a LARGE TOP SECRET CELEBRITY VAULT with Boxer and Weinstein.

On the LARGE METAL TABLE... there is a HUGE WHITE DUFFEL BAG sitting between them.

DIAL

It just about cleaned us out. But it's all here. Ten million. Ten thousand bills, all stacked. We had to substitute some bond certificates to fit it all in one bag, like you requested.

(concerned beat)

Mr. Santaros... I know that this is none of my business, but... are you dissatisfied with Schwab? Do you feel as though your money isn't safe here?

Boxer throws him a hearty laugh.

BOXER

Oh no! The truth is, we just bought a new house in Aspen with a big gigantic safe. My wife, she has this superstition about keeping a lot of cash up in the mountains... you know, just in case there's a nuclear war... or some other apocalyptic event.

The three men share a BIG, HEARTY LAUGH.

DIAL

Women!

INT. GOLD'S GYM -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Krysta is doing squats. Zora watches.

ZORA

And... twelve. You're all done, sweetie!

Krysta takes a sip from her water. They begin to walk to the exit.

KRYSTA

Whew. How much do I owe you, Zora?

ZORA

Two hundred.

Krysta thinks for a moment.

KRYSTA

Remember last time, when I... paid you back at your loft?

ZORA

(smiling)

Oh yeah.

INT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S HOUSE -- VENICE BEACH -- MORNING

Cyndi and Jerri sit at the kitchen table smoking CRACK.

CYNDI

Alright. Here we go. I'll go into the restaurant. You stay on the pier.

JERRI

(nervous)

Okay.

Cyndi pulls out two STUN GUNS and places them on the table next to the tape.

JERRI (CONT'D)

Stun guns. Just in case. If you see that fucker Vincenzo... beware. He'll be packing heat, and he might just try and take us down after the exchange.

EXT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S HOUSE -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Cyndi and Jerri come out of the house, both of them wearing SUNGLASSES. They approach Cyndi's EL CAMINO... get inside and start the engine.

INT. CYNDI'S EL CAMINO -- NEXT

As they pull out onto the street... Cyndi sees Zora and Krysta jogging back toward the loft.

CYNDI

There's the slut. Right on time.

Cyndi waves,

Krysta throws her a thumbs up sign.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

Remember, she thinks it's a million, so we have to hide the rest.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Krysta and Zora stand in the middle of the loft... MAKING OUT. Zora begins to pull her over to the GIGANTIC BED.

KRYSTA

Wait...

ZORA

What's wrong, sweetie?

KRYSTA

Do you have any coke?

ZORA

Sure.

Zora walks over to the SAFE and begins to turn the combination lock.

She opens the door and removes a small VIAL of COKE.

She hands it to Krysta, and she takes a sniff. Zora follows suit.

Krysta smiles and they begin to make out again.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- JUST BEFORE NOON

Weinstein and VINCENZO walk down toward the end of the pier.

Weinstein has the GIGANTIC DUFFEL BAG over his shoulder.

WEINSTEIN

Jesus Christ. I'm gonna have to go to the chiropractor after this.

VINCENZO

Do you want me to carry it for you, sir?

WEINSTEIN

No,

(exhausted beat)

What kind of meeting place is this?

VINCENZO

Actually, it makes total sense. Bright public place. One way in and only one way out, unless you're an Olympic swimmer.

WEINSTEIN

Do you have the video camera?

VINCENZO

Yes.

He hands Weinstein the VIDEO CAMERA.

WEINSTEIN

Are you positive that this is the exact same make and model as Boxer's?

VINCENZO

Positive. I bought them both at Fry's.

They approach the entrance to Marisol... the TROPICAL MEXICAN RESTAURANT at the end of the pier.

WEINSTEIN

Alright, you wait here. We have no idea what they look like, so just keep your eyes peeled for anyone who looks like a cop. Once they sit down at the table, you watch us like a hawk. If there's a problem, I'll wave.

VINCENZO

Don't worry, I can handle this.

Weinstein nods and heads into the restaurant.

INT. MARISOL RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

Weinstein sits at a table in the center of the restaurant.

- A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

Can I get you something?

WEINSTEIN

A bloody mary please,

His phone begins to ring.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Hello?

BOXER

Are you at the restaurant?

WEINSTEIN

Yeah. Fifteen minutes early.

BOXER

No negotiating, Joe. You're not my manager today. You're my courier. You got that straight?

WEINSTEIN

Yeah. I'll call you when it's done.

(beat)

What's the first thing on the tape? I need to verify it.

BOXER

Me filming Officer Clark in the police cruiser.

WEINSTEIN

Alright. Talk to you soon.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT

Jerri and Cyndi are rollerblading down the pier toward Marisol. They approach Vincenzo on the right.

CYNDI

There he is... Vincenzo. Now remember...  
he's expecting some thug, and we're just  
a couple of soccer moms.

(beat)

Go stand next to him and have a fake cell  
phone conversation. If he starts after  
me, zap his ass.

JERRI

Got it!

CYNDI

This is it, sister. The moment of truth.

They split apart as Cyndi heads toward the restaurant.

INT. MARISOL RESTAURANT -- NEXT

Cyndi blades through the restaurant and sits down across from  
Weinstein.

WEINSTEIN

You've got to be kidding me.

CYNDI

You were expecting someone else?

Weinstein sighs loudly.

WEINSTEIN

Before we begin...

CYNDI

Cut the shit, Weinstein, Here's the tape.

She places it on the table. She then reaches down and grabs  
the STRAP of the DUFFEL BAG... when Weinstein grabs her by  
the arm.

WEINSTEIN

Not so fast.

He puts the camera on the table.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

I have to verify the tape.

CYNDI

Go ahead. Enjoy yourself.

He opens the tape and puts it in the camera.

WEINSTEIN

I can be assured that this is the only copy?

CYNDI

I don't work in distribution. You can be assured of that.

WEINSTEIN

Is it...

CYNDI

Yes, it's the only copy.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT

Vincenzo looks toward the restaurant... noticing Cyndi.

VINCENZO

Jesus... who is she?

Several feet away... Jerri is chatting into her cell phone.

JERRI

Uh huh... yeah.

She glances over at Vincenzo nervously.

INT. MARISOL RESTAURANT -- NEXT

Weinstein hits PLAY on the camera.

The tape EJECTS.

He closes it... and hits PLAY again.

The tape EJECTS.

WEINSTEIN

What the hell is this?

CYNDI

I don't know, maybe your camera is a piece of shit.

Weinstein continues to try and play the tape, but it won't work.

WEINSTEIN

This is an 8mm tape.

CYNDI

Yeah? You got a problem with that?

WEINSTEIN

This is a Hi-8 camera. These two formats aren't compatible.

CYNDI

Well maybe because I shot this fucking tape with my 8mm camera, and not that camera, douche bag!

Weinstein comes to a realization. He grabs her VIOLENTLY by the arm underneath the table.

WEINSTEIN

Who are you?

Cyndi's eyes widen with fear.

CYNDI

None of your goddamn business.

She then sticks him in the BALLS with the STUN GUN and PULLS THE TRIGGER.

Weinstein's entire body JOLTS for a moment, and he FREEZES in his chair... completely IMMOBILE.

Cyndi grabs the DUFFEL BAG and moves toward the exit.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT

Vincenzo sees her leaving, and steps forward.

VINCENZO

Okay.

He sees Cyndi calmly rollerblade past. He looks inside the restaurant... and sees Weinstein sitting there at the table... immobile... when suddenly... HE FALLS OVER ONTO THE FLOOR.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

SHIT!

HE SPRINTS TOWARD MARISOL.

INT. MARISOL RESTAURANT -- NEXT

Vincenzo rushes into the restaurant. Weinstein is laying on the floor, HOLDING HIS BALLS. People are crowded around him.

VINCENZO

GET BACK!

He pushes people out of the way.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)  
What happened?

WEINSTEIN  
(in great pain)  
GET HER. SHE'S A FRAUD. GET THE MONEY.

Vincenzo sprints out of the restaurant.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT

Jerri sees Vincenzo sprinting toward her. She pulls her STUN GUN from her pocket.

JERRI  
Come on, Jer. You can do this.

As Vincenzo comes running past her she rollerblades forward and TRIPS HIM. HE GOES TUMBLING TO THE GROUND.

Jerri whips around on her blades and lowers the STUN GUN with decisive force.

JERRI (CONT'D)  
EAT SHIT YOU FUCKER!!!

She PULLS THE TRIGGER... and his body convulses with electricity.

People on the pier scream out in shock as Jerri blades off toward the base of the pier.

AT THE BASE OF THE PIER...

Cyndi blades as fast as she can toward the El Camino, parked in the huge PARKING LOT.

Jerri is behind her... fast approaching.

ON THE PIER

Vincenzo staggers to his feet... pushing through a crowd of onlookers... and begins to sprint toward the base of the pier.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- PARKING LOT

Cyndi and Jerri blade toward the El Camino.

CYNDI  
Come on! We're almost there!

Cyndi whips open the driver's side door and throws the duffel bag into the small rear compartment.

Jerri jumps into the passenger seat.

JERRI

Let's do it!

INT. CYNDI'S EL CAMINO -- NEXT

Cyndi starts the engine, and backs out of the parking space.

She puts the car into drive and FLOORS IT down the aisle between rows of cars.

Through the windshield... we see Vincenzo emerge from a row of cars.

He is standing directly in their path.

CYNDI

Put on your seatbelt, Jer!

The El Camino races toward Vincenzo.

He raises his gun and FIRES.

A BULLET HOLE shatters the windshield as the BULLET whizzes past their heads by mere inches.

JERRI

AAAAAHHHHH!!!

Before Vincenzo can squeeze off another shot, the El Camino smashes into him... and he CARTWHEELS over the windshield and lands in the BACK TAILGATE.

Cyndi continues to race toward the exit of the parking lot.

Vincenzo gets his bearings in the back on the El Camino and SHATTERS the back window with his gun.

He reaches in and grabs Cyndi by the neck.

Cyndi SCREAMS OUT and SLAMS ON THE BREAKS.

Vincenzo slams forward and hits his head on the roof of the El Camino.

Cyndi floors it once again... and Vincenzo rolls out the back of the El Camino... landing on the PAVEMENT.

The El Camino races off toward the exit to the parking lot leading to PCH.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

On the BED... ZORA is performing oral sex on Krysta.

She moans with pleasure.

INT. CYNDI'S EL CAMINO -- NEXT

Cyndi drives up the exit into Santa Monica.

CYNDI

Motherfucker! What a rush!

JERRI

Now what?!

CYNDI

Now we go to my friend Chuckie's place in the Hills. We hide out there until things settle down.

INT. MARISOL RESTAURANT -- NEXT

Weinstein staggers to the bar... holding his balls.

A WAITER walks up to him.

WAITER

Would you like me to call a doctor?

WEINSTEIN

No.

Weinstein's phone rings. He answers it.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Hello?

BOXER

How did it go?

Weinstein takes a deep breath.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM

Boxer THROWS THE PHONE across the room.

BOXER

FUUUUUUCCKKK!!!

He then takes a LAMP and throws it across the room... where it SHATTERS against the wall.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM

Boxer, Weinstein and Vincenzo sit in front of the television.

Vincenzo holds an ICE PACK to his HEAD.

Weinstein holds an ICE PACK to his BALLS.

The KRYSTA NOW TAPE unfolds before them.

BOXER

I don't understand. How did this happen?

No one responds.

BOXER (CONT'D)

There are now two tapes?

WEINSTEIN

At least we know that *this* tape is secure.

BOXER

We don't know shit. There could be a thousand tapes. This could air on Dateline tonight.

(beat)

In the meantime, Vincenzo, you find Krysta. You find my fucking money.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Krysta is putting on her clothes. From the bathroom, the SHOWER turns on. Zora has just stepped in.

Krysta grabs her purse, and turns to leave. At the doorway, she stops and turns back toward the safe.

She walks over to the safe and grabs the vial of coke and takes a hit. She then notices inside the safe a Hi-8 tape. Written on the label is BOXER SANTAROS.

Krysta's eyes widen.

KRYSTA

Oh my God. Cyndi... you fucking bitch.  
You gave my tape to Zora?

Krysta grabs the SHOOTING TAPE and puts it in her purse.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Krysta walks outside the loft gate to her Celica and gets behind the wheel.

She starts the engine and drives off just as BOOKMAN pulls up in a CHEVY YUKON. He is now wearing civilian clothes.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Bookman enters the loft carrying a LARGE DUFFEL BAG, just as Zora comes out of the shower. Bookman immediately notices the safe.

BOOKMAN

Why is the safe open, Zora?

ZORA

Relax... it's fine.

Bookman walks over to the safe and sees that the tape is missing.

BOOKMAN

No it's not. *The tape is fucking gone.*

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

The YUKON peels out from in front of the loft, Bookman behind the wheel, Zora riding shotgun.

INT. BOOKMAN'S YUKON -- NEXT

Bookman has his police radio to his mouth.

BOOKMAN

Five-foot four... one-hundred and five pounds. Suspect's name is Krysta Now. Consider her armed and dangerous.

He puts the radio down.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

It's everywhere. They'll get her.

BOXER

It's Boxer. He got to her. She's bringing the tape back to him.

BOOKMAN

YOU HAD TO FUCK HER DIDN'T YOU, ZORA!

ZORA  
 SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!!  
 (hysterical breathing)  
 AAAAAAHFFFFFFHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- NEXT

Inside a FORD EXPLORER are FOX and CARTER. They are following Bookman's Yukon.

FOX  
 Don't get too close, they'll see us.

EXT. VISTA DEL MAR -- NEXT

KRYSTA NOW crests the hill onto PCH just south of Vista Del Mar., the OCEAN off to her left.

She has her cell phone to her ear.

KRYSTA  
 Hi. I'm calling for Sebastian Travis.

INT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND HOUSE -- NEXT

The PHONE is ringing in the kitchen of SEBASTIAN TRAVIS' house. No one can hear it because there is a HUGE DAY PARTY being thrown.

There are young people in beach attire everywhere. Loud music blasts. Surrounding the phone are dozens of empty bottles of TEQUILA MIX.

Finally a YOUNG WOMAN answers the phone.

YOUNG WOMAN  
 (screaming over the music)  
 Hello!?

KRYSTA  
 Yes, I'm calling for Sebastian Travis.

YOUNG WOMAN  
 He's up on the roof!

KRYSTA  
 Oh... can you give me the address?

YOUNG WOMAN  
 1647 Hermosa Avenue. Bring tequila mix!

She hangs up the phone and we follow the young woman up the steps and onto the roof.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND HOUSE -- ROOF -- NEXT

Up on the roof... we track through the large crowd of partygoers with a view of the ocean all the way up the coast.

We approach SEBASTIAN TRAVIS (age 26), standing at the edge of the roof in a crowd of people.

SEBASTIAN

The greatest thing about the internet is that the government will never be able to control the information that passes across it. There are so many powerful computers available to consumers that someone will always figure out a way to break any of the fire walls that have been set up to deny you and I the right to information. The internet is the most pure example of human race expressing itself the way the first amendment has always intended... and let me tell you folks... it ain't all gonna be pretty!

INT. BOOKMAN'S YUKON -- NEXT

Zora continues to scream out.

Her face is purple. It looks like it is about to explode.

BOOKMAN

(to himself)

Come on, somebody nab this girl.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE -- NEXT

A HERMOSA BEACH POLICE CRUISER drives north on Hermosa Avenue, just a block from the beach.

INT. HERMOSA BEACH POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

The OFFICER inside the cruiser glances across the street and sees Krysta's CELICA.

He grabs his radio.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND HOUSE -- ALLEY

We follow Krysta as she walks through the alley adjacent to Sebastian Travis's house. She weaves through the crowd, approaching the strand... where dozens of people are assembled on the back patio.

Krysta has the SHOOTING TAPE inside a Lime Green ENVELOPE with postage. She has written the address on the front with a black marker.

The address reads:     Southland Tales  
                           Attn: Sebastian Travis  
                           1647 Hermosa Ave.  
                           Hermosa Beach, CA 90322

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE -- NEXT

Bookman's Chevy Yukon pulls up next to Krysta's Celica.

He and Zora rush from the Yukon to the smaller white car. Zora has her POLICE BATON ready to BASH the windows.

Bookman peers down through the glass.

BOOKMAN  
 It's not here.

Zora smashes the driver's side window anyway. She rummages under the seats, but finds nothing.

ZORA  
 Check the trunk.

Bookman pulls out his PISTOL, screwing on a SILENCER.

He then SHOOTS the lock on the trunk. It pops open... but there is nothing inside.

Zora pops the hood and begins PULLING WIRES, disabling the car.

She then turns and moves down the alley adjacent to the beach house. Bookman follows. We track with them along the same path through the party.

INT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND HOUSE -- NEXT

Krysta, with a drink in hand, moves toward the steps to the second level.

Just then, Bookman and Zora push their way inside the house.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND HOUSE -- ROOF

Krysta emerges onto the roof. She looks SOUTH to the other end and sees Sebastian Travis standing with his group of friends. She slowly approaches him through the crowd.

Behind Sebastian, we notice that there are THREE OTHER ROOF PARTIES on the ADJACENT HOUSES,

Krysta waits outside the crowd for her chance to approach Sebastian. As she glances around the roof, she LOCKS EYES with ZORA as she and BOOKMAN step onto the roof.

KRYSTA

Oh... shit.

As Zora and Bookman push through the crowd toward her... Krysta sprints to the edge of the roof and JUMPS OVER to the next party.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH ROOFTOPS -- NEXT

People clear out of her way as she collides with a group of party-goers... shoving her way through.

Bookman and Zora follow close behind... jumping over and landing on the second roof.

Krysta pushes through the crowd and jumps across to the THIRD PARTY... slamming into a LARGE GROUP OF GUYS.

KRYSTA

Help me! Those people are trying to kill me!

Bookman is the first to push through the crowd and one of the GUYS CLOCKS HIM IN THE FACE. Another one KICKS HIM IN THE STOMACH.

As Krysta escapes down into the bowels of the party, Zora starts BEATING PEOPLE WITH HER BATON.

A MASSIVE BRAWL is averted as BOOKMAN PULLS HIS GUN.

People clear away in seconds upon seeing the gun.

BOOKMAN

(holding out his badge)

GET THE FUCK BACK! I'M A POLICE OFFICER.

Zora shoves one of her attackers off as they continue their chase down into the party.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH PROMENADE -- NEXT

Krysta runs through the crowded promenade with the package under her arm. She runs her hand through her hair frantically... spinning around... searching for something.

Zora and Bookman enter the promenade... just as Krysta sees what she is looking for on the EAST END of the promenade.

A MAILBOX.

With Zora and Bookman bearing down... Krysta SPRINTS TO THE MAILBOX AS FAST AS SHE CAN.

Bookman pulls his gun.

ZORA  
SHOOT HER, BOOKMAN.

Bookman raises his gun... but in the crowded promenade... it isn't a clear shot.

Krysta reaches the MAILBOX... opens the LATCH... and DROPS THE PACKAGE INSIDE.

She turns around to see Zora... who CLOCKS HER IN THE FACE.

Krysta falls to the ground holding her jaw in pain.

KRYSTA  
Why do you care! It's my life!

ZORA  
That's not your tape, Krysta!

Krysta backs onto Hermosa Avenue. There is a TAXICAB waiting at the light.

KRYSTA  
Oh yes it is. It's my film... and now it belongs to the entire world.

She gives them the MIDDLE FINGER... and then steps into her TAXICAB. It pulls away from the curb, heading north on Hermosa Avenue.

Bookman is trying (unsuccessfully) to reach his hand inside the mailbox).

BOOKMAN  
Go get my truck and bring it over here. I can get this thing open.

Zora heads north along to sidewalk to the Yukon.

INT. FORD EXPLORER - NEXT

The two IA COPS (CARTER and FOX) watch as Zora pulls the Yukon up in front of the mailbox.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE -- NEXT

Bookman grabs an AXE from the back of the Yukon and brings it over to the mailbox.

He swings the axe down at the side of the BLUE STEEL BOX...  
GASHING through the metal.

He swings again, widening the gash.

Pedestrians stare at them in shock.

Zora angrily grabs the axe from Bookman.

ZORA

Give me that, you pussy!

Zora swings the axe down at the mailbox, widening the gash even further.

INT. BOXER'S MERCEDES -- NEXT

Vincenzo drives by in Boxer's Mercedes... noticing Zora taking the axe to the mailbox.

VINCENZO

Jesus. Crazy bitch.

He has no clue who she is... or what she is looking for.

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- NEXT

The IA COPS look at one another.

FOX

Alright... that would be a federal offense.

They get out of the car.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE -- NEXT

As Zora continues to swing, she does not notice when FOX puts a GUN to her HEAD.

FOX

DROP THE AXE NOW!

Zora freezes with the axe in her hand. Bookman raises his hand slowly as the other IA COP has the gun pointed at him.

FOX (CONT'D)

I SAID DROP THE AXE NOW.

With all of her strength... ZORA SWINGS THE AXE AROUND AT THE COP... AND IT KNOCKS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND WITH AMAZING PRECISION.

FOX falls back... and ZORA RAISES THE AXE INTO THE AIR... READY TO DRIVE IT DOWN INTO HIS CHEST...

ZORA

AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

CARTER fires his gun TWICE... DIRECTLY INTO ZORA'S BACK... and the BULLETS EXPLODE out of her chest.

PEDESTRIANS on the promenade RUN SCREAMING.

ZORA stands there for a moment... BLOOD SPEWING FROM HER MOUTH. She then turns around slowly... facing the IA COP.

ZORA (CONT'D)

(gasping for air)

You... pussy.

CARTER fires off another shot... HITTING ZORA BETWEEN THE EYES. Blood sprays out from the back of her head.

At long last... Zora falls to the ground... dead.

CARTER turns and sees that Bookman is now behind the wheel of his YUKON. He starts the engine and PEELS OUT to the left.

CARTER fires his gun... SHATTERING the back window of the Yukon as it jumps over the MEDIAN STRIP on Hermosa Avenue...

...WHEN A NORTHBOUND BUS SLAMS INTO IT at more than 40 MPH.

The BUS pushes the Yukon all the way across the intersection where the driver's side SMASHES INTO A PARKED PICKUP TRUCK... leaving the Yukon sandwiched in between them.

Officer Bookman is now dead.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- EARLY EVENING

Boxer stares out at the SUNSET... drinking a scotch.

He is freshly showered... wearing a TUXEDO. Weinstein sits on the couch with his own drink. He is also wearing a tuxedo.

Vincenzo is on the phone, writing on his pad.

VINCENZO

Alright. Thanks, buddy.

He hangs up the phone. Weinstein sits forward on the couch in anticipation. Boxer continues to stare out at the ocean.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

They're all dead.

WEINSTEIN

Christ.

VINCENZO

Officer Clark and a reporter for Daily Variety named Ash Wallace were found chopped up in a Venice Beach dumpster owned by a woman named Zora Charmichaels.

On the TELEVISION... the SIX O'CLOCK NEWS covers the HORROR at the Hermosa Beach Promenade.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH PROMENADE -- NEXT

There are COPS... AMBULANCES... PRESS... ONLOOKERS everywhere.

TWO CITY WORKERS have REMOVED the MAILBOX from the cement sidewalk... and they carry it into the back of a POLICE VAN.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Vincenzo continues to read from his note pad.

VINCENZO

Officer Bookman was killed before Internal Affairs could get any information out of him.

WEINSTEIN

This is a good thing.

VINCENZO

This is definitely a good thing. Everyone who witnessed the murder, save for you Boxer, is dead. There's been no mention of any tape. Most likely Bookman destroyed it. And if it isn't destroyed, it's hidden somewhere.

WEINSTEIN

This is all good news.

BOXER

People are dead. Innocent people. Police officers.

(beginning to sound drunk)

BOXER (CONT'D)

These people are dead because of a  
botched extortion attempt on yours truly.  
(another sip)  
How is any of this good news?

Weinstein and Vincenzo sit silently, waiting for Boxer to say something else.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Thank God Diane and the kids are in  
Aspen. Thank God they have been spared  
these horrific two days.

Weinstein stands up and walks over to where Boxer is standing.

WEINSTEIN

(putting his hand on Boxer's  
shoulder)

Let's go take a balloon ride.

EXT. SAN PEDRO AIRSTRIP -- NIGHT

A GIGANTIC BLIMP sits on an AIRSTRIP in SAN PEDRO... the  
INDUSTRIAL CARGO SHIPS sit in the HARBOR behind it.

This is the NEW GOODYEAR BLIMP. It is lit up SPECTACULARLY.  
There are LIMOUSINES everywhere.

REPORTER

We are live here at the San Pedro  
Airstrip for the launch of the newly  
renovated Good Year Blimp. This gala  
launch is expected to attract Mayor  
Harmon, as well as dozens of other  
prominent city officials.

(beat)

Tonight's launch is a black tie charity  
affair, benefitting the Los Angeles Inner  
City Foundation.

INT. LIMOUSINE -- NEXT

Chief Westinghouse, wearing his own TUXEDO, sits in the back  
of his Limousine. There is a tumbler of Scotch in his hand.

WESTINGHOUSE

Whatever you do... don't open any of that  
mail.

INT. MANHATTAN BEACH POLICE STATION -- GARAGE -- NEXT

In the GARAGE of the Manhattan Beach Police Station,  
DETECTIVE ROBINSON has his cell phone to his ear.

The POLICE VAN is parked... and the CITY WORKERS have the MAILBOX open... and they have dumped the MAIL inside of it onto a WHITE BLANKET laid out on the floor of the garage.

ROBINSON

Are you sure?

FITZPATRICK sifts through the large pile of mail, looking for something unusual.

A POLICE DOG sniffs for drugs.

WESTINGHOUSE

I'm positive. It's illegal, and even though there is undoubtedly a piece of evidence in there, the second we obstruct its delivery, an illegal act, it will be inadmissible in court.

ROBINSON

I see your point.

WESTINGHOUSE

I want you to take down every address on every envelope, and then I want you to have them all hand delivered, tonight. Contact IA... get some of those guys on it. Whatever piece of information is there, best case scenario is it only further incriminates two dead officers.

(beat)

Worst case scenario, it incriminates someone else. Regardless of the outcome, that mail has to be delivered or this department will see a shit-storm of press that I certainly don't need during an election year.

(beat)

Oh, and the next time you remove a city mailbox from the street at the scene of a crime, try not to do it in front of thirty fucking reporters.

Westinghouse hangs up on him.

Robinson walks over to Fitzpatrick and the other OFFICERS... standing around drinking coffee in the garage.

ROBINSON

Alright. As a political gesture... the Manhattan Beach police department has now been converted to the Manhattan Beach Pony Express, at the request of your governing police chief himself. Divide that mail up by district and get moving. Record every address.

The IA COPS approach. They are visibly shaken.

FOX

You've got to be kidding me! We're just gonna relinquish a piece of evidence! A piece of evidence a good cop died for and we're just gonna send it off down the river!?

ROBINSON

If we open these envelopes... they become inadmissible as evidence in a court of law. I'm sorry, but this is connected to a racially charged shooting. We can't afford to take off the gloves this time. That's how O.J. got off.

CARTER

What if I get a warrant?

ROBINSON

A warrant for each letter. You find a judge who will issue three-hundred warrants for three-hundred letters to grandma... I'll fuck myself three hundred times.

EXT. SAN PEDRO AIRSTRIP -- NEXT

Standing in the TICKET LINE... waiting to board the BLIMP.. are KRYSTA NOW and TERA COX... all dressed up for the big night.

Krysta looks at the bruise on her jaw in her compact mirror, putting on make-up.

TERA

Oh my God... he's here.

Tera points down the line and we see BOXER and Weinstein step out of their limousine.

Vincenzo is with them.

TERA (CONT'D)

Are you gonna approach him?

KRYSTA

Of course. The timing couldn't be better.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD -- NEXT

A BEVERLY HILLS MANSION. There is a Lime Green HUMVEE in the driveway.

The WEISBERG residence.

INT. WEISBERG RESIDENCE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Miranda and Joel Weisberg sit on their sectional couch... watching *Who Wants to be a Millionaire* on their giant television.

JOEL

I don't understand these people. You never use a lifeline before you get to \$32,000. And save the phone a friend for last!

(laughing)

I mean really... what's \$32,000 after prize tax... \$17,500 max. You can't even buy a new car with that kind of money.

(puffing on his cigar)

Some of these people are so stupid it makes me sick.

INT. WEISBERG RESIDENCE -- BATHROOM -- NEXT

Larry Weisberg stands in front of the mirror with his GUN to his HEAD.

HE PULLS THE TRIGGER.

Nothing happens. Larry lets the gun fall to his side. His eyes are bloodshot.

LARRY

(whispering)

I am the Black Knight of Beverly Hills, and I will unleash my wrath upon this world.

He opens the drawer, and pulls out a LARGE SHEET OF ACID.

He takes THREE TABS and eats them.

EXT. WEISBERG RESIDENCE -- FRONT YARD -- NEXT

Larry climbs out his bedroom window and plods through the yard toward his Humvee.

He jumps inside, starts the engine, and backs down the driveway.

INT. WEISBERG RESIDENCE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Miranda turns around, hearing the sound of the Humvee.

MIRANDA

Joel! He's leaving!

JOEL

(unconcerned)

He'll come back. He always does.

INT. HERMOOSA BEACH STRAND HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM

Sebastian Travis and several of his FRIENDS sit in the family room of his beach house. They are drunk and stoned from the party... watching news coverage of the HERMOOSA BEACH HORROR.

In the back of the family room, we see that there are FOUR COMPUTERS set up along with a SCANNER and a FAX MACHINE.

SOUTHLAND TALES home base.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Sebastian walks over to the FRONT DOOR and opens it.

Standing there is a POLICE OFFICER. He has a Lime Green PACKAGE in his hand.

POLICE OFFICER

Here's a package for you sir.

Sebastian takes the package from the officer.

SEBASTIAN

Is this a gift from the LAPD?

POLICE OFFICER

There was damage to a mailbox on the promenade earlier this afternoon. It had to be removed from the premises and taken into evidence. If you find anything suspicious or unusual in this envelope please call us immediately.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 (handing him a clipboard)  
 Sign here.

Sebastian signs for the package.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 Have a good evening.

The officer leaves and Sebastian closes the door.

He opens up the envelope and removes the tape, looking at the label.

SEBASTIAN  
 Boxer Santaros.

EXT. SAN PEDRO AIRSTRIP -- NEXT

The GOOD YEAR BLIMP rises above San Pedro... turning north toward DOWNTOWN.

INT. GOOD YEAR BLIMP -- NEXT

We are in the OVAL-SHAPED LOWER-LEVEL HULL of the Good Year Blimp.

There are WINDOWS on three sides of the hull with RECESSED COUCHES providing a view of the city.

BOXER walks through the BLACK TIE GALA with a glass of CHAMPAGNE. VINCENZO follows him.

The interior of the blimp is very modern and luxurious... with T.V. Monitors mounted on the ceiling... a FULL BAR... and a VIOLIN PLAYER travelling through the elite crowd.

Boxer glances across the crowd and LOCKS eyes with Krysta.

He grabs Vincenzo by the arm.

BOXER  
 She's following me.  
 (looking around)  
 Are there photographers here?

VINCENZO  
 Several.

Weinstein approaches with a BOURBON in his hand. Both of them are pretty drunk.

WEINSTEIN  
 Westinghouse is here. I want to introduce you. Help solidify your alibi.

BOXER

My alibi. You act like I did something wrong. I'm the victim here, Joe. Don't forget that.

INT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Sebastian and his friends are glued to their television.

On the TV SCREEN... BOOKMAN raises his gun and shoots DION ELEMENT in the chest.

SEBASTIAN

(whispering)

Oh... my... God.

Bookman shoots Angela. The entire room is quiet with terror.

Someone takes a BONG RIP.

INT. LIME GREEN HUMVEE -- NEXT

Larry Weisberg drives down the 10 FREEWAY toward downtown.

Rap music blasts.

INT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Sebastian Travis sits in front of one of his COMPUTERS.

The TAPE is being DIGITIZED on another. His friends sit behind him... completely silent.

He reaches his fingers out to the keyboard... and we see that HIS HANDS ARE TREMBLING.

In the background, someone has put a on a Doors CD.

JIM MORRISON

*This is the end/Beautiful friend...*

INT. GOOD YEAR BLIMP -- NEXT

Weinstein and Boxer stand with Chief Westinghouse and the MAYOR.

WESTINGHOUSE

I'm sorry that you missed your ride along the other day. I know that Officer Clark was looking forward to it.

BOXER

I certainly hope to re-schedule.

Westinghouse takes a sip of his Scotch.

WESTINGHOUSE

I hate to be the one to tell you this,  
Boxer. But Officer Clark was killed in  
the line of duty today.

EXT. VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

The Lime Green HUMVEE exits off the 10 FREEWAY onto  
Vermont... heading south. It pauses at the light.

An ICE CREAM TRUCK passes by... heading north.

INT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM

Sebastian sits in front of the computer.

The article is finished. The tape is digitized.

The headline reads:

BOXER SANTAROS VIDEOTAPES COP DOUBLE RACE MURDER

Sebastian takes a deep breath... and presses POST.

Seconds later... the HEADLINE and subsequent ARTICLE and  
VIDEO LINK appear on the SOUTHLAND TALES website.

Mounted on the top of Sebastian's computer is an ANARCHY  
SYMBOL. As Sebastian lights a joint... we move into the RED  
LETTER "A" and the CIRCLE that surrounds it.

INT. CNN HEADLINE NEWS LOS ANGELES OFFICE -- NEXT

A CNN NEWS CLERK is surfing the web at in his CUBICLE in the  
vast CNN NEWS ROOM... sipping coffee.

He clicks on a link to [www.southlandtales.com](http://www.southlandtales.com).

Seconds later... his coffee drops to the floor.

HE SNAPS UP THE PHONE and FRANTICALLY DIALS A NUMBER.

NEWS CLERK

Come on... come on...

INT. GOOD YEAR BLIMP -- NEXT

As the BLIMP approaches downtown, the party has become much  
more festive. Westinghouse is now chatting up Boxer about his  
film.

## WESTINGHOUSE

I've found that most cop movies exaggerate things. We aren't racist buffoons. These pictures are getting ridiculous.

## BOXER

No more ridiculous than the Los Angeles Times. Or do you take issue with their recent investigation into the sickening levels of corruption within your department?

Weinstein smiles nervously. Things are getting heated.

## WESTINGHOUSE

Corruption, sir... is a virus that spread into my department from your department many, many years ago.

INT. GOOD YEAR BLIMP -- BATHROOM -- NEXT

Krysta and Tera are fixing their hair in the mirror.

## KRYSTA

I bet the news is already out.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- FLOWER STREET -- NEXT

LARRY WEISBERG pulls his Lime Green Humvee up to an ATM MACHINE attached to the corner of a THRIFTY DRUG STORE.

He gets out of the car and approaches the ATM MACHINE.

INT. CNN HEADLINE NEWS LOS ANGELES OFFICE -- NEXT

A FEMALE NEWS EXECUTIVE is waiting by a PRINTER. There is paper coming out of the printer... but not fast enough.

She has a TAPE in her hand as well.

## CNN NEWS EXECUTIVE

COME ON... PRINT!

She yanks the paper and then begins to SPRINT through the vast NEWSROOM toward the RECORDING STUDIO.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT

The GOOD YEAR BLIMP is approaching DOWNTOWN... the CONVENTION CENTER looms below... THE STAPLES CENTER beyond it.

INT. GOOD YEAR BLIMP -- NEXT

Krysta Now and Tera Cox walk through the party, approaching Boxer Santaros... when suddenly VINCENZO grabs Krysta by the arm.

VINCENZO

What the hell do you think you're doing?

KRYSTA

I want to talk to him!

VINCENZO

Stay the fuck away, Krysta.

Krysta yanks her arm away from Vincenzo, but he tightens her vice grip.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

We've got your little tape. You've got his money. Leave it alone before you find yourself in a fucking gutter somewhere.

Krysta eyes widen with rage.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, I forgot. You already are in the gutter. You'll be in the gutter for the rest of your life.

Krysta violently begins to attack Vincenzo... screaming and yelling... causing a stir.

KRYSTA

FUCK YOU! YOU MOTHERFUCKER!

Security drags her out of the party.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- FLOWER STREET -- NEXT

Larry is trying to get money from the ATM... but his account is overdrawn. He grabs the receipt... and begins to CRY HYSTERICALLY.

He begins to POUND HIS FISTS against the machine.

He then walks back to the Humvee and gets behind the wheel.

ACROSS THE STREET... a group of HISPANIC TEENAGERS are walking down the sidewalk.

They watch as Larry BACKS THE HUMVEE UP TO THE ATM MACHINE.

Larry steps out of the vehicle and then begins to pull a LARGE CHAIN from a WENCH mounted on the tailgate.

Hey opens up the ENVELOPE DOOR to the machine and attaches the METAL CLASP to the metal bar inside of it.

HISPANIC TEENAGER

Yo! I saw this on T.V. once!

Larry gets behind the wheel of the Humvee and starts the engine... puts the vehicle into FIRST GEAR... and then FLOORS IT.

When the CHAIN PULLS TIGHT... the REAR END of the Humvee rises several inches off the ground as the ATM MACHINE partially separates from the CEMENT WALL of the drug store.

INT. GOOD YEAR BLIMP -- NEXT

BOXER and WESTINGHOUSE are deep into an argument.

BOXER

It's our duty as artists to point a finger at the problem. To expose the problem on film in a dramatic, entertaining way, so that the American public can form an editorial opinion.

WESTINGHOUSE

That's the problem with pompous assholes like you. You think that it's your duty to educate, when really you should stick to entertainment. Smile for the camera, collect your money and go back to your ivory tower, while we continue to fight down below in the trenches.

Boxer does not know how to respond.

WESTINGHOUSE (CONT'D)

Go ahead and make your little film, Mr. Santaros. Say what you will about the Los Angeles Police Department.

(beat)

It still won't hide the fact that you're a shitty actor.

Boxer lunges at Westinghouse in a drunken rage... Weinstein grabs him.

BOXER

I am a prophet! The Earth is decelerating  
with every second and our chemical  
equilibrium has been corrupted!

(psychotic whisper)

*I know these things because I am the  
King. I live in the Tower of Fire.*

WEINSTEIN

(pulling him away)

Come on, Boxer... that's enough!

Just then... Vincenzo approaches.

VINCENZO

(whispering)

*They're airing it...*

He points to one of the TELEVISION MONITORS... where CNN is  
airing the tape.

Boxer and Weinstein look at the screen in horror. Vincenzo  
begins to walk around the party... turning the monitors off  
before people notice what its going on.

EXT. THRIFTY DRUG STORE -- SOUTH CENTRAL -- NEXT

LARRY backs the Humvee up once again... puts it in first gear  
and floors it... this time RIPPING THE ATM MACHINE FROM THE  
WALL OF THE STORE.

The ATM MACHINE slides several feet along the sidewalk...  
coming to a rest on the edge of the curb... as rubble falls  
from around the GAPING HOLE in the wall of the store.

The HISPANIC TEENAGERS begin to CHEER WILDLY.

LARRY puts the Humvee into gear once again and drives north  
on Flower street... PULLING THE ATM MACHINE BEHIND HIM...  
SPARKS FLYING AS IT DRAGS ALONG THE CONCRETE.

The HISPANIC TEENAGERS run over to the gaping hole in awe.

They peer inside and see that they can get INSIDE THE STORE.

HISPANIC TEENAGER

JACKPOT!

The crawl through the HOLE... just as another group of BLACK  
TEENAGERS drives by... stopping their car.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES -- FLOWER STREET -- NEXT

LARRY drives the Humvee north along Flower street... dragging the ATM machine behind him... approaching the intersection of FLOWER and 14TH street... nearing downtown.

Several VAGRANTS huddled on the sidewalk SEE THIS.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES -- 14TH STREET -- NEXT

An ICE CREAM TRUCK is heading east on 14th street.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Behind the wheel is RUIZ LOPEZ. He is reading directions of some sort... not paying attention to the road in front of him.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. -- 14TH/FLOWER INTERSECTION -- NEXT

Larry's HUMVEE races through a red light at the INTERSECTION.

Ruiz's ICE CREAM TRUCK races through the green light on 14th... barely missing the Humvee... but COLLIDING HEAD ON WITH THE ATM MACHINE.

THE COLLISION TEARS THE ATM MACHINE FREE FROM THE WENCH... and sends the ICE CREAM TRUCK HURLING OVER ONTO ITS SIDE where it COLLIDES WITH A TELEPHONE POLE on the corner sidewalk of a TEXACO STATION... THE BACK DOOR NOW OPEN... VARIOUS GUNS STREWN THROUGHOUT THE INTERSECTION.

INT. LIME GREEN HUMVEE -- NEXT

Larry looks in the REAR VIEW MIRROR and sees that he is no longer dragging the ATM machine.

He slams on the breaks and pulls the Humvee over to the curb, his face showing no emotion.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Inside the truck, Ruiz Lopez lays bloodied and unconscious.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES -- FLOWER STREET -- NEXT

Someone throws a CASH REGISTER through the GLASS ENTRANCE DOOR of the THRIFTY DRUG STORE. A DOZEN TEENAGERS run out with merchandise.

Across the street... a MAN throws a TRASH CAN through the window of a PAWN SHOP.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. -- 14TH/FLOWER INTERSECTION -- NEXT

CAMERON BRODY comes riding into the intersection on his SCOOTER. He is the first of many to arrive on the scene.

He ignores the GUNS on the street... and walks straight over to the crushed ATM MACHINE... with its GAPING INNARDS exposed... STACKS of TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS clearly visible.

He starts grabbing the money and stuffing it into his pockets.

Police sirens can be heard from the South, as the RIOT SPREADS into South Central.

INT. WEISBERG RESIDENCE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Joel and Miranda Weisberg sit in front of their giant television watching an NBC NEW SPECIAL REPORT.

ANCHOR

And we have just gotten word of rioting in South Central Los Angeles... just moments after the release of the double murder tape of LAPD Officer Clarence Bookman shooting an unnamed black man and Hispanic woman, all video-taped by actor Boxer Santaros...

INT. OBRIEN'S BAR -- SANTA MONICA -- NEXT

ROBINSON, FOX, CARTER, FITZPATRICK, and WALKER are at the crowded Irish pub. They stare at the television in shocked silence.

Every network is connecting the TAPE to the RIOTS.

ROBINSON

*And the truth shall set us free...*

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE -- NEXT

CYNDI PINZIKI and JERRI REILLY stand on the balcony of Cyndi's cousin's house... staring out at the city lights.

They are drinking CHAMPAGNE and passing the CRACK PIPE.

CYNDI

You know Jer, with my share of the money I've decided to start my own production company.

CYNDI (CONT'L)

I for one am tired of looking at all these shitty movies week after week after week. It's like a never ending cycle of shit.

JERRI

And especially the way they market them to children. It's really sad.

CYNDI

You know, I'm gonna need to hire a development girl. Someone to read all of the scripts. You interested?

Jerry puts her hand to her chest... unable to speak.

JERRI

Cyndi. It... would be... an honor.

She raises her champagne glass.

Jerri puts down the crack pipe and joins her in a toast.

CYNDI

Here's to Pinziki Pictures.

INT. GOOD YEAR BLIMP -- NEXT

[MUSIC NOTE: PINK FLOYD'S "US AND THEM" begins to build...]

WESTINGHOUSE can barely stand up he is so drunk.

The MAYOR glares furiously. The party has become an embarrassing disaster for the city.

TERA COX is making out with an a CITY COUNCILMAN in the corner.

BOXER staggers DELIRIOUSLY through the party with Weinstein, unaware of the spreading riots below.

They stare out the windows at the MAJESTIC VIEW OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES.

BOXER

Joe... it's too late. The whole world is collapsing around us.

(terrified whisper)

*I think that the worst is yet to come.*

WEINSTEIN

Boxer... I need you to stay calm. You will come out of this as nothing more than a documentarian.

## WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

A witness to corruption. You are a victim of corruption in this city. We are all victims... and victims recover. Everything will eventually work itself out. It always does. In the end, we'll still be on top of the world.

(beat)

You're Boxer Santaros. They don't have the power to take us down!

Boxer manages a smile... as tears roll down his cheeks.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. -- 14TH/FLOWER INTERSECTION

The TEXACO STATION is now on fire. Dozens of RIOTERS set fire to LIQUOR STORES... SMALL BUSINESSES... anything that will burn.

POLICE HELICOPTERS APPROACH IN THE DISTANCE.

With his pockets full of cash, CAMERON BRODY looks up at the OVERTURNED ICE CREAM TRUCK... and sees LARRY WEISBERG standing on top of it.

HE HAS RUIZ LOPEZ'S ROCKET LAUNCHER AIMED UP AT THE SKY.

LARRY  
FUCK THA POLICE!

CAMERON  
(whispering)  
Behold... the Tower of Fire.

LARRY PULLS THE TRIGGER.

THE ROCKET LAUNCHES INTO THE NIGHT AND COLLIDES WITH THE GOOD YEAR BLIMP.

WITHIN SECONDS THE LOWER LEVEL HULL OF THE BLIMP EXPLODES... IGNITING THE HYDROGEN INSIDE OF THE MASSIVE STRUCTURE... WHICH BEGINS TO BURN IN THE SAME MANNER OF THE HINDENBURG BLIMP... FALLING SLOWLY TOWARD THE STAPLES CENTER.

CUT TO BLACK: