

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

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NEW REGENCY PRODUCTIONS, INC.
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522
In association with Plan B Entertainment

September 2, 1997

BLACK SCREEN

Man's VOICE in the darkness. The VOICE is familiar. We are hearing Mark Furhman -- the disgraced L.A. cop in the O.J. Simpson case.

FUHRMAN (V.O.)
(in mid-discourse --
against a dark screen)
... And sometimes we'd just take
these fucking niggers and torture
the fucking shit out of them. You
wouldn't believe what we did. The
fucking niggers would be
screaming, and there'd be blood on
the fucking walls.

FADE IN:

REAL-LIFE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

News clips cover the opening title sequence.

Mark Fuhrman dodges reporters on the sidewalk outside the Criminal Courts Building in downtown L.A. The reporters are shoving microphones in his face. Furhman refuses to talk to them. The reporters jabber and hurl questions.

The soundtrack goes mute as an unseen newsman speaks over the action.

UNSEEN NEWSMAN (V.O.)
We'll be broadcasting the O.J.
Simpson verdict in just a few
minutes, as the L.A.P.D. reels
behind new charges of
institutionalized racism, as
exemplified by Detective Mark
Fuhrman.

A montage of familiar faces hit the screen. We see LAPD Chief Willie Williams; Johnnie Cochran; Robert Shapiro; Marcia Clark and Detectives Tom Lange and Phil Vanatter. The people all speak in overlapping sound bites. We cannot hear what they are saying.

The overlapping footage ends. A fictional character appears in mock-newsreel footage. A band across the bottom of the screen identifies him: City Councilman Harold Innes.

Innes is a dapper 62. He's standing in front of an unseen camera crew outside the L.A. city hall. He's holding a portable microphone and speaking into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INNES (V.O.)
(in mid-discourse)
... And I'll further state that Detective Fuhrman is an anomaly within the L.A.P.D. -- because the L.A.P.D. is not now nor has ever been a racist institution, and I state that as an L.A.P.D-watcher with 15 years tenure.

The Innes footage ends. Two fictional characters appear in mock-newsreel footage. A band across the bottom of the screen identifies them: "LAPD Detectives Roger Gray and Paul Diskant."

Gray is 48, white and running to fat. Diskant is 34, white and slender. They're standing in front of an unseen camera outside the Criminal Courts Building. An unseen newsman further identifies them.

UNSEEN NEWSMAN (V.O.)
(in mid-discourse)
... Gray and Diskant are backup detectives, or 'tip chasers' in the Simpson case. They've been working under lead investigators Tom Lange and Phil Vanatter since the crime occurred.

The unseen newsman stops talking. A dozen hands holding microphones jab their way toward Gray and Diskant. Diskant steps back. Gray steps toward the mikes.

GRAY (V.O.)
(shamelessly
grandstanding)
I can tell you right now that no policeman who's worth a damn ever says the word 'nigger,' publicly or privately. That's the truth, and my partner will tell you the same thing.

Gray gestures to Diskant. Diskant steps forward. He looks nervous and embarrassed.

DISKANT (V.O.)
Well... yeah... I'd have to agree with that.

Diskant steps back. Gray steps forward, digs his feet in aggressively and leans toward the microphones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY (V.O.)
 (shamelessly
 grandstanding)
 I don't say the word 'nigger.' I
 wouldn't work with any cop who'd
 say the word 'nigger,' and any cop
 who says the word 'nigger' should
 be fired immediately.

The OPENING TITLES END. The mock-newsreel footage goes
 mute. The film stock becomes slightly hazy. It's
 obvious: We are now seeing the footage on a television
 screen.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL (LOS ANGELES) - NIGHT

A room in the Bonaventure Hotel in downtown Los Angeles.
 LAPD Sergeant TOM LUDLOW and TV news reporter KAREN
 FLANDERS are stretched out under a sheet on the bed.

They're watching Roger Gray grandstand on TV. They've
 got the sound blipped off. Ludlow is rolling three
 miniature bottles of Smirnoff 100-proof vodka in his
 hands above the sheet. He's tinkling them
 absentmindedly. Karen seems annoyed by the act.

Ludlow is 47. He's tall, rangy and dark-haired. Karen
 is 28. She's a good-looking, overly-coiffed blonde.
 She's got the look of a well-bred woman, slumming.

LUDLOW
 (TINKLING vodka
 MINIATURES)
 We all said 'nigger.' We all
 said --

KAREN
 (interrupting)
 I've heard your rap before.

LUDLOW
 O.J. Simpson is a nigger. And
 Roger Gray is a lying sack of
 shit, because he said 'nigger'
 more than I ever did.

KAREN
 (getting weary of
 Ludlow's rap)
 Cops talk about their ex-partners
 like most men talk about their
 wives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW
(TINKLING vodka
MINIATURES)

You can say it. Gray had a thing
with my wife, and I hate him for
it.

(pause)
But she broke it off before I met
her.

Karen places her right hand on Ludlow's hands and stops
him from playing with the miniatures.

KAREN
There's more to it than that.
Gray got to work O.J. -- and you
didn't.

LUDLOW
(pulling his hands
free)
I got some payback on that front.

KAREN
And you're still talking to news
people.

LUDLOW
(smiling tightly)
You mean newswoman. I only leaked
my O.J. leads and ratted off Gray
to newswomen.

KAREN
'Pussygate,' right? That's the
unofficial L.A.P.D. name.

LUDLOW
(shrugging and starting
to play with the
miniatures again)
It cost me. And Newton Robbery is
not fucking Homicide.

KAREN
(smiling)
Right. You're fifteen years too
old for the job, and there's no
shots at glory.

LUDLOW
(smiling)
There's lots of shots at nigger
heist guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Karen looks around the room. Her eyes fall on piles of her clothes, and Ludlow's, and Ludlow's holstered automatic on a chair.

KAREN

You like these casual things. You can mourn your wife and still get laid.

Ludlow tenses up. He squeezes the vodka miniatures with his right hand until his knuckles go white.

LUDLOW

(looking at TV screen
and avoiding Karen's
eyes)

I buried her. And I didn't touch a woman for two years and six days.

KAREN

(softly)

I'm surprised you didn't work it out to the minute.

Ludlow boosts the VOLUME ON the TV SET. We see the O.J. Simpson verdict broadcast live. The jury foreman says the words, "Not Guilty." Karen closes her eyes and shakes her head sadly.

LUDLOW

(quietly furious)

That nigger motherfucker.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Ludlow pulls his civilian car into the parking lot behind the mom-and-pop market at 43rd and Central.

There's a lot of NOISE out on Central. We hear motorists jubilantly HONKING HORNS and yelling, "Not guilty!" Ludlow parks his car and walks over to a group of THREE casually-dressed COPS standing by the open back door of an '89 Dodge. All three cops are substantially younger than Ludlow.

A young BLACK MAN is handcuffed in the back seat. He's fidgeting nervously. The three cops acknowledge Ludlow with little nods and grunts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW
(to the Black Man,
with a broad accent)
Say what, brother?

The Black Man snickers. The three Cops laugh.

COP #1
(to Ludlow,
exaggeratedly)
This is Shondell Pritchford. Mr.
Pritchford sells crack cocaine.

PRITCHFORD
Fuckin' racist.

COP #1
(smiling)
Not our Tommy. He only puts the
hurt on hard fuckheads, and he
never pulls any Rodney King
stunts.

LUDLOW
(mock innocent)
Say it ain't so, Shondell.

COP #2
(very businesslike
and pointing to
Pritchford)
Narco got him for intent to sell.
He gave up three guys named --
(pause; consults some
papers on clipboard)
-- Leroy Coates, Darnell Dillard
and Johnny Freemont. They're
supposed to be taking this place
down today.

COP #3
Shondell was very specific. He
said it's going down at 2:45. The
owner always drives his receipts
to the bank then. The boys are
gonna take him off right here by
the back door.

PRITCHFORD (BLACK MAN)
(sullen)
I gave you good information.
(pause)
So quit talkin' about me like I'm
not here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The four cops ignore Pritchford's comments. Cop #1 passes out mugshots of Coates, Dillard and Freemont -- three mean-looking black dudes. The Cops study the mugshots and slip them in their pockets.

COP #1
(to Pritchford)
If this turns out to be bullshit,
we're going to book you on the
intent charge.

LUDLOW
(to Pritchford)
If this turns out to be bullshit,
I'm gonna take you someplace and
kick the shit out of you.

Pritchford looks away from the Cops and rolls his eyes like he's too cool to live. Cops #2 and #3 walk over to their civilian cars -- stationed on 43rd Street, across from the parking lot.

COP #1
(to Ludlow)
You take the front. Park across
the entrance and tap in on band
three every 10 minutes.

LUDLOW
(checking watch and
noting time as 1:50)
Let me get closer. I'll hang
around inside and make like a
customer.

Cop #1 firmly shakes his head "no." Ludlow stares at him for a long moment. Cop #1 shakes his head "no" again -- and walks over to another civilian car parked on 43rd Street.

Ludlow walks into --

INT. MARKET

-- and approaches the front counter and purchases three miniature bottles of Smirnoff 100-proof vodka from a clerk. He walks back to -

EXT. PARKING LOT

-- gets into his car and pulls it up onto Central Avenue
-- directly across from the front entrance of the market.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow settles into the front seat of his car. He rolls the vodka miniatures in his hands for a few moments, opens them abruptly and chugs down the contents of all three. He chases the shots with a spritz of Binaca breath spray, picks up his walkie-talkie, pushes a button and taps the mike three times.

He looks bored and restless.

Ludlow props the mugshots of Coates, Dillard and Freemont up on his dashboard and stares at the front entrance of the market. He yawns, wriggles in his seat and keeps checking his watch. Black motorists are tooling down Central Avenue. A few of them stick their arms out of car windows, pump their fists in the air and happily yell, "Not guilty!" to other black motorists.

Ludlow checks his watch and sees that it's 2:21. A raggedy-ass '83 Cadillac pulls up in front of the market. LEROY COATES, Darnell Dillard, and JOHNNY FREEMONT get out and walk in the front entrance. Ludlow grabs his walkie-talkie, taps a button and holds the mike up to his mouth.

LUDLOW

(into mike)

They're going in the front. I can take them out when they --

A loud CRACKLE of WALKIE-TALKIE STATIC drowns Ludlow's voice out. Four firmly-spoken words are discernible.

WALKIE-TALKIE (V.O.)

You fucking sit tight.

Ludlow nervously watches the entrance. The door is wide open. Darnell Dillard walks up to a check stand clerk and starts pistol-whipping him. The clerk keeps shaking his head "no." Dillard cocks the hammer of his GUN.

Ludlow gets out of his car and runs across the street. Dillard SHOOTS the clerk in the face at point-blank range.

Ludlow runs into...

INT. MARKET

He aims his GUN at Dillard, squeezes off a SHOT and misses him. Dillard sees him and SHOOTS him THREE times from a six-foot range. The SHOTS hit Ludlow's bulletproof vest and knock him to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow rolls on the floor and FIRES up at Dillard. Dillard FIRES down at Ludlow. Freemont and Coates are FIRING at the back entrance of the market. The other three Cops are perched behind parked cars outside and are returning FIRE. The clerk who sold Ludlow the vodka is standing by the dead man behind the cash register. Two customers are frozen by the left-hand wall. BULLETS from SEVEN GUNS are RICOCHETING off four walls, the floor and the ceiling.

Darnell Dillard is hit. The two customers are hit repeatedly. Ludlow crawls to Dillard and kills him with a SHOT to the back of the head. The three outside Cops are POURING BULLETS in the back entrance of the market. Freemont and Coates run up to the check stand, grab the surviving clerk and stand behind him. They put guns to his head and walk him backward out the front entrance, human-shield style.

Ludlow rolls into a prone firing position, aims at Coates' legs and squeezes off a SHOT. It hits the clerk in his right leg and makes him scream. Coates and Freemont back the clerk into their car, hit the gas and take off, southbound.

Ludlow grabs Darnell Dillard's GUN, runs...

EXT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

... outside and FIRES at the escaping car, two-handed. The back WINDOW EXPLODES.

EXT. STREET

The clerk-hostage is shoved out the exploded window. He's dangling across the trunk of the car. Johnny Freemont is holding him by one ankle. He SHOOTS him four times and lets his ankle go.

The clerk-hostage hits the street, dead. Ludlow runs toward the car, FIRING two handed. The car makes a right turn and disappears.

EXT. JIM AND DOTTIE MARKET - DAY (ONE HOUR LATER)

There's chaos outside the market at 43rd and Central.

A dozen black-and-whites are parked at the curb. LAPD CHOPPERS HOVER overhead. Previously seen homicide cops ROGER GRAY and PAUL DISKANT are talking to Cops #1, #2, and #3.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The market is sealed behind yellow crime-scene tape. The sidewalk is a solid wall of patrolmen and forensic technicians.

Among them: a strikingly tall, red-headed man with pronounced acne scars. He's dispensing orders to the technicians.

TV news crews are filming the market from across the street. Karen Flanders is talking into a hand-mike. A cameraman is shooting her with a mini-cam.

Ludlow is standing on the sidewalk in front of the market. He looks shaky. The noise-level on the sidewalk is up very high. It's a cacophony of overlapping voices.

A patrolman walks up to Ludlow, grabs his right arm and talks into his right ear. We can't hear what he's saying. Ludlow nods and walks over to the front of the building adjoining the market. The spot is semi-quiet. TWO PLAINCLOTHES MEN with badges pinned to their jackets are standing there.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN #2

What kind of ammunition did you discharge?

LUDLOW

Nine millimeter.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN #1

The lab guys have dug seven different makes out of the walls.

LUDLOW

(nodding)

You had seven shooters. Four of us and three of them.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN #1

(very slow and deliberate)

Do you think your shots could have killed the two people standing by the left-hand wall?

LUDLOW

(trembling slightly)

I don't know.

A long moment passes in silence. The Plainclothes Men and Ludlow stare at each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLAINCLOTHES MAN #2

You walked on Pussygate. You
might not be so lucky this time.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN #1

You shot the clerk in the leg.
Add on your what -- 21 excessive
force complaints prior to that and
tell me how it looks.

LUDLOW

(reciting in a
sing-song manner)

My fucking complaints were all
unjustified. The complainees
begged me for it, and I complied.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN #2

(shrugging)

You shouldn't have fired while
they had the clerk.

(pause while

Plainclothes Man #2
shakes his head sadly)

And you never fire at cars
containing hostages. You've got
26 years on. You should know
better than that.

Ludlow walks away from the men, ducks under the crime-
scene tape and walks over to the other side of the
street. He spots Karen Flanders standing on the
sidewalk. A sound man is taping a mini-mike to the front
of her blazer. Ludlow waves to Karen; Karen waves back
and draws the number "8" in the air. Ludlow nods, and
flashes her a thumbs-up.

Karen walks up to a handsome 50-year-old man in an LAPD
uniform. The single stars on his shoulders designate his
rank as COMMANDER. A camera assistant positions Karen
and the Commander. Ludlow stands fifteen feet away and
observes the filmed interview.

KAREN

Commander Roy Murcott is the
executive officer of the three
divisions in the L.A.P.D.'s South
Bureau. Commander, can you give
us a sense of what happened at the
Jim & Dottie Market today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURCOTT (COMMANDER)

(slick and oh-so
media savvy)

Karen, what you had was a tragedy
that painfully illustrates just
how dangerous police work is.

(pause)

Frankly, I think people should
remember the brave actions of the
officers here today, rather than
dwell on the alleged actions of
Detective Mark Fuhrman.

Karen smiles at Murcott. Murcott smiles at Karen.
Ludlow walks around to the parking lot behind the Jim &
Dottie Market. Shondell Pritchford is leaning against an
unmarked cop car. DETECTIVE ROGER GRAY and DETECTIVE
PAUL DISKANT are standing in front of him. Ludlow walks
over and stands beside Gray and Diskant.

PRITCHFORD

(in mid-discourse)

... and I kept my part of the
deal. I didn't know they'd go in
the fuckin' front door and go
fuckin' crazy, and I want them
fuckin' apprehended before they
figure out I snitched them and
fuckin' tee off on me.

Gray and Diskant notice Ludlow standing beside them.
Diskant nods to Ludlow; Gray recoils slightly.

DISKANT

(to Pritchford)

Where would they hide out?

PRITCHFORD

(noticing Ludlow and
nervously licking
his lips)

I think Leroy Coates has got some
bitch in the fuckin' desert.
Like, Lancaster or fuckin'
Palmdale.

Ludlow stares at Pritchford. Pritchford can't meet his
eyes.

GRAY

(to Pritchford)

What's the woman's name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRITCHFORD

I don't know. I know she lives
out in the fuckin' desert, and I
know that fuckin' Robbery guy said
you'd cut me loose after I made my
fuckin' statement.

Diskant looks sidelong at Gray. Gray nods.

DISKANT

(to Pritchford)

Go on. Get out of here.

Pritchford hotfoots it off down 43rd Street. Gray turns
around and looks at Ludlow. Diskant eyes the two men
nervously.

LUDLOW

He's holding back on you. I can
feel it.

Diskant shrugs. Gray hooks his thumbs in his belt and
takes one aggressive step toward Ludlow.

GRAY

(slow and precise;
like he's talking
to a mongoloid)

We work Homicide. You don't. We
don't want your advice.

Ludlow stares coldly at Gray.

The two Plainclothes Men that Ludlow talked to earlier
walk up to within ten feet of Ludlow, Gray and Diskant.
Plainclothes Man #2 motions to Ludlow. Ludlow gives Gray
a long, hard stare and walks over to the two Plainclothes
Men.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN #2

(to Ludlow)

You're off duty as of now.

LUDLOW

(acting bored)

Drop the scare tactics. I can
take the job or leave it with a 75
percent pension.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN #1

Maybe your shots killed those
civilians.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLAINCLOTHES MAN #2
I hope it's you. I'd like to see
you out of this police department.

(pause)

You got lucky on Pussygate. We
couldn't shaft you without looking
worse than we already did on O.J.,
but --

LUDLOW

(cutting in)

I'll be at the Bonaventure Hotel
tonight. Call me when you get a
make on my rounds.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN #2

Whose room should I ask for?
Karen Flanders or that cunt from
Channel 7?

LUDLOW

I'll be there with your wife.

Plainclothes Man #2 goes pale and starts twitching with
barely suppressed fury. Plainclothes Man #1 cracks a
little smile. Ludlow walks away from them and strolls by
the bank of TV news reporters.

He sees Karen Flanders talking to Commander Roy Murcott.
The two are laughing and touching each other's arms.
Karen and Murcott do not notice Ludlow. Ludlow walks
over to his car and unlocks the door.

A civilian car pulls up beside Ludlow. Two black men are
sitting in the front seat.

CAR PASSENGER

(to Ludlow)

Not guilty.

LUDLOW

(to the Passenger)

Fuck your mother.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - NIGHTTIME

Ludlow is sprawled on the bed in a room at the
Bonaventure Hotel.

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CONTINUED:

He's rolling three vodka miniatures in his lap. He uncorks all three, chugs the contents, and chases them with a shot of Binaca breath spray. He picks up a remote control device, turns on the room's TV set and flips around the dial with the sound off.

We see the tail-end of a NEWS REPORT on the Jim & Dottie Market shootout and several fast replay blips of the reading of the O.J. Simpson verdict. Ludlow keeps flipping. He hears a KEY in the hotel room door and turns off the TV. Karen Flanders enters the room. Ludlow gets up from the bed and embraces her. Karen wriggles out of his grasp and stands a few feet away from him. The two are squared off in an almost adversarial position.

LUDLOW

What is this?

KAREN

Don't you know?

LUDLOW

I saw you with Murcott. Maybe it's just you trading a sergeant up for a commander.

KAREN

He's a news source.

LUDLOW

Bullshit.

KAREN

All right. I've been seeing Roy Murcott.

LUDLOW

And you're saying it's over with us.

Karen nods.

LUDLOW

Why are you fucking with a good thing?

Karen takes two steps toward Ludlow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

Because I talked to a clerk at the market. Because he told me you bought three little bottles 45 minutes before you went in shooting.

Ludlow sways on his feet.

KAREN

You went in drunk, and you shot the hostage, and you pulled all those cheap theatrics so you could get some *payback* for missing out on O.J.

Ludlow's eyes dart around the room. He can't meet Karen's eyes. Karen looks at her wristwatch.

KAREN

You got lucky. Roy told me your shots didn't kill those civilians.

Ludlow sways again. He looks both relieved and very disturbed.

KAREN

You're off-duty, though. Roy told me he wants you to chill out for --

LUDLOW

(cutting in)

I thought we had a good thing.

KAREN

All we had was O.J.

Ludlow just stands there. Karen walks out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - HOMICIDE DIVISION SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Ludlow walks into the Homicide Division squad room at the LAPD's Parker Center.

An OLDER COP sitting at a desk notices him and walks up.

LUDLOW

Lieutenant. How are --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT (OLDER COP)
(cutting Ludlow off)
I'm fine, and you shouldn't be
here. You were transferred out,
remember?

LUDLOW
I was looking for Diskant and
Gray.

LIEUTENANT
Try Palmdale. They're looking for
Leroy Coates' girl friend.

Ludlow nods. His eyes go out of focus; his mental wheels
seem to be spinning. The Lieutenant taps one foot
nervously.

LUDLOW
How many teams total?

LIEUTENANT
(obviously vexed by
Ludlow's intrusion)
Gray and Diskant and two back-ups.

LUDLOW
Did Coates and Freemont dump the
car I shot at?

LIEUTENANT
(nodding)
Two blocks from the scene. They
stole an old Buick there and got
away.

LUDLOW
What's with Pritchford? I think
he's hinky as shit.

LIEUTENANT
(vexed)
Of course he's hinky. He's a
crack-house runner and a fucking
lowlife.

Ludlow nods. His mental wheels seem to be turning
faster. The Lieutenant leans in closer to him.

LIEUTENANT
(whispering)
Tom, get out of here. We've
posted all the reports, so you can
take a look if you're --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow nods and walks away from the Lieutenant. He enters a briefing room and beelines for a bulletin board covered with tacked-on computer printouts and investigating officers' reports. Ludlow scans them and jots down information in a pocket notebook. He looks very intent.

EXT. DIVE APARTMENT - DAY

Ludlow is parked in his car outside a dive apartment building on East 86th Street. He's got mug shots of Leroy Coates and Johnny Freemont taped to his dashboard. Three vodka miniatures are perched on the open door of his glove compartment.

The bottles are full. Ludlow looks at them -- but does not touch them.

Ludlow eyeballs the front of the apartment house. He sees Shondell Pritchford walk out, get into a garish Pontiac Firebird parked at the curb and boogie out southbound.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Ludlow tails Pritchford. Pritchford drives to an abandoned shack in deep Watts. There's a sign out front: "Condemned Property For Sale. Beauchamp Realty. 5502 South Vermont/213-288-1403."

Pritchford gets out of his car. He's carrying a briefcase. He walks up to the door of the shack, lets himself in with a key and shuts the door behind him.

Ludlow is parked 45 yards away. He sees the whole thing.

Pritchford exits the shack moments later and gets back into his car. Ludlow tails him to another shack six blocks away. An identical "Condemned Property For Sale" sign is posted out front.

Pritchford enters the shack with his briefcase and exits it one minute later. He locks the door and walks straight back to his car. Ludlow -- parked down the street -- has seen the whole thing.

Pritchford drives to five more shacks in deep Watts. The shacks all have the same signs posted out front. Pritchford unlocks the doors to all five shacks, briefcase in hand, goes inside and exits them within one minute. Ludlow has been tailing him the entire time and has observed every move he's made.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pritchford drives back to his apartment house on East 86th. Ludlow tails him and watches him park his car and enter his apartment.

Ludlow stares at the apartment house. His brain seems to be running on overdrive. He hits the gas and drives straight to 5502 South Vermont.

EXT. BEAUCHAMP REALTY - DAY

Beauchamp Realty is a small storefront dive. Ludlow parks his car and walks in. There's a single CLERK on duty -- and nobody else in the place. The Clerk is a sleazy-looking white guy. Ludlow shows him his badge. The Clerk gives a little shudder.

LUDLOW

(deadpan abrupt)

Why does a convicted crack dealer named Shondell Pritchford have keys to seven of your condemned properties?

CLERK

(nervous)

Uh... 'cause he's my security man.

LUDLOW

Show me his employment file.

CLERK

(very nervous now)

Uh... I think I've got it at home.

Ludlow reaches over the counter and grabs the Clerk by the hair; the Clerk's toupee comes off in his hand. Ludlow regrabbs him by his coat lapels, pulls him over the counter and drops him on the floor.

The Clerk picks up his toupee, brushes it off and looks at Ludlow plaintively.

LUDLOW

Give me your keys.

EXT. CONDEMNED SHACK - NIGHT

Ludlow parks his car in front of the first condemned shack that he saw Shondell Pritchford enter earlier in the day.

The shack is totally dark and appears to be uninhabited. Ludlow grabs a flashlight, walks up and lets himself in with a key.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

He prowls the four rooms with his flashlight. He finds stacks of video cassettes, boxes full of stereo equipment, a rack of leather jackets, a rack of fur coats and a stash of empty crack vials and empty marijuana Baggies out in plain sight.

EXT. SHACK - NIGHT

Ludlow walks out of the shack, locks the door and drives to the second shack that Shondell Pritchford entered.

INT/EXT. CONDEMNED SHACK - NIGHT

The place is totally dark and appears to be uninhabited. Ludlow lets himself in with one of his keys and prowls with his flashlight. The four rooms of his shack feature velvet-flocked walls and hold a total of 16 satin sheet-covered mattresses. The three closets are packed with porno videos, dildoes and inflatable fuck mannequins. There's a TV set and VCR hook-up in every room.

Ludlow exits the pad, locks the door behind him and drives to the third shack that Shondell Pritchford entered.

EXT. CONDEMNED SHACK - NIGHT

The shack is all lit up.

Ludlow circles it on foot. He hunkers down, looks in some half-open windows and sees a group of black teenagers smoking crack and weed. He looks through a bathroom window at the rear of the shack and sees fur coats piled floor-to-ceiling.

Ludlow walks slowly back to his car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHACK - NIGHT

Ludlow pulls up in front of the fourth shack that Shondell Pritchford entered earlier. The shack is lit up as bright as day.

Ludlow walks over, circles the perimeter from ten feet and returns to the left-hand side of the shack. He peers in a slightly-cracked front window and sees Johnny Freemont smoking dope in the front room. There's a silenced handgun resting on a couch a few feet from him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow walks around to the back of the shack and peers in a slightly-cracked window. He sees Leroy Coates and a black woman, snoozing on a cheezy-looking waterbed. There's a silenced handgun on a nightstand two feet from Coates. There's a flimsy-looking door beside the bedroom window.

Ludlow walks back to the slightly-cracked front window, crouches down and looks in. Freemont is still sucking on his dope pipe. Ludlow sticks his gun in the window crack, takes a bead on Freemont's head and pulls the trigger.

The GUN GOES OFF. Ludlow's SHOT goes wide. Freemont dives for his GUN, snags it and SHOOTS the window out. GLASS EXPLODES just inches above Ludlow's head.

Ludlow runs to the rear of the house, kicks the back door in and throws himself to the floor. He hears THREE SILENCER PLOPS and sees chunks of the door explode behind him. Freemont is FIRING from the front of the house.

INT. SHACK

Ludlow has a right-hand diagonal view of the bedroom. He sees Leroy Coates -- standing -- holding the woman in front of him. He's got his gun in his left hand. He's got his right arm hooked around the woman's neck. He's got a knife in his right hand.

Coates FIRES at Ludlow. The GUN buckles; the SILENCER PLOPS THREE TIMES. Bits of floor shatter in front of Ludlow's eyes.

More SHOTS come from the front room. The door behind Ludlow is blown off its hinges. SILENCER PLOPS overlap; muzzle flash lights up Johnny Freemont -- FIRING TWO GUNS. Ludlow aims his gun at Freemont and pulls the trigger; the slide jams.

Ludlow rolls to a sitting position and tries to un-jam his gun. Coates slashes the woman across the neck, throws her down and runs to the front of the house.

The lights go out. Ludlow hears a DOOR SLAM and a CAR START up. He stands up, fumbles for a light switch, trips one and runs to the woman. There's a silenced gun on the floor beside the woman. Ludlow picks it up and stuffs it in his waistband.

The woman is slashed to the windpipe and gouting blood. Ludlow rips his shirt off, wraps it around her neck tourniquet style, picks her up and runs her out to his car.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHACK - NIGHT

Ludlow STARTS his CAR and speedballs to...

EXT. DANIEL FREEMAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The woman is convulsing. Ludlow pulls up to the ambulance ramp, gets out and runs to pick up a gurney --

INT. EMERGENCY SURGERY WARD - NIGHT

Ludlow is sitting in a chair across from the nurses' station in the emergency surgery ward at Daniel Freeman Hospital.

He looks anxious. He looks frazzled. He looks like a seasoned fuck-up, weighing the cost of another reckless action.

A DOCTOR walks up to Ludlow.

DOCTOR

She'll live.

(a pause)

And she'll have to learn to talk and swallow all over again.

LUDLOW

Put her in a nice room. I'll pay for it.

DOCTOR

That's not my call. Take it up with the night supervisor.

Ludlow nods. The Doctor looks him over very closely.

DOCTOR

I know you, Officer.

LUDLOW

I've been on T.V. lately.

DOCTOR

(shaking his head)

That's not it. I was at Cedars-Sinai when they brought your wife in.

Ludlow looks at the Doctor. The Doctor looks him over very closely.

DOCTOR

Who cut the woman?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow shakes his head "no."

DOCTOR
Where did it happen?

LUDLOW
Let's stop this. I'm not going to
tell you anything.

DOCTOR
I'll have to file a report.

LUDLOW
Do what you have to do.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Ludlow is sitting in a chair in a large, private hospital room.

The lights are off -- but dawn is creeping in through some window curtains. Ludlow is watching the wounded out-call woman sleep.

She's bandaged from her shoulders to her chin. There's a tube in her nose. The room is filled with vases of flowers.

Ludlow's BEEPER goes off. He checks the display, takes all the money out of his wallet and tucks it under the out-call woman's pillow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMMANDER ROY MURCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Ludlow is sitting in front of the desk in Commander ROY MURCOTT's office in Parker Center. Murcott is sitting behind the desk.

MURCOTT
You know, I don't dislike you.
You've done some things that I
disapprove of, but I think I
understand your motives.

LUDLOW
(dryly ironic)
Explain them to me sometime.
There's a thread that keeps
fucking eluding me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Murcott laughs. His laughter seems genuine.

MURCOTT

You know, you've got more than a few fans in the department. Among ranking officers, I mean.

Ludlow makes a "keep going" gesture.

MURCOTT

You were just a tad too unreliable for police work on our level. Still, you were almost approached.

LUDLOW

(perplexed)

What are you talking about?

Murcott smiles condescendingly.

LUDLOW

You know the department's done some shitty things. Even I can admit it.

MURCOTT

You admitted it reluctantly. And I'm sure you know that our occasional misdeeds don't warrant the beatings we've taken from the media.

LUDLOW

I'm only up on my own misdeeds.

Murcott smiles. Ludlow makes his standard "keep going" gesture.

MURCOTT

I want to bury you in a nice, safe, politically-correct job for a while.

Ludlow makes his standard "keep going" gesture.

MURCOTT

(calmly angry)

Stop doing that. It's an impertinent gesture, and I'm not a suspect that you're pumping for information.

Ludlow folds his hands in his lap. Murcott laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURCOTT

We've been fielding quite a few civilian complaints. People look at Mark Fuhrman and smell money.

(a pause)

I want you to join the complaint investigation staff -- temporarily.

Ludlow looks at Murcott. He appears to be momentarily shell-shocked.

LUDLOW

Me? With my 21 excessive-force complaints?

MURCOTT

Precisely you. You've certainly got the necessary insights for the job.

INT. LAPD OFFICES - DAY

Ludlow is being walked through the hastily-furnished offices of the LAPD's civilian-complaint operation.

The offices are in a civilian building in the mid-Wilshire area. The man walking Ludlow through them: LIEUTENANT RUDY SANDOVAL.

Sandoval is 39, Latin and brusque. He's whizzing Ludlow around and running a monologue simultaneously.

SANDOVAL

(in mid-discourse)

... So we rented a civilian office to keep the media away, 'cause we know that 99-point-fucking-nine percent of the complaints will be bullshit.

(pause while Sandoval takes a deep breath)

Now, your job is to interview the complainants and do backup interviews if you get two or more complaints against a given officer.

Sandoval stops talking, ushers Ludlow into...

INT. CRAMPED CUBICLE

... and shuts the door.

LUDLOW

Suppose I get a complaint against myself?

SANDOVAL

(without irony)

Write it up and file it under standard guidelines.

INT. OFFICE - MONTAGE

A SOUNDLESS MONTAGE shows Ludlow, sitting at the desk in his cramped new office, talking to a score of police brutality complainants.

The people are black, Latin and white. They all look lower-middle class or impoverished. They sit in front of Ludlow's face and talk, talk, talk at him. Several of the people double-take on Ludlow like they've seen him before. Ludlow jots notes on a legal pad, patiently listens and asks questions. Lengthening shadows in the office indicate that several hours are passing. Ludlow is looking more and more exhausted. Ludlow narrates the MONTAGE V.O.

LUDLOW (V.O.)

The job was pure, undiluted, unexpurgated, unreinforced, and unwashable fucking shit.

(pause)

Some wino fuckhead told me that O.J. and Mark Fuhrman kidnapped his old lady and keestered her on the ninth green at Bel Air Country Club. Some gangbanger demanded six million dollars for, quote: L.A.P.D. crimes against humanity, unquote. Some old lady told me Daryl Gates fucked her dog. Some cholo told me that Fuhrman and Bill Clinton were dealing skag out of a burrito stand at Evergreen and Wabash, and the L.A.P.D. should hire him to go undercover and entrap them.

The MONTAGE ENDS.

LIEUTENANT RUDY SANDOVAL

walks a thirty-fiveish black man into Ludlow's office and sits him down in the chair facing Ludlow's desk.

SANDOVAL

Sergeant Ludlow. Montell Sloan.

Ludlow nods at MONTELL SLOAN. Sandoval walks back out of the office. Sloan gives Ludlow a very long look.

SLOAN

(deadpan cold)

I saw you on T.V. You shot those brothers at the market.

LUDLOW

(just as cold)

Have you got a specific complaint to file against me?

SLOAN

(still cold city)

No. I'm just surprised that you got this job today, when you was shootin' black people two days ago.

Ludlow grips the edge of his desk until the desk shakes.

LUDLOW

(coldly enraged)

Don't believe everything you see on T.V.

SLOAN

(smiling a little;
loosening up his
verbal combat)

I don't -- 'cause the T.V. always omits the shit that they think people can't handle. So, I see a guy like you gettin' raked on T.V. and I figure the story is fuckin' lots worse than they're sayin'.

Ludlow stares coldly at Sloan. Sloan stares coldly at Ludlow. The staring contest extends for a good 10 seconds. Ludlow blinks and breaks the stare.

LUDLOW

Do you have a specific complaint?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOAN
(smiling over his
petty triumph in
staring contest)
I got beat up by one of your guys
in '82 or '83. This big red-
headed guy at Wilshire Station.

Ludlow jots some notes on a yellow legal pad.

LUDLOW
Give me some more details.

SLOAN
The motherfucker stole 200 dollars
from my wallet, cracked some kind
of bullshit insider joke and
laughed like hell.
(pause)
Big, tall-ass fucker. Zit scars
like he ate too much fuckin'
candy.

Ludlow perks up and makes his standard "keep going"
gesture.

SLOAN
He said the money was going to his
'Police Bond Corporation' and
laughed like that was a real
fuckin' knee-slapper.
(pause)
And you know what? I heard the
fuckin' L.A.P.D.'s still pullin'
this fuckin' street shakedown
shit.

LUDLOW
(obviously bored)
Can you corroborate this?

SLOAN
I didn't file no complaint back
then, but I know that that same
red-headed cop busted my pal Diddy
Perkins on a 459 about the same
time. Diddy told me the guy
ripped off some dope he was
holding, and the guy told Diddy
that he was gonna sell the shit
and give the money to his
'corporate treasurer' -- which
sounds like another bullshit joke
to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

Was the cop's name George
Collinson?

Sloan shrugs and makes a bored face.

LUDLOW

Is that it?

SLOAN

No. There's one more thing.

LUDLOW

I'm listening.

SLOAN

Not guilty, motherfucker.

INT. LAPD COMPLAINT BUREAU - MONTAGE - DAY (MOS)

A SOUNDLESS MONTAGE shows Ludlow, sitting at his desk in
the LAPD's civilian complaint bureau.

He's talking to another score of police brutality
complainants. They sit in front of Ludlow's face and
talk; talk, talk at him. Ludlow narrates the MONTAGE
V.O.

LUDLOW (V.O.)

The bullshit barrage continued. A
guy said the L.A.P.D. fucked with
his head telepathically and
demanded 10 million dollars. A
woman said ex-President Bush
ordered the L.A.P.D. to execute
her cat. It was all unrelieved
bullshit.

The MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. LUDLOW'S CUBICLE

There's a RAP on the partition at the front of Ludlow's
cubicle. Ludlow looks up and sees Lieutenant Rudy
Sandoval and a rasty-ass old white man standing in the
doorway.

SANDOVAL

Sergeant Ludlow. Pete McComas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sandoval walks back out of the office. McCOMAS sits down in the chair facing Ludlow's desk. A racing form slips out of his pocket; McComas picks it up and scratches his neck with it. Ludlow makes an open-handed "what have you got?" gesture. He looks thoroughly bored.

McCOMAS

I don't want to file no complaint.
All I want is the money that red-headed cocksucker stole from me.

Ludlow perks up a little. He picks up his pen and rolls it in his right hand.

LUDLOW

Tell me about it.

McCOMAS

Well, I'd call it '83 or '84,
'cause I was living out of my '82
Lincoln then. Lincolns are the
best cars to live out of, 'cause
you've got your leg room and your
creature comforts and --

LUDLOW

(brusquely
interrupting)

Describe the red-headed man.

McCOMAS

(impervious to
Ludlow's reprimand)

-- and I was parking and sleeping
by the Hollywood Bowl, and I had
this \$1,800 roll I won at Santa
Anita.

(a pause while McComas
takes a breath)

So there I am sleeping, and this
pizza-faced cop wakes me up,
rousts me, steals my roll and
makes some goddamn crack that
he'll feed the money to his
corporation.

Ludlow taps his pen against his teeth and looks at McComas closely.

LUDLOW

I don't suppose you saw his name
tag?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCOMAS

I sure did. It said Collins or
Collinson, something like that.

Ludlow perks up more than a little. He makes his
standard "keep going" gesture.

MCCOMAS

(indignant)

The cocksucker said I smelled.
Can you feature that?

INT. CRIME LAB. - DAY

Ludlow enters the offices of the LAPD's Scientific
Investigation Division, walks past a receptionist and a
front counter and enters a large laboratory. LIEUTENANT
GEORGE D. COLLINSON -- previously glimpsed at the market
crime scene -- is standing by a row of desk-mounted
microscopes. Ludlow walks up to him. Collinson sees
Ludlow and smiles.

COLLINSON

(extending his hand)

Tom Ludlow, right?

LUDLOW

(shaking Collinson's
hand)

How are you, Lieutenant?

COLLINSON

(friendly)

I'm feeling better than you, given
your recent press.

Ludlow smiles. Collinson is coming off genuinely loose
and charming.

LUDLOW

(warming to
Collinson's manner)

Pussygate or the market job?

COLLINSON

(suddenly serious)

You did the right thing at the
market.

LUDLOW

You sound convinced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLINSON
I should be. I ran the forensic
crew, and I bagged your rounds
myself.

LUDLOW
(smiling)
Thanks for clearing me.

COLLINSON
Well, you've got fans.

LUDLOW
(puzzled by the
comment)
People keep telling me that.

COLLINSON
(pointedly ignoring
Ludlow's remark)
You didn't come here to thank me
for my forensic.

LUDLOW
(nodding)
I've been fielding some old
civilian complaints. I logged in
two on you, and I wanted to warn
you.

COLLINSON
(smiling)
Excessive-force complaints?

Ludlow nods. Collinson laughs.

COLLINSON
I used to overreact when I was
scared.

LUDLOW
I still get scared. And I always
overreact.

COLLINSON
(smiling warmly)
Was there anything else?

LUDLOW
Two civilians accused you of
stealing money from them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLINSON
(quietly emphatic)
I have never stolen one dime as a
policeman.

LUDLOW
(nodding)
I'll buy that.
(a pause while
Ludlow smiles
at Collinson)
I just wanted to get out of the
office.

COLLINSON
(suddenly serious
again)
There's something else on your
mind.

LUDLOW
I can't let the market job go.

INT. CIVILIAN COMPLAINT BUREAU - NIGHT

Ludlow is sitting at the desk in his cubicle at the
LAPD's Civilian-Complaint Bureau.

His desk is covered with legal-pad pages and wadded-up
balls of paper. He's obviously put in a brutally long
day and evening.

Ludlow tilts his chair back, looks at a wall-mounted
clock and sees that it's almost midnight. He laces his
hands behind his head and shuts his eyes.

A loud jumble of VOICES erupts from an adjoining cubicle.
The tone is spooked, scared, disturbed. Ludlow
fast-walks two cubicles over and sees three COMPLAINT
INVESTIGATOR COPS standing beside a COP excitedly
cradling a telephone.

One of the Cops sees Ludlow standing there and walks up
to him.

COP #4
We lost four guys. 97th and
Towne -- some crack pad.

EXT. STREET - NIGHTTIME

It's a half hour after the events of the previous
sequence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow ditches his car at the northwest corner of 97th and Towne and runs toward the middle of the block.

It's a huge cop mob scene.

A helicopter is hovering a hundred feet in the air. Its belly-light is shining down on a small abandoned shack with a Beauchamp Realty sign staked into the front lawn. It's not the shack that Ludlow drove Coates and Freemont out of. It's a similar-looking place 1/2 mile away.

The entire street has been cordoned off. Two dozen black and whites are parked haphazardly on a stretch of adjoining front lawns. Local citizens are standing on their front porches in pajamas and robes. Fifty reporters and a dozen TV crews are being contained behind a separate cordon at the south end of the block. At least thirty uniformed cops and plainclothes men have descended on the shack.

Ludlow pins his badge to his sport coat, runs over and blends into the cop crowd. He sees:

Two black patrolmen sprawled dead in the front seat of a black and white parked in the driveway of the abandoned shack. Both men have been shot at very close range. The driver cop was shot in the forehead and chest. The passenger cop was shot in the forehead and chest. Their guns are still in their holsters. Another black and white -- empty -- is parked in front of theirs.

Ludlow walks up and enters the shack.

INT. SHACK

He sees: A white patrolman and a Latin patrolman dead just inside the door. Both men are sprawled on the floor. The Latin cop is face-down. He's been shot in the back. The white cop is face-up. He's been shot in the face.

FORENSIC TECHNICIANS in plainclothes and UNIFORMED cops are standing around, jabbering. Ludlow hears:

FORENSIC MAN #1
(in mid-discourse)
... so they log two 'loud party'
calls at the switchboard. The two
cars respond and probably think
it's routine, so --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATROLMAN #1

(interrupting
excitedly)

Look, it's gotta be the market
guys. They got off the street and
holed up here, it's why they
weren't nailed straight --

A second Forensic Man grabs Patrolman #1's arm and points
to some bullets with attached metal threads half-imbedded
in the left-hand wall. Two other patrolmen notice
Ludlow. We catch bits of their whispered ambient
dialogue: "Ludlow," "Let the market guys escape."

FORENSIC MAN #2

Look. Silencer threads. It all
went down quiet -- so nobody
called the station to report shots
fired. Fuck... our guys all had
their guns holstered... they never
even...

PATROLMAN #2

Another unit found the bodies. He
saw the cars out front and got a
hinky vibe. I think --

FORENSIC MAN #3

(yelling over

Patrolman #2's voice)

I've got two different sets of
spents! I think we've got two
shooters!

The inside of the shack is a cacophony of overlapping
voices. Odd words can be heard in the jumble: "Market,"
"Fucking Ludlow," "market shooters," "Those market guys."
Ludlow threads his way between cops and stops by a
Forensic Man dusting a small wooden table for
fingerprints. The man is holding two print comparison
cards in his left hand. The cards are designated,
"Coates, Leroy Otis" and "Freemont, John Charles."

The Forensic Man scrutinizes a dust-coated fingerprint on
the table and the Coates card. He looks at Ludlow and
points to the print.

FORENSIC MAN #3

Leroy Otis Coates. Confirmed down
to eight separate loops.

Ludlow starts to thread his way outside. He looks ultra-
shell-shocked. A DEPUTY CORONER squatting over the Latin
cop's body holds up a thermometer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY CORONER
(calling out to
the whole room)
Dead two hours! I got a rectal
reading!

EXT. SHACK

Ludlow stumbles outside. He sees tire tracks covered with a plaster-casting solution on the front lawn. Two Forensic Men are squatting beside the tracks. One man is examining a tire-track comparison chart.

TIRE-TRACK MAN #1
Bingo. Standard tread for our '81
Buick Riviera.

TIRE-TRACK MAN #2
The market guys clouted an '81
Buick right after the job.

Ludlow starts walking back to his car. He looks beyond ultra-shell-shocked now. He sees an attractive 40-year-old woman authoritatively talking to two plainclothes officers. He hears ambient dialogue echoing down the sidewalk: "Linda Moya;" "Victims' wife;" "She's an ex-Sheriff's -- "

Ludlow sees Roger Gray and Paul Diskant walking toward the shack. They're absorbed in conversation and don't notice him. A few words of their muttered conversation are audible: "Janine Fitch/that fuck Leroy's girl friend."

Ludlow is almost to his car. Gray suddenly notices him and plants himself in Ludlow's path. Diskant passively steps aside.

GRAY
Looking for stories? Looking for
some stuff to trade for pussy?

Ludlow steps around Gray and keeps walking. Diskant looks at Gray with controlled disgust.

GRAY
(calling out behind
Ludlow's back in a
schoolyard bully manner)
This is all on you, Tom! You let
the shooters get away, Tom! You
could have been in on big things,
Tom! I'll be in some big --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISKANT
(behind Ludlow's
back; cutting
Gray off)

Come on, man. This isn't the
time.

Ludlow unlocks the driver's side door of his car. Gray strides over to him. Diskant follows Gray. Gray gets up very close to Ludlow. The authoritative woman is standing a few yards away, watching the scene.

GRAY
There's something I've been dying
to tell you.

LUDLOW
What's that?

GRAY
I was doing your wife again. She
was coming to see me when her car
went off the road.

A stunned silence stretches for two seconds. Diskant looks at Gray with pure loathing. Ludlow pulls his gun, smashes Gray in the jaw with the barrel, cocks the trigger and aims it between Gray's eyes. Diskant throws himself on Ludlow's gun arm.

Ludlow and Diskant wrestle for the gun. Gray jumps on Ludlow. Two patrolmen hear the ruckus, run over and wrestle Ludlow into his car.

Ludlow drops his gun. His arm brushes the silenced magnum he took from the other shack after his shootout with Coates and Freemont. The magnum is knocked into the street. Ludlow does not see it hit the gutter.

EXT. FREEWAY

Ludlow pulls his car off the freeway and enters the desert town of Palmdale.

He drives to the black side of town. He sees three separate curbside dope roasts in the course of two blocks. Uniformed sheriff's deputies have young black dudes spread out face-down on the pavement. The ground around them is littered with crack vials, crack pipes, bags of weed and bags of white powder.

EXT. 7-11 - PARKING LOT

Ludlow pulls into a 7/11 parking lot, walks to a pay phone, opens the White Pages to the "Fs" and finds the name of "Janine Fitch." He feeds the PHONE a quarter, taps the number in, lets it RING TEN TIMES and gets no answer.

Janine Fitch's address is listed next to her phone number. Ludlow writes the address in his notebook, flips the phone book over and studies the map of Palmdale printed on the back. He walks back to his car.

EXT. CAR - MOVING

He passes four more curbside dope rousts en route.

EXT. JANINE FITCH'S HOUSE

He drives to the address. Janine Fitch's address is the bottom-left unit in a scuzzy four-flat apartment building in the heart of the Palmdale ghetto. Ludlow gets out of his car, walks up, rings the doorbell and gets no answer. He shines his flashlight in a one-third open front window. The crib appears to be cleaned out -- lock, stock and barrel.

Ludlow gets back into his car and --

EXT. CAR - MOVING

cruises through the Palmdale ghetto. It's the rat's ass: cinderblock huts, hot-sheet motels, shacks enclosed by chicken-wire fencing. More curbside dope rousts are going down. It's same M.O. every time. Sheriff's deputies have black punks spread face-down on the sidewalk.

Ludlow keeps cruising. He hits a particularly squalid-looking patch of ghetto. He spots an abandoned shack with a sign staked out front: "Condemned Property for Sale. Desert King Realty. 811 Bohannon Hiway/481-0290."

Ludlow keeps cruising. He spots a second abandoned shack with a Desert King Realty sign out front.

Then a third shack with the same sign. Then a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth.

EXT. SHACK - PALMDALE

Ludlow parks in front of the sixth shack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gets out of the car with his flashlight, walks up to the shack, circles it and shines his flashlight in uncovered windows. His light picks out a score of empty liquor bottles and crack vials.

EXT. CAR - MOVING

Ludlow drives to a --

EXT. GAS STATION

He walks to the pay phone, feeds it a quarter and taps 481-0290. TWO RINGS and a RECORDED MESSAGE can be heard:

MESSAGE (V.O.)

This is Desert King Realty -- your
#1 stop for affordable desert
housing -- and a proud affiliate
of Beauchamp Realty in Los
Angeles. Please leave a message
at the tone.

Ludlow hangs up the phone. His eyes dart around the ghetto landscape. His mental gears seem to be going, click, click, click.

EXT. 7-11/DESERT KING REALTY - DAY

Ludlow is dozing in the front seat of his car.

He's parked in a lot in front of a 7-11 store and Desert King Realty. Desert King is a grungy storefront dive.

Ludlow wakes up, rubs his eyes and checks his watch. The dial reads 7:52. Ludlow grabs his yellow legal pad and a pen and writes out a note. The note reads:

"I need money. The cops might be hip to my realty gig in L.A. Call me! Shondell."

Ludlow gets out of the car, walks up to the door of Desert King Realty and knocks. Nobody answers the knock. Ludlow wedges the note under the doorbell housing, and walks back to this and eyeballs the door.

Time passes. Ludlow is starting to look more and more antsy. A car pulls in and parks directly in front of Desert King. A wimpy-looking white-trash dude gets out, pulls a key ring from his pocket and approaches the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The WIMP sees the note, unfolds it and reads it. A panicky look crosses his face. He beelines to the pay phone booth adjoining Desert King.

Ludlow runs over and grabs him. The Wimp flails ineffectually and starts jabbering. Ludlow shoves him into the phone booth and forcibly turns out his pockets. Car keys, a crack pipe and three vials of crack fall out.

The Wimp tries to scream. Ludlow picks up the keys, clamps a hand over the Wimp's throat, pulls him out of the phone booth and walks him over to the car he just parked. He shoves the Wimp into the front seat, pulls out his handcuffs and cuffs the Wimp's wrists behind his back. The Wimp is sweating and shaking. There's a spreading stain in the crotch of his pants. He tries to yell -- but his vocal chords are frozen.

Ludlow puts the keys in the ignition, starts the car, rolls up the window and turns on the heater full-blast. The Wimp's eyes are bugging out in horror.

LUDLOW
(very slow and
precise)

Shondell Pritchford, Beauchamp,
and the crack-house scam.

The Wimp gets a few garbled words out. Ludlow slams the car door.

The Wimp starts sweating. The Wimp starts shaking. The Wimp starts squirming with his wrists bent behind his back. The inside of the car steams up.

Ludlow stands by the car and watches the second-hand of his watch go around. The hand makes three slow circuits. The Wimp is now thrashing and gasping for breath.

Ludlow opens the car door. A blast-oven jolt of heat knocks him backward. The Wimp heaves for breath; Ludlow turns the heater dial to the air-conditioning mode. Hot air and cold air battle. The cold air takes over. The Wimp sucks that cold air down like a greedy dog.

The Wimp gradually stops shaking and gasping for breath. Ludlow unlocks his handcuffs; the Wimp rubs his wrists. Ludlow makes his standard "keep going" gesture. The Wimp wipes sweat off his face, coughs and clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIMP

(fast and breathless,
anxious to end the
ordeal)

Shondell rents out my dumps and
the Beauchamp dumps. He sells the
crack and furs and stereo shit to
the niggers up here, and they
party in my shacks.

Ludlow makes his standard "keep going" gesture.

WIMP

(fast and breathless)

Some L.A. cop roused the
Beauchamp guy, and it had
something to do with that market
shooting, and all the cops up here
are rousting dealers, you know,
trying to get a line on the market
guys.

The Wimp runs out of breath and starts coughing. Ludlow
makes his standard "keep going" gesture.

WIMP

(fast and breathless)

Shondell said he wanted to rent
out my dumps for one last night,
make a killing and split.

LUDLOW

Has he rented them out?

The Wimp shakes his head "No."

LUDLOW

Where is he?

The Wimp looks at Ludlow and starts stammering. Ludlow
pulls a beavertail sap from his back pocket.

WIMP

The Sandcastle Motel.

EXT. SANDCASTLE MOTEL - DAY

Ludlow is parked across the street from the Sandcastle
Motel.

It's a one-story, horseshoe-shaped dive built around a
dirt-infested swimming pool. Ludlow watches a Latin maid
push a mop and pail around the outside walkway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He jogs across the street and approaches her. She seizes up immediately. She obviously makes Ludlow for fuzz.

Ludlow pulls out a mugshot of Shondell Pritchford and puts a finger to his lips in a ssshhh gesture. The maid points two doors down to room #11. Ludlow pulls a \$20 bill from his pocket and points to the key ring on her belt. The maid smiles, looks around and sees that no one is watching, snaps up the \$20 and slips Ludlow a key.

Ludlow walks to room #11 and knocks on the door. Nobody answers. Ludlow unlocks the door, steps inside and pulls out a pocket penlight.

INT. ROOM #11

He shuts the door behind him. He prowls with his penlight. The bedroom and attached bathroom are small. Male clothes are strewn around them. Ludlow opens the one closet and sees three silencer-fitted .44 magnums, four rolls of duct tape, a dozen jumbo plastic trash bags and a chainsaw.

Ludlow pulls his gun and sits down in a chair facing the door. Time passes. Ludlow dozes fitfully.

A light goes on. Ludlow snaps half-awake and sees Shondell Pritchford standing in the doorway.

Pritchford hurls a switchblade at Ludlow. It hits him in the chest and knocks him -- chair and all -- to the floor.

Ludlow lays perfectly still. Pritchford enters the room and shuts the door behind him. He walks over to Ludlow, kicks him in the ribs, pulls the knife out of his chest and rears back to stab him again.

An odd look crosses Pritchford's face. He rips open Ludlow's shirtfront and sees a bulletproof vest.

Ludlow grabs Pritchford's right ankle and pulls. Pritchford hits the floor. Ludlow grabs his right wrist and twists the knife out of his hand. Pritchford yelps. Ludlow pulls his beavertail sap from his waistband and slams him in the head.

Pritchford screams. Ludlow stumbles to the closet and grabs the chainsaw out of the trash bag. Pritchford screams again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

You're gong to tell me some things.

Ludlow pulls the starter-cord on the chainsaw. The SAW goes BZZZZZZ. Pritchford screams again.

Ludlow swipes the saw blade back and forth on the floor. It rips out chunks of carpet close to Pritchford. Ludlow swipes the blade closer and closer to him.

PRITCHFORD

(yelling above the
BLADE NOISE)

Okay! Okay!

Ludlow turns OFF the CHAINSAW. Pritchford drags himself into a chair and tries to light a cigarette with shaky hands. His hands won't work. Ludlow drops the chainsaw and lights the cigarette for him. Pritchford takes a huge drag, coughs, shudders and gives Ludlow a submissive look. Ludlow makes his standard "keep going" gesture.

PRITCHFORD

Leroy and Johnny are up here.
They split after they had that
run-in with you. They figured all
the cops would think they was
still in L.A. I split 'cause the
Beauchamp guy said you braced him
about me.

LUDLOW

(shaking his head)

We're the only ones who knew that
Coates and Freemont were holed up
in that shack.

Pritchford shrugs and sucks on his cigarette.

LUDLOW

(slow and precise)

That shack was on 94th. Four
officers were gunned down at
another Beauchamp shack on 97th.
It happened last night.

PRITCHFORD

(genuinely surprised)

Then I'd say Leroy and Johnny
didn't do it, 'cause they ain't so
stupid that they'd run back to
fuckin' Watts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW
(with a broad black
accent)

You gave them somebody. You said,
hey, Blood, Leotis or Tyrone
snitched you for the market job --
not me.

Pritchford nods -- grudgingly.

LUDLOW
Where are they?

PRITCHFORD
I don't know.

LUDLOW
I heard you were going to rent out
some shacks and 'make a killing.'

Pritchford fumbles his cigarette and almost drops it. He
takes a nervous drag and coughs.

PRITCHFORD
I was thinkin' I'd make myself a
stake and go hide out from all
this crazy, violent shit.

LUDLOW
(in a soft singsong
voice)
I don't buy it. You know where
Coates and Freemont are, because
the three of you were going to set
some people up in your shacks,
then shoot them with those
silencerred guns, then cut them up
with that saw, then put them in
those trash bags.

Pritchford starts shaking. His cigarette falls out of
his lips. Ludlow steps on it and grinds it out.

PRITCHFORD
(whiny)
No, man. I wouldn't do nothing
like that.

LUDLOW
(deadpan)
Where are they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pritchford stares at the floor. He's trembling. Ludlow picks up the chainsaw and dangles the blade under his eyes.

PRITCHFORD
(trembling, his eyes
on the saw blade)
11721 Durfee. This little
cinderblock place.

EXT./INT. DURFEE HOUSE - DAY

Ludlow stops his car a few yards down from the cinderblock hut on Durfee.

He's got Shondell Pritchford's three silenced guns on the seat beside him. He grabs one. He walks over to the hut and circles it from twenty yards out.

The area is semi-developed. The houses on Durfee are spaced widely apart. A long stretch of desert extends behind them.

There's a car under a tarpaulin in the dirt front yard. Ludlow pulls the back of the tarp off. The license number is ZZH-441. It's a 1981 Buick Riviera.

Ludlow picks up a rock and throws it at the hut. It hits the front door -- and there is no response from inside. Ludlow picks up another rock, throws it at the hut and BREAKS a WINDOW. There is no response from inside.

Ludlow walks up, KICKS a loose section of window GLASS OUT and steps into the hut. He looks around the living room and sees overturned furniture and recently-fresh blood spatter on one wall.

Ludlow checks out the floor. He sees two sets of bloody drag marks extending back to the rear of the house. He follows them through the living room and kitchen and out to a back porch. The bloody drag marks become drag marks in the sand. They end at a clump of bushes forty yards from the hut.

Ludlow follows the drag marks. Flying bugs are swarming over the clump of bushes. Ludlow sees red ants swarming into a hole in the sand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He kicks at the ants. They scatter. He sees them crawling all over the heads of two bodies stuffed into the hole. The heads have been thoroughly duct-taped. It looks like the entire bodies have been duct-taped mummy-style. The backs of both heads have been blown away. Ants have crawled into the two bullet holes.

Ludlow reaches into one bullet hole, brushes ants off his hand and pulls the tape loose. He sees the half-decomposed face of Leroy Coates. Ludlow reaches into the bullet hole on the back of the other man's head. He brushes the ants off his hand, pulls the tape loose and sees the half-decomposed face of Johnny Freemont.

INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR RESTAURANT - DAY

Ludlow is sitting at the bar, watching Karen Flanders deliver the afternoon K-CAL News on TV. He's rolling three vodka miniatures in his hands. All three bottles are sealed.

KAREN (V.O.)
(on TV screen,
in mid-discourse)
... the four slain officers
personify the emerging new face of
the L.A.P.D. Two men were
African-American, one man was
Latin, one man was openly gay.

Mugshots of Leroy Coates and Johnny Freemont are flashed and held on the TV screen.

KAREN (V.O.)
(from the TV, over the
mugshots)
Meanwhile, a massive manhunt is
underway. L.A.P.D. detectives had
thought that suspects Leroy Coates
and Johnny Freemont were hiding
out in the desert city of
Palmdale, but bullets taken from
the bodies of the slain officers
identically match the bullets
fired by Coates and Freemont at
the Jim and Dottie Market shootout
that left four bystanders dead on
Tuesday.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Detectives Roger Gray and Paul Diskant, well-known for the work on the O.J. Simpson case, were brought down from Palmdale to assist in the Los Angeles manhunt, but Detective Gray suffered a broken jaw in an off-duty accident and is now recuperating in Oregon.

Ludlow looks bewildered and astonished. He cannot fucking believe what he's hearing. Commander Roy Murcott appears on the TV screen. He's sitting in front of a microphone.

MURCOTT (V.O.)

(on TV screen, somber)

I can only say that the diverse humanity of the martyred officers is a profound rebuttal to the many spurious police-brutality charges being levied against the L.A.P.D.

Three MEN approach the bar. The oldest of the three is holding up an LAPD sergeant's badge. All three Men are wearing black mourning armbands.

BADGE MAN

My name's Al Woodard. We're with Internal Affairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ludlow is seated at a table in a small interrogation room at Parker Center.

Sergeant Al Woodard is seated across from him. The two other Internal Affairs men are flanking him. Both men are holding pens and yellow pads. A tape recorder is positioned on the table. The spools are turning.

WOODARD (BADGE MAN)

(to Ludlow)

Where did you get that silenced-rigged gun that fell out of your car at the crime scene last night?

LUDLOW

I decline to answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODARD

You brought a seriously wounded prostitute to Daniel Freeman Hospital three nights ago. I interviewed her -- but she refused to say how or where you met her. Would you care to comment on that?

LUDLOW

No.

WOODARD

Were you alcohol-impaired at the time you shot and killed Darnell Dillard?

LUDLOW

I was cleared on the market job. Ask George Collinson.

Woodard flinches slightly at the name "George Collinson."

WOODARD

Why were you at 97th and Towne last night? Are you investigating the market case on your own?

LUDLOW

I decline to answer.

WOODARD

Did you illegally obtain some evidence? The silencer threads on that gun of yours match the threads on the spent rounds we found at the crime scene last night.

LUDLOW

(scornful)

I was at the complaint bureau when the event went down. You know I'm not a suspect.

WOODARD

No. But I think you're withholding a good deal of information, and I'd like to know where you got that gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW
I've got 26 years on.
(a pause)
Your call. You can release me
back to duty, suspend me or file
trial-board charges on me.

The three cops stare at Ludlow. Ludlow makes his
standard "keep going" gesture. Commander Roy Murcott
enters the room and walks up to Ludlow.

MURCOTT
(smoothing the black
arm band on his
sleeve)
You can go back to duty -- under
one condition.

LUDLOW
I'm listening.

MURCOTT
You are not to interfere with the
market case investigation or the
new multiple.

Ludlow stands up. Murcott gives him a slow once-over.

MURCOTT
(sadly)
You could have been in on some
very big things.

LUDLOW
(an odd look on his
face)
People keep telling me that.

INT. LAPD OFFICES - LUDLOW'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ludlow is sitting at the desk in his cubicle at the
LAPD's Civilian-Complaint Bureau.

He's wearing a black arm band over the left sleeve of his
sport coat. A young black HEPCAT is seated in front of
his desk.

HEPCAT
I got lots of complaints, but
nothin' too fuckin' specific.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW
(bored, toying with
his pen and yellow
legal pad)

We need specific complaints.

The Hepcat laughs and pops the knuckles on all of his
fingers and thumbs.

HEPCAT
(smiling broadly)
You white cops lead charmed
fuckin' lives. Four of your guys
get wasted -- and two are black,
one's a spic, and the only white
guy is a fuckin' rump ranger.

Ludlow smiles -- very slightly. He's somewhat amused by
the Hepcat.

HEPCAT
Still, I gotta say it's sundown
for you guys. My prognosis for
you motherfuckers ain't too good.

LUDLOW
(still smiling
slightly)
Are you finished?

HEPCAT
See, you guys are losin' that old
hard edge at the same time that
all your old karmic juju is comin'
back to haunt you.

LUDLOW
(still smiling
slightly)
Are you finished?

HEPCAT
See, you guys can't acknowledge
where you been, so you don't know
where you goin'. That's the
fuckin' supposition that I'm
basin' my prognosis on.

Paul Diskant steps into the cubicle. Ludlow gives the
Hepcat a very stern look and points to the doorway. The
Hepcat gets up, slides past Diskant and turns around to
face Ludlow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEPCAT

Don't forget my fuckin' prognosis.

The Hepcat walks away. Diskant shuts the cubicle door and sits down in the chair facing Ludlow's desk. Ludlow makes an open-handed "what have we got here?" gesture.

DISKANT

(obviously
embarrassed)

I'm sorry about last night.

LUDLOW

Why? You saved your partner's
life.

DISKANT

(breaking a smile)

For what it's worth.

(a pause)

Look, Roger told me he was just
fucking with you. He didn't
really have anything going with
your wife.

Ludlow's whole body seems to unclench. He looks
tremendously relieved.

DISKANT

(shaking his head
in amazement at
his own recklessness)

I almost killed him.

DISKANT

You broke his jaw. He took his
vacation time early.

Ludlow smiles. Diskant gives him a probing look. A
tense string of seconds go by.

DISKANT

(coughing and shifting
around in his chair)

I just got back from Palmdale.
Shondell Pritchford told me you
leaned on him.

Ludlow nods.

DISKANT

I braced him this morning.

Ludlow nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISKANT

The Palmdale Sheriffs just called me. Pritchford was killed two hours ago.

LUDLOW

(smiling ghoulishly)

Let me guess. Duct-taped, shot in the back of the head, silencer threads on the spent rounds.

DISKANT

(going pale)

Did you kill him?

LUDLOW

Let's go someplace.

INT. HAMBURGER HAMLET - DAY

Ludlow and Diskant are sitting in a booth at the Hamburger Hamlet Restaurant at Wilshire and Berendo.

They're huddled up in intense conversation. Ludlow is in mid-discourse. He's ticking off points on his fingers and speaking emphatically, precisely and articulately. It should now be obvious to all viewers:

Seasoned fuck-up Tom Ludlow is rising to the occasion of the horrible events surrounding him.

LUDLOW

(emphatically, precisely,
articulately)

... so, one, we know that Coates and Freemont couldn't have killed our guys. They were dead and at least 24 hours decomped when I saw their bodies. Two, they would not have run to a second shack a few blocks away after they traded shots with me and cut that hooker. So, the prints our forensic guys found at the shack on 97th have to fucking predate the time I chased Coates and Freemont out of the shack on 94th.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW (CONT'D)

Three, tire tracks they cast outside the shack on 97th are either old or come from another '81 Buick or a car with tires identical to the standard issue for the make and model -- because I saw the Buick at that place in Palmdale, covered with dust like it had been there for days -- and how many fucking '81 Buicks still have original issue tires in 1995 -- and Coates and Freemont could not have driven that Buick with those plates for more than a few hours after the market job -- because the plate number went out tri-fucking-statewide and they would have been spotted -- which means that Coates and Freemont had to have driven a different car to Palmdale -- or they were killed somewhere else and dumped there.

Ludlow stops talking, takes a big gulp of coffee, empties the cup and twirls it on the table. Diskant looks at him intently.

DISKANT

This doesn't make sense.

LUDLOW

Not if you really think I whacked Pritchford.

DISKANT

(shaking his head
'no')

This thing all comes back to the guns that Coates and Freemont had.

Ludlow nods and starts twirling his coffee cup again.

DISKANT

Do you think Pritchford clipped Coates and Freemont?

LUDLOW

No. He wouldn't have snitched off their hideout if he knew I'd go right over and find the bodies.

Diskant nods and starts nervously fretting his table napkin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW
(changing subject)
Our first multiple cop killing
ever -- and the victims are a
bunch of candy-asses.

DISKANT
(disgusted)
These guys who shouldn't have made
the department get wasted, so we
should bring back all our old
tactics.

LUDLOW
That's correct.

DISTANT
(pissed)
You're the kind of guy who likes
to beat up suspects with phone
books.
(paused)
Phone-Book Tom. I know they used
to call you that.

LUDLOW
(smiling)
I got my best confession with a
'78 Central Directory.

Diskant shakes his head in disgust.

LUDLOW
You're too young to know how much
we ran this town. We were fucking
kings.

Diskant frets his napkin and seethes.

LUDLOW
Quit congratulating yourself. You
would have loved the old ways.

Diskant frets his napkin and seethes.

LUDLOW
What's your field breakdown?

DISKANT
Eight teams on Coates and
Freemont, four tip-chaser teams
and one phone team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

And you're working single now.

DISKANT

Murcott told me I could pick a new partner.

LUDLOW

You'll have your pick.

DISKANT

I'm picking you.

LUDLOW

Why? I'm not your kind of guy.

DISKANT

Yeah, but you've got the inside track on this case.

LUDLOW

(smiling)

Call Murcott.

Diskant nods. Ludlow points to a bank of phone booths at the rear of the restaurant. Diskant gets up and walks over to them.

Ludlow pulls a sealed vodka miniature from his jacket pocket and rolls it in his right hand. His eyes circle the restaurant. It's obvious that everything in his world has taken on a strange and powerful new light.

Diskant returns to the table and sits down.

DISKANT

He okayed it.

LUDLOW

If you debrief IA on everything I say and do.

Diskant flushes -- he's been nailed.

DISKANT

(seething)

I want to work with you -- but I don't have to enjoy it.

Ludlow rolls his vodka miniature and looks at Diskant.

DISKANT

What about Coates and Freemont?

LUDLOW

Let's leave them in that hole.

INT. LUDLOW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ludlow is standing in front of a wall-mounted corkboard in the living room of his apartment.

He's got photos of the four slain cops alive, crime-scene shots of them dead and general crime-scene photos tacked to the board.

LUDLOW'S POV

We see the corkboard subjectively. We get good CLOSEUP SHOTS of:

Victim #1 -- a black officer named Walter Winton Kersey -- in his patrolman's uniform. Kersey's name is printed below the photograph. Beside the photo: a crime-scene shot of Kersey, dead behind the wheel of his patrol car. He's been shot in the forehead and chest.

Victim #2 -- a black officer named Jameel Daniel Bidwell -- in his patrolman's uniform. Bidwell's name is printed below the photograph. Beside the photo: a crime-scene shot of Bidwell, dead in the front seat of his patrol car. He's been shot in the forehead and chest.

Victim #3 -- a Latin cop named Gilbert Luis Moya -- in his patrolman's uniform. Moya's name is printed below the photograph. Beside the photo: a crime-scene shot of Moya, dead on the floor of the shack on 97th Street. He's been shot in the back.

Victim #4 -- a white cop named Karl Michael Bersinger -- in his patrolman's uniform. Bersinger's name is printed below the photograph. Beside the photo: a crime scene shot of Bersinger, dead on the floor of the shack on 97th Street. He's sprawled face-up. He's been shot in the face.

We see more SUBJECTIVELY VIEWED crime-scene closeups:

Two shots of spent shells resting by Gilbert Moya's body. The shells have been circled in white paint. Three shots of blood spill by Karl Bersinger's body. Two photographs of some navy blue threads caught on a loose piece of the screen on the back door of the shack. Four perspective photographs taken from the front porch. The shots show a string of empty lots directly across 97th Street and no houses on either side of the crime-scene shack.

The CAMERA PANS TO a stack of videos on Ludlow's desk. The spines are labelled "Next-of-Kin Interviews." The CAMERA PANS TO Ludlow's TV set. A blurred face can be seen on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dialogue sound bites are heard on the soundtrack. We continue to SCAN the crime-scene shots from Ludlow's POV.

DOROTHY KERSEY (V.O.)

People can say Walter wasn't a good policeman all they like. He tried to be a good policeman, but he got upset too easy, and sometimes these other officers made fun of him.

GLENDIA BIDWELL (V.O.)

(a different voice)

Walter and Jameel took a lot of guff, 'cause they both came on under this affirmative action quota, and most of the men at 77th Street thought Jameel was just this overweight black man with a funny Muslim name, and he always thought that the other cops were conspiring against him, and he used to collect all these rumors, and he'd tell the cops who picked on him, 'Yeah, I'm fat, but who knows what I know about you?'

KERRY BERSINGER (V.O.)

(a different voice)

... and I wished to hell that Karl wasn't gay, and our parents sure as hell wished it, and sometimes Karl would say, 'So many cops hate me that I almost cannot fucking believe it.'

The sound of TAPE JAMMING hits the soundtrack. The CAMERA CUTS TO the TV screen. A good-looking 40-year-old white woman appears on the screen. She's facing an unseen camera. A printed band across the bottom of the screen identifies her: "Linda Hatcher Moya (Vic Moya's wife)." The woman is talking to an unseen interviewer. She's calmly authoritative. She's the woman we previously glimpsed at the death-shack crime-scene.

LINDA MOYA (V.O.)

(on TV screen in mid-discourse)

... look, we both know that this is a pro-forma interview. You have your suspects, and you're just doing this to convince your victims' next-of-kin that the L.A.P.D. is doing everything it can, so please don't --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
(unseen; cutting
in)

Mrs. Moya --

LINDA MOYA (V.O.)
(on TV screen,
cutting in)

I'm going back to Hatcher, because
Gilbert and I were close to
breaking up, and please don't
interrupt me, because I was on the
L.A. Sheriffs for eleven years and
I know how these things work.

MALE INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
All right. I'm sorry.

LINDA MOYA (V.O.)
(on TV screen)
For the record, Gilbert was a
third-rate street cop. Take that
to the bank. He should have
stayed in administrative work. He
had a good assignment going at
Financial Affairs, and he never
should have been transferred out.
Take this to the bank, too. You
can love somebody and still be
candid about them after they're
dead, and it doesn't mean you love
them any less.

Linda Moya stops talking and stares at the unseen
interviewer. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and shows Ludlow
staring at the TV screen. He freeze-frames Linda Moya's
face and just looks at her.

EXT. WINCHELL'S DONUTS - DAY

Ludlow and Paul Diskant are drinking coffee at a table
outside a Winchell's Donut joint on Lincoln Boulevard in
Venice.

LUDLOW
It feels dirty.

DISKANT
(nodding)
The 'loud party' calls to the
switchboard are too pat. I think
they were lured to the crime
scene.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISKANT (CON'TD)

The calls were made from two cell phones stolen out of two cars near the scene. What does that tell you?

LUDLOW

(shaking his head)

They were piss-poor cops. They had no business working a high-crime beat. You should have seen their fitness reports.

DISKANT

(clenching up)

Harold Innes was saying that same thing. He called them 'Rainbow Coalition Cops.'

LUDLOW

(giving Diskant an odd look)

He said that to the press?

DISKANT

Yeah, and I think it was a cheap shot.

LUDLOW

That's strange. Innes always takes the media line that Roy Murcott feeds him, and Murcott's playing up this bullshit diversity angle.

DISKANT

(pissed)

We're talking about four brother officers.

LUDLOW

(ignoring Diskant's comment)

The shells bother me. I didn't see any guns at that place in Palmdale, or any stuffed in with the bodies.

DISKANT

Let's go up there. If we find the guns planted now, we'll know it's a set-up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

I want to bag the bodies. I know
a deputy coroner up there who owes
me a --

DISKANT

(cutting in)

That's crazy. We can't --

LUDLOW

(cutting in)

We have to establish a fucking
time-line, and get a certified
fucking M.E. to state that Coates
and Freemont got whacked before
our guys did.

DISKANT

(rolling his eyes)

And you know an M.E. who'll bag
and freeze two decomp's? A guy
who'll go along with all your old
L.A.P.D. methods?

LUDLOW

(smiling)

Dr. Richard L. Gotler, M.D.

DISKANT

He must really owe you.

Ludlow smiles. Diskant makes Ludlow's standard "keep
going" gesture and takes a sip of coffee.

LUDLOW

I caught him going down on a foxy
little cadaver.

Diskant laughs so hard he sprays coffee all over the
table.

INT./EXT. CINDERBLOCK HUT - DAY

Ludlow and Diskant step through the broken front window
of the cinderblock hut on Durfee in Palmdale. With them:
L.A. County Deputy Coroner RICHARD L. GOTLER.

The place looks exactly like it did three nights back.
Ludlow and Diskant go through closets, cupboards,
shelves, drawers, and rip up loose floorboards. They go
about their work in silence. Gotler watches them work
and keeps nervously checking his watch. He paces like a
caged animal and oozes resentment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow and Diskant walk outside. Gotler follows them. A giant swarm of flying bugs is hovering over the body-dump spot. Gotler opens a medical kit and pulls out two body bags, three sets of rubber gloves, face masks and full-length plastic smocks.

The men suit up and walk over to the spot. Red ant swarms cover the hole where the bodies were stuffed.

Ludlow digs into the hole and pulls out two holstered guns with silencers affixed to the barrels. His hands and arms are covered with big red ants.

Diskant whoops and jabs his right fist in the air. Ludlow brushes ants off his hands and gives the thumbs-up sign.

INT. MORTUARY - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Ludlow is standing in the autopsy room of a private mortuary in Palmdale.

Doc Gotler has the remains of Leroy Coates and Johnny Freemont spread out on adjoining morgue slabs. He's cutting out their internal organs and brushing ants off of them.

Ludlow and Gotler are still wearing their protective suiting. Ludlow is holding a can of bug spray. The floor is covered with dead ants.

Diskant walks into the room and goes up to Ludlow. He's still wearing his protective suit.

DISKANT

(pulling off his
protective mask
and whispering to
Ludlow)

I called the Sheriff's lab. They
said Pritchford was killed with
spents that match up to the market
job and 97th Street.

LULOW

(pulling off his
protective mask
and whispering to
Diskant)

Planted evidence, dead
perpetrators.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISKANT

And some guys who know how to
plant evidence.

Ludlow nods. Gotler clears his throat, walks up to
Ludlow and Diskant and pulls off his protective mask.

GOTLER

The ants ate up most of their
organs, but I got a reading off
Freemont's liver. I'd say they've
been dead 72 hours minimum.

Ludlow claps Gotler on the back. Gotler gives Ludlow a
piercing look. Ludlow walks out of the autopsy room and
into a hallway. Diskant follows him. Both men pull off
their protective suiting.

LUDLOW

They were clipped eight hours
before our guys.

Diskant nods. Gotler steps into the hallway.

GOTLER

(to Ludlow)

We're quits, Tom. No more favors.
This is way over the line.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEATH SHACK - NIGHT

The shack interior is fully lit by left-behind forensic
arc lights.

Ludlow stands by the door with his briefcase. He looks
at a photo of Gilbert Moya dead and squats by the white-
paint floor outline of his body. He stands behind the
door and mimics shooting Moya. He looks at a photo of
Karl Bersinger dead and squats by the floor outline of
his body. He studies the dried blood stains on the floor
and a closeup photo of Bersinger's face wounds.

EXT. SHACK - DRIVEWAY

He walks outside and sees the two patrol cars parked in
the driveway -- right where we saw them on the night of
the slaughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks back and forth between the two cars. He pulls out his penlight and studies the crime-scene shots of Walter Kersey and Jameel Bidwell dead. He studies the blood stains on the front seat of the car they were shot in.

Ludlow walks back into the shack. Ludlow walks back over to the driver's side window of the Kersey/Bidwell car and mimics shooting the driver. He times his actions on his watch, walks back into the shack, walks back over to the car and mimics shooting somebody on the passenger side. He times his actions on his watch.

Ludlow looks rapaciously focused. His brain seems to be running at warp-speed.

INT. FOREST LAWN MORTUARY - FUNERAL CHAPEL - DAY

Ludlow is standing in a roped-off section in Forest Lawn Mortuary's largest funeral chapel. The place is packed. Two hundred reporters are standing in the press section; a thousand cops in dress-blue uniforms are jammed into narrow pews. Ludlow is standing with Paul Diskant.

DISKANT

There's at least 40 camera crews outside.

LUDLOW

(nodding)

They're thinking the procession will run two miles long.

DISKANT

The story's getting more play than Fuhrman.

LUDLOW

(shrugging)

Our complaints have dropped off -- I'll say that.

Diskant and Ludlow scan the front row of mourners.

Commander Roy Murcott is talking to City Councilman Harold Innes. Two black women are openly weeping. Linda Moya Hatcher is consoling them. She's stone-faced.

Ludlow stares at her. He's obviously moved by the woman.

DISKANT

We're being watched.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow glances in the direction that Diskant has indicated. He sees Sergeant Al Woodard and the crime-lab lieutenant, George Collinson, looking his way. Two other fiftyish LAPD men in lieutenant's uniforms are standing beside them -- four pew rows down and over to the right.

LUDLOW
(turning away from
the four men)
I know Woodard and Collinson. Who
are the --

DISKANT
(interrupting)
The fat guy's Don Luman. He runs
the night watch at 77th. The
other guy's Lou Harnish. He's the
number two man at Financial
Affairs.

Ludlow nods absently and looks down at the front row of mourners. His eyes seek out Linda Moya Hatcher. He stares and stares at her...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UCLA LAW LIBRARY - NIGHT

Ludlow enters a large room at the UCLA law library and walks up to Linda Moya Hatcher.

She's alone at a long table. A half-dozen open books are piled in front of her. She looks exhausted.

She sees Ludlow. A look of recognition crosses her face. Ludlow pulls out his badge/ID holder. Linda slides her chair back and looks up at him.

LUDLOW
Ms. Hatcher, I'm Tom --

LINDA
(rudely
interrupting)
I know who you are. And it's
still Moya.

LUDLOW
I'm just going by what you said in
that interview.

LINDA
I changed my mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

You mean you figured out that you
can't give your husband up so
easy.

Linda blinks. Ludlow's comment obviously startled her.

LINDA

Who told you where to find me?

LUDLOW

Your next-door neighbor.

LINDA

(flushing angrily)

Did she --

LUDLOW

(interrupting as
rudely as Linda
did)

She said you were going to law
school, and she implied that you
didn't have the greatest goddamn
marriage, and I'm only hassling
you because I'm pretty sure that
Coates and Freemont didn't kill
your husband.

Linda looks dumbstruck. She stands up, pushes her chair
into the table and purposefully walks out of the library.
Ludlow follows her. They turn and face each other just
outside the door.

EXT. LAW LIBRARY STEPS - NIGHT

Ludlow puts a gentle hand on Linda's arm and tries to
steer her toward a bench at the bottom of the library
steps. Linda pulls her arm free, walks to the bench and
sits down. Ludlow follows her over and sits down on the
bench a respectful distance away.

LINDA

Why should I believe a second-rate
cop who sold out his partners for
a couple of one-night stands?

LUDLOW

You could have asked me that
inside.

Linda shrugs. It's an angry and impotent gesture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

I can't tell you what I've got. I want to be clear on that.

LINDA

I was a cop. I know how these things work.

LUDLOW

I know you do. And I know what you're going through with Gilbert.

LINDA

(steely cold)

No, you do not.

LUDLOW

My wife ran her car off P.C.H. and hit the rocks going sixty.

(a pause)

She was drunk. She was drunk because I'd just told her that I blew away a 14-year-old gangbanger, and that was the only way she could handle shit like that.

Linda looks at Ludlow and dry-swallows. Ludlow looks at her like he wants her to respond. Linda just looks at him.

LUDLOW

I'll never give her up.

LINDA

Because you can't?

LUDLOW

Because I don't want to.

LINDA

You're saying it's all about will?

LUDLOW

I'm saying it's the only way I can have her.

Another silence stretches. Linda makes a gentle little "go ahead" gesture. Ludlow clears his throat.

LUDLOW

Did Gilbert have friends on the department?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Just the other three victims.

LUDLOW

So he made friends easily. The reports said he only transferred to 77th a month before the killings.

LINDA

He was friends with Jameel Bidwell since they worked Wilshire Division. Jameel introduced him to Bersinger and Kersey, and they all got friendly and took their dinner breaks together. It was hard, because they worked beats on opposite ends of the division.

LUDLOW

(slightly puzzled)

That can't be. They responded to the same call that night.

LINDA

You're right. They were moved to adjoining beats a few days before the killings.

Linda winces slightly at the word "killings."

LUDLOW

Who cleared things? Was it the night watch commander?

LINDA

Yes. Don Luman.

LUDLOW

(perking up mentally
and moving closer
to Linda)

Did your husband request to be transferred out of Financial Affairs?

LINDA

No.

LUDLOW

Did he tell you why he was --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA
(eager to answer
the question)
Gilbert never talked about it, but
I put a few things together.

Ludlow nods and moves slightly closer to Linda. He sees
what he's doing and moves back a tad.

LINDA
Well, Jameel Bidwell was a big
rumor-monger. He saw conspiracies
everywhere, and he got Gilbert
hooked on some theory of his, and
Gilbert started tapping in to some
restricted computer programs at
the office, and the next thing you
know he's out of Financial Affairs
and over at 77th.

LUDLOW
Tell me about Jameel's theory.

LINDA
I don't know anything about it. I
always thought Jameel was a loser,
so I told Gilbert not to share his
silly theories with me.

LUDLOW
You never thought the transfer was
suspicious?

LINDA
No. Not until you asked these
last few questions.

LUDLOW
Who transferred Gilbert out?

LINDA
Lou Harnish. I think he's a
lieutenant on the captain's list.

LUDLOW
How was Gilbert acting lately?
Say for the past few months.

Linda lays her arm down on the back of the bench. It
accidentally brushes Ludlow's shoulder. Linda pulls her
arm away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Elated sometimes, depressed
sometimes.

(a pause)

He wouldn't tell me what was
bothering him.

(a longer pause)

We weren't talking very much.

A young couple strolls by the bench arm-in-arm. Ludlow
and Linda watch them pass.

LINDA

I can't let him go.

LUDLOW

Because you don't want to.

LINDA

Because I should have loved him
more.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CIVILIAN-COMPLAINT BUREAU - DAY

Ludlow is sitting at the desk in his cubicle at the
Civilian-Complaint Bureau.

He's got a computer printout, a legal pad, a pen and his
yellow marker in front of him. The printout carries a
personnel division letterhead and is full of yellow
highlights. Ludlow studies them. We hear what he is
thinking.

LUDLOW (V.O.)

Collinson. Harnish. Luman.
Worked sixteen assignments
together, going back twenty-one
years. West L.A. Vice in '85.

INT. LAPD WEST LOS ANGELES STATION - DETECTIVES'
SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Ludlow walks into the detectives' squad room at the
LAPD's West Los Angeles Station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Only a few detectives are sitting at desks and lounging by the coffee machine. Ludlow walks straight to a partitioned-off cubicle at the front of the room. A DETECTIVE is sitting at the desk inside. He looks up, sees Ludlow and smiles. Ludlow flashes his badge/ID holder.

DETECTIVE

(smiling)

You look like a man who wants something.

LUDLOW

Well, I do.

(a pause while

Ludlow smiles)

I've got a buddy who's retiring next week. He worked the vice unit here back in '85, and I wanted to get a hold of some of his old reports and see if I could whip up a gag routine for his party.

The Detective laughs and shakes his head like "Ain't that a pisser?"

DETECTIVE

Check out the storeroom. You've got old carbon files, 'cause they didn't computerize all the pre-'87 data. There's log entries on clipboards hooked up to the shelves, so look for your buddy's name and take it from there. You'll see white-out on the arrestees' names if the D.A. declined to file.

LUDLOW

Thanks. I appreciate it.

The Detective smiles, gives a little wave and picks up a copy of Penthouse Magazine. Ludlow walks through the squad room and enters the storeroom.

It's a maze of floor-to-ceiling shelves crammed with filing cabinets. Ludlow sees a shelf bank marked "Vice rpts. '82-'86" and follows dates on the front of the cabinets up to 8-12/85.

There's a clipboard hooked off the handle of the 8-12/85 cabinet. A log entry on it reads: "Bar Violations/Sgts. Collinson, Harnish, Luman (see red tagged folders.)"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow opens the 8-12/85 cabinet, spots a bunch of folders with red-arrow tags attached and pulls them out. He spots two empty boxes on the floor, dumps the folders into them and carries them out to the squad room.

The squad room is empty. Ludlow brazenly carries the boxes outside to his car.

INT. NORM'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Ludlow is seated at a table in a Norm's Coffee Shop on Pico Boulevard in West L.A.

He's reading the old vice reports. He's scanning the first pages and tossing them down one by one. He looks frustrated and restless.

Ludlow rubs his eyes, abruptly dumps all his reports into the two boxes and lugs them to his car.

INT./EXT. DEATH SHACK - DAY

Ludlow is walking through the death shack again. He's carrying a stack of crime-scene photos.

He places photos of Moya and Bersinger's bodies on the white-paint floor outlines of their bodies. He places a photo of Leroy Coates' thumbprint on the table where the thumbprint was found. He places two blood-spill photos on the faded remnants of the actual spills on the floor. He places a photograph of navy blue threads caught in a piece of loose screen on the back door up against the actual piece of screen.

Ludlow stands perfectly still.

And looks out the back door.

And sees a tree-covered dirt path leading out to 96th Street.

Ludlow runs out to his car, picks up the cell phone on the front seat and punches eight digits. We hear a CRACKLY noise on the other end of the line.

LUDLOW
(into the cell
phone mouthpiece)
I'm at the crime scene. Get over
here.

EXT. DEATH SHACK - DAY

Ludlow is standing on the front porch of the death shack.

Paul Diskant drives up, parks his car and fast-walks up the porch. Ludlow grabs him, turns him around and points in the direction of Central Avenue. Diskant seems startled by Ludlow's manic behavior and lets himself be manhandled.

DISKANT

Tom, what the hell are --

Ludlow cuts Diskant off, then -- emphatic, precise, lays his theory out with enthusiasm.

LUDLOW

We've got a four-man operation, minimum. The two outside guys break into the cars on Central and clout the fucking cell phones. They hit them simultaneously, because it's the better way to disperse potential witnesses. They probably had the fucking cars staked out in advance, they knew where they'd be, they hit the cars, grab the phones, make the 'loud party' calls and use black-type voices, they call at 8:10 P.M., the time the switchboard logged the calls, because they knew that fucking Kersey and Bidwell and Moya and Bersinger were the only patrol units in the area not taking code 7 dinner breaks.

Diskant looks stunned. Ludlow manhandles him into the shack and positions him just inside the door.

FLASHBACK - SERIES OF IMAGES

The SCREEN GOES BLACK and coheres around duotone flashback images. Ludlow speaks the following narration as a mini-drama plays out on the screen in SLOW MOTION. We hear:

LUDLOW (V.O.)

(emphatic, precise,
laying his theory
out with enthusiasm)

The two inside guys are waiting
for the cops to show.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

They'd killed Coates and Freemont, probably that morning, and they had their magnums with those big fucking silencers.

(pause; clears
his throat)

Now, they see the first unit pull up in the driveway. Moya and Bersinger get out, walk up to the door and knock. One of the inside guys, imitating Kersey or Bidwell's voice, calls out 'It's Kersey' or 'It's Bidwell' and 'We're parked out back' and something like, 'Come on in, we've got something.'

(a pause while
Ludlow catches
his breath)

In any fucking event, Moya and Bersinger feel safe and walk in. It's dark, they see the inside guys wearing L.A.P.D. uniforms, they can't quite make out their faces, the inside guys pop them when they're two seconds inside the door, and a couple of seconds later, the second unit pulls up and parks behind Moya and Bersinger's car.

(a pause while
Ludlow catches
his breath)

Kersey and Bidwell see the first car, figure Moya and Bersinger are inside and figure the call is no big fucking deal. They sit in their car and scratch their balls for a few seconds or do whatever they do. Now, the inside guys walk out of the shack in their uniforms, and it's dark, and Kersey and Bidwell see guys in cop suits, but don't see their faces, and the inside guys approach the two sides of the car in a flank spread and pop them at the same fucking second.

(pause; coughs)

The inside guys walk back in here, lock the front door and turn out the lights.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

One guy snags his uniform shirt on this loose piece of screen here and leaves some fibers that one of the forensic guys shoots a picture of. Now, the inside guys put on overcoats, walk out this back door here and cut through that little dirt patch that you're looking at, all the way to 96th Street. They've got a car there. They get into it and drive away fucking clean.

INTERCUTTING WITH above monologue, we simultaneously see:

Faceless men in civilian clothes shooting Leroy Coates and John Freemont in the back of the head and wrapping them up in duct tape.

Two faceless men in LAPD uniforms standing in the death shack. An LAPD black & white pulls up outside.

Gilbert Moya and Karl Bersinger get out of the car, walk up to the door and knock. The two faceless men call out greetings soundlessly.

Moya and Bersinger enter the shack. The faceless men are standing behind the door. One faceless man SHOTS Moya in the back. Bersinger turns around. The other faceless man SHOTS him in the face.

A second black & white pulls up outside. The faceless men walk out of the shack and approach it. One faceless man SHOTS Walter Kersey in the forehead and chest. The other faceless man SHOTS Jameel Bidwell in the eyes.

The SCREEN GOES BLACK for a micro-second. It's as if Tom Ludlow blinked his eyes. We see:

Faceless men in civilian clothes putting fresh license plates on an '81 Buick Riviera.

Faceless men in civilian clothes SMASHING CAR WINDOWS and grabbing cellular phones off the front seats.

A faceless man in an LAPD uniform catching his shirt on the back door screen of the death shack.

A faceless man in civilian clothes attaching silencer threads to a bullet in the death shack wall.

A faceless man in civilian clothes rolling fingerprints off the dead Leroy Coates' right hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A faceless man in civilian clothes applying a fingerprint transparency to a table at the death shack.

The two faceless uniformed men walk out the back door of the death shack and head for a car on 96th Street.

The FLASHBACK ENDS. We RETURN TO:

EXT. DEATH SHACK

Ludlow and Diskant in the present.

Diskant grabs the screen door for support and wipes a line of sweat from his forehead.

DISKANT
(voice trembling)
It's guys in cop suits.

LUDLOW
No. It's cops.

INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR RESTAURANT - BAR - NIGHT

Ludlow and Linda Moya are sitting in a booth at the bar in the Pacific Dining Car Restaurant.

Linda is sipping a Scotch-on-the-rocks. She looks resolute. Ludlow is toying with three unopened vodka miniatures. He looks fanatically focused and hyper-alert.

DISKANT
(in disbelief)
Why? Because they were fucking incompetent?

LUDLOW
No, it's something else.

LUDLOW
(in mid-discourse)
... and these ranking guys keep saying weird things. Two guys say, 'You've got all these fans.' Fucking Roger Gray tells me I could have been in on big things. Roy Murcott tells me the same goddamned thing.

A pause while Ludlow's eyes go out of focus -- indicating that he's lost in mental calculations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

There's something out there --
something long-standing that I
just missed out on.

LINDA

What in the hell are you saying?

LUDLOW

I'm saying there's a loop, and I
blew my shot to be in on it.

LINDA

(exasperated now)

Tom, what are you --

LUDLOW

(interrupting)

I was working the Van Nuys D.B.,
and I made a black guy for 22
rapes. He was a tough nut. He
wouldn't give it up, and I
couldn't get the victims to I.D.
him.

LINDA

(coaxing Ludlow)

So?

LUDLOW

So I kidnapped his ass, took him
to a motel and beat on him with a
phone book until he copped out to
all 22. He pulled a knife on me.
I took it away from him and killed
him with it.

LINDA

(nervously giggling
the ice in drink)

What are you saying?

LUDLOW

(ignoring Linda's
specific
question)

A lot of cops I never knew before
started buying me drinks. I got
attaboys from some very fucking
powerful guys. I was probably
right on the edge of the loop
then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA
(thoroughly
exasperated)
What loop?

LUDLOW
(more to himself
than to Linda)
They didn't read me right. The
man I killed raped 22 black women,
and these guys never made that
distinction.

LINDA
Tom, what are you saying?

LUDLOW
That I'm not them just as much as
I am them.

Linda stares at Ludlow.

LUDLOW
I'm going to get the guys who
killed your husband.

INT. LUDLOW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ludlow is sitting in front of his TV set.

He's watching the Linda Moya next-of-kin video with the
sound off. He looks like he's memorizing everything
about Linda.

Ludlow walks into his kitchen. He slips on rubber
gloves, picks a pry-bar, a metal ruler, a penlight and a
tiny camera up off the table and slips them into a
knapsack.

EXT. SPANISH HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Ludlow shines a penlight on the front door of a small
stucco-Spanish house in the Los Feliz district. A plaque
on the front door reads "The Harnishes."

There's no car in the driveway. There's an outside light
on by a side door and no lights on inside. Ludlow is
wearing his gloves. He's carrying the penlight and the
metal ruler. The penlight puts out a small, precise
beam. Ludlow slowly creeps down the driveway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow sees magnetic tape on the side windows. He walks to the rear of the house and sees a laundry porch contained by a flimsy-looking door secured with a hook-and-eye lock. He slides his ruler in and slips the catch. He sees an inner door sealing off the house proper. He wedges his ruler between the edge of the door and the jamb and snaps the door open.

Ludlow keeps his penlight beam low. He walks through a small kitchen and into a small dining room. He opens a dozen drawers and sees nothing incriminating.

Ludlow walks through the living room and enters a bedroom. He opens three dresser drawers and sees nothing but clothes and spare bedding. He opens a fourth drawer and sees a stack of ledger books.

He opens them and goes through them. The CAMERA PANS IN concert with Ludlow's penlight beam. We see columns and columns listing small amounts of money and gradually accumulating amounts of money and huge amounts of money connected to 8-digit code designations and dates going back 14 years.

Ludlow goes through all the books. We see five-figure and six-figure additions and subtractions, more code entries, and intersecting columns listing huge amounts of money.

Ludlow's hands are shaking. He's sweating all over the ledgers. He photographs them with his little camera and puts them back in the drawer. He shuts the drawer. His hands are shaking badly now --

INT. LAPD CRIME LAB - LT. COLLINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ludlow walks into Lieutenant George Collinson's private office at the LAPD Crime Lab and shuts the door uninvited.

Collinson is standing in front of a wall-mounted forensic graph. He sees Ludlow and smiles.

LUDLOW
(calm and matter-
of-fact)
Can I ask you a hypothetical
question?

COLLINSON
(equally calm and
matter-of-fact)
Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

Can fingerprints be transferred
off of transparencies and planted
at crime scenes?

COLLINSON

(utterly calm)

Hypothetically, yes. Why do you
ask?

LUDLOW

Because I'm convinced that Coates
and Freemont were never in that
shack.

Collinson smiles blandly.

LUDLOW

I think the shooters wore L.A.P.D.
blues. One of them snagged his
shirt and left some threads on a
door screen.

COLLINSON

That's hypothetically unsound. A
dozen patrolmen walked through the
crime scene after the fact. Any
of them could have snagged his
shirt.

LUDLOW

Is it tough to rig crime-scene
evidence?

COLLINSON

I'd call it tough, but sometimes
justifiable.

LUDLOW

Somebody killed four incompetent
cops for some twisted, fucked-up
reason. Would you call that
justifiable?

COLLINSON

No.

LUDLOW

Let's try money as a motive.

COLLINSON

(smiling)

It's certainly a perennial one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW
I saw Harnish's ledgers.

COLLINSON
Come again?

LUDLOW
No, you come again. Tell me what
you consider justifiable.

COLLINSON
Saving a brother officer's career
would be a good justification.

LUDLOW
Give me an example. I want to
know how you think.

COLLINSON
I altered the evidence for the
market shootings. It was really
your rounds that killed those
civilians.

Ludlow's knees buckle. He grabs the edge of a filing
cabinet and steadies himself.

COLLINSON
I could ruin your life or put the
blame on two established killers.
I chose to spare you.

Ludlow has gone pale. His legs buckle; he stumbles
backward into a bookshelf.

COLLINSON
If you persist in this witch-hunt.
I'll take the market evidence
public. Don't make me prove it.

INT. LUDLOW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ludlow is sitting in a chair in the living room of his
apartment.

The table in front of him is littered with empty vodka
miniatures, crime-scene photographs, legal pad pages,
yellow-highlighted computer printouts and old scrapbook
pictures of his late wife.

He's watching a videotape on his TV. Linda Moya Hatcher
is talking to an unseen camera. She's moving her lips
silently. No sound is coming from the TV set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow grabs a sealed vodka miniature off the seat cushion. He unscrews the cap, downs the bottle in one gulp and looks at the mess on his table.

EXT. HATCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Ludlow knocks on the door of a small house in Santa Monica.

He's cleaned himself up. He looks gaunt and grim.

Linda Moya Hatcher opens the door in a robe. She looks Ludlow over and steps aside to let him enter the house.

INT. HATCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Ludlow walks into the living room. A stack of law texts and a notepad and pen are resting on an ottoman near a gas fireplace. There's a picture of LAPD Officer Gilbert Luis Moya above the fireplace. Ludlow walks up and looks at it.

LINDA

(talking to Ludlow's
back)

Are you going to tell me about it?

LUDLLOW

(still looking at the
picture of Gilbert
Moya)

Not yet.

(pause)

Not until I put more if together.

LINDA

(still talking to
Ludlow's back)

So you came here to look at my
husband's picture?

Ludlow turns around and faces Linda.

LUDLLOW

He looks like a nice guy.

LINDA

He was. I married him because he
was better than me, and I thought
some of it would rub off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

Did it?

LINDA

I don't know. We taught each other some things, and it wasn't enough to keep us going.

Ludlow turns around and looks at the picture again.

LUDLOW

Did Gilbert keep safe deposit boxes?

LINDA

Yes. Why do --

LUDLOW

(cutting in)
I'm playing a hunch.

LINDA

(to Ludlow's back)
All right. I'll go through them for you.

Ludlow stares and stares at the picture.

LINDA

(to Ludlow's back)
Nobody ever called him 'Phone Book Gil.' He didn't notch 21 excessive-force complaints and coerce the complainants into retracting.

Ludlow turns around and looks at Linda.

LUDLOW

I wish I hadn't done some things.

LINDA

I know that.

(a pause)

Why did you marry your wife?

LUDLOW

She was smarter than me and stronger than me, and she cared about people, and she didn't mind it that I only cared about her.

LINDA

I'm going to bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long silence stretches. Ludlow and Linda just look at each other. Linda pivots, and walks toward the back of the house. Ludlow turns around, looks at the photo of Gilbert Moya for several long seconds, slips the armband off his left jacket sleeve and walks in the direction Linda walked in.

Linda is standing in her bedroom doorway. Ludlow walks up to her. They embrace passionately.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HATCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Ludlow gets out of bed, nude, and slips into his clothes. Linda remains asleep on the bed.

Ludlow walks into the living room. He spots a portable TAPE RECORDER and some blank tape on a bookshelf. He loads a spool of tape into the machine, positions it on the shelf and PUSHES the "PLAY" BUTTON.

LUDLOW
(into the attached
tape recorder
microphone)

This is Sergeant Thomas D. Ludlow,
L.A.P.D., and this message is for
Karen Flanders at K-CAL News.
Karen, when you get this, I want
you to play it on the air. I'm
sending it book rate, so it should
take several days. I need some
time to work on something, but if
I can't finish up by the time you
get this, I'll call it quits.

Ludlow stops and looks around the living room. His eyes fall on the picture of Officer Gilbert Luis Moya.

LUDLOW
(into the attached
tape recorder
microphone)

I was impaired by the consumption
of intoxicating spirits during the
shootout at the Jim & Dottie
Market on October 22, 1995. I
discharged my firearm in a
heedless manner that caused the
deaths of two of the four civilian
homicide victims at the scene.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW (CONT'D)

I was falsely exonerated of my negligent actions. Lieutenant George Collinson at the L.A.P.D. Crime Lab can supply corroboration of this. This statement is made of my own free will. I will surrender to the Los Angeles Attorney's Office at the moment this tape is played on the 7:00 P.M. K-CAL News.

Ludlow stops talking, rewinds the tape and extracts it from the tape recorder. He sees a set of drawers by the bookshelf, opens the top drawer, sees some padded envelopes, paper, pens and roll of stamps. He places the tape in an envelope, addresses it to Karen Flanders at K-CAL News, seals the envelope, licks some stamps the puts them on the front.

Ludlow sees a telephone on a stand by the bookshelf. He picks it up and taps seven digits. Four RINGS, a PICK-UP SOUND and a GARBLED MALE VOICE can be heard on the other end of the line.

LUDLOW

(into the phone
mouthpiece)

Meet me in Palmdale. I'm thinking they might make a move for the bodies.

EXT./INT. DISKANT'S CAR - DAY

Ludlow is sitting with Paul Diskant in the front seat of Diskant's car.

They're parked on Durfee in Palmdale -- 200 yards down and across the street from the hut where Leroy Coates and Johnny Freemont were killed. Ludlow's car is parked behind Diskant's.

Ludlow is holding a pair of binoculars in his lap. He looks tense and exhausted. Diskant looks tense and exhausted.

LUDLOW

(sadly)

We've got no proof. All we've got is loose ends and theories.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW (CONT'D)

(a pause)

I shouldn't have mentioned the ledgers to Collinson. They've got time to destroy them now.

(pause)

It's all about money.

DISKANT

What we've got is proof that Coates and Freemont didn't kill our guys.

LUDLOW

We're looking at two possibles. One, they haven't checked on the bodies, and we'll nail them when they do. Two, they know the bodies are missing, they figure it's me, and they come to me with a deal.

DISKANT

(smiling)

You mean us.

Ludlow smiles. Diskant smiles back and shuts his eyes. Ludlow yawns and keeps his eyes on the cinderblock hut.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Time passes. Ludlow continues to yawn and watch the hut. He sees a car slow-cruise by the hut and disappear down the road. It looks like the driver is wearing a khaki L.A. County Sheriff's uniform.

Ludlow scans the area around the hut with his binoculars. That car slow-cruises by another time. It's a late-model civilian car. Ludlow follows it with his binoculars. The driver is wearing a Sheriff's uniform shirt. He has a weird-looking bandage brace on his jaw. The car disappears down the road.

Ludlow starts to doze. He hears ENGINE NOISE, opens his eyes and sees the slow-cruising car pull up in front of Diskant's car in nose-to-nose position.

There's ten yards between the noses of the two cars.

The driver gets out and starts walking toward Diskant's car. It's a sheriff's deputy in full uniform. Ludlow picks up the binoculars for a very closeup look at the man.

LUDLOW'S POV

We see what Ludlow sees -- in EXTREME SLOW MOTION. We see:

That the man's bandaged jaw is badly swollen.

That the man's left hand is covered with insect bites.

That there's a sticky-gauze on the man's left wrist -- with some overlooked red ants -- dead -- in a spread of ointment.

That the nub of a silencer is extending from the muzzle of the man's holstered gun.

We see that man is LAPD cop Roger Gray.

BACK TO SCENE

Ludlow drops the binoculars and goes for his gun. The SLOW MOTION camera work ENDS.

Gray pulls his gun. He's five feet in front of Diskant's car. Ludlow jabs Diskant. Diskant wakes up. Gray crouches down and FIRES at the windshield. The WINDSHIELD EXPLODES. Diskant is hit in the face and dies instantly. Ludlow aims through the windshield hole, FIRES at Gray, hits him in the chest and knocks him backward. Gray stands up, braces his GUN and starts FIRING at close range. There's a hole in Gray's uniform shirt and a section of a bulletproof vest visible underneath it.

Ludlow ducks below the windshield hole, flips off the emergency brake, TURNS the IGNITION key, puts the car into gear and hits the accelerator pedal with his fist. The CAR LURCHES forward, smashes into Gray, drags and hurls him ten yards and plows him into the nose of his own car. Diskant's car smashes Gray's CAR nose-to-nose and STALLS OUT.

Ludlow leaps through the windshield hole, crawls up on the hood and sees Gray caught between the two cars. He SHOOTs him in the face at pointblank range.

Ludlow jumps off the hood, runs around to the back of the car and grabs Diskant's briefcase from the trunk. He throws the car in reverse, backs it up five yards and throws Diskant's body in the trunk. He runs to Gray's car, grabs the keys from the ignition and uses them to pop the trunk. He drags Gray's body to the trunk and locks it in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's broad daylight. He's on a semi-secluded public road. He's doing a frantic mop-up.

Ludlow puts both cars in neutral and pushes them off the dirt slope adjoining the road. They travel fifty yards down and crash into a sand dune. Ludlow grabs Diskant's briefcase and runs down to them.

He opens the briefcase. It's an evidence kit. He extracts a camera and six plastic baggies.

He photographs the two bodies. He places Gray's gun in an evidence Baggie.

He goes through the glove compartment of Gray's car -- and sees the papers that designate it as a Hertz rental. He bags the papers and a key for a motel room in Palmdale.

Ludlow throws some big strands of sagebrush on the two cars. He trips, stumbles, and claws and crawls his way back up the hill.

EXT. TRAVEL LODGE MOTEL PARKING LOT (PALMDALE) - DAY

Ludlow pulls into the parking lot of the Travel Lodge in Palmdale.

He jiggles the key he took from Roger Gray's car. Number six is stamped on the attached key fob. He scans the motel courtyard and sees that room number six is on the left-hand side -- across from a swimming pool.

Ludlow gets out of his car and walks over to the door. He pulls his gun, presses it against one leg, sticks the key in the lock and turns it.

INT. ROOM

The door opens. The room is uninhabited. Ludlow shuts the door, turns on the lights and looks around the room.

He sees a suitcase on the bed. He sees Roger Gray's LAPD badge and ID holder on the dresser. He opens the closet, sees a suit coat on a hangar, goes through the pockets and pulls out a slip of paper.

It's a typed list -- on an "L.A. County Sheriffs/Palmdale Substation" letterhead. The heading is: "Known Narcotics Traffickers/Palmdale-Lancaster Area."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The list runs to 28 names. The name "Wilson Arthur Brandon/AKA Muhammed 3X" is checkmarked in. "954-2461" is block-printed beside it.

Ludlow stares at the name for several seconds, picks up the motel-room phone and taps seven digits.

We hear ONE RING on the other end of the line. We hear PICKUP SOUNDS and a barely-audible, black-accented, MALE VOICE.

VOICE (V.O.)
Yeah? Man, is that you?

LUDLOW
(into phone
mouthpiece, with
broad black accent)
Man, it's Leroy Coates.

An angry, black-accented male voice can be heard on the other end of the line:

VOICE (V.O.)
Shit, man, where are you? You and
Johnny supposed to meet me two
hours ago.

Ludlow hangs up the phone and shuts his eyes. He's obviously thinking. We SEE what he's thinking. The IMAGES are rendered in vivid DUOTONE.

FLASHBACK - VARIOUS SHOTS

We see George Collinson pick up a phone and tap seven digits.

We see Roger Gray answer a phone.

We see Roger Gray SHOOT Leroy Coates and Johnny Freemont in the back of the head and wrap them up with duct tape.

We see Roger Gray SHOOT Shondell Pritchford in the back of the head.

We see Roger Gray, his fake sheriff's outfit and beard, SHOOT Paul Diskant and Tom Ludlow with a silenced gun -- as they sit in Diskant's car.

We hear on the SOUNDTRACK --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)

Shit, man, where are you? You and
Johnny supposed to meet me two
hours ago...

-- perfectly synched to images of Roger Gray SHOOTING an
anonymous black man in the face.

We see Roger Gray plant a gun on the dead man's body. It
is recognizably the same gun he shot Diskant and Ludlow
with.

We hear on the SOUNDTRACK: Roger Gray say his previously
spoken lines --

GRAY (V.O.)

I'll be in on some big things.

-- perfectly synched to images of a glittering Medal of
Valor around Gray's neck.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ludlow opens his eyes. He's obviously thinking...

EXT. #10 FREEWAY EXIT/SIDE STREET - HOUR LATER

Ludlow pulls off the #10 freeway eastbound and turns onto
a desert side street.

He's in a hick town on the edge of some mountains. He
cuts over to an even narrower street and cruises around
in a random pattern. It's a shit neighborhood --
garbage-strewn vacant lots, trailer parks, porno
bookstores, down-scale mini-malls. Ludlow spots a vacant
lot filled with abandoned cars, pulls in and parks his
car between two rusted-out RVs, sans wheels.

He grabs the briefcase/evidence kit and the box of vice
reports he got from West L.A. station, walks out to the
street and cuts across a series of vacant lots to a
larger street lined with cheap motels. He walks into the
open courtyard of the third joint he sees -- a pus-pocket
called the "King's Kourt."

EXT./INT. KING'S KOURT MOTEL OFFICE - VARIOUS SHOTS -
DAY (MOS)

He enters the office at the front of the courtyard, talks
to the day manager and whips out some cash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The day manager hands him a key. We see Ludlow and the day manager's lips move.

Ludlow walks to a room in the back of the courtyard and lets himself in.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room is a cheezily-decorated hole. Ludlow walks straight to the phone, picks up the receiver and taps a series of digits.

LUDLOW
(into the phone
mouthpiece)
Linda, it's me.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ludlow opens the door of his motel room.

Linda Moya Hatcher walks in. She and Ludlow embrace and just look at each other.

They gradually break the clinch off. Linda drops three large ledgers on the bed.

LUDLOW
That's it?

LINDA
(nodding)
Everything in both boxes.
(a pause)
It's Gilbert's printing on the inside. I took a look, and I got the feeling that he copied everything off of computer spreadsheets.

Ludlow nods, opens the three books to their first pages and spreads them out on top of the bed. He gets out the photos he took of the ledgers at Harnish's house and spreads them out beside them. The CAMERA PANS ACROSS the photos and the pages inside the ledgers. We see columns and columns and intersecting columns of figures and odd letter and number designations. Ludlow squats by the bed and studies page after page in total silence; Linda studies the books he is not looking at in the moment. Lengthening shadows in the room indicate that hours are passing. Ludlow and Linda look fiercely intent in their study.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow drips sweat on pages and pages of bewilderingly complex numbers.

He and Linda talk MOS in montage-style, and point to entries and dates. Ludlow finally stands up and crashes into a chair by the bed. Linda sits on the edge of the bed and looks at him.

LUDLOW
(slow, controlled,
exhaustion in his
voice)

My photos match Gilbert's ledgers,
and I think what we've got is
shakedown money gathered by a
good-sized group going back 14
years or so, with some fairly big
amounts paid out to people
designated by these weird-ass
little codes.

A pause while Ludlow wipes sweat off his face with his right shirtsleeve.

LUDLOW
Now, you know some of the numbers.
You've got California Penal Code
designations for armed robbery and
narcotics violations connected to
amounts of money that I'm guessing
were stolen from robbery and narco
suspects. You've got eight-digit
L.A.P.D. case-file numbers and
confiscated property numbers.

Ludlow pauses and takes a breath. Linda shakes her head in fucking awe.

LUDLOW
(slow, controlled
exhaustion in his
voice)

The older dates link up to the
smaller amounts of money and what
look like field-interrogation card
numbers, which looks to me like
low-level street shakedowns being
perpetrated for the first few
years this thing was operating.

Ludlow pauses and wipes his face. Linda picks a ledger up off the bed, scans a page of figures and slowly shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

(slow, controlled
exhaustion in his
voice)

You've got a single, fucking
eight-figure number at the end of
each ledger, and the only thing I
can't get a handle on is the
outgoing money, which runs from
fifty to three hundred and fifty
grand, paid out in September,
October and November of odd-
numbered years.

LINDA

(hoarse, with a quiver
in her voice)

Where did Gilbert come in?

LUDLOW

You've got a bunch of cops very
quietly stealing money for years.
It's a loose and a tightly-kept
secret. Now, Jameel Bidwell's a
big rumor collector, and he puts a
few things together and runs them
by Gilbert. Gilbert taps into
some program at Financial Affairs
and hits on a number-substitute
code. He cracks it into real
numbers, fills out the ledgers and
finally decides that it's all too
big to fuck with.

LINDA

It sounds right. Gilbert was
either very high or very depressed
for the past, shit, six months or
so.

LUDLOW

(ticking off points on
his fingers)

Lieutenant Harnish figures out
that Gilbert's tapping into his
program. Harnish is tight with
Don Luman -- the watch boss at
77th. Luman knows Jameel Bidwell,
knows he's a rumor-collecting
fool, and knows he's tight with
Gilbert.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW (CONT'D)

(pause)

It's a kill four to get one job,
and my only question is what did
they use the money for?

LINDA

What about the outgoing money?
Odd-numbered years -- September,
October, November.

Ludlow reaches over, grabs a ledger off the bed, turns to
a middle page and scans it.

LINDA

Municipal elections. Always in
the fall, always in odd-numbered
years. They all worked West L.A.
Vice in '85, and the payouts
started that year.

Ludlow nods vigorously, scans columns, nods again and
tosses the ledger back on the bed.

LUDLOW

It fits. The payout dates
correspond to years when police
bond issues were passed.

LINDA

Pay raises, new facilities, new --

LUDLOW

(cutting in)

Harold Innes. Collinson and his
guys caught him with a 14-year-old
girl. He was pimping her out to
some judges and a dyke in the
D.A.'s Office.

LINDA

(excited)

What's the date?

LUDLOW

10/28/85.

LINDA

They probably squeezed him and got
him to change his vote. I was on
the Sheriff's then, and I remember
that a big bond issue was passed
the first week in November, and
Innes changed his vote to a yes at
the very last second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludlow stands up and grabs a phone book off the nightstand by the bed. He holds it by the spine and taps it into his left palm.

LUDLOW

Call his office and drop the name
Lucille Chesbro.

LINDA

(dry-swallowing
and looking
queasy)

All right.

LUDLOW

(tapping the phone
book against his
right leg)

I need a confession.

(a pause)

I've only got two days or so left.

LINDA

What do you mean?

LUDLOW

I've got some things to pay for,
too.

EXT. SMALL RESTAURANT (WEST L.A.) - DAY

Ludlow is standing by the back entrance of a small restaurant in West L.A.

Linda's rental car is parked near the back door. The restaurant parking lot is tree-shrouded and very private.

Linda walks out the back door. Councilman HAROLD INNES follows her. Ludlow steps out of a shadow, grabs Innes by the neck and shoves him in the back seat of Linda's car.

Linda looks stunned. Innes looks shaken. Ludlow gets in the back seat with Innes. Linda stands by the car and blocks Ludlow and Innes from public view.

INNES

(rubbing his neck)

I know who you are.

LUDLOW

Then guess what this is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INNES
(frightened; but
dredging up some
composure)
You know, I'm on your side. They
should have briefed you better
than --

LUDLOW
(abruptly cutting
in)
This isn't them. This is all me.

INNES
Tell me what you want. If it's
within reason, I'll give it to
you.

LUDLOW
(ignoring Innes'
comment)
They left some paperwork out. It
had your name on it.

Innes looks at Ludlow for several seconds and actually
smiles.

INNES
Is this you working against them?

Ludlow says nothing. The expression on his face gives
him away.

INNES
(smiling)
I should think a man like you
would be on their side.

LUDLOW
Tell me who they are.

INNES
No.

LUDLOW
Just like that?

INNES
(utterly cold and
in control)
No.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INNES (CONT'D)

(a pause)

You can threaten me with public exposure and violence, and I will never indicate who they are or what they are involved in, or how far I go back with them, or what precipitated my involvement with them.

(a pause)

Now, do what you think is necessary, so that I can withstand it and call your bluff, and we can all go home.

Ludlow looks perplexed and sadly vulnerable.

INNES

(smiling)

You can't beat them and you can't run from them.

(pause)

There's just too many of them. They're too well-entrenched, and too well-connected, and altogether too much for you.

Ludlow still looks perplexed.

INNES

Poor Tommy. Are you in a snit because they never asked you to join them? Were you too incompetent and low-class for them? Were you too drunken and loud-mouthed to keep their secrets? Were you too --

Ludlow grabs a phone book off the front seat and starts slamming Innes in the head with it. Innes sits there and absorbs the blows -- and makes no moves to cover or defend himself.

Ludlow hits and hits and hits Innes with the phone book. Innes withstands the abuse stoically. Blood is dripping from his nose and lips and cuts around his eyes.

Linda pulls the car door open and throws herself on Ludlow. Ludlow turns around, sees the look of fear on her face and drops the phone book.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - DAY

We see Ludlow and Linda as they drive around L.A. in Linda's car. This sequence is soundless.

A) LUDLOW AND LINDA

drive by Linda's house and spot an unmarked LAPD car parked outside.

B) LUDLOW AND LINDA

drive by Ludlow's apartment building and spot an unmarked LAPD car parked outside.

C) LUDLOW AND LINDA

drive by the UCLA Law Library. An unmarked LAPD car is parked outside. Linda's body language is very standoffish. She seems wary of Ludlow now.

D) LUDLOW AND LINDA

pull up to a car in a mall parking lot. Ludlow gets out of Linda's car, opens the door of the other car with a slip-bar and motions Linda in. Linda gets in; Ludlow hot-wires the car. The two take off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ludlow and Linda are sitting on the edge of the bed in a downscale motel room. They both look somber.

LINDA

You would have killed him.

Ludlow nods and stares at the far wall.

LINDA

He was more afraid of them than he was of you. You should be proud of that.

Ludlow looks at the phone book resting on the nightstand by the bed -- and looks away fast.

LINDA

He wasn't going to talk, and you couldn't have made him.

Ludlow turns and faces Linda. Linda takes his face in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

You got this instead of O.J.
Don't you think there's some
justice in that?

Ludlow takes Linda's hands from his face and laces his
fingers through them.

LINDA

I know what this means to you.
Just don't do anything that will
make me hate you.

Ludlow puts Linda's hands down and reaches for the phone
by the bed.

EXT. PARKING LOT (VAN NUYS) - DAY

Ludlow is standing in the middle of a deserted mall
parking lot in Van Nuys.

It's dawn.

A car pulls into the lot and glides up to Ludlow. George
Collinson gets out.

Ludlow nods. Collinson points to his sportcoat. Ludlow
raises his arms; Collinson frisks him and pats him down
for concealed bugging devices. Ludlow performs the same
procedure on Collinson. Both men -- on almost telepathic
cue -- take their guns from their holsters, pop the
chambers, remove the bullets, drop them in their coat
pockets and reholster their guns.

COLLINSON

You can't run.

Ludlow nods.

COLLINSON

She can't either.

Ludlow nods.

COLLINSON

Your credit cards have been
cancelled and your bank accounts
have been frozen. Your passports
have been invalidated, and we've
got the borders sealed.

(a pause)

And we've hidden our money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW
(shaking his head
sadly)
All that money.

COLLINSON
We've matched the amounts that
every bond issue has given the
department. We've paid for every
cost overrun that every building
contractor has stuck us with and
funneled substantial amounts to
every family of every officer
seriously wounded or killed in the
line of duty since 1984.

LUDLOW
You know, I'm not surprised.

COLLINSON
I knew you'd understand.

LUDLOW
Too fucking well.

COLLINSON
You're one of us.

LUDLOW
You mean a shakedown artist and a
murderer?

Collinson looks at Ludlow unflinchingly.

LUDLOW
I know why you had to take out
Bidwell and Moya.
(a pause)
But there's still a level of this
I don't get.

COLLINSON
We wanted to stage a media event
that would rebut the Simpson and
Fuhrman fiasco. The verdict and
the market job happened, and we
capitalized on them. We wanted to
show the world what happens when
ill-equipped young men become
police officers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

(smiling grimly)

And Roger Gray was being set up as
your new fucking prototype hero.

COLLINSON

Yes. And our personal rebuttal to
Fuhrman.

LUDLOW

The media stuff was Murcott's
idea. He got Harold Innes to put
his spin on it.

COLLINSON

(nodding "yes")

You might not agree with our
tactics -- but I'm sure you'd
agree with our goals.

LUDLOW

Yes.

COLLINSON

I know you love the department.
(a pause)
And you know that if you expose
us, you'll destroy it.

LUDLOW

(sadness in
his voice)

You shouldn't have told me that
you saved me on the market job.
Now I've got to do something big
and stupid to make up for it.

Collision smiles. He looks genuinely saddened.

LUDLOW

(looking away from
Collinson)

I was drunk at the market. The
people I killed had seven kids
between them.

COLLINSON

I think we've reached an
acceptable stalemate. We both
want to see the department
survive.

LUDLOW

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLINSON

(smiling sadly)

I wish I could have worked with you. We could have worked the night watch together, and raised some real hell.

Ludlow looks at Collinson.

COLLINSON

(blunt and very grim now)

Woodard and Harnish don't think a stalemate is possible. They are determined to kill you and the Moya woman.

LUDLOW

Why are you telling me this?

COLLINSON

You warned me about those complaints and put me in your debt. I'm simply repaying a brother officer whose courage I admire.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ludlow and Linda are sitting on the edge of the bed in their motel-room hideout.

The bed is half-covered with ledgers, file reports and library clippings. Ludlow is looking around the room. His eyes keep returning to the silenced gun resting on a chair by the door.

LINDA

Tell me what you did that's so bad -- compared to what they did.

Ludlow looks at her.

LUDLOW

(absently)

I am them just as much as I'm not them.

Ludlow looks at the gun and back at Linda. Linda leans in and kisses him -- very tentatively.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ludlow and Linda are lying in bed.

They're naked under a sheet. They're facing each other sideways.

LUDLOW

You may find out that I did something terrible. You've got to know that you were the reason I did it -- and not hate yourself or hate me.

Linda takes Ludlow's face in her hands.

EXT. TRACT HOUSE (ENCINO) - NIGHT

Ludlow gets out of a cab in front of a middle-class tract house in a pleasant part of Encino.

It's 3:00 AM. The house is totally dark.

The cab drives off. Ludlow pulls two vodka miniatures from his jacket pocket, uncaps them and drinks them.

He drops the empty bottles in the street. He walks up to the front door of the house. The sign above the mailbox reads "The Woodards."

Ludlow picks the front door lock with a metal ruler. He enters the house, shuts the door, stands still and lets his eyes get accustomed to the dark.

He hears the sound of SNORING. He follows it to an open bedroom door. He sees Sergeant Al Woodard and a woman, asleep in bed. The two do not stir. Ludlow pulls out a SILENCERED MAGNUM and SHOOTS Woodard once in the head. The woman does not wake up. Ludlow drops one of his police business cards on the pillow by Woodard's head and walks out of the house.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE (CULVER CITY) - NIGHT

Ludlow gets out of a cab in front of the previously-seen Harnish house in Los Feliz.

It's 5:00 AM. There's one light on in the house. It's coming from a window on the driveway side.

The cab drives off. Ludlow pulls vodka miniatures from his jacket pocket, uncaps them and drinks them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He drops the empty bottles in the street. He walks down the driveway and knocks on the door by the lighted window.

Lieutenant Lou Harnish opens the door. He's wearing a robe and slippers. He sees Ludlow and freezes in terror. He runs to a set of kitchen drawers and fumbles at a knife rack. He gets his hands on a knife and charges Ludlow.

Ludlow pulls out his SILENCERED MAGNUM and fumbles it. Harnish stabs at Ludlow and rips his sportcoat. Ludlow SHOOTs Harnish in the face at very close range. Harnish hits the kitchen floor, dead. Ludlow drops one of his police business cards on the body, walks to and picks up the kitchen telephone.

He taps seven digits. We hear TWO RINGS on the other end of the line. We hear a sleepy man say "Hello?"

LUDLOW
(into the phone
mouthpiece)
Commander? It's Tom Ludlow.

EXT. BENCH - DAY

Ludlow is standing by a bench on the Santa Monica Palisades.

He's got his back against the railing that separates the walkway from the cliff and a very sharp drop. He's eyeing every person and every car that goes by.

Commander Roy Murcott walks up. He's carrying a large suitcase. Ludlow watches his hands. Murcott places the suitcase on the ground, braces his hands against the railing and looks out at the sea. Ludlow continues to scrutinize every moving thing in his field of vision.

MURCOTT
You shouldn't be here. They've
made you for Woodard already.

LUDLOW
We need to set some things up.

MURCOTT
Take the money and go. I've
reinstated your passports and
called off the border holds for
twenty-four hours -- but that's
all I can do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDLOW

(solemn)

You've got to hear the threat.

MURCOTT

I know the threat. You can hurt us with the media, and we'd all rather avoid that.

(a pause)

That was your threat, wasn't it?

Ludlow nods. Murcott shakes his head.

MURCOTT

You're trying to erase your own sense of complicity and convince yourself that you're better than us.

LUDLOW

I'm past all that.

MURCOTT

(shaking his head)

No, you're not.

LUDLOW

I want the money diverted. I want it to be disbursed in out-of-court settlements to all those people who've filed complaints. Most of the complaints are bullshit, and I don't care. I want the department to eat that money.

MURCOTT

That's a very silly and flamboyant gesture, as well as a counter-productive one. Every man in my cadre will withdraw a substantial amount and retire by the end of the day, and the complainants will spend all their money on Cadillacs and crack-cocaine.

Ludlow digs into his pants pockets, pulls out a slip of paper and hands it to Murcott.

LUDLOW

Wire the money to this bank account. Linda Moya will do the rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURCOTT
(turning away from
his view of the
ocean to look at
Ludlow)

Think of everything we did and
what it gave you.

LUDLOW
They were nice kids. You had no
fucking right to hurt them.

EXT. LINDA MOYA'S CAR - NIGHT

Ludlow is standing by the open trunk of Linda Moya's car
-- parked outside their motel-room hideout.

He drops the two suitcases that Roy Murcott gave him into
the trunk and slams the door. Linda walks up to him.
Ludlow smiles at her.

They kiss. They embrace. They break the embrace with
tears starting to well in their eyes.

Linda gets into the car. Ludlow stands by the door.

LUDLOW
(trying to be funny)
Some other time, maybe.

LINDA
You don't really believe it.

LUDLOW
No, but I still wouldn't change
things.

They look at each other. Linda drives off. Ludlow
watches the car disappear.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHTTIME

Ludlow is sitting on the bed in his motel-room hideout.

He's rolling three vodka miniatures in his right hand.
The bottles are sealed.

Ludlow checks his watch, sees that it's 7:00 PM, gets up,
TURNS ON his TV set and stands in front it.

The K-Cal Nightly News is on. Karen Flanders is talking
in a perfectly framed closeup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN (V.O.)
(on the TV screen,
in mid-discourse)
... that strange things are
happening within the L.A.P.D. A
record number of L.A.P.D. officers
have resigned today, and we have
confirmed reports that three
active L.A.P.D. officers have
committed suicide within the past
twelve hours.

The news report cuts to a very tense and shaky-looking
Commander Roy Murcott. Murcott is standing in front of a
bank of microphones. A band across the bottom of the
screen identifies him.

MURCOTT (V.O.)
(on the TV screen)
At this time I can only state
that, yes, we have received a
record number of resignations
today, and three active officers
have committed suicide. We will
be releasing the names of these
officers after we have thoroughly
investigated the circumstances
surrounding their deaths, and at
this time I can only state that we
believe the resignations and
suicides to be a direct result of
a massive police depression caused
by the O.J. Simpson verdict and
the rash of spurious police-
brutality charges spawned by the
undue media attention given to
Detective Mark Fuhrman.

The news report cuts back to Karen Flanders.

KAREN (V.O.)
(on the TV screen)
In an unrelated story, L.A.P.D.
Sergeant Thomas Ludlow, involved
in the Southside market shootout
of eight days ago, sent K-Cal News
a tape in which he admitted that
it was his gunshots that killed
two civilian bystanders at the
market.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sergeant Ludlow, who is also
rumored to be a suspect in last
night's murders of Sergeant Alvin
Woodard and Lieutenant Louis
Harnish of the L.A.P.D., is
currently still at large.
Meanwhile --

Ludlow TURNS OFF the TV, walks to the PHONE, picks it up
and hits seven digits. We hear ONE RING, a PICK-UP sound
and a man's voice on the other end of the line. The man
says, "West Valley Station."

LUDLOW
(into the phone)
It's Tom Ludlow. I'm in room 106
at the Santa Glen Motel.

Ludlow hangs up the phone.

Ludlow sits down on the edge of the bed, pulls two sealed
vodka miniatures from his pants pockets and rolls them in
his hands.

He stares at the door in front of him. There's no
discernible expression on his face.

He hears a SCORE of POLICE SIRENS heading his way.

He hears HELICOPTERS approaching.

He hears the SIRENS GET LOUDER AND LOUDER and GROWL to a
HALT just outside his door.

He hears a DOZEN CAR DOORS OPEN. He hears HELICOPTER
ROTORS THUMPING just above the roof of the motel. He
hears the METAL-ON-METAL sound of a dozen cops JACKING
SHELLS INTO their SHOTGUNS.

The SCREEN GOES BLACK. The loud noise on the SOUNDTRACK
DIES abruptly. The END TITLES of The Night Watchman
ROLL.

FADE OUT.

THE END