

WHITE JAZZ

BY JAMES ELLROY

BASED ON THE NOVEL

BY

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Kingsgate Films

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A black screen. A man's voice in the darkness.

THE MAN  
(voice-over)  
All I have is the will to remember.

The black screen dissolves into an image. We see a fiftyish man standing on a hotel balcony. The man's face is hideously deformed. Muffled background noise indicates that we are in a Spanish-speaking country.

The deformed face fades into the handsome face of a man in his late 40's. The image fades into a series of flashback blips, synced to the man's voice-over narration.

THE MAN  
(voice-over)  
I betrayed sacred oaths. I  
killed in cold blood. I  
profited from my killing.

The man lines up three black men in a crackhouse, forces them to kneel on the floor and shoots them in the back of the head with a silencer-fitted .22. The man drives a car into a dirt cavern in the desert, pulls a man's body from the trunk and douses it with gasoline. The man slams an Asian woman into a living room doorway, places a pillow over her head and shoots her in the face at point-blank range. These images are perfectly synced to the above narration.

The screen fades to pitch-black. The words "Nick Nolte" superimpose themselves in stark white.

The black screen fades into a downtown L.A. street shot. It's daytime. LAPD Lieutenant Dave Klein -- the disfigured and non-disfigured man -- is standing in a parking lot beside a run-down hotel, holding a walkie-talkie. Standing next to him: Detective 3rd Grade George Stemmons, Jr. -- known as "Junior." Stemmons is thirty years old. He's neatly dressed and unpleasant in demeanor. He's holding a clipboard with some paperwork attached.

STEMMONS  
(consulting the  
paperwork)  
His name's Sanderline Johnson.  
He's got two possession and  
three intent-to-sell priors.

KLEIN  
He sounds like a nigger with  
an attitude.

An unmarked government sedan pulls up to Klein and Stemmons. Two FBI men and a small black man get out. FBI man #1 signs some papers on Stemmons' clipboard. Klein takes a sheaf of paper from FBI man #2, places it on the hood of the car and signs the top sheet.

FBI MAN #2  
 (pointing to the  
 black man)  
 He's always hungry. He'll  
 complain if you don't feed  
 him enough.

STEMMONS  
 (grabbing the  
 black man's  
 right arm)  
 A skinny little shit like you?

The black man spits on the ground. The FBI men get back into their car and drive off. Klein and Stemmons hustle the black man over to a freight elevator at the rear of the hotel and step in with him.

The screen goes pitch-black. The words "White Jazz" superimpose themselves in stark white.

The black screen fades back to Klein, Stemmons and the black man, going up in the elevator.

STEMMONS  
 (to the black man)  
 You've got bad breath.

THE BLACK MAN  
 (to Stemmons)  
 That's 'cause I just went down  
 on your mother.

Stemmons balls his fists. Klein smiles and shoots him a "be cool" look. The black man giggles and scratches his balls.

The screen fades to pitch black. The words "A (Director's Name) film" superimpose themselves in stark white.

INTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's four hours after the events of the previous sequence.

The black man -- Sanderline Johnson -- is sitting on the edge of the bed in his ratty hotel room. Dave Klein is sitting in a chair facing him. Junior Stemmons can be heard walking around an adjoining room.

KLEIN  
 (slow, wheedling)  
 Fill me in on something.

JOHNSON  
 Why should I? I'm a Federal  
 witness. I don't have to tell  
 the LAPD shit.

KLEIN  
 (soft, wheedling)  
 Come on. I'll buy you another  
 cheeseburger.

Johnson smiles and makes an exaggerated lip-smacking sound.  
 Klein leans forward in his chair.

KLEIN  
 (soft, quietly  
 inquisitive)  
 What have we got here? What  
 do you think the Feds are  
 planning?

Johnson laces his fingers together and cracks his knuckles.  
 He's warming to the task of performing for more food.

JOHNSON  
 (gleeful)  
 They plannin' to fuckin' sodomize  
 the LAPD.  
 (a pause)  
 See, there's this U.S. Attorney  
 guy, Welles Noonan. He's got at  
 least two dozen FBI guys pokin'  
 around South-Central right now.  
 It's some kind of fuckin' probe.  
 They lookin' into dope real close,  
 and they lookin' at the inadequate  
 fuckin' way you people deal with  
 the problem.

Klein stares at Johnson. Johnson makes a lip-smacking sound.  
 Klein gives him a "That's all you've got?" look.

JOHNSON  
 (pouty)  
 I'd say we're dealin' with politics  
 here. Noonan wants to be governor  
 or somethin' like that, and he figures  
 he can build himself up at  
 the fuckin' LAPD's expense.

Klein stands up and pulls a set of handcuffs off his belt.

KLEIN

Put these on while I take a piss.

Johnson stands up and extends his hands. Klein cuffs one wrist and hooks the other cuff around one leg of a radiator next to the bedroom window.

Johnson is looking away from Klein. Klein grabs his hair, bangs his head against the wall and throws Johnson and the radiator out the 9th-floor window.

A scream and a crashing noise are heard. Klein wipes a blood streak off the wall with his right hand.

The screen goes pitch-black. The words "From the Novel by James Ellroy" superimpose themselves in stark white.

EXTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's an hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is standing amidst an array of plainclothes FBI men and uniformed LAPD cops outside the hotel.

It's a mob scene: ambulances, cop cars, TV camera crews. Overlapping dialogue spoken by the numerous cops standing around can be heard: "He landed on that Toyota."; "How the hell did he get out the window?"; "Klein! Mr. Noonan wants to see you!"

Klein walks over to a semi-quiet spot on the sidewalk adjoining the hotel. Welles Noonan is standing there. He's a stern-looking man of 42. He gives Klein an ugly look.

NOONAN

Run me through it again.

KLEIN

No.

NOONAN

(bristling)

No?

KLEIN

That's right.

NOONAN

No, you won't --

KLEIN

(quietly emphatic)

No, I won't tell you again.

No, I won't change my story.

No, I do not consider myself

or Detective Stemmons negligent, no, I didn't throw him out the window, no, LAPD Chief of Detectives Howard Earl did not give me the guard job because he wanted an attorney's assessment of this probe you're planning, and no, I categorically deny the criminal ties that you infer that I have.

NOONAN

(coldly furious)

You will pay dearly for this, Mr. Klein. I promise you that.

Klein and Noonan share a long, ugly look.

BRIDGE SEQUENCE -- comprised of a television news report.

We see shots of Sanderline Johnson's body on the roof of a parked car and shots of uniformed cops and patrol cars outside the hotel. We see a newsman facing a shakily-held mini-can.

THE NEWSMAN

(speaking to the unseen camera)

An FBI spokesman has stated that Federal authorities were short-handed and reluctantly allowed two LAPD officers to guard their witness. Johnson jumped out while Lieutenant David D. Klein was in the bathroom and Detective George Stemmons, the son of an LAPD deputy chief, was in an adjoining room. Lieutenant Klein told reporters that Johnson was depressed over his upcoming testimony to a Federal grand jury.

The news report fast-forwards; the screen blurs for a few moments. The fast-forward motion stops; the news report continues.

Welles Noonan stands in a mid-shot. He's outside the hotel. A band below his face identifies him: U.S. Attorney Welles D. Noonan.

NOONAN

(speaking to an unseen camera)

Sanderline Johnson's death was an outstanding example of the

incompetence of the Los Angeles Police Department. I regret my decision to allow LAPD officers to guard him.

The news report fast-forwards; the screen blurs for a few moments. The fast-forward motion stops; the news report continues.

Dave Klein appears in a mid-shot. A band below his face identifies him: LAPD Lieutenant David D. Klein.

KLEIN  
 (speaking to an  
 unseen camera)  
 I think he was a religious nut.  
 I heard him yell "Hallelujah, I  
 can fly" before he jumped out  
 the window.

The news report blips off. The screen goes black for a half-second and fades in to:

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's six hours after the events shown in the news report. Dave Klein is sitting in the office of LAPD Chief of Detectives Howard Earl, Jr.

Klein is facing Earl's desk. Sitting beside him: Deputy Chief Ray Lefferts, the head of the three divisions in the LAPD's South Bureau.

A TV set is stationed beside Earl's desk. Earl is sitting behind his desk and holding a remote-control device. It's obvious: we saw the news report from this viewpoint.

Lefferts is a heavy-set man of 55. Earl is tall, gray-haired and 46. He's quietly enraged.

EARL  
 (to Klein)  
 You're a lawyer -- and I want  
 a lawyer's assessment of the Fed  
 situation. What I got was  
 "Hallelujah, I can fly."

Lefferts chuckles. Earl glances at him. The men share a nasty look.

KLEIN  
 (to Earl)  
 They want to get at us through  
 our dope-enforcement policies in  
 South-Central. I'm thinking

they'll take down some major dealers and build a class-action negligence suit against us for not taking them down ourselves. One of you will be our next Chief of Police, so it's safe to say the Feds would like to take you down, too.

LEFFERTS  
(to Klein and Earl)  
We're vulnerable. We've let the blacks sell each other dope with relative impunity for a damn long --

EARL  
(brusquely interrupting)  
Narco is vulnerable. Not the Department as a whole.

LEFFERTS  
(ice-cold)  
I'll tell Captain Wilhite that. I'll tell him that you view his division as....some kind of dismissable entity?

Earl and Lefferts share another ugly look. Klein glances back and forth between them.

KLEIN  
Wilhite can handle himself. He's got some dicey connections, but --

EARL  
(brusquely interrupting)  
But then we all do.

Klein smiles -- very slightly. Lefferts smiles. Earl toys with a paperweight on his desk.

EARL  
(to Lefferts)  
Let me talk to Lieutenant Klein alone, would you, Ray?

Lefferts nods at Earl and Klein, gets up and exits the room. Earl stares at Klein. Seconds tick by slowly.

EARL  
Was Johnson going to testify

against a certain dope dealer that you've done some favors for?

KLEIN

You want a favor. Tell me what it is and I'll do it.

EARL

(toying with his paperweight)  
Morton Diskant. The 12th District City Councilman.

Klein nods and makes a "keep going" gesture.

EARL

I've heard that he's become quite tight with Welles Noonan, and I know he has a dirt file on the Department.

KLEIN

(deadpan cold)  
What else have you heard?

EARL

That he's quite fond of young men.

Klein nods and stands up.

EARL

(toying with his paperweight)  
Did you push Johnson out the window?

KLEIN

No, sir. But aren't you glad he jumped?

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's four hours after the events of the previous sequence. Dave Klein is sitting with his sister, Meg Klein Agee, in the living room of Meg's house in the Los Feliz Hills.

Meg is 44. She's got her brother's rangy good looks and blond hair going gray. Klein and Meg are drinking coffee. The L.A. Times is folded open on a table beside them. Photos of Klein, Junior Stemmons and Sanderline Johnson can be seen.

MEG

(pointing to the newspaper)  
That doesn't sound like my big brother.

KLEIN  
What do you mean?

MEG  
I could see Junior Stemmons letting  
something like that happen,  
but not you.

KLEIN  
(shrugging)  
I had an off day.

MEG  
(shaking her  
head "No")  
Howard Earl gave you that job  
because you never have off  
days.

KLEIN  
(shrugging  
slightly)  
Earl's too conscientious for his  
own fucking good. He's going  
up against Ray Lefferts for the  
chief's job, and he's spreading  
himself too thin.

MEG  
Did you get in trouble?

KLEIN  
No. I had a meeting with Earl  
and Lefferts. We're getting  
a walk on Johnson.

MEG  
I'm surprised.

KLEIN  
I'm doing Earl a favor. I was  
thinking I'd bring Jack Woods in  
on it.

Meg smiles and picks up her coffee cup.

MEG  
I'm seeing Jack again.

KLEIN  
(rolling his  
eyes)  
Does your husband know?

Meg shakes her head "No." Klein moves closer to her on the couch. An awkward silence stretches. Meg coughs and clears her throat.

MEG  
Jack's been collecting our  
rents.

KLEIN  
(smiling)  
Finish your thought.

MEG  
(smiling)  
Because you're a lawyer who hates  
to file deadbeat charges  
and litigate.

KLEIN  
Our tenants are junkies and  
welfare creeps. They only  
respond to force.

Meg winces. Klein moves closer to her and puts a hand on one of her knees.

KLEIN  
(almost tenderly)  
We own slums. I do some favors,  
and the Department cleans our  
money. It's a game. Like you  
and Jack and your husband.

Meg takes Klein's hand off her knee and holds it in her lap.

MEG  
You ruined square guys for me.  
It's why I keep going back to  
Jack.

Klein looks saddened -- and atypically vulnerable. Meg squeezes his hand.

MEG  
(sadly)  
We always come back to that.

KLEIN  
We always will.

MEG  
I can live with it. You can't.

KLEIN  
 You don't love me the way I  
 love you.

MONTAGE/EXTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's four hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is parked in his car on Hill Street -- across from the L.A. City Hall. Klein speaks voice-over. His words are perfectly synced to what he is seeing.

KLEIN  
 (voice-over)  
 He left the Council chambers  
 around 5:30.

A middle-aged man walks down the City Hall steps. Klein follows him with his eyes.

KLEIN  
 (voice-over)  
 He had a few drinks at the  
 Pacific Dining Car.

The middle-aged man walks into the Pacific Dining Car restaurant. Klein is sitting in his car in the parking lot. He follows the man with his eyes.

KLEIN  
 (voice-over)  
 He tried the bars out in Boy's Town.

The middle-aged man slinks into a homosexual bar called The Pink Parrot. Klein is sitting in his car, parked at the curb outside the bar. He follows the man with his eyes.

EXTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's twenty-four hours after the events of the previous sequence. Dave Klein and Jack Woods are sitting in Klein's car. They're parked on a side street 20 yards north of Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood. The Pink Parrot Bar is just around the corner.

Woods is tall, heavy-set and 50 years old. He has small, darting eyes.

WOODS  
 (tapping a lead-filled  
 sap into one palm)  
 I've got a new system. Meg says  
 it's a good way to avoid violence.

Klein doesn't answer Woods. He's staring back at the boulevard in his rear-view mirror.

WOODS

(still playing  
with the sap)

I bribed some mailmen. They  
bring me your tenants' welfare  
checks, and I make them sign them  
over and give them back the  
balance in cash.

KLEIN

(absently)

I like it.

WOODS

You should like it. I'd like it  
if I had your money and your  
connections.

KLEIN

You should have gone to law school  
and joined the LAPD.

WOODS

I should have married your sister  
20 years ago.

Klein gives Woods an almost stricken look.

WOODS

(changing the  
obviously touchy  
subject)

You think Diskant will get lucky?

KLEIN

He did last night.

(a pause)

Jack, look.

Klein and Woods turn around and look out the back window of the  
car. Morton Diskant -- the previously-seen "middle-aged man" -  
- is walking up the side street -- in a hip-to-hip drape with a  
hunky young body builder-type.

Klein pulls a beavertail sap from his waistband. Woods  
unholsters a tranquilizer dart-gun. Diskant and the kid are  
now just a few yards behind Klein's car.

Klein and Woods get out of the car. They approach Diskant and  
the kid in a flanking motion, knock them to the ground with sap  
shots to the ribs and muzzle their screams with hands over  
their mouths.

Woods shoots tranquilizer darts into Diskant and the kid. They thrash and go limp and mute. The assault goes down in six seconds flat -- with no streetside witnesses.

INTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's an hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein and Woods are standing in a sleazy motel room in the Silverlake District.

Diskant and the kid are spread out nude on a sagging water bed. Woods is drinking a beer. Klein is holding a Polaroid camera.

KLEIN  
(to Woods)  
There's a blanket in the closet.

Woods nods, walks to the closet and pulls a blanket off a shelf. Klein crouches by the bed, takes a snapshot of Diskant and the kid, waits and watches the print slide out of the camera.

He places the picture on a pillow by Diskant's head. He snaps another shot from a different angle, waits and watches the print slide out of the camera. He places the second picture on the pillow by Diskant's head.

Klein repeats the picture-taking process a third and fourth time. There are now four snapshots on the pillow by Diskant's head.

Woods is drinking beer and holding the blanket.

KLEIN  
(to Woods)  
Dump him in Plummer Park.

Woods nods, tosses the blanket on the snoozing kid and hauls him out the motel room door. Klein pulls a chair up to the bed and watches Diskant sleep the sleep of the heavily tranked.

Diskant stirs gradually. Klein stays perched in his chair. Diskant opens his eyes and sees the snapshots on the pillow.

Diskant screams. Klein grabs his hair and cups his mouth.

KLEIN  
(slowly and  
calmly)  
Destroy your LAPD file immediately.  
Do not cooperate with Welles  
Noonan and the Federal probe on  
any level.

Klein removes his hands. Diskant screams. The screen goes black --

Diskant's scream fades into Dave Klein's voice. Klein narrates a short flashback sequence.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

I owed a Robbery captain some favors. Three niggers killed his son -- this shit-for-brains rookie. They were holed up in Compton.

The above lines are synced to two short, soundless scenes:

We see Klein and a fiftyish man, in dress blue uniforms, standing at a hugely-attended, LAPD-orchestrated outdoor funeral service. The older man is brushing back tears.

We see Klein and the fiftyish man sitting in a cocktail lounge. They're still wearing their dress-blues. Klein is not drinking. The older man is tossing down a shot glass. Empty shot glasses cover the table in front of him.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

I killed them. It didn't bother me.

The above lines are synced to a short, soundless scene:

We see Klein line up three black men in a crackhouse, force them to their knees and shoot them in the back of the head with a silencer-fitted .22. It is the same scene we saw at the beginning of the film.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

I started killing cop-killers with the Department's consent. They let me launder my rent money through a departmental slush fund.

The above lines are synced to two soundless, slow-motion scenes:

We see Klein shoot four men in the back of the head with a silencer-fitted .22. The four separate interior backdrops indicate four separate cop-killer executions.

We see Klein handcuff three men face-down on a dingy living room floor, stand back and blast them from behind with a pump shotgun.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

Two Koreans killed a motor cop.  
A snitch told me where they  
were hiding.

The above lines are synced to two soundless scenes:

We see Klein quietly pick the front-door lock of a small house in Koreatown. It's nighttime. He's carrying a flashlight and a silencer-fitted .22. He quietly walks to a couch, shines his light on a sleeping Korean man and shoots him once in the face.

Klein walks into a side bedroom and shines his flashlight on another sleeping Korean man sprawled on the bed. The man stirs. Klein shoots him once in the face and walks back to the living room.

A Korean woman appears in the doorway. She's wearing a robe over a negligee. She screams -- soundlessly. Klein grabs the woman, slams her into the doorway, places a pillow over her head and shoots her in the face at point-blank range. It is the same scene we saw at the beginning of the film.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

She was Ace Kim's sister.  
Kim found out I killed her and  
held Meg over me.

(a pause)

He made me do his contract hits.  
He paid me for the hits -- to  
control me that much more.

The above lines are synced to a series of quick-cut, soundless scenes:

We see Klein and two handcuffed men in the desert. It's dusk. Klein kicks the men to the ground and kills them with one shotgun blast.

We see Klein drive a car into a dirt cavern in the desert. He pulls a man's body from the trunk and douses it with gasoline. It is the same scene we saw at the beginning of the film.

We see Klein standing in an abandoned shack. He's shooting two kneeling men in the back. The sound of the shots suddenly hits the soundtrack -- very fucking loud. The sound fades into the sound of a man screaming. The scream is recognizably the scream of Sanderline Johnson.

We see Klein bang Johnson's head on the hotel room wall and throw Johnson and the radiator he's cuffed to out a 9th-story window. It is the same scene we saw at the beginning of the

film. Johnson's scream extends for several long seconds and fades into the sound of a phone ringing.

INTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. The sound of the phone wakes Klein up.

He's in his bedroom. The clock on his nightstand reads 1:40 a.m. He picks up the phone.

KLEIN  
(into the phone  
mouthpiece)  
Yeah?

THE CALLER  
(static-laced --  
but clearly  
audible)  
It's Dan Wilhite. Look, I'm  
sorry to call so...

KLEIN  
(cutting in)  
What do you need?

WILHITE  
(agitated)  
I need you to field a burglary call.  
(a pause)  
2418 South Arlington.  
(a pause)  
It's J.C. Kafesjian's place, so  
I couldn't send a regular  
team over.

KLEIN  
(cradling the phone  
against one  
shoulder and  
slipping into a  
pair of pants)  
I'll go. You don't have to tell me  
what it means.

Wilhite says something inaudible. Klein hits the disconnect button on his phone and taps seven digits. A voice on the other end of the line says something inaudible.

KLEIN  
(into the phone  
mouthpiece)  
2418 South Arlington. It's a  
favor for Narco.

EXTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's a half hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is driving southbound on Western Avenue.

He's entering L.A.'s Darktown. We see liquor stores closing for the night; black men passing around bottles in parking lots; hookers standing by bus benches.

A black wino runs into the street, waving a short-dog bottle of T-bird. Klein swerves his car to avoid hitting him.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

J.C. Kafesjian sold heroin, cocaine and pharmaceutical-quality methamphetamine. He was the LAPD's covertly sanctioned dealer. He catered to the nigger trade exclusively -- and ratted off rival dealers to Narco. Dan Wilhite operated him. Dan and J.C. went back at least 15 years. Ace Kim used to be JC's #1 man.

Klein turns onto West Adams Boulevard. We see the rundown, sub-divided mansions that rich whites used to own back in the 20's. Klein turns south on Arlington and parks in front of 2418.

It's a huge Victorian house smack in the middle of a semi-slum block. The facade is studded with cheap "Rocky Mountain" stone inlays. It's a work of architectural art downgraded to a monstrosity.

Junior Stemmons is standing at the rear of the driveway, near a chain-link fence enclosing the back yard. He's holding a flashlight.

Klein walks up to him. Stemmons shines his light on two dead Dobermans behind the fence. The dogs have been gutted from their throats to their tails. Their entrails are spilling out of their stomachs. Meat scraps covered with foam are positioned on the grass near their carcasses.

STEMMONS

(holding his flashlight on a pocket notebook)

The wife's name is Madge. She, J.C. and their younger daughter were out visiting a friend. They came home and found the dogs.

(a pause)  
 Lucille lives here. The older  
 daughter -- Glenda -- lives  
 in Hollywood.

Klein nods. Junior shines his flashlight on the meat scraps.  
 He's nervous -- the beam shakes and wiggles.

STEMMONS

The burglar tossed them that  
 meat and waited for the poison  
 to kick in. He hopped the  
 fence, cut the dogs and got  
 some blood on himself. Look --

Stemmons shines his flashlight on some blood drops on the  
 driveway pavement. Klein and Stemmons follow the drops up to  
 the front porch and the front door. The porch light is on.  
 Stemmons switches off his flashlight.

STEMMONS

(pointing to  
 some gouge-marks  
 on the door)  
 He picked the lock and trailed  
 some blood into the house.

Klein and Stemmons open the door and walk inside. Saxophone  
 bleats echo down from upstairs.

STEMMONS

That's J.C.  
 (a pause)  
 He's a fucking freak.

KLEIN

(quietly)  
 Keep your voice down. You know  
 who he is.

Stemmons gives Klein a pissed-off look. He's very nervous.  
 His hands are shaky.

The inside of the house is hideous. It looks like it was  
 furnished with lobby sofas and chairs scavenged from a Holiday  
 Inn. Klein points to a trail of blood spots in the pink shag  
 carpet. The sax noise upstairs continues.

STEMMONS

J.C. wouldn't say what was stolen.  
 I'm thinking our guy got some  
 of his product.

Klein nods and follows a trail of blood spots through the living room to the dining room. Stemmons follows him -- and points to a family photograph placed on the dining room table.

The glass frame has been smashed; the faces of two family members have been X-marked.

STEMMONS

He X-ed J.C. and Lucille. He didn't X Madge and Glenda.

Klein leans in and examines the picture. J.C. and Madge are sixtyish, dark and fat -- recognizably ethnic Armenians. Lucille is about 24. She's skinny and busty -- and looks just like her dad. Glenda is about 32. She's tall, dark-haired and standout good-looking.

The sax noise continues upstairs. Loud voices suddenly overlap with it.

A woman yells, "Daddy, don't!"

A second woman yells, "Leave the girl alone!"

Klein and Stemmons share a look. The sax noise stops. Klein glances around the room and points to some bloodstains on some light-colored curtains.

KLEIN

Our guy wiped his hands.  
Maybe the dogs got to him.

Stemmons puts a gentle hand on Klein's right arm, steers him to a far corner of the dining room and points to the floor.

STEMMONS

Dave, look at that.

A skin-tight purple Spandex tank top and a pair of skin-tight purple Spandex pants have been laid out neatly on the floor. Both pieces are smallish -- sized for a woman. The legs of the pants have been spread wide apart.

Klein kneels down and examines a dark stain in the crotch area. He leans in and smells the stain.

KLEIN

Semen.

Stemmons plucks at his shirt and necktie. He's a bundle of undirected nervous energy. Klein stands up.

KLEIN

Go upstairs and look around.

(a pause)  
 And be nice. This is just  
 a P.R. job.

Stemmons gives Klein a sulky look.

KLEIN  
 (pissed off at  
 Stemmons' attitude)  
Do it.

Stemmons gives Klein a pouty look, walks over to a stairway and walks upstairs. Klein looks around the dining room. J.C. Kafesjian walks down the stairway and notices Klein. He's got an alto sax hooked across his shoulders and chest. Madge Kafesjian and Lucille Kafesjian sneak downstairs behind J.C. Lucille is wearing a yellow Spandex outfit -- identical to the outfit spread out on the floor.

The Kafesjian women walk through a kitchen doorway near the stairway. J.C. walks up to Klein. He's got fresh scratch marks trickling blood on his face.

KLEIN  
 I'm Dave Klein. Dan Wilhite sent  
 me over to help you out.

J.C.  
 (speaking with  
 a stilted foreign  
 accent)  
 Dan should come himself. What's  
 so important he couldn't  
 come himself?

KLEIN  
 (obviously repulsed  
 by J.C.)  
 We can do this anyway you like.  
 (a pause)  
 We can investigate. We can dust  
 for prints and maybe get you a  
 name. If you want payback, I'm  
 sure Dan will back you in anything  
 reasonable.

J.C.  
 (enraged -- the  
 quintessential  
 infantile tyrant)  
 I clean my own house!

Klein looks at J.C. They're standing very close to each other. J.C. dabs at the bloody scratches on his face.

KLEIN

Did you lose any product?

J.C.

(enraged -- and  
pressing closer  
to Klein)

I'm in the dry-cleaning business!

KLEIN

(straining to be  
calm and  
patient)

I know you own some dry-cleaning  
shops. And you know I'm  
talking about your other business.

J.C.

(even more  
enraged)

I told you! I clean my own house  
and run my own business!

Noise booms down from upstairs. It sounds like someone is emptying drawers. J.C. runs upstairs; Klein runs up after him. They run down an upstairs hallway and find Stemmons standing in a small bedroom. He's dumped a handful of reefers and a vial of pills on a quilt-covered bed. J.C. crowds up to Stemmons and sputters in rage. He's so angry he can't even talk. Klein picks up the reefers and pills and hands them to J.C. J.C. shoves them in his pants pockets.

KLEIN

(to Stemmons)

Apologize.

Stemmons balls his fists and stares at a far wall. He's twitching and fidgeting.

KLEIN

(to Stemmons)

Apologize.

Stemmons looks down at his shoes, shuts his eyes and mumbles something inaudible. J.C. pulls out a Bic Lighter, fires up a reefer and blows smoke in Stemmons' face. Stemmons storms out of the bedroom.

J.C.

(to Klein)

You go now. I clean my own house.

Klein walks out of the bedroom, down the hallway and down to the dining room. Lucille Kafesjian sidles by him. A bruise is starting to form on her left cheek.

Lucille waggles her right-hand fingers at Klein. Her nails are caked with blood.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's seven hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is seated at the desk in his office at the LAPD's Parker Center.

He's alone in the office. He's writing on a yellow legal pad.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

I wrote a confidential report to Dan Wilhite. Dan was smart enough to be worried. He was dirty, J.C. was dirty, and the Feds knew our whole dope-enforcement policy was dirty.

A plainclothes officer walks into Klein's office. Klein puts down his pad and pen and looks up.

THE PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Sorry to bother you, Lieutenant.

Klein looks at the man.

THE PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Chief Earl would like to see you -- immediately.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's ten minutes after the events of the previous sequence. Klein walks into Deputy Chief Howard Earl's inner office and takes a seat facing Earl's desk.

Earl is seated behind his desk. He looks at Klein and fiddles with his glass paperweight. Moments tick by slowly.

EARL

(putting the  
paperweight down)

Morton Diskant committed suicide last night. I won't take the logical step and credit you with inspiring him.

KLEIN

You gave me the job.

EARL

I'll concede that.

(a pause)

Tell me what you're thinking.

KLEIN

I'm thinking Ray Lefferts should get the chief's job. He tells you what he wants, and you always know what he's thinking.

EARL

(toying with a pen-and-pencil set now)

I'm thinking that I'm going to cash in on the favor I just did you.

KLEIN

What favor?

EARL

(putting down the pen-and-pencil set and picking up a manila folder)

The autopsy report on Sanderline Johnson.

Klein makes a "keep going" gesture.

EARL

I got to it before the Feds did.

(a pause)

The M.E. noted paint fragments in a crease in Johnson's forehead. It looked like he banged his head before he went out the window.

Klein looks suddenly queasy.....

EARL

(putting the report folder down)

I forced the M.E. to delete that observation.

Long seconds tick, tick tick. Klein and Earl look at each other.

KLEIN

(ice-cold)

Name your favor.

EARL

(smiling --  
calculatedly --  
and playing off  
of Klein's cold  
look)

I heard about the Kafesjian burglary -- and I want a major investigation.

(a pause)

I know how far we go back with J.C., and I don't care about the potential ramifications or what Dan Wilhite wants.

(a pause)

I want a show of force. I want you to bring in Junior Stemmons, shake the family and find me the man who committed that burglary.

KLEIN

(starting to lose  
his cool -- but  
very slow and  
emphatic)

It's insane. You don't rile your sanctioned dope dealer with a Federal narcotics probe in progress. J.C. is too volatile to fuck with. He'll hand Narco to the Feds in a hot fucking second.

EARL

Quid pro quo, Lieutenant. You went to law school, so I'm sure you understand the concept.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's twenty hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is standing in the middle of a police mob scene outside the Kafesjian house.

A crime-lab van is parked in the Kafesjian's driveway. Three technicians are hauling out fingerprint equipment, arclights and fiber-catching vacuum cleaners. The sidewalk in front of the house is enclosed by crime-scene tape. Two patrol cars are stationed at the curb; four uniformed cops are canvassing neighboring houses; four more cops are keeping rubberneckers -- all black -- at bay.

J.C. Kafesjian is sitting on the front lawn. He's wearing Jockey shorts and nothing else. A tattoo of a gigantic black dick pokes out the left leg of his shorts and extends to the

†

knee. He's honking his sax and drinking a Boone's Farm wine cooler -- at 8:00 a.m.

Junior Stemmons is standing on the porch. He's locking eyes with J.C.

Klein walks over to the crime-lab van, motions to one of the technicians and walks him down the driveway and through the back yard to the alley behind the Kafesjian's house. Some trashcans are lined up there.

Klein pulls the lid off a trashcan. Two dead Doberman Pinschers have been stuffed inside. The lab technician grimaces.

KLEIN

They were poisoned. I need tissue samples to determine what our guy used.

The lab technician nods.

KLEIN

Check their teeth and gums for human blood and type anything you come up with.

The lab technician nods.

KLEIN

Send a man inside and have him look for some purple Spandex pants. There's a semen stain in the crotch. See if you can get me a blood type.

The lab technician nods and starts examining the dogs. Klein walks back to the front porch and approaches Stemmons. Stemmons is very nervous and twitchy today. He's still staring at J.C.

KLEIN

Let go of that. You're just fucking yourself up.

STEMMONS

(seething)

You made me crawl to him.

Klein abruptly pushes Stemmons into a porch post and holds him there with one finger on his chest.

KLEIN

(quietly furious)

Your father got me my command.  
 I'm supposed to look after  
 you. I owe your father and  
you owe me. Dan Wilhite owes J.C.,  
 and we all owe the Department.  
Do you understand this?

Stemmons nods, slides free and nervously adjusts his necktie.  
 Klein puts one finger on his chin and tilts his head around so  
 that he's looking Stemmons in the eyes.

KLEIN

(slowly and  
 deliberately --  
 like he's talking  
 to an idiot)

Go downtown and check the M.O.  
 file for similar cases. Call  
 all the E.R.'s and check for  
 dog-bite treatments.

Stemmons pulls Klein's finger off of his chin and walks across  
 the lawn. He's a bundle of impotent rage. Klein walks in the  
 open front door of the Kafesjian house and finds J.C. standing  
 in the living room.

J.C. is fully dressed know. He's still swigging from a Boone's  
 Farm wine cooler. He's half-bombed.

J.C.

(gesturing with his  
 bottle)

Breakfast of champions.

(a pause)

You want one?

Klein shakes his head.

J.C.

(jovial)

Hey, Captain Dan call me. He  
 say you all right. He say  
 you some kind of white man.

KLEIN

(trying to  
 be pleasant)

We'll make the best of this.

(a pause)

And it was Howard  
 Earl's idea -- not mine.

J.C.

(suddenly blowing

up)  
I clean my own house!

Lucille Kafesjian walks by. She's wearing a demure housedress. She waves to Klein and pantomimes zipping her lips shut, locking them and tossing away a key. J.C. watches her walk by and belches.

J.C.  
She's a good girl. You don't talk to her.

KLEIN  
Tell me about your enemies.

J.C.  
I got no enemies. Everybody likes me.

KLEIN  
Come on. You sell narcotics.

J.C.  
(sputtering and  
spraying wine-cooler  
residue)  
I'm in the dry-cleaning business!

KLEIN  
Let's try "business rivals."  
Men who hate you and your family.

J.C.  
Nobody hates me. Everybody likes me and my family.

KLEIN  
What about Lucille? You saw what that guy did to her clothes.

J.C.  
(shrugging)  
Everybody likes Lucille.

KLEIN  
She's a sweet and wholesome girl.

J.C. nods, smiles and swigs from his bottle.

KLEIN  
The guy who jacked off on her pants really likes her, too.

J.C. goes beet-red and crowds up to Klein. Klein stands absolutely still. J.C. takes one step backward and smashes his wine cooler bottle on the living-room floor.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's three hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is standing on the Kafesjian's front porch.

The front door is open. Klein is watching technicians dust for fingerprints and vacuum for fiber debris.

J.C. is sitting on the front lawn. He's honking his sax, popping pills and chasing them with shots from a Boone's Farm wine cooler.

The lab van is still parked in the driveway. A lab technician steps out of the back and motions to Klein. Klein walks over and steps into the van.

The two dead dogs are spread out on a long metal table. They've been dissected. The lab technician points to a metal tray full of their internal organs.

THE LAB TECHNICIAN

They were poisoned with something called Stelfactiznide Chloride. It's a chemical used in dry-cleaning plants.

KLEIN

(his interest suddenly tweaked)

I like it.

(a pause)

What about the pants?

The lab technician points to an electron microscope set-up. A strip of purple Spandex is clamped under the slide.

THE LAB TECHNICIAN

He's a secretor. He's got B-negative blood, and I think he ejaculated at least twice. It was the largest semen stain I've ever seen.

KLEIN

(thoughtfully)

He was turned on. And he spent some time in the house.

The lab technician nods. A uniformed patrolman appears in the open back doorway of the van. He looks excited.

Klein walks out of the van and motions the patrolman over to a spot on the driveway.

KLEIN  
What have you got?

THE PATROLMAN  
(consulting a  
pocket notebook)  
Uh, three witnesses, Sir. Three  
people saw a prowler near the  
house on the night of the incident.

KLEIN  
Description?

THE PATROLMAN  
White, male and young. It's  
sketchy, but it's all the people  
could tell me.

KLEIN  
Vehicle?

The patrolman shakes his head "No" and smiles like he wants to be coaxed.

KLEIN  
What else?

THE PATROLMAN  
(trying to  
suppress  
a grin)  
A neighbor woman said Lucille  
Kafesjian does these little  
strip dances in her bedroom window.  
(a pause while  
he points  
up to a front  
bedroom window.)  
She said she does it at night,  
with the lights on behind her.  
Sometimes a car pulls up, and  
a guy watches her. The witness  
said she's pretty sure the guy's  
white.

Klein looks up at the window and over at the curb in front of the Kafesjian house.

KLEIN  
Did the witness describe the

man's vehicle?

The patrolman shakes his head "No."

KLEIN

Did she tell you how long  
Lucille's been exposing herself?

THE PATROLMAN

(consulting his  
notebook)

She said "sporadically" and "for  
the past several months."

KLEIN

I want you to make a call for me.

The patrolman pulls out a pen and poises it over his notebook.

KLEIN

(slow and  
patient)

Call Detective Stemmons at Parker  
Center. Tell him to go by  
the Kafesjian dry-cleaning shops  
and check for a chemical  
called Stelfactiznide Chloride.

The patrolman writes it down and looks at Klein.

KLEIN

Tell him to compile a list of  
all the male employees at the  
shops, run checks on them and  
leave the paperwork  
on my desk.

(a pause)

That's it.

The patrolman writes down the rest of the information, nods to Klein and fast-walks to his black & white at the curb. Klein walks to the curb and looks up and down the block.

An unmarked, official-type sedan glides slowly past the Kafesjian house. U.S. Attorney Welles Noonan is sitting in the front passenger seat. Noonan and Klein lock eyes for one ugly second. The Fed car glides out of sight.

A snazzy red Porche pulls into the Kafesjian driveway and stops behind the crime-lab van. Glenda Kafesjian -- the woman Klein saw in the X-marked family pictures -- gets out.

Klein watches her enter the house. Glenda huddles with Madge and Lucille Kafesjian in the living room -- Klein observes them talking through a large picture window.

Glenda, Madge and Lucille continue to talk. Klein walks to Glenda's Porsche, reaches in, opens the glove box and checks out the vehicle registration. Glenda looks out the window and spots Klein. The two lock eyes....

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's two hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein knocks on the door of Glenda's house in the Hollywood Hills.

Glenda opens the door.

KLEIN  
Ms. Kafesjian?

GLEENDA  
(blocking the  
doorway)  
You know who I am. And it's  
Barrett -- I dropped the Kafesjian.

KLEIN  
(slightly startled  
by the woman's  
abrupt tone)  
Why?

GLEENDA  
You've met my father -- so tell  
me you don't know the answer.

KLEIN  
(smiling slightly)  
My name's Dave Klein. I'm --

GLEENDA  
(interrupting)  
You're the cop who does favors for  
people. I've heard about you.

KLEIN  
(caught up  
short by Glenda's  
candor)  
Have you heard about the burglary?

GLEENDA  
Yes.

KLEIN

Yes, and?

GLEENDA

And I don't know anything about my father's dry-cleaning business or his other business. I know what my father does, but I have no knowledge of his specific activities.

(a pause)

And I will not talk about my family -- on or off the record.

A long silence stretches.

KLEIN

You got out while you could.

Glenda says nothing.

KLEIN

You check up on your mother and sister, though.

Glenda stares at Klein.

KLEIN

What you don't know can't hurt you?

Klein looks at Glenda. He's obviously taking her measure. She steps aside and lets him enter her house. They stand a few feet apart in the entrance foyer.

GLEENDA

I got out. I couldn't convince my mother and my sister.

KLEIN

Then you don't work for your father?

GLEENDA

(bristling)

I'm an actress.

KLEIN

(dubious -- an L.A. cop who's skeptical of all "actresses")

Give me some of your credits.

GLEENDA

(impatient)

"Deadly Edge," "Deadly Dawn,"

"The Stewardess," "Twisted  
Edge", "Deadly Moon."

KLEIN  
(starting to  
break a smile)  
I missed them.  
(a pause)  
I don't go out much.

GLEENDA  
(starting to  
break a smile)  
You don't go to them. You rent them.

Klein stands there and looks at Glenda.

GLEENDA  
(talking in  
an exaggerated  
"for the record"  
tone)  
I get second leads in erotic  
thrillers bankrolled by an Iranian  
man who owns a string of falafel  
stands. It beats --

KLEIN  
(interrupting)  
Selling narcotics and working in  
a dry-cleaning shop.

Glenda looks at Klein. She obviously didn't like his last  
remark.

KLEIN  
(changing the  
subject to  
defuse tension)  
No first leads?

GLEENDA  
(cold)  
One.

KLEIN  
And?

GLEENDA  
(cold)  
My father bankrolled a film  
called "Midnight Edge." He was  
supplying narcotics to the man  
who produced it. I got the

female lead.  
 (a pause)  
 Can you guess why?

KLEIN  
 (not missing  
 a beat)  
 He can see your sister that way  
 any time he wants. All he has  
 to do is walk outside and look  
 in her window.

GLENDA  
 (emphasis on  
 "that way")  
 I don't think he cares any more.  
 He's seen her "that way" since  
 she was twelve years old.

A long silence goes down. Klein and Glenda look at each other  
 steadily.

KLEIN  
 Why did you go to the house today?

GLENDA  
 To make sure my mother and sister  
 were all right.

Klein makes a "keep going" nod.

GLENDA  
 I've cut them loose, but I still  
 show up once in a while.

KLEIN  
 Why?

GLENDA  
 To scare my father.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's an hour after the events of the  
 previous sequence. Klein is sitting in his car.

He's parked across the street from his sister's house. He's  
 watching Meg vacuum her living room. She doesn't see him.  
 Klein is staring at her intently.

Meg disappears from his view. Klein shuts his eyes. A few  
 seconds pass. He hears a rap on his windshield, opens his eyes  
 and sees Meg standing by the driver's side door.

MEG

(smiling)  
My big brother is spying again.

KLEIN  
And you're taking all the fun  
out of it.

MEG  
Something's on your mind.

KLEIN  
(nodding)  
Howard Earl handed me a case with  
a million shitty implications,  
and I've got to find someone  
to hang it on.

MEG  
You mean the perpetrator?

KLEIN  
(changing the  
subject)  
Jack's got most of our rent money.  
He told me he --

MEG  
(cutting in)  
I don't want to know. I want the  
money, but I don't want  
to know how he gets it.

KLEIN  
(smiling  
slightly)  
You sound like this women I met.

Meg raises one eyebrow.

KLEIN  
She only tells you so much, and  
she draws lines that  
you know she won't cross.

INTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's three hours after the events of the  
previous sequence. Klein is sitting at the desk in his office  
at Parker Center.

He's got a dozen files open in front of him. He's skimming  
pages and checking out mug photos.

KLEIN  
(voice-over)

Howard Earl wouldn't let me off easy. My best way out was to find a suspect and frame him.

Camera dissolves show Klein skimming more and more files. The dissolves fade out and fade into:

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's a half hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is still sitting at the desk in his office.

He's got a list of Kafesjian dry-cleaning shop employees and a cross-check list of their criminal records spread out in front of him. Klein scrutinizes the list; his eyes settle on the name "George Frederick Ainge/AKA Georgie."

The camera slowly pans across three columns listing Georgie Ainge's arrests. We see:

Pimp convictions. Assault convictions. Lots of stints in L.A. County mental institutions. A blood-type is listed on the rap sheet: B-negative.

A mugshot is clipped to the sheet. Ainge is white, 46 years old -- and looks like a stone psychopath.

There's a knock on Klein's door. A tall man in his mid-50's is standing in the doorway. The man steps into Klein's office, shuts the door and leans against it. Klein remains seated behind his desk.

The man is Captain Dan Wilhite. He looks scared and shaky.

KLEIN

Hello, Dan. What can I do --

WILHITE

You know what you can do. You can go soft on this thing of yours.

KLEIN

It's Howard Earl's thing. I didn't --

WILHITE

(quiet -- but  
blowing his  
fragile cool)

I don't want to hear that. I want to hear that you'll try to play an angle on this.

KLEIN

(making a  
"calm down  
now" gesture)

Give me something to work with.

(a pause)

Give me a list of the dealers  
that J.C. has snitched off to  
you. Maybe the burglar's --

WILHITE

(abruptly  
cutting in)

No. I destroyed my Kafesjian file.  
I've pulled every existing file on  
J.C. and his people, and I've told  
all my men not to cooperate with  
you.

KLEIN

Dan....

WILHITE

(his panic  
escalating)

Noonan's subpoenaed the tax returns  
of every man in Narco. We've all  
gotten gifts from J.C. If Noonan  
subpoenas our bank records, we're  
fucked.

Klein shrugs.

WILHITE

(infuriated by  
Klein's gesture)

I've heard that Noonan hates you.  
I've heard he wants to nail  
you for that nigger that went out  
the window.

KLEIN

(getting  
nervous himself)

Tell me about the family. Give  
me something on the women.

WILHITE

(vehemently  
shaking his  
head)

I don't want to hear that. I  
want to hear that you'll let  
this thing go.

Klein makes a non-committal gesture.

WILHITE

(his voice  
escalating fast)

You can skate on the Fed probe.  
I can't. You can practice  
law and run your slums and do  
all the other sleazy shit you  
do and --

Wilhite sees that he's shouting and stops abruptly.

EXTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's four hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein parks his car two doors down from the Kafesjian house.

The street is dark and dead quiet. Klein gets out of his car, walks up and down the street and checks out the other parked cars. He shines a penlight on the license plates and writes the plate numbers down in a pocket notebook. He looks inside the cars and sees nobody sitting in them.

Klein walks up to the Kafesjian house. A light is burning brightly in Lucille's bedroom window. Klein hunkers down and checks out the three cars parked in the driveway. He tries the passenger door on an Eldorado coupe and finds it open.

Klein looks into the car and sees a stack of boxed videos on the front seat. They are all titled "Midnight Edge." Klein grabs the top box, slips it in his jacket pocket, walks back to his car and pulls it up directly across the street from the Kafesjian house.

He waits. He stares at the bright upstairs window. Lucille Kafesjian walks into the light and does a slow, seductive striptease. Klein watches every move.

Lucille turns the light off. Klein waits in his car. The front door of the Kafesjian house opens. Lucille walks out -- wearing a long topcoat.

She gets into a Lincoln Town Car parked at the curb and drives north and east. Klein tails her. Lucille parks behind the doughnut stand at Adams and Western and gets out of her car sans topcoat. She's wearing a red Spandex top and pants.

Klein watches her from his car. Lucille walks over to a bus bench and mingles with a group of garishly-clad black and latin hookers. Lucille's moves look practiced and almost ritualistic.

Klein observes the scene -- then abruptly guns his car northbound. He looks atypically troubled.

Klein drives to the Los Feliz Hills. He parks across the street from his sister Meg's house. He watches the house. He sees Meg backlit by her kitchen window. She's standing at the sink, washing dishes.

Klein watches her. His face contorts. He looks almost vulnerable. Meg finishes her dishwashing and walks out of the kitchen. Klein stares at the lighted window. Gradually, the lights in the house go off.

Klein drives to his apartment building. He enters his apartment and pops "Midnight Edge" in his living-room VCR. He fast-forwards the tape until he finds one of Glenda Barrett's nude scenes. He replays the scene over and over.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's eight hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is standing in front of his bathroom mirror. He looks fearfully controlled.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

I fell asleep with the tape. I woke up determined to close the case and close that family out.

The above lines are synced to a shot of Klein combing his hair, straightening his necktie and clipping his badge and holster to his belt.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's an hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein and Junior Stemmons walk into a bungalow courtyard in the Silverlake District.

They check the bank of mailboxes near the front walkway, see a box marked "G. Ainge/#6," veer over to the left-hand bungalow marked #6 and knock on the door.

Georgie Ainge -- previously seen via his LAPD mugshot -- opens the door. He's wearing madras shorts and an "I choked Linda Lovelace" T-shirt. Klein and Stemmons flash their badges and walk into his front room, uninvited.

Beaver foldouts are scotch-taped to the walls; stacks of Guns & Ammo Magazine cover the floor and most of the furniture. A hot-plate is sitting on a high stack. The coils are burning; an open can of chili is cooking on top of them. Georgie Ainge is sucking on a short-dog bottle of Thunderbird Wine.

AINGE

(with shaky  
bravado)  
You got no right to hassle me.  
(a pause)  
I'm a white man.

Klein shuts the door and nods to Stemmons. Stemmons backhands Ainge and knocks him into a chair. A stack of magazines go flying. Ainge manages to hold on to his short dog. Klein positions himself in front of the chair. Stemmons stands beside him.

AINGE  
(shaky bravado)  
Fuck you.

KLEIN  
(to Ainge)  
Tell me about the Kafesjians.

AINGE  
(shaky bravado)  
Fuck you.

Klein nods to Stemmons. Stemmons slips on a palm-weighted sap glove and slaps Ainge three times. The shots split Ainge's lips and cause blood to spurt from his nose.

KLEIN  
(to Ainge)  
The Kafesjians.

AINGE  
(shaky bravado)  
Fuck you.

Klein nods to Stemmons. Stemmons punches Ainge in the balls. Ainge doubles up in pain.

KLEIN  
(to Ainge)  
You used to work for J.C.

Ainge cups his balls and tries to talk. Klein signals Stemmons to step back. Stemmons does it. Ainge catches his breath.

AINGE  
(to Klein)  
I quit that gig. That gig was  
the shits.

KLEIN  
What do you do now?

AINGE  
 (blowing out  
 the last of  
 his shaky  
 bravado)  
 I'm a fucking entrepreneur. I'm  
 not some nigger you can push  
 around.

KLEIN  
 What do you sell?

AINGE  
 I sell your mother.

Klein nods to Stemmons. Stemmons gives Ainge two sap-glove  
 shots to the side of the head. Ainge curls into a ball in his  
 chair. He's cradling his bottle of T-Bird.

AINGE  
 (barely audible)  
 Guns. I sell guns.

Klein waves Stemmons over to the other side of the room.  
 Stemmons walks away from Klein -- reluctantly. He looks nearly  
 insane. His nerves are ultra-frayed.

Klein squats in front of Ainge's chair.

KLEIN  
 (softly)  
 Why did you burglarize the  
 Kafesjian house?

AINGE  
 (dry-sobbing)  
 I didn't....you're....fucking crazy.

KLEIN  
 (softly)  
 You broke in three nights ago.  
 (a pause)  
 Tell me about it.

AINGE  
 (dry-sobbing)  
 I didn't.

KLEIN  
 (softly)  
 You broke into the house three  
 nights ago. You killed two  
 watchdogs and jacked off on a  
 pair of Lucille's pants.

(a pause)  
 Tell me about it. You'll feel  
 better.

Ainge shakes his head frantically -- no, no, no, no, no!

KLEIN  
 (less softly  
 -- he's  
 frustrated now)  
 You broke into the Kafesjian house  
 three nights ago.

Ainge uncurls, takes a shot of T-Bird and looks at Klein.

AINGE  
 (shakily defiant)  
 Fuck you. Fuck your partner.  
 Fuck your mother.

KLEIN  
 (just starting  
 to lose his  
 composure)  
 Tell me what you know about that  
 family.

AINGE  
 (bloody,  
 beaten-on  
 and shakily  
 defiant)  
 Fuck you.

KLEIN  
 (his composure  
 slipping  
 another notch)  
 Who's peeping on Lucille?

AINGE  
 (gaining  
 strength in  
 his defiance)  
 Fuck you.

KLEIN  
 (his composure  
 slipping  
 another notch)  
 How long has Lucille been a whore?

AINGE  
 (gaining

more strength)  
Your mother's the whore.

KLEIN  
(his voice  
rising -- his  
composure  
about to snap)  
What's the deal with Glenda? Is  
J.C. afraid of her? Who is she?

AINGE  
(bold now)  
Fuck you. Fuck your mother. Fuck  
your sister --

Klein pulls brass knuckles from his back pocket, leans in and smashes Ainge in the face with them. Ainge cradles the bottle of T-Bird to his chest and curls back into a ball in his chair. Klein slams a half-dozen brass knuckle shots to his kidneys. Ainge starts whimpering and muttering. "All right! All right!" is barely audible.

Klein stops hitting Ainge. Stemmons walks up to the chair behind him. Ainge curls out of his ball, drains his bottle of T-Bird and tosses it on the floor. He coughs up a wad of bloody phlegm, spits it on the floor and slowly catches his breath.

Klein looks at Ainge. Stemmons looks at Ainge and lovingly runs his left hand over his black-gloved right hand.

AINGE  
(hesitant but  
fast -- anxious  
to get it  
over with)  
Glenda....shot...this half-breed  
pimp named Dwight Gilette...  
like, I don't know, three years ago.  
(a pause)  
I...I...

KLEIN  
You sold her the gun.

AINGE  
(nodding  
affirmatively)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah. I....

KLEIN  
(prompting  
Ainge)

Gillette. Who was --

AINGE

(interrupting)

He was this mulatto fucker. He bought shit from J.C. I...I think the case is some kind of LAPD unsolved.

Klein looks absolutely shell-shocked. His hands are shaking. Stemmons is pounding his black-gloved fist into his left palm. He looks almost gleeful. Ainge spits another wad of bloody phlegm on the floor Klein makes a "keep talking" gesture.

AINGE

Gillette was always coming on to Glenda and Lucille. Glenda heard he raped Lucille and went fucking nuts. She...she...

Ainge starts laughing hysterically. Klein waves the brass knucks in front of his face. Ainge's expression turns very ugly.

AINGE

(calmly  
vindictive)

I told Glenda she owed me. I said "Give me some." She said "No."

(a pause)

I played like I didn't care if she put out or not. I got her to talk about Gillette.

(a pause -- Ainge  
laughs)

She told me how she killed him, and I got it down on tape. I figured, you know, one day if I ever got desperate...

Stemmons whoops and thrusts his sap-glove fist into the air. Klein turns around and looks at him.

KLEIN

(very cold)

Wait outside.

STEMMONS

(gleefully  
ignoring the  
order)

Dave, this is...Jesus...we can pop that cunt for Murder One.

KLEIN  
(a notch  
colder)  
Wait outside.

Stemmons starts to say something, shakes his head angrily and storms out of the bungalow. Ainge reaches under the cushion of the chair he's sitting on, pulls out a full short-dog of T-Bird and drains it in one gulp. He reaches over to the hot plate by his chair, grabs the can of chili with the spoon in it and starts chowing down. Klein watches him eat for several seconds.

KLEIN  
Give me the tape.

AINGE  
(giggly)  
Fuck you.

Klein slaps the can of chili out of Ainge's hands, grabs his right hand and jams his fingertips into the coils of the hot plate. Ainge screams. Klein drags him out of his chair, pulls him across the floor to a light-socket and jams his fingertips in. Ainge screams -- louder. Klein hauls him to his feet, pushes him into the kitchen, stands him at the sink and turns on the garbage disposal.

Ainge tries to scream. A strangled gasp comes out. Klein jams his fingertips into the garbage disposal and pulls them out as bloody stumps. Ainge screams -- loud, loud, loud -- and goes limp.

Klein drags him to a refrigerator, props him up, opens the door and shoves his mangled hand into the freezer compartment. Ainge screams and squeaks out three barely-audible words: "The...bedroom...dresser."

Klein lets go of Ainge. Ainge hits the floor, gasping. Klein runs into the bedroom, rifles the dresser drawers and finds a spool of tape in a plastic baggie. He grabs it, runs out of the bungalow, through the courtyard and out to the street.

Stemmons is standing by his car. He looks furious. He gives Klein a very ugly look.

STEMMONS  
You treat me like a little kid  
who can't --

KLEIN  
(interrupting  
and catching

his breath)  
It was bullshit. He was just  
trying to buy his way out of --

STEMMONS  
(interrupting)  
You're fucking lying to me. You  
treat me like a little kid  
who can't --

KLEIN  
(interrupting)  
It was bullshit. Glenda didn't do --

STEMMONS  
(interrupting  
and speaking with  
arch inflections)  
Glenda? Glenda?  
(a pause)  
Are you soft on that cunt? Are you?  
(a pause)  
You treat a killer like a princess  
and me like I'm --

KLEIN  
(interrupting  
and trying to  
stay calm)  
She's not a killer.

STEMMONS  
She's a killer. And I'm going to  
prove it.

Klein tries to grab Stemmons' arm. Stemmons pulls away and gets in behind the wheel of his car. He puts the key in the ignition and turns the engine on; Klein reaches in and tries to grab the key. Stemmons blocks his hand, hits the gas and speeds off.

Klein runs to his own car -- parked across the street. He gets in, hits the ignition and floods the engine giving it too much gas.

INTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's ten hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is sitting in the living room of his apartment.

He's sitting in a chair by a coffee table. He's got "Midnight Edge" in his VCR. The sound is off. He's watching Glenda Kafesjian-Barrett on his TV screen.

There's a tape player on the table. Klein takes the Georgia Ainge tape out of the baggie it came in, places it on the spool and hits "Play." Glenda's voice -- hoarse and halting -- sounds. Klein watches Glenda on his TV screen and listens to her voice.

GLEENDA'S VOICE

(hoarse,  
halting, and  
full of odd  
pauses)

I didn't know if I could do it.  
Then I saw him....I just reacted.....  
he saw the gun and laughed....Lucille  
told me laughed when he did it  
to her...he didn't think either  
one of us could hurt him, because we  
were J.C.'s girls. My father told  
him that Lucille was "fair game."  
He told me that after I shot him  
the first time....he thought it  
explained everything.....I'd kill my  
father if I could....but Lucille  
and my mother wouldn't understand.....  
what gets me is that they still  
love him.

The tape runs out. Klein continues to stare at Glenda on his TV screen. He picks up the phone by his chair and taps seven digits. A recorded message can be heard on the other end of the line:

"This is Detective George Stemmons, Jr., at Administrative Vice Division. Please leave a message at the tone."

KLEIN

(into the  
phone mouthpiece)

This is the sixth time I've called.  
Call me, Junior. Let's see if  
we can work something out.

Klein hangs the phone up. He plays the tape again and stares at Glenda on his TV screen concurrently.

Glenda slowly takes off her clothes. Klein looks at her naked and listens to her wrenching taped confession.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's ten hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is walking through the empty Administrative Vice squadroom.

It's a maze of cubicles partitioned off floor-to-ceiling. Klein -- visibly agitated -- walks straight to the cubicle marked "Detective G. S. Stemmons, Jr."

He rifles the desk drawers, examines the contents and closes them again. He unplugs the answering-machine hooked up to the desk phone, carries it to his own office, shuts the door, plugs the machine in and hits "Play."

Two innocuous messages from other cops are heard. Klein hears his own panicky messages to Stemmons, hits the fast-forward button and speeds through them. He hears Stemmons' own voice on the tape and hits "Stop."

STEMMONS' VOICE

(on the  
answering-  
machine, his  
message in  
progress, his  
tone barely  
coherent)

...you fuck, and I knew you'd check  
this machine, and you're  
always treating me like a child,  
but you're like a kid with his  
first hard-on for that Glenda cunt,  
and nobody's ever seen you  
with a woman, sweet thing, but  
now you've got a big hard-on  
for a killer, and I'll tell you,  
sweetie, I'm going to take that cunt  
down for Murder One and give her to  
the Feds and make you crawl for not  
taking me serious, and I'll bet the  
Feds would just looooooooooove to know  
about your slum buildings, sweet  
cakes, so...

The tape runs out. Klein presses the "Erase" button with a shaky hand and sits at his desk. His brain seems to be running a million miles a minute. He looks scared.

There's a knock on the door. Klein jerks out of his reverie. The door opens. Deputy Chief Ray Lefferts walks into Klein's office. He's holding a newspaper and a manila envelope.

Lefferts hands Klein the newspaper and envelope. Klein starts to get up.

LEFFERTS

Don't get up. I'm tired of grown  
men standing when I walk into  
a room.

Klein nods and looks at the envelope. "Lt. D. D. Klein" is handwritten on the front.

LEFFERTS

A messenger left it at the main desk.  
(a pause)  
Look at the newspaper.

Klein looks at the newspaper. It's the L.A. Times, folded open to the Metro Section. There's a big article on the Kafesjian burglary. The heading is "Bizarre Break-In At Home of Reputed Dope Kingpin."

Klein skims the article. The camera pans across lines of text and focuses in on one passage:

"Heading up the investigation is Lieutenant David D. Klein, 49, the commander of the LAPD's Administrative Vice Division. Lieutenant Klein was recently accused of negligent behavior when a Federal witness he was guarding committed suicide while in his custody."

Klein puts the newspaper down and looks up at Deputy Chief Lefferts. Lefferts casually leans against the wall by Klein's desk.

KLEIN

(stunned)  
Jesus fucking Christ.

LEFFERTS

No. Howard Earl, Jr.

KLEIN

He leaked that?

LEFFERTS

Yes.  
(a pause)  
He's trying to provoke Welles Noonan.  
I can feel it.

KLEIN

Why? There's no percentage in it.

LEFFERTS

(shrugging)  
He's a very bright and disturbed man.  
I gave up trying to read him a long  
time ago.

Klein and Lefferts share a long look. Lefferts coughs.

LEFFERTS  
He's cooking up something. And  
I want him to fail at it.

KLEIN  
You want to be chief.

LEFFERTS  
(nodding slightly)  
Yes, and I want Earl to take the  
blame for whatever the Feds  
come up with.

KLEIN  
Instead of?

LEFFERTS  
Instead of three dozen Narcotics  
officers who simply went  
along with the program.

KLEIN  
(wiping a thin  
line of sweat  
off his forehead)  
He put me too close to the Feds. He  
knows how...

LEFFERTS  
(finishing  
Klein's thought)  
He knows you're vulnerable. And I  
think he sees you and J.C. as  
kindred souls.

Klein recoils slightly at Lefferts' last comment.

LEFFERTS  
Will you keep me informed? I  
think we have similar interests  
in this matter.

Klein nods and bores into Lefferts with his eyes.

KLEIN  
What do you know about me?

LEFFERTS  
(smiling slightly)  
I know that you're a useful man and  
a poorly-kept secret. Let's  
leave it at that.

Klein stares at his hands. They are still slightly shaky. Lefferts walks out of Klein's office and shuts the door behind him. Klein opens the manila envelope that Lefferts left with him.

There's a single sheet of paper inside. It bears the letterhead of Roll-The-Dice Productions, 65886 Ventura Boulevard. The text reads:

"Dear Mr. Klein. Could you meet me at my office tomorrow at 10:00 a.m.? I think it would be a mutually profitable experience. (You come highly recommended.)"

The note is signed "Gary Jason Rifkin." Klein looks over to the left-hand margin and sees a list of Roll-The-Dice production credits. The title "Midnight Edge" jumps out at him.

EXTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's six hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is standing by a bank of apartment-house mail slots. He shines a penlight on a slot marked "Apt. 4/George Stemmons, Jr" -- and walks over to the door itself.

He picks the lock with a credit card, enters, shuts the door behind him and turns on the living-room lights. He deadbolts the door, spots a set of drawers and goes through them.

He finds six bindles of cocaine, a bag of marijuana, several pill bottles and two spiked dog collars in the top drawer. He finds two giant-size, nail-studded dildoes and a stack of "Blue Boy" and "Hunk" magazines in the second drawer. He finds two dozen amyl nitrate poppers in the third drawer. He finds hundreds of glossy photos of muscular men fucking and sucking in the fourth drawer.

Klein opens a closet door by the dresser and flips the inside light switch. He sees a life-size inflated female sex-toy doll propped up in one corner. A publicity picture of Glenda Kafesjian-Barrett has been pasted over the doll's face. Red slashmarks have been painted on the breasts and genital area.

Klein walks into the bedroom, turns on a wall light and spots a dresser by the bed. He opens the top drawer and sees a dozen Polaroid snapshots of Junior Stemmons in a full cocktail-gown drag outfit. He opens the middle drawer and finds a woman's make-up kit and an ashtray filled with lipstick-smearred cigarette butts. He opens the bottom drawer and finds a dozen candid photographs of Lieutenant Dave Klein -- obviously snapped at LAPD functions -- covered with lipstick-smearred kisses.

Klein reels on his feet. He looks horrified. He frantically retraces his steps through the apartment and wipes every

surface he touched with his handkerchief. He's sweating and heaving for breath.

Klein bolts the apartment, fast-walks to his car and drives to a pay phone booth a few blocks away. He enters the booth, feeds the phone a quarter and taps seven digits. Two rings and "This is Woods" can be heard on the other end of the line.

KLEIN  
 (into the  
 phone mouthpiece)  
 It's me, Jack.

A staticky response can be heard on the other end of the line.

KLEIN  
 (into the  
 phone mouthpiece)  
 I know it's late.  
 (a pause)  
 You know Junior Stemmons?

A staticky response can be heard on the other end of the line.

KLEIN  
 (into the  
 phone mouthpiece)  
 Kill him.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's nine hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is seated in a private office at Roll-The-Dice Productions.

Seated in a director's chair a few feet from him: Gary Jason Rifkin, a slender man in his late thirties.

RIFKIN  
 You were prompt. I thought you'd at least call and ask what the deal was first.

KLEIN  
 (tapping his  
 wristwatch)  
 You've got five minutes to convince me that you're not wasting my time.

RIFKIN  
 What's the best way to do that?

KLEIN  
 Mention a number and convince me that you've got it in cash.

Rifkin smiles, walks to his desk and picks up a briefcase sitting on top of it. He opens the briefcase and shows Klein the contents: a good-sized stack of 20-dollar bills secured by bank tabs. A newspaper falls out of the briefcase. Yesterday's L.A. Times article on the Kafesjian burglary can be plainly seen.

Klein nods. Rifkin walks back to his chair and sits down.

RIFKIN  
(to Klein)  
Ten thousand dollars. Is that  
sufficient to --

KLEIN  
(coldly  
interrupting  
and pointing  
to the newspaper)  
You read about me. You keyed in  
on the Kafesjian thing. You  
used to cop dope from J.C., and  
J.C. backrolled one of your  
movies. Tell me I'm not wrong,  
and convince me that J.C.  
didn't put you up to this.

RIFKIN  
He didn't. And this isn't about  
him. It's about Glen --

KLEIN  
(cutting in)  
Tell me about her.

RIFKIN  
(brusque)  
I'll tell you some specifics.

KLEIN  
Tell me every --

RIFKIN  
(interrupting)  
She screwed me on a contract, then  
turned around and filed a nuisance  
suit on me. I want you to develop  
a derogatory profile on her. I  
need a lever to get her to drop her  
suit.

KLEIN  
Twenty thousand.

RIFKIN  
 (rolling his  
 eyes)  
 All right.

KLEIN  
 Tell me about Glenda. Give  
 me something good.

RIFKIN  
 (very firm)  
 She's important to someone very  
 close to me. That's all  
 I'll tell you.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's an hour after the events of the  
 previous sequence. Klein pulls up in front of the Orange  
 Blossom Klub on Olympic Boulevard in Koreatown.

He walks in. The place is dark, smoky and noisy. The  
 lunchtime rush is on. A long corridor snakes past the bar and  
 a bandstand area. Small rooms are inset on both sides of the  
 hallway. Korean hookers dance totally nude on tabletops --  
 while Korean businessmen eat lunch and throw dollar bills at  
 them.

Two Korean goons notice Klein in the hallway. They barely-  
 audibly mumble "Uncle Ace?" and "You see Uncle Ace?" with thick  
 Korean accents. Klein nods. The goons escort him to a small  
 office at the back of the club. A dapper Korean man in his  
 forties is putting food in a wall-mounted glass aquarium. The  
 aquarium is full of exotic-looking fish.

The goons leave Klein alone with the man -- Uncle Ace Kim.  
 Klein closes the door behind them. Uncle Ace reaches into an  
 inside jacket pocket, pulls out an envelope and hands it to  
 Klein. Klein pockets the envelope.

UNCLE ACE  
 Did he really say, "Hallelujah,  
 I can fly?"

KLEIN  
 What do you think?

UNCLE ACE  
 I think you're dawdling. You  
 usually take your money and  
 run off before I can thank you.

KLEIN  
 I had some questions.

Uncle Ace ignores Klein and continues to drop food in the aquarium. Klein moves closer to him.

KLEIN

You know the Kafesjian crew. You used to be tight with J.C.

Uncle Ace nods and continues to feed his fish.

KLEIN

I need some leads on them.

(a pause)

I need to know how their operation works.

UNCLE ACE

(feeding his fish and avoiding eye contact with Klein)

I know something about that.

Klein says nothing. He's obviously trying not to rile Uncle Ace. Several seconds pass.

UNCLE ACE

(feeding his fish and avoiding eye contact with Klein)

J.C. brings in blacks from Detroit and Cleveland and gets them to work two and three month shifts.

(a pause)

They sell his products on the street. J.C. sends them home and never uses them again.

(a pause)

It's a very nice system.

KLEIN

I know J.C. runs some informants. It's part of his deal with Narco.

UNCLE ACE

(feeding his fish and avoiding eye contact with Klein)

He runs them personally.  
(a pause)  
It's a very nice system.  
He feeds his competition to  
Narco, and Narco protects him.

KLEIN  
What else?

UNCLE ACE  
(feeding his  
fish and  
avoiding eye  
contact with  
Klein)  
I don't compete with J.C. We  
service a different clientele.

KLEIN  
(getting impatient)  
I know that.

UNCLE ACE  
(feeding his  
fish and  
avoiding eye  
contact with  
Klein)  
His products are better than mine.  
I heard that a wealthy chemist  
developed his compounds years ago.

KLEIN  
(getting more  
impatient)  
Tell me about the sisters.

UNCLE ACE  
(feeding his  
fish and  
avoiding eye  
contact with  
Klein)  
Why? I thought you only cared about  
your own sister.

Klein takes one angry step toward Uncle Ace, regains control  
and takes one step back. Uncle Ace turns and faces him.

UNCLE ACE  
I had a sister. You killed her.

Klein slowly pivots and walks out of the room, through the club  
and out to his car. There's an FBI sedan parked directly

behind it. Welles Noonan and two FBI agents are standing at the curb. One of the FBI men is holding a small metal device affixed with a blinking red light.

Klein sees the men. The men see Klein. Klein squats down and examines the rear wheel-wells of his car. He pulls an identical blinking-light device out of the left well and tosses it into the street. Noonan and the FBI men walk up and surround Klein.

NOONAN

We installed it this morning.

FBI MAN #1

You went to Roll-The-Dice Productions, in the Valley.

FBI MAN #2

Why did you do that?

Klein looks at the three men and doesn't say a word.

NOONAN

Ace Kim owns this club. We think you do contract hits for him.

FBI MAN #1

You were spotted at Western and Adams two nights ago. Why were you there?

KLEIN

Why were you?

NOONAN

Because J. C. Kafesjian frequents the area.

FBI MAN #2

He sells dope to the musicians at the clubs down there.

NOONAN

It's pathetic. It's the only way they'll let him play with them.

FBI MAN #1

We're looking for people to inform on J.C.

FBI MAN #2

And the LAPD.

NOONAN

You could give us some good information,

and we could give you a good immunity deal.

(a pause)

You're an attorney. Think about it.

Klein shoulders the men aside, gets into his car and drives off.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's an hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein pulls into the parking lot adjoining a big slum building in Watts.

It's a forty-unit pastel stucco monstrosity -- a six-story firetrap with open walkways facing the parking lot. Klein parks and sees Jack Woods walking down the 1st-floor walkway with a big paper bag in his hands. A black teenager walks through the parking lot and stares at Klein. Klein looks away from the kid.

Woods spots Klein's car, walks over and tosses the paper bag in the back seat. He leans in and braces his arms on the driver's side door.

WOODS

(looking  
Klein over)

You don't look good, Dave.

Klein checks himself out in the inside rear-view mirror. He does look haggard and exhausted.

KLEIN

Junior?

WOODS

I tailed him and lost him.

Klein slams the steering wheel with the flat of his right hand.

WOODS

I tailed him to the Kafesjian place. He stayed fifteen minutes, and it looked like he was shaking J.C. down. I saw J.C. hand him some dope and some money.

Klein looks at Woods and drums his right-hand fingers on the steering wheel.

WOODS

I think he's strung out. He's always moving, and I think he's too fucking jacked-up to sleep.

KLEIN

Find him and hold him. I want to know what he's got before you kill him.

EXTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's seven hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is parked in his car across the street from the Kafesjian house.

He sees Lucille -- topcoat clad -- walk out the front door, walk to the curb and get into her Lincoln Town Car.

Lucille drives north and east. Klein tails her from two car-lengths back. Klein pulls up behind her at a stop light. Lucille rolls down her window and gives a backward wave.

The light changes. Lucille drives to Western and Adams. Klein dawdles several car-lengths behind her. Lucille parks behind the doughnut stand near the southeast corner and walks over to a group of street whores -- sans topcoat. She's dressed in skin-tight, lime-green Spandex.

Klein parks beside the doughnut stand and watches Lucille. He looks fearfully intent.

Men in cars cruise by the clump of whores standing curbside. The whores approach their cars and talk to the men. Some climb into the front seat. Lucille walks up to a Chevy van, talks to the driver and points across Western Avenue -- to a one-story, courtyard-shaped motel called the "Honey Hut."

The Chevy van pulls out of sight; Lucille jaywalks across the street to the Honey Hut. Klein gets out of his car and walks across the street -- slowly -- and loiters by a pay phone at the front entrance of the courtyard.

A man enters the courtyard on foot and walks directly to room #6. The door to #6 opens; Klein sees Lucille in the doorway.

The lights go off in room #6. Klein strolls over and stands outside the door. He puts an ear to the door, listens, and hears no sounds inside.

Klein walks back to the pay phone and stares at his wristwatch. The man exits room #6 after 12 minutes inside and walks away from the Honey Hut.

Klein stares at the door of room #6. Lucille exits two minutes later. Klein turns his back so she won't see him. Lucille walks across the street and rejoins the clump of whores. Klein walks into the motel office and approaches the clerk standing behind a low countertop.

The man is a black junkie-type. He's nervously picking his nose. He sees Klein and seizes up immediately.

KLEIN  
 (holding his  
 suitcoat open  
 to display  
 the badge  
 on his belt)  
 Just a few questions.

THE JUNKIE-TYPE  
 (nervously  
 licking  
 his lips)  
 Pertainin' to?

KLEIN  
 The whore in room six.

THE JUNKIE-TYPE  
 Talk to the day man. I don't  
 rent to no whores.

Klein pulls a bindle of white powder from his inside jacket pocket and places it on the counter in front of the junkie-type. The junkie-type looks at it longingly.

KLEIN  
 (slow and  
 precise --  
 like he's  
 talking to  
 a mongoloid)  
 If you cooperate, you can keep  
 it. If you don't, I'll call in  
 a black & white and tell the  
 guys you tried to sell it to me.

The junkie-type looks at the bindle. Klein looks at the junkie-type. Seconds tick, tick, tick.

THE JUNKIE-TYPE  
 (eyes on  
 the bindle  
 and very  
 fast --  
 anxious to  
 glom the dope)  
 The bitch is this precise kind of  
 freak. She reserves number  
 six maybe, shit, eight or ten  
 times a month. She always calls

ahead and makes her reservation, which ain't your normal street-whore behavior. Now, she turns her tricks fuckin' fast, and sometimes the boys walk out shakin' their heads, like, "Boy, was that bitch weird."

KLEIN

Does she have any regular tricks?

THE JUNKIE-TYPE

(eyes on the  
bundle)

Just this older guy -- this white-ass, rich-ass-looking kind of guy. I seen his ass around here maybe eight or nine fuckin' times. The freak always stays long with him -- you know, like a couple of hours.

KLEIN

Have you ever seen anybody following her or loitering near her room?

The junkie-type shrugs. It's a recognizably evasive gesture. Klein pulls another bundle from his inside jacket pocket and places it on the counter. The junkie-type's eyes light up.

THE JUNKIE-TYPE

(hungry eyes  
on the  
bundles --  
and talking  
very fast)

O.K., there's this young, white-ass, skinny motherfucker. Now, three months or so ago, he rents number 7 -- the room next to the freak's -- on a semi-fucking-permanent basis, and he pays this rich-ass eight fuckin' months in advance. Now, this white-ass guy never stays overnight in the room and never parks no car in his space. But -- the motherfucker always seems to be in his room on the nights the freak is turnin' tricks in her room, and I seen him following the freak maybe two or three times.

KLEIN

Describe the man.

THE JUNKIE-TYPE

White-ass, skinny-ass, sort of  
light-assed hair, maybe,  
shit, twenty-six fuckin' years old.

KLEIN

Is he in his room now?

THE JUNKIE-TYPE

No. And I ain't seen him in three or  
four days.

Klein stares at the countertop. He seems to be thinking at a mile-a-minute pace. The junkie-type reaches for the bindles. Klein clamps down on his outstretched hand with both of his hands. The junkie-type makes a pouty face.

KLEIN

Give me a key to room 7.

The junkie-type pulls his hand free, reaches behind the counter, grabs a key and hands it to Klein. Klein slides the two bindles over to him. The junkie-type grabs them like a hungry hophead dog.

Klein exits the office and walks back across Western Avenue. He scans the clump of whores and sees that Lucille is not among them. He scans the lot behind the doughnut stand and sees that her car is gone.

Klein walks to his car, grabs a briefcase out of the back seat, walks back to the Honey Hut and lets himself into room #7. The room is empty. It's a typical hot-sheet motel flop -- with a big bed, well-worn and gaudily tasteless furnishings, and a small bathroom with a sink and shower.

Klein checks out the one closet -- and finds it empty.

Klein goes through the one chest of drawers. The first two are empty. The third drawer holds a pair of binoculars and a bottle of amber liquid with "Stelfactizide Chloride" written on the label.

Klein looks absolutely electrified.

He looks around the room. He sees a cheap landscape print hanging on one wall. He pulls it off and sees a 1-way mirror built into the wall. The mirror provides a crystal-clear view of the bed in room #6 next door.

Klein looks even more electrified.

He opens up his briefcase, pulls out a fingerprint kit and dusts the bedposts, the chest of drawers, a nightstand by the bed and the bathroom sink. Smudges and smears appear under his

dusting brush -- but nothing resembling a complete fingerprint shows up.

Klein pulls up a section of carpet -- and finds a bloody towel on the floor underneath it. He grabs his scissors, snips a piece, places it in a plastic bag and puts it in his briefcase.

Klein rips open the mattress on the bed. He finds a serrated-edge steak knife hidden in the stuffing. The blade is covered with dog hair and dried blood. He puts the knife in a plastic bag and drops it in his briefcase.

Klein pulls the carpet up all the way. He finds an empty photo-finishing envelope -- marked with the address of a shop on Pico Boulevard.

Klein rips the furniture up with a pocket knife -- and finds nothing. He dismantles the toilet and pulls the drain out of the bathroom sink -- and finds nothing. He turns out the lights in the room, and sits down in a chair with his gun out.

Klein dozes. He's half in and half out of sleep. Time passes. The door opens. A wall light snaps on. Klein snaps fully awake. He sees a figure in the doorway.

It's a young white man.

The man sees Klein. The man pulls a gun. Klein aims his gun at the man -- and fires wide. The man fires at Klein. His shots go wide. The man runs. Klein chases him through the motel courtyard and out to Western Avenue.

It's 2:00 a.m. The clubs on Western are shutting down for the night. There's lots of sidewalk foot traffic.

The man runs. Klein fires at his back and runs after him. Pedestrians scream and duck out of the way. The man runs across Western and ducks down an alley. Klein fires at his back. He's missing wide. He's almost nailing innocent civilians.

The street is pure chaos.

Klein runs across Western. He pulls a second gun from an ankle holster and fires two-handed. The man vaults a fence at the back of the alley.

Klein runs into the alley. FBI sedans cut him off from both sides. Two FBI men jump out, wrestle Klein up against a wall and pry the two guns out of his hands. Welles Noonan gets out of the rear FBI car, walks up to Klein and spits in his face.

NOONAN

That's for Johnson and Diskant.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's four hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is sitting on the steps in front of Glenda Kafesjian-Barrett's house.

It's dawn. Klein looks keyed-up and exhausted. He's borderline unkempt.

Glenda's Porsche pulls up to the curb. Glenda gets out, sees Klein and almost smiles. She walks up to her door. Klein stands up, stretches and smooths the front of his suitcoat.

KLEIN  
(suppressing  
a yawn)  
You keep rough hours.

GLEND  
(looking  
Klein over)  
So do you. Is this something that  
couldn't wait?

Klein shrugs. It's an oddly vulnerable Dave Klein gesture.

GLEND  
(opening the  
door with  
her key)  
That's not an answer.

Klein pushes the door open. Glenda walks in ahead of him. She walks through a nicely-appointed living room into a tidy kitchen. Klein follows her. An automatic-timer light is glowing on the coffee machine. Glenda grabs two cups off a rack, pours two cups of coffee and hands one to Klein.

The exhausted Klein leans against the refrigerator. Glenda stands several feet in front of him.

KLEIN  
(warming his  
hands on the  
coffee mug)  
Where were you?

GLEND  
Shooting something called "Midnight  
Kiss."

KLEIN  
I've seen "Midnight Edge" at least  
six times.

Glenda smiles. Klein smiles. He seems almost grateful for Glenda's smile.

GLEENDA  
Why did you come here?

KLEIN  
To tell you some things.

GLEENDA  
Such as?

KLEIN  
Dwight Gillette. I know the story,  
and I don't think you should take  
a hit for it.

Glenda flinches. A vein on the side of her face starts to pulse.

GLEENDA  
Why do you care what happens to me?

KLEIN  
(putting his  
coffee cup  
down on  
a countertop)  
Don't make me tell you that.

Glenda smiles very slightly. Klein smiles very slightly.

GLEENDA  
Have you been following me?

KLEIN  
No. Has somebody been --

GLEENDA  
(interrupting)  
I'm not sure. Somebody's been  
watching me, though.  
(a pause)  
I can't prove it. It's just a  
feeling I've had.

Klein stretches and leans away from the refrigerator.

KLEIN  
Gary Rifkin hired me to dig  
up some dirt on you. I got the  
feeling you jilted him.

Glenda laughs and places her coffee cup on the countertop next to Klein's.

GLEENDA

Gary is gay. He's never been interested in me -- or any other woman.

Klein looks troubled. His eyes go out of focus briefly.

KLEIN

Are you sure?

GLEENDA

(nodding affirmatively)

He's totally gay. He had a thing with that politician who killed himself a few days ago.

Klein reels and almost loses his balance.

KLEIN

Morton Diskant?

GLEENDA

Yes.

(a long pause while Glenda looks hard at Klein)

Look, tell me what we've got here.

KLEIN

I don't know. It's just things coming together.

GLEENDA

What things?

Klein looks around the kitchen and back at Glenda again. A tense silence stretches.

KLEIN

I don't know what Rifkin wants. He said you were important to someone close to him.

GLEENDA

Gary's only close with other closeted men, and men like that don't care about me.

KLEIN

(shaking his  
head)  
I'm losing it. I can't read half  
the people in this fucking thing.

Glenda steps closer to Klein. She looks determined to break through his ambiguous line of talk.

GLEENDA  
(precise  
and insistent)  
You're working for Gary. You're  
a cop, and you don't care what  
I did to Dwight Gillette. And  
you're following my sister around.

KLEIN  
She told you that?

GLEENDA  
Yes.

KLEIN  
Yes, and?

GLEENDA  
Yes, and nothing. I've cut my  
family loose, and I won't tell  
you anything about them that I  
don't want you to hear.

Klein weaves and reaches out to grab the countertop. Glenda grabs his arms, steadies him -- and keeps her hands on his arms.

GLEENDA  
What do you want?

KLEIN  
What do you think?

GLEENDA  
Tell me.

Klein says nothing.

GLEENDA  
I want to hear you say it.

Klein says nothing.

Glenda takes her hands off Klein's arms and steps closer to him. Klein loses his balance. Glenda gently pushes him against the refrigerator and holds him still with her body.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's four hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is in bed with Glenda.

They're in the bedroom at her house. They're naked under a single white sheet. Glenda's asleep. Klein's awake. He's looking at Glenda.

Glenda stirs and rolls over. Klein brushes a lock of hair from her eyes, kisses her neck softly, gets out of bed and slips into his clothes. He looks at Glenda while he straps on his holster.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's an hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein walks in the door of the Kustom-King Foto-Finishing shop at Pico and Crenshaw.

A clerk is standing behind the service counter. He's helping a customer. The customer walks out of the shop. Klein walks up to the counter, pulls out his I.D. holder and shows it to the clerk. The clerk nods.

KLEIN

(brusque and  
straight to  
the point)

I'm looking for one of your customers.  
He probably had some sex pictures  
developed here.

THE CLERK

(defensive)

You know, most of that stuff's perfectly  
legal.

KLEIN

(impatient)

I'm talking about some pictures shot  
through a mirror. There'd probably  
be some distortion on the prints.

THE CLERK

You're talking about "John Smith."  
And don't worry -- I know  
it's a fake name.

KLEIN

Describe the pictures.

THE CLERK

It's always the same shit. There's  
this one girl having sex with these

different guys. There's always some lens haze, like he shot through a 1-way.

KLEIN

Describe John Smith.

THE CLERK

Shit...he's white, skinny, maybe twenty-eight. He's got sort of medium-colored brown hair.

KLEIN

How long has he been coming around?

THE CLERK

Four or five months. He always pays cash in advance, and he's never left an address or a phone number.

KLEIN

Vehicle?

THE CLERK

I've never seen him drive up.

KLEIN

Do you keep any duplicate negatives?

The clerk shakes his head "No."

KLEIN

Are you holding any prints for him now?

The clerk flips through a rolodex on the counter, stops at a card entry, taps it and nods "Yes."

KLEIN

Give them to me.

The clerk gulps and looks at Klein nervously. Klein pulls out his billfold, extracts a C-note and sticks it in the clerk's shirt pocket. The clerk reaches into a drawer behind the counter, thumbs through it, pulls out a packet of photographs and hands them to Klein.

BRIDGE SEQUENCE -- comprised of still photographs flashed on the screen for two seconds apiece.

We see a dozen snapshots of Lucille Kafesjian in bed with various men at the Honey Hut Motel.

A few of the pictures are blurred and mirror-distorted. Male faces are visible in most of the shots. A distinguished-looking older man can be seen in three photos. He is the only man seen in more than one shot. A fat younger man can be plainly seen in one particularly clear photo.

The motel room pictures fade into rows and rows of full-face male mugshots, with booking numbers marked across the bottom. Each row of mugshots is held on the screen for several seconds. None of the mugshot men match the men in the photographs with Lucille.

The still-photo sequence is interrupted by the sound of a phone ringing. The camera pulls back from a page in a mugshot scrapbook. Klein is sitting at his office desk. He puts the mugshot book down and picks up his phone.

KLEIN  
(into the  
phone mouthpiece)  
Ad Vice. Klein

A staticky response can be heard on the other end of the line: "It's Howard Earl."

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's a half hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is sitting in Howard Earl's office.

Earl is sitting behind his desk. He's fondling his glass paperweight. Klein is sitting in a chair in front of the desk.

KLEIN  
(in mid-  
discourse)  
.....and I haven't I.D.'d the men  
in the pictures. The lab ran  
that towel swatch I found in the  
room. It came back B-negative.

EARL  
(spinning the  
paperweight  
on his desk  
blotter)  
Southwest Patrol filed a report on  
your shooting incident.

KLEIN  
I almost had a clear shot.

EARL  
At the man's back?

KLEIN

That's right.

EARL

What's Stemmons been doing? Update me on that.

KLEIN

(slightly nervous)

He's been running paper on J.C.'s crew.

EARL

(putting the paperweight down)

You're lying. I've heard he's been hanging around Southwest Station. He's been hitting up the squad men for information on J.C.'s people.

(a pause)

I've heard that he looks quite unhealthy.

Klein shrugs and dry-swallows. He's trying -- unsuccessfully -  
- to appear cool and calm.

EARL

(picking up the paperweight again)

I want a trick-sweep on Western and Adams tonight --

Klein raises a hand in a "stop right there" gesture. Earl halts him with a similar gesture.

EARL

(continuing)

-- and I want you to run it as a major show of force.

(a pause)

I think it's our best shot at finding some men who can give us leads on Lucille.

Klein stands up, leans over Earl's desk, takes the paperweight out of Earl's hands and smashes it down on his desk blotter.

KLEIN

(quiet -- but totally

enraged)  
 It's insane. The Feds are all  
 over there. They'll get plate  
 numbers off every car we stop.

Earl picks up the paperweight and calmly tilts his chair back.

EARL  
 (as calm  
 as Klein  
 is angry)  
 Take the tricks to Southwest  
 Station and lean on them. Fuck  
 them up if you have to.

EXTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's nine hours after the events of the  
 previous sequence. There's minor pandemonium at Western and  
 Adams.

Two LAPD paddy wagons are parked by the doughnut stand. Three  
 black & whites are tucked out of sight behind the adjoining gas  
 station. A dozen whores are standing by the bus-bench on the  
 southeast corner. Unmarked cop cars are swooping down on every  
 car that slow-trawls the girls.

Two FBI cars are perched across the street from the doughnut  
 stand. Welles Noonan and three FBI men are observing the  
 trick-sweep. Klein is standing by the paddy wagons. He's  
 carrying a clipboard -- with copies of the Lucille Kafesjian  
 sex pix clamped under the metal clip.

Uniformed cops haul six tricks over to the paddy wagon closest  
 to Klein. The men are handcuffed being their backs. Two of  
 them are weeping. The other four are babbling, thrashing and  
 squirming. We hear garbled bits of their overlapping dialogue:  
 "I'm married," "Please, please," "Don't tell --," "Don't let my  
 wife" --

Klein shines a flashlight in the faces of the six men. He  
 studies them, shines his light on the Lucille sex pictures and  
 shines it back on the tricks. One of the uniformed cops makes  
 a quizzical gesture. Klein shakes his head "No."

The uniformed cops herd the tricks into the back of the paddy  
 wagon. Klein steps into the back and turns on the roof-mounted  
 light. The uniformed cops forces the tricks to sit down on the  
 floor. The tricks are still babbling, squirming, weeping and  
 running panicky "Don't tell my wife" riffs.

Klein pulls one of the Lucille sex pix off his clipboard. He  
 hands it to one of the uniformed cops and nods. The uniformed  
 cop shows the picture to all six of the tricks. Klein stands  
 back and studies their reactions.

Trick #1 is weeping too hard to focus on the picture Trick #2 evinces a "What the fuck is this?" look. Trick #3 shrugs. Trick #4 gives the picture a blank look. Trick #5 is shaking too hard to focus on the picture. Trick #6 give the picture a blank look.

The uniformed cop hands the picture back to Klein and steps out of the paddy wagon. The other uniformed cop joins him. Klein stares at the handcuffed tricks. The men all fidget under his gaze.

Klein steps out of the paddy wagon. Another uniformed cop walks up to him.

THE UNIFORMED COP

The girls are taking off. What do you --

KLEIN

(cutting in  
and reaching  
for his  
billfold)

Give them some money and tell them to stay put. Tell them we'll bust them and run them for warrants if they rabbit.

The uniformed cop nods. Klein hands him a wad of \$20's and \$50's. The uniformed cop takes off running. Klein turns around and stares at the tricks. The men have calmed down. Only Trick #1 is weeping softly.

KLEIN

(cold and  
precise)

That woman is a street whore.

(a long pause  
for emphasis)

I want to know who she's fucked.

(a long pause  
for emphasis)

We can do this the easy way or the hard way. If you've fucked her, you will tell me.

(a long pause  
for emphasis)

If I think you're lying to me, I'll hurt you and make you tell me the truth.

Trick #1 starts bawling openly. Trick #3 and Trick #4 start shaking. The other men just look at Klein -- trapped in the headlights of his eyes.

Klein turns away from the tricks. Two different uniformed cops walk eight more handcuffed tricks up.

Two men are crying. Three men are jabbering. Three men are acting stoic. Klein shines his flashlight in their faces. The men cringe and blink. The light hits the face of a short, fat white man. Klein holds the light on him, studies his face and turns his light on the Lucille pix. He goes through three of them, and comes to a shot of Lucille with the fat man who's standing in front of him.

Klein turns his flashlight off and motions one of the uniformed cops over to the side of the paddy wagon.

KLEIN  
(whispering)  
The fat guy's a positive.

The uniformed cop nods.

KLEIN  
(whispering)  
Run a check on him and take him  
in. Don't book him. Lock  
him in an interview room.

The uniformed cop nods and walks over to the fat man. Klein walks over to his car -- parked half a block east on Adams.

An FBI sedan glides slowly by. Welles Noonan is sitting in the front passenger seat. Noonan and Klein make eye contact for a split-second.

EXTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's twenty minutes after the events of the previous sequence. Klein walks into the LAPD's Southwest Station and heads upstairs to the detective's squadroom.

The squadroom is full of plainclothesmen -- walking around and sitting at their desks. Klein sees Deputy Chief Ray Lefferts talking to Captain Dan Wilhite. Lefferts nods and smiles at Klein. Wilhite looks away from Klein -- obviously perturbed by the sight of him.

Klein sees Junior Stemmons hunched over an open filing cabinet. Stemmons has his back to Klein and does not see him.

Klein signals Deputy Chief Lefferts. Lefferts walks out to the corridor adjoining the squadroom. Klein walks out and joins him.

LEFFERTS

Hello, Dave.

KLEIN

(abrupt)

Can you do something for me?

LEFFERTS

Of course.

KLEIN

(quietly)

I'm bracing a witness. Bring Stemmons over to the interview room and make him sit in.

LEFFERTS

It's done. Will you --

KLEIN

(interrupting)

Yeah. I'll explain later.

Lefferts gives Klein's elbow a brief squeeze and walks back into the squadroom. Klein walks down the corridor and starts looking in the 1-way windows fronting the interview rooms inset on both sides. The fat man is sitting at a table in room #3. There are two other chairs pulled up to the table.

A computer printout sheet is tacked to the door. Klein pulls it off, studies it, sticks it in one of his back pants pockets and enters the room.

The fat man looks at Klein. Klein sits down across the table from him. The fat man yawns.

KLEIN

Are you bored?

THE FAT MAN

I been popped for soliciting-for-purposes-of-prostitution before. It's a chickenshit beef. I'm free, white, and unmarried. Tell me what I got to be worried about.

Klein pulls the printout sheet from his pocket and lays it on the table.

KLEIN

Louis Michael Lo Bruto, right?  
DOB 6/18/57?

THE FAT MAN/LO BRUTO

That's right.

KLEIN

There's six bench warrants out on you. Two 502's and four indecent-exposures. You're a fucking wienie wagger.

LO BRUTO

(astonishingly  
indignant)

I don't flash to no kids! I only show my stuff to bitches 18 and up!

KLEIN

(shaking his  
head sadly)

You're looking at a year county time.

Lo Bruto shrugs.

KLEIN

Or a few questions and a ride back to your car.

Lo Bruto lights up with a big smile. Klein pulls the picture of Lucille Kafesjian and Lo Bruto from his coat pocket and hands it to Lo Bruto. Lo Bruto studies it and giggles.

KLEIN

Do you remember her?

LO BRUTO

Sure. She said I had the biggest --

The interview-room door opens. Deputy Chief Lefferts ushers Junior Stemmons inside. Stemmons sees Klein and almost jumps out of his skin. Lefferts walks out of the room. Klein gets up, twists the key in the door and locks the room from the inside. He sits back down and places the key on the table.

Stemmons sits down at the table and avoids Klein's eyes. He's twitching and scratching his arms and making sniffing noises with his nose. He's obviously coked-out like a motherfucker.

Lo Bruto looks back and forth between Klein and Stemmons.

LO BRUTO

(to Klein)

Who took that picture of me and the whore?

KLEIN  
That's what we're here to find out.

LO BRUTO  
(looking at  
the picture)  
Well, I didn't take it, and I don't  
know who did.  
(a pause)  
Jesus, I got a big dick. If you  
had a dick like that, you'd be  
flashing it, too.

Klein grabs the picture and hands it to Stemmons. Stemmons gives it a quick look and drops it on the table. His hands are shaking.

KLEIN  
(to Stemmons)  
Look at the size of that monster.  
(a pause)  
You ever seen one that big?

Stemmons stares at his hands. Lo Bruto looks at him and giggles.

LO BRUTO  
He's speechless. Mr. Big Dick  
rides again.

KLEIN  
(to Lo Bruto)  
If I didn't know you better, I'd  
think you were queer.

The word "queer" makes Stemmons' nerves escalate a notch. Klein looks at him and smiles.

KLEIN  
(to Stemmons)  
You worked fruits quite a bit.  
Wilshire Vice, right? You worked  
the trap at the May Company  
men's room.

Stemmons nods nervously, makes a sniffing sound and runs a shaky hand over his nose.

KLEIN  
(to Stemmons)  
I heard you were good. Your  
lieutenant told me that you had a  
real taste for the job.

Stemmons starts twisting the fingers of his two hands together. His joints make a loud popping sound. He snuffles and rubs his nose.

LO BRUTO  
(to Stemmons)  
Sounds like you got a cold.

KLEIN  
(to Lo Bruto)  
I think he's been working fruits again. God knows what you pick up there.

Stemmons quits rubbing his nose and laces his fingers together. He's starting to sweat.

KLEIN  
(to Lo Bruto)  
So, tell me where you picked up the girl in that picture.

LO BRUTO  
Right at the same fucking spot where that fucking cop busted me a fucking hour ago.

KLEIN  
Where did you fuck her?

LO BRUTO  
In the snatch.

KLEIN  
No, Louis. The location.

LO BRUTO  
Oh.  
(a pause)  
It was a place called the Honey Hut.

KLEIN  
The place where the picture was taken.

LO BRUTO  
Right.

KLEIN  
How many times did you trick with her?

LO BRUTO  
One time.

KLEIN

Why only once?

LO BRUTO

Because once qualifies as strange pussy, and I got a short fucking attention span.

KLEIN

What did the girl talk about?

LO BRUTO

(giggling)

She said I had the biggest. I said they don't call me "Mr. Big Dick" for nothing. She said she's liked them big since way back when, and I said "Way back when to a kid like you means last week." She said something like "You'd be surprised."

Stemmons squirms and wipes a line of sweat off his forehead.

KLEIN

(to Lo Bruto)

What else did she talk about?

LO BRUTO

She said she used to do some guy named J.C. She said she liked this snake on his leg.

KLEIN

Did she say J.C. was her father?

LO BRUTO

Fuck, no.

(a pause while

Lo Bruto giggles)

I told her his snake couldn't compete with my fucking snake.

KLEIN

(to Stemmons)

You ever touch a big snake? You ever wonder why you liked fruit work so much?

Stemmons is shaking so hard that his teeth are clicking audibly. He's sweating. He's looking down at the table and the key resting on it.

Lo Bruto's eyes are darting back and forth between Klein and Stemmons. He's finally wising up to the fact that something weird is going on here.

KLEIN

(to Lo Bruto)

She never said she was fucking her father?

LO BRUTO

No, but --

KLEIN

(interrupting)

But what?

LO BRUTO

(nervous now  
-- the tension  
in the room  
finally getting  
to him)

But she wanted to play this sick game with me.

KLEIN

What kind of game?

LO BRUTO

(spooked by  
Klein's  
questions now)

Like a daddy-little girl game. She started talking about some guy she called "The Brain," and he was daddy's friend or some shit like that, and he popped her cherry and gave her back to daddy, and if you want my opinion it was sick fucking shit, and she's laying this shit out to me, and I hear a guy crying in the next room, like he's listening to this shit, and it's all so fucking sick and sad that he just can't fucking take it.

Klein's hands start shaking. He grips the edge of the table to make them stop. Lo Bruto looks bewildered and slightly scared. Stemmons is a mass of spastic twitches.

KLEIN

(to Stemmons)

That is some sick fucking shit.

Stemmons gives a little twitchy shrug.

KLEIN  
 (to Stemmons)  
 But it's not as sick as this  
 cocksucking faggot cop and his  
 fuck books and dildoes and drag  
 queen shit and --

Stemmons bolts. He grabs the key off the table, kicks his chair over, runs to the door, unlocks it and runs down the outside corridor. Klein gets up and runs after him.

Stemmons runs downstairs and outside to the station parking lot. Klein pursues him and catches him just as he gets to his car. Both men are gasping for breath. Klein grabs Stemmons by the hair, pulls his head back and pins him to the hood of the car.

KLEIN  
 (slow and  
 gasping)  
 Give up on Glenda  
 (a pause while  
 Klein catches  
 his breath)  
 and all your shit stays safe with --

Stemmons knees Klein in the balls. Klein hits the pavement and writhes in pain. Stemmons gets into his car, guns the engine and speeds off.

Klein sees a car start to cautiously follow Stemmons. Jack Woods is visible at the wheel.

EXTERIOR-NIGHTIME. It's a half hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is driving north near the intersection of 40th and Vermont.

Street scenes glide by in ultra slow-motion. The camera viewpoint is subjective. We see everything through Klein's eyes.

We see soundless shots of FBI men parked at the curb, talking to black street punks; black street punks furtively eyeballing Klein's unmarked cop car; FBI sedans cruising north and south at the same speed Klein is traveling.

The slow-motion photography slows down yet another notch. Every person walking down the street and driving by in other cars turns slowly and looks at the camera and Klein. Klein is obviously moving into a hyper-paranoid state.

The slow-motion and subjective footage ends. Klein continues to drive northbound. He's constantly scanning his rear-view mirrors. He sees a car a short distance behind him. He speeds up and makes a series of turns. The car stays that short distance behind him.

Klein zigzags, loses the car, reverses his direction and comes up behind it. He hits his high-beams and sees the rear license plate: ZHY-862.

The tail car runs a red light. Klein tries to pursue it. Cross-traffic freezes him in the intersection.

Klein picks up his 2-way radio hand-mike and hits the "Speak" button.

KLEIN  
(into the mike)  
Unit 4-A-93 requesting vehicle  
stats.

Klein clicks off the "Speak" button. A staticky response can be heard on the other end of the line: "Go ahead, Officer."

KLEIN  
(into the mike)  
California license ZHY, that's  
Zebra-Harry-Yorktown, 862.

Klein clicks off the "Speak" button. Six seconds pass. The hand-mike erupts with static. A static-laced voice can be heard: "Registered owner Gary Jason Rifkin. Repeat, Gary --"

Klein drops the hand-mike, picks his portable cell-phone up off the seat and sees a blinking light on it -- indicating that the battery is dead. He drops the phone, guns his car through late-night streets at double the speed limit and pulls up in front of Glenda's house in the Hollywood Hills.

He gets out of his car. He sees Glenda's Porsche and Rifkin's car parked at the curb. He runs up to the house, tries the front door and finds it locked. He runs around to the right-hand side of the house and looks in the dining-room window.

Rifkin is walking slowly toward Glenda. Glenda is slowly walking backward. Rifkin's lips are moving. Klein cannot hear what he's saying. We can. He's saying: "You're a killer, and my friend and I can prove it."

There's a cutlery rack near the wall. Glenda is close to it. The rack is filled with knives. Glenda's right hand is poised to grab one.

Klein bangs on the window. Glenda and Rifkin do not hear him. Klein runs around the back of the house to the kitchen door, kicks it in and runs into the dining room.

Rifkin jabs at Glenda's chest. Glenda grabs two knives and stabs him in the face and the chest.

Rifkin screams. A steak knife is jammed in his right eye socket. Glenda grabs two more knives. She stabs Rifkin in his wide-open mouth and his neck. Rifkin hits the floor and starts convulsing.

Glenda grabs two more knives. Klein runs up and pushes her aside. He pulls off his suitcoat, drops it on Rifkin's head, pulls his gun and shoots him point-blank in the face. The suitcoat partially muffles the sound of the shot.

Glenda's dry-sobbing. She's still trying to grab more knives to stick into a dead man. She's mumbling. We pick odd words out of the mix: "Calls me a killer"; "Said someone he loved could prove it."; "Klein shouldn't have treated him --"

Klein shoves Glenda and knocks her off balance. Glenda drops the knives. Klein grabs her, smothers her with his body and holds her perfectly still. The words "Someone he loved could prove it" are reprised on the soundtrack. We see a flashback blip -- inside Klein's head. It's a mid-shot of crazy Junior Stemmons.

The scene fades into a soundless montage sequence.

We see:

Klein and Glenda washing knives and wiping bloodstains off the dining-room floor. Glenda looks resolute now. She's pulled herself together.

We see:

Klein and Glenda roll Rifkin up in a rug and secure it with two garbage bags.

We see:

Klein and Glenda carry the body out to Rifkin's car and dump it in the trunk.

We see:

Klein and Glenda in a two-car caravan out in the desert. Klein's driving Rifkin's car. Glenda's driving Klein's car.

We see:

The caravan pull off the road and drive out to the boonies. Klein pulls Rifkin's car into the dirt cavern previously seen in flashback sequences. There's a line of burned-up cars in the cavern -- among them the car that we saw Klein torch in a flashback.

Klein pulls Rifkin's body out of the trunk and drags it to the far end of the cavern. The far end is littered with bones. Klein douses Rifkin's body with gasoline and sets it on fire. He pours a gas trail over to Rifkin's car, lights a match and fast-walks out of the cavern.

The car's gas tank explodes. Flames shoot out of the cavern and illuminate a little stretch of desert bright as day. We see Glenda Kafesjian -- standing perfectly still -- with a single tear running down one cheek.

The flames billow. Glenda's face is whited-out by the force of their light. The flames die. The screen goes black for one second and fades in on Klein and Glenda driving back to L.A. in Klein's car.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

We told each the things that we never said out loud. I told Glenda about my sister and the men I killed.

The above lines are synced to a soundless close-up of Glenda looking at Klein as he drives.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

Glenda said her father gave Lucille to the man who rigged his dope compounds. She didn't know the man's name or what he looked like. Lucille fell in love with the man's son. It went bad -- but she didn't know how or why.

The above lines are synced to a soundless close-up of Klein looking sidelong at Glenda as he drives.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

She said her father tried to rape her. She cut him with garden shears and made him afraid of her. I told her I protected Meg from our father and fell in love with her then.

The above lines are synced to soundless shots of Klein and Glenda glancing out their respective car windows at the desert landscape at dawn surrounding them.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's ten hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is sitting at a table in the kitchen of his apartment.

He's got two dozen bank books and a stack of title and deed papers spread out in front of him. He's totaling up columns of figures on a scratch pad. He finishes his calculations and reaches for a wall-mounted phone.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's an hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein pulls into the parking lot adjoining Parker Center and gets out of his car.

He sees Jack Woods standing by a car two rows over from him. He walks over to Woods and makes an open-palmed "What have we got?" gesture.

WOODS

(looking and  
sounding  
embarrassed)

He's still running. He won't stand still and let me clip him.

KLEIN

Nail him in his car. Make it look like some niggers tried to roll him.

WOODS

He's strung out like a dog. I saw him toot six lines at a fucking stoplight.

Klein glances around the parking lot. There's an odd look on his face. It's like he's committing details to memory.

WOODS

Dave....

KLEIN

(turning to  
face Woods)

I might have to dump my buildings and run.

WOODS

Meg's got half your business.

KLEIN

I've got \$800,000 liquid. I'll give Meg half, and I'll give you \$50,000 to stash her someplace safe.

WOODS

(shaking his head sadly)

She's under surveillance. Her accountant told her the Feds have subpoenaed her tax records.

Klein slams two palms down on the roof of Woods' car.

WOODS

I've known you for 20 years. It's the first time I've seen you scared.

Klein looks at Woods -- almost imploringly.

WOODS

You could dump your buildings on Ace Kim. He's always looking for cheap units, and he'll pay cash and rig a title switch.

KLEIN

(nodding absently)

Explain things to Meg. You know what to tell her.

WOODS

Some of it, anyway.

Klein and Woods share a heavily-freighted, intimate look. Woods gets in his car and drives off. Klein gets in his car and drives southwest.

He begins to slow down a quarter-block from the Orange Blossom Klub on Olympic in Koreatown. He sees a half-dozen FBI sedans in front of the club. Eight FBI men in flak jackets are standing on the sidewalk. They've got a dozen Asian men spread-eagled and handcuffed face-down on the ground. Uncle Ace Kim is among them.

Klein keeps on driving. His pocket beeper goes off. He checks the number on the display, picks up his portable cell-phone and taps seven digits.

Two rings can be heard on the other end of the line. A pick-up sound and a staticky voice can be heard: "It's Howard Earl. 43rd and Western -- now."

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's twenty minutes after the events of the previous sequence. Klein pulls up in front of the Bido Lito jazz club at 43rd and Western.

It's a grungy storefront dive. Crime-scene tape encircles the sidewalk. LAPD helicopters hover overhead. A dozen black & whites and unmarked cars are jammed up at the curb.

Six FBI cars are parked directly across Western. FBI agents are filming the scene outside Bido Lito's with video cams. Giant boom microphones are aimed at the entrance to the club.

Klein double-parks and runs into the club. The inside of Bido Lito's is a madhouse.

A dozen patrolmen and crime-lab men are running around. Deputy Chief Ray Lefferts is talking gently to another man with the air of high-brass -- a man who looks like a 60-year-old version of Junior Stemmons. The man is weeping into a handkerchief.

Lefferts and the older man do not notice Klein's entrance. Klein sees a half-dozen plainclothesmen poised in front of a side doorway. A forensic arlight is pointed down at the floor. Deputy Chief Howard Earl is standing in the doorway. He's staring down at the floor.

Klein walks over to the doorway and slips in between two plainclothesmen. He sees Junior Stemmons dead on the floor of a small storage room. His right arm is tied off with a rubber-hose tourniquet. A hypodermic needle is stuck in a vein at the crook of his elbow. Faded and fresh needle tracks cover both his arms.

Klein stares at the body. The plainclothesmen babble all around him. We hear blips overlapping dialogue:

"It's a hot shot." "Bullshit -- look at those tracks." "This is too weird." "Dan Wilhite killed himself last night, and now we get this."

Howard Earl spots Klein and taps him on the shoulder. Klein follows Earl down a short hallway to another small storage room packed with liquor bottles and sound equipment.

He shuts the door. He squares off with Earl in a tight little space.

EARL

Did you kill him?

KLEIN

He was shaking down J.C. Kafesjian.

My guess is J.C. popped him.

EARL

He hated you. He was bad-mouthing you to anybody who'd listen.

KLEIN

He was trying to tap somebody I know for an old homicide.

EARL

Tell me about that.

KLEIN

(shaking  
his head)

No. That's all you get.

EARL

Klein --

KLEIN

(interrupting --  
his voice rising)

No. You hung me out for the Feds, and that's all you fucking get from me.

An ugly silence stretches. Earl and Klein are crowded up very close to each other. They're sweating in the cramped little room.

EARL

Tell me what I can give you.

KLEIN

Get a writ and put a freeze on Stemmons' assets before the Feds get to them.

(a pause)

And let me toss his place.

Earl digs in his pockets, pulls out a key ring encased in an evidence baggie and hands it to Klein. Strangled shouts echo outside the storeroom. It's a horrible sound.

EARL

That's Senior. He thinks J.C. killed his son.

KLEIN

(nodding)

I buy it.

EARL  
How dirty was he?

KLEIN  
(almost bursting  
out with  
laughter)  
I'd say out of my league.

Earl pulls a pen from his inside jacket pocket and taps it against his teeth.

EARL  
(putting the  
pen back in  
his pocket)  
Straighten Senior out. Discourage  
him from going to the media.

Klein wipes a trickle of sweat off his neck.

EARL  
I think it's in both our interests.

Klein looks hard at Earl, pivots and walks out of the storage room. Deputy Chief George Stemmons, Sr. is now standing alone at the back end of the club. He's stopped crying. He's bracing himself against an unplugged jukebox. His arms are shaking.

Klein walks up and puts a gentle hand on his shoulder. Stemmons Senior turns around and looks at Klein. His face is red from sustained weeping.

STEMMONS SENIOR  
They killed my boy, Dave. Look  
what they did....

Klein tightens his grip on Stemmons Senior's shoulder and bends down so that his lips are an inch from the man's right ear.

KLEIN  
(whispering  
slowly and  
matter-of-  
factly)  
Your son was a drug addict, a  
practicing homosexual, an  
extortionist and an incompetent  
policeman. I have this documented  
and prepared for the media, and  
Howard Earl is more than prepared  
to use it.

Stemmons Senior buries his head in his hands and begins sobbing audibly. Klein removes his hand from the man's shoulder and steps back from him. Stemmons Senior drops his hands and looks at Klein. It's a horrific "How could you?" look. The look of corrosive self-disgust on Klein's face is even more horrific.

Klein breaks eye-contact with Stemmons Senior and glances around the club. Deputy Chief Ray Lefferts catches Klein's eye and points to the rear parking lot.

Klein walks out there. Lefferts joins him. A long window fronts the parking lot. Klein has a good view of the club's interior. He can see Stemmons Senior -- braced against the jukebox again.

LEFFERTS

Let's not waste time with condolences.

KLEIN

(dryly ironic)

No. There's no money in it.

LEFFERTS

What do you think Earl is --

KLEIN

(cutting in --

talking to

Lefferts and

looking at

Stemmons Senior)

He's handing Narco up autonomously.

He's feeding them to the Feds.

The burglary and Sanderline Johnson went down coincidentally -- and he exploited them.

(a pause)

He's probably got some pre-dated paperwork that shows he's been investigating Narco personally.

(a pause)

It's his ace to fuck you out of the chief's job. Earl can come on as the guy who cleaned his own house and step right in.

Lefferts smiles and gives the recitation a little round of applause. Klein doesn't seem to notice him. He's still staring through the window at George Stemmons, Senior.

LEFFERTS

Or I can.

Klein ignores the comment and continues to stare at Stemmons Senior.

LEFFERTS  
Klein, look at me.

Klein turns around and looks at Lefferts.

KLEIN  
(deadpan  
sarcastic)  
I heard what you said. You want  
the job, and you'll do anything  
to fuck Howard Earl out of it,  
and you want me to help you, and  
you know I will.  
(a pause  
while Klein  
looks back  
at Stemmons  
Senior)  
So tell me what you want me to do.

LEFFERTS  
(not missing  
a beat --  
in no way  
perturbed by  
Klein's coldly  
articulated  
outburst)  
I want you to utilize your skills as  
an attorney and write up an  
itemized deposition and submit it  
to me. Detail your work on the  
Kafesjian burglary and interpret  
Earl's gambit with the Feds. I'll  
take the deposition to the county  
grand jury and --

KLEIN  
(talking to  
Lefferts,  
looking back  
at Stemmons  
Senior)  
-- and convince them you're a hero  
and Howard Earl's a monster, when  
you're really the same fucking guy.

LEFFERTS  
(as cold and  
matter-of-fact  
as Klein has

been)  
You're a slumlord and a murderer.  
(a pause)  
And you're in no position to judge  
your potential benefactors.

Klein doesn't seem to register Lefferts' horrible statement.  
He's staring at George Stemmons, Sr.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's an hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein opens up the evidence baggie that Howard Earl gave him, pulls out a key ring, selects a likely-looking key and sticks it in the front door of Junior Stemmons' apartment.

The door opens. Klein shuts it behind him, walks straight to the living room and bedroom dressers he searched on his previous entry, finds the glut of dope and homosexual paraphernalia he found before, carries them into the kitchen and dumps them in a large garbage bag.

He walks back to the living room, opens the closet, sees the inflated sex-toy-doll with Glenda's face pasted on it and rips the pasted-on picture off. He eyeballs the living room walls and pats every inch of them from the floor to the ceiling. He pulls a seaside print off one wall, finds a fake wooden panel underneath it, gouges into the panel with a penknife and finds a recessed wall safe.

Klein turns on the living room stereo and boosts the volume way up. The noise is deafening. Klein pulls his gun and empties it at the wood surrounding the safe.

The stereo noise covers the sound of the gunshots. The wood explodes; the safe falls to the floor.

It's a cheap metal safe. Klein walks into the kitchen, finds a chisel in a tool-kit under the sink, returns to the living room and pries the door off the safe.

He finds a 3-page typed report inside. Klein skims the report. The report details Georgie Ainge's statement that Glenda Kafesjian killed a pimp named Dwight Gillette -- and Lieutenant David D. Klein covered up his knowledge of the crime.

Klein carries the report into the kitchen, lights a match and burns it in the sink. He grabs a kitchen knife, returns to the living room, rips all the stuffing out of all the upholstered furniture and finds no hidden surprises. He walks into the bedroom, rips the mattress on the bed to shreds and finds nothing hidden.

Klein is sweating buckets. He looks crazily determined.

He walks into the kitchen, dismantles the stove by hand and looks under the heating coils and oven plates. He finds a dozen homosexual porno books, a huge baggie of cocaine and an Uzi sub-machine gun. He tosses them in the garbage bag with the rest of Stemmons' shit.

Klein looks even more crazily determined now.

He walks back to the bedroom, upends the desk and dumps the contents of the drawers on the floor. He sees a stack of phone bills, scans the toll calls listed on them, jabs a finger at an oft-repeated number on one bill and looks suddenly panicked. He pulls a piece of paper from his inside jacket pocket and scrutinizes it. We see that the piece of paper is the note Klein received from Gary Jason Rifkin at Roll-The-Dice Productions.

Klein runs his finger under the phone number on the Roll-The-Dice letterhead: 818-248-6025. He checks the phone bill again and finds 818-248-6025 listed 62 times in one calendar month. We get a close-up shot of what Klein's seeing. He's visualizing Junior Stemmons and Gary Jason Rifkin kissing on the lips.

Klein looks outright panicked now.

He runs into the kitchen, grabs a steak knife, returns to the bedroom and starts stabbing the walls of the walk-in closet. Chunks of recently plastered drywall fall out; some inner beams are exposed. Klein finds an envelope wrapped in a plastic bag taped to one of them. He rips the bag and envelope open. Inside the envelope: a "Chemical Patent Request Form," on the letterhead of the U.S. Bureau of Patents, Los Angeles Office.

The form is a duplicate copy. Klein skims it and sees that Junior Stemmons had requested information on the chemist who developed the compound Stelfactiznide-Chloride. A note at the bottom of the form states that the information would take one week to research -- and lists the phone number to call for that information.

Klein grabs the bedroom extension phone and taps seven digits. Two rings and a pick-up sound can be heard on the other end of the line. A staticky voice can be heard: "Patent Information."

KLEIN

(into the  
phone mouthpiece)

This is Lieutenant Klein, LAPD.  
I need you to expedite a

request on a chemical patent.

An inaudible response can be heard on the other end of the line.

KLEIN  
 (reading off  
 the patent  
 form, into  
 the phone  
 mouthpiece)  
 86111402.  
 (a pause)  
 Stelfactiznide-Chlorida.  
 (a pause)  
 Just the name and last known  
 address of the patentee.

A staticky response can be heard on the other end of the line:  
 "This will probably take four hours or so."

KLEIN  
 (into the  
 phone  
 mouthpiece)  
 One other thing.  
 (a pause)  
 Would the chemist who developed  
 Stelfactiznide-Chloride be capable  
 of developing narcotics compounds?

A staticky response can be heard on the other end of the line:  
 "Yes, I would say so."

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's an hour after the events of the  
 previous sequence. Klein walks up to a teller at the Security-  
 Pacific Bank in West L.A.

KLEIN  
 (pulling several  
 bankbooks  
 and a sheaf of  
 papers from his  
 briefcase)  
 I want to liquidate my accounts and  
 arrange a wire to a bank in Mexico  
 City.

THE TELLER  
 One moment, sir.

The teller takes Klein's bankbooks and official papers and  
 walks over to a woman sitting at a desk behind the teller's

counter. The woman examines the paperwork and checks a sheet of paper already sitting on her desk. A grim look crosses her face. She walks up to the counter and faces Klein.

THE WOMAN  
(officially  
stone-faced)  
I'm sorry, Mr. Klein. I have  
to tell you that there's a Federal  
lien on your assets.

Klein just looks at the woman. She looks back at him and fidgets. Klein walks out of the bank in a state of zombified shock.

He walks out to a side parking lot. Three FBI men with shotguns run up to him, grab him and spread him face-down on the hood of his car.

One of the men handcuffs Klein behind his back. The other two men slam Klein in the kidneys with the butts of their shotguns.

Klein goes limp from the pain. The three Feds haul him over to an FBI sedan and toss him in the back seat. One of the men gets behind the wheel. The other two men get in the back with Klein.

The Feds drive Klein to the L.A. Federal Building and haul him to an outside freight elevator. The elevator ascends to the 12th floor. The Feds haul Klein down a hallway to a small interrogation cubicle and re-handcuff him to a chair.

The room is small. There's just a table, Klein's chair and two other chairs. All four walls are covered with heavy brown masking paper. The paper is taped to the walls.

The Feds walk out. Welles Noonan walks in and sits down across the table from Klein.

KLEIN  
Who gave me up?

NOONAN  
Nobody.

KLEIN  
It was Ace Kim.

NOONAN  
No. He's in custody and maintaining  
his silence.

KLEIN  
Take off my handcuffs.

NOONAN  
(shaking his  
head "No")  
Do you waive or retain your right  
to counsel?

KLEIN  
I retain the right to answer  
specific questions on an ad-hoc  
basis, and the right to prepare  
and submit a brief demanding  
my immediate release to a federal  
judge before 5:00 p.m. today.

NOONAN  
(smiling)  
Duly noted and granted.  
(a pause)  
Where did you go to law  
school?

KLEIN  
USC.

NOONAN  
(smiling  
smugly)  
I went to Harvard.

KLEIN  
(aping  
Noonan's smile)  
Get fucked.

Noonan blanches, coughs and clears his throat.

NOONAN  
Did you kill Detective George  
Stemmons, Jr.?

KLEIN  
I decline to answer.

NOONAN  
Have you performed contract  
executions for Kim Sun-Yung, AKA  
Uncle Ace Kim?

KLEIN  
I decline to answer.

NOONAN  
Have you murdered a total of

sixteen men suspected of killing Los Angeles Police Department officers, with the implicit approval of ranking officers within the LAPD?

KLEIN

I decline to answer.

NOONAN

Do you own a total of 41 low-rent apartment buildings fronted by illegally-chartered dummy corporations?

KLEIN

I decline to answer.

NOONAN

Have you accepted non-vouchered cash payments from your tenants as a means to avoid paying Federal income tax?

KLEIN

I decline to answer.

Noonan smiles, gets up from his chair, walks to the nearest wall and rips the masking paper off of it. A meticulously detailed graph, hand-printed on white cardboard and stapled to the wall, is exposed.

The graph lists dates, addresses and amounts of money in a bewildering patchwork of intersecting columns. Klein stares at the graph. He's absolutely transfixed.

NOONAN

(standing  
proudly by  
the graph)

This is our evidence-chain. We've got your unreported rent payments traced to cash deposits in 32 bank accounts and a hypothetical time-line connecting the deaths of Ace Kim's dope rivals to a series of cash deposits dispersed into your accounts at a collective total of \$20,000 per killing. We've got a year-by-year accounting of the rent monies you laundered through LAPD bond companies and did not report to the IRS -- and a hypothetical time-line

showing that Captain Dan Wilhite abetted your laundering efforts.

KLEIN

You're taping this. There's a speaker in the vents and a monitor next door.

NOONAN

That's correct. I assumed that you knew.

KLEIN

I did. And I want you to note a compound response for the record.

NOONAN

(brusque)

I'm listening.

KLEIN

One. I do not concede the validity of that graph, implicitly or otherwise.  
(a pause)

Two. Dan Wilhite has never been involved in laundering illegally-hoarded rent monies for any party, living or dead.

NOONAN

(smiling at Klein's legal banter)

Noted for the record.

(a pause)

And my only comment pertaining to your response is that, yes, it's absurd -- but my god, he is so conveniently dead and autonomously tied to your Narcotics Division.

Klein and Noonan share a very long stare. Noonan smiles gleefully.

NOONAN

I'm sure you know where this is going.

KLEIN

You're telling me too much. You're going to offer me a deal, and you know I'm going to accept it.

NOONAN  
(nodding  
affirmatively)  
Tell me what you're thinking.

KLEIN  
Collusion. You and --

NOONAN  
(cutting in  
and smiling  
gleefully)  
Howard Earl gave me his file on  
you six weeks ago. You see, we  
conceived this probe together.

Noonan stops, pulls a key from his pocket, walks over and unlocks Klein's handcuffs. Klein rubs his wrists, stands up, walks to the wall and runs his hands over the graph haltingly. It's a very strange gesture.

Noonan sits down in Klein's chair and watches Klein study the graph.

NOONAN  
(talking to  
Klein's back)  
The Kafesjian burglary was a lucky  
coincidence. So was the fact that  
Dan Wilhite called you in. And  
I'll be blunt and call Wilhite's  
suicide a blessing.

Klein turns around and faces Noonan.

KLEIN  
Earl thought J.C. would buy me out.  
That way he could give you a  
slumlord and a killer hooked up  
with Narco and J.C.

NOONAN  
Yes. And that's the only way he  
miscalculated.

Klein smiles very slightly.

NOONAN  
He didn't expect you to get so  
involved with the daughters.  
The rumor was you never cared  
much for women.

KLEIN

(his slight  
smile fading)  
You're telling me too much.  
It means you're just too goddamn  
confidant.

Noonan points to the masking paper covering the left-hand wall.

NOONAN  
(rocking back  
and forth on  
the legs of  
his chair)  
That graph lists your sister's 241  
counts of Federal Tax Fraud,  
Failure to Report Federal Income  
Tax, and Conspiracy to Defraud  
the Federal Government.

KLEIN  
(utterly  
resigned now)  
Tell me the deal.

NOONAN  
(standing up  
and ticking  
off points  
on his fingers)  
You admit your tax fraud, cop-  
killer hits and contract hits in  
open court. You testify against  
Narco, Ace Kim and Dan Wilhite --  
the man who laundered your money  
and ordered the hits on the cop-  
killers. You get three years in  
the protected wing of a Federal  
prison and your choice of Witness  
Protection Program relocation within  
the Continental U.S. or non-protected  
relocation abroad. Your property  
will be seized and sold at Federal  
auction. We will release the liens  
on your bank accounts and your sisters'.  
You will both be allowed to keep  
all your liquid cash. Your sister  
will not be arrested or indicted. We  
will relocate her domestically within  
the next week.

KLEIN  
And Howard Earl takes over the LAPD.

NOONAN

That is correct.

Klein turns and looks at the wall graph again. It's like he's memorizing the sum wreckage of his life.

KLEIN  
 (still  
 looking at  
 the graph)  
 I want 48 hours before I go into  
 custody, and I want to talk  
 to Ace Kim.

NOONAN  
 Why?

KLEIN  
 (eyes on  
 the graph)  
 I need to know some things about  
 that family.

NOONAN  
 We have a deal.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's a half hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is sitting in a private office at the L.A. Federal Building.

He's alone. He picks up a desk phone and taps seven digits. The phone is equipped with a speaker attachment.

Two rings can be heard on the other end of the line. A garbled pick-up sound and a static-garbled voice can be heard. Klein hits the speaker button. The static noise fades out.

KLEIN  
 (to the  
 phone speaker)  
 This is Lieutenant Klein. I called  
 you about --

MALE VOICE  
 (over the  
 phone speaker,  
 anxious to help)  
 -- right, Stel-Watchamacallit.  
 Listen, you got a pencil?

KLEIN  
 (to the  
 phone speaker)  
 Go ahead.

MALE VOICE

(over the  
phone speaker)

Stel-Whatchamacallit was developed  
by a chemist named Randall Bullock  
11 years ago. He was living here  
in L.A. then. That's all I can  
tell you without --

Klein hits the disconnect button on the phone and taps seven  
digits. Two rings and a pick-up noise hit the phone speaker.

FEMALE VOICE

(over the  
phone speaker)

DMV. Police information.

KLEIN

(to the  
phone speaker)

This is Lieutenant Klein, LAPD,  
badge 1638. I'm requesting  
vehicle stats.

FEMALE VOICE

(over the  
phone speaker)

Go ahead, please.

KLEIN

(to the  
phone speaker)

I need stats on a male Caucasian  
named Randall Bullock --  
B, U, L, L, O, C, K. My guess is  
he's an L.A. resident about  
60 years old.

(a pause)

I want full stats and stats on any  
other family members listed at his  
address.

FEMALE VOICE

(over the  
phone speaker)

I copy. Hold, please.

Klein drums his fingers on the desktop. He's very nervous.  
Twenty seconds pass. The phone speaker rumbles.

FEMALE VOICE

(over the  
phone speaker)

Randall Bruce Bullock, white male.  
 248 South Arden Boulevard,  
 Los Angeles, 61 years old,  
 occupation industrial chemist.  
 Margaret and Sarah Bullock, wife  
 and daughter, ages 57 and 21,  
 have CDL's with the same address  
 listed. A son, Wylie John,  
 28, has an expired CDL with  
 that address listed.

KLEIN  
 (to the  
 phone speaker)  
 Is Wylie slender, medium-height,  
 brown hair?

FEMALE VOICE  
 (over the  
 phone speaker)  
 Yes. 5'10", 160, brown hair and --

Klein taps the disconnect button and hits another button on the phone console.

KLEIN  
 (to the  
 phone speaker)  
 I'm ready for Kim now.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's ten minutes after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is sitting at a table in an interrogation room at the L.A. Federal Building.

Seated across from him: Uncle Ace Kim.

KIM  
 (smiling  
 sardonically)  
 I'm not going to tell Noonan  
 about our dealings. I'd only  
 be hurting myself.

Klein looks at Kim and nervously eyeballs the room. He pushes his chair back, reaches under the table, pulls a microphone out and throws it on the floor. Kim smiles.

Klein steps on the microphone and crushes it. Kim smiles again.

KLEIN  
 That's not why I'm here.

KIM  
I don't believe you.

KLEIN  
I want to know about the Kafesjians.

KIM  
Yes. You told me that bef--

KLEIN  
(interrupting)  
Tell me about them.

KIM  
Why should I?

KLEIN  
Because we can work out our  
testimony together, and  
buy our way out of some of  
this shit.

Kim remains silent for several long beats. Klein stares at him.

KIM  
Ask me specific questions, then.

KLEIN  
Did Randall Bullock develop J.C.'s  
dope compounds?

KIM  
(nodding  
slightly)  
Yes.

KLEIN  
Glenda told me something about  
that -- and she wouldn't  
elaborate on it.

KIM  
(smiling  
slightly)  
Glenda only tells you what she  
wants you to know.

KLEIN  
She said that J.C. "gave" Lucille  
to the man who developed his dope  
compounds, and Lucille was in  
love with the man's son.

KIM

Why do you want to know these things?

KLEIN

I just need to know.

Kim makes a little "tell me more" gesture.

KLEIN

(a tremor  
in his voice)

It's Glenda. I...just need...  
to know how she got so strong.

A crooked little smile crosses Kim's lips.

KIM

J.C. arranged a deal with Bullock. He "gave" him Lucille and 10% of his dry-cleaning and dope business, in exchange for a lifetime supply of Stel-Chloride and the exclusive use of his dope formulas. Bullock and Lucille have had this something going for ten years or so, and at some point Bullock made J.C. stop molesting Lucille.

(a pause  
as Kim  
smiles ultra  
sardonically)

Lucille stays at home because Bullock pays her to report on J.C.'s business, because he's justifiably afraid that J.C. will fuck him out of his percentage.

KLEIN

What about Wylie Bullock?

KIM

He's a no-talent musician, like J.C. He used to give J.C. sax lessons and deal dope with him. Lucille had an affair with him, then broke it off and went back to her father.

(a pause  
while Kim  
smiles)

You see, Glenda was wrong. She thought Lucille was in love with

Wylie -- but she really hated him  
-- because he wasn't cruel and  
ugly like J.C.

KLEIN  
Was Wylie a voyeur?

KIM  
(nodding)  
Lucille said he'd go into rages,  
and the only way she could  
control him was to give him  
something to see.

Klein digs into his jacket pockets, pulls out the motel room  
pictures of Lucille with various men and passes them to Kim.  
Kim looks through them, singles out the three shots of Lucille  
with the distinguished-looking older man, points to them and  
shakes his head sadly.

KIM  
That's Randall Bullock.

KLEIN  
(grabbing  
the pix  
from Kim)  
Who fixed J.C. up with Bullock?

KIM  
I think it was Dan Wilhite.

KLEIN  
He killed himself.

KIM  
I'm not surprised. He spent  
too much time with that family.

The comment makes Klein wince slightly.

KLEIN  
Do you know where I could find Wylie?

KIM  
(shaking  
his head)  
I don't know. One of J.C.'s  
cop friends -- like Dan Wilhite  
-- framed him on a drug charge.  
(a pause while  
Kim smiles)  
He was bothering Lucille, and they  
wanted to get rid of him.

KLEIN  
 (dryly ironic)  
 They miscalculated.

KIM  
 (nodding)  
 J.C. thinks he's the one who broke  
 into his house.

KLEIN  
 Is he looking for him?

KIM  
 He gave some blacks a contract to  
 whack him.

Klein makes an open-handed "Tell me more" gesture.

KIM  
 Wylie loves blacks. He's a good  
 burglar, and he always  
 finds musicians who let him  
 stay with them.  
 (a pause  
 while Kim  
 laughs)  
 It's sad. He pays them off with the  
 merchandise he steals, and they tell  
 him what a great horn he blows.

KLEIN  
 There's more here. Lucille could  
 tell me things.

Kim pantomimes zipping up his lips, locking them and tossing a  
 key away.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's a half hour after the events of the  
 previous sequence. Klein is sitting in the front seat of an  
 FBI sedan.

An FBI agent is driving. He pulls into the bank parking lot  
 where Klein was busted several hours before and stops the car.  
 Klein gets out.

THE FBI AGENT  
 (craning his  
 head out the  
 car window  
 to look at  
 Klein)  
 You've got 48 hours.

(a pause)  
Don't make us come looking for you.

The FBI agent drives off. Klein walks to his car, gets in and drives to Glenda's house. He knocks on the door; Glenda opens up. She and Klein embrace. Glenda shuts the door behind them. Klein, looking panicked -- walks to the living-room phone and disassembles it. Glenda -- shocked -- looks at him.

KLEIN  
(looking  
relieved)  
You're not tapped.

GLEND  
Did you think I would be?

KLEIN  
I might have been under surveillance the night we did Rifkin. I ran a vehicle make on his car, and there has to be a record of it in some fucking DMV clerk's computer.

Glenda walks to Klein and takes his arms.

GLEND  
You're saying it's all coming down on us?

KLEIN  
On me.  
(a pause)  
You can get out. You can --

GLEND  
(cutting in)  
I don't want to run.

KLEIN  
You have to.  
(a pause while  
Klein slips  
out of Glenda's  
grasp and grabs  
her arms)  
Get your money out of the bank and drive to San Diego. Leave your car in a storage garage and walk over the border. Take a bus to Ensenada, check in at the Descanso Hotel and use the name Jane Brown.

Glenda nods and gives Klein an extremely long look.

GLEENDA  
What about us?

KLEIN  
If you do what I tell you, we've  
got an outside chance.

GLEENDA  
(hesitant)  
And you'll....

KLEIN  
I've got work here.

GLEENDA  
(hushed)  
You're cleaning house.

KLEIN  
I've got to make people tell me  
things.

GLEENDA  
(moving  
closer to  
Klein)  
There's thing you'll never know.  
And there's things I'll never  
tell you.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's twenty minutes after the events of the previous sequence. Klein pulls up to the curb in front of a handsome Spanish-style house at 3rd and Arden in ritzy Hancock Park.

He gets out of his car, walks up to the door and rings the buzzer. Ten seconds pass. Klein rings the buzzer again. Ten more seconds pass.

Klein spots an old woman trimming some rose bushes in front of the house next door. He walks over to her, smiles and displays his badge and I.D. holder. The old woman smiles back.

KLEIN  
I'm looking for the Bullocks.  
Have you seen them?

THE OLD WOMAN  
(coming on  
like a  
true busybody)

Not for at least three days.

(a pause)

But I did see that no-good  
Wylie.

(a pause)

He's an ex-convict out on parole.

KLEIN

When was this?

THE OLD WOMAN

Three days or so ago. He skulked  
out of the house and drove  
away in Randall's Mercedes.

Klein looks next door and scans the Bullock house upstairs and down. He's obviously thinking. The old woman tugs at his sleeve. Klein abruptly walks away from her and strides over to the Bullock house.

He circles the house on foot. He sees that all the curtains and drapes have been pulled down tight. He circles the house again and spots pry marks on the back door jamb. He sees a reddish-brown footprint on the mat by the door. He pulls his gun and kicks the door in.

Randall Bullock lays dead on the kitchen floor. His face is cyanotic blue. There's an open bottle marked "Stelfactiznide Chloride" by his head. The bottle is empty. There's a trail of congealed liquid from Bullock's mouth to the bottle. Bullock's lips have been burned off.

Bullock's pants have been pulled down. His penis and testicles have been severed.

"Wylie and Lucille" has been smeared on the kitchen wall in blood. A saucepan on the stove is overflowing with blood. Bullocks' penis and testicles are floating near the top.

Klein stumbles into an adjacent laundry room and vomits into the sink. He sees a middle-aged woman and a young woman propped up dead in two chairs.

Both women are fully clothed. Both bear single bullet holes in their foreheads. Both have chemistry textbooks folded over their laps.

Klein opens the books. Both have been folded open to pages listing dry-cleaning solutions.

Klein stumbles back to the kitchen, grabs the phone and taps seven digits. Two rings and an inaudible, static-squelched response can be heard on the other end of the line.

KLEIN .  
 (into the  
 phone  
 mouthpiece --  
 panicky)  
 Get the Chief. Tell him it's  
 Dave Klein -- and it's urgent.

Several seconds pass. An inaudible, staticky voice can be heard on the other end of the line.

KLEIN  
 (into the  
 phone  
 mouthpiece --  
 panicky)  
 248 South Arden. Don't ask me  
 any questions, and bring a  
 lab team you can trust.

Klein hangs up and spots an open doorway leading down to a basement. He walks down the stairs and sees a fully-equipped chemistry lab. All the chemical bottles have been broken on the floor. A sink is filled with scorched U.S. currency. Dozens of half-charred hundred dollar bills are visible. A dozen empty Stelfactiznide-Chloride bottles are resting on a sink ledge.

Klein stumbles up to the second floor of the house. He enters the master bedroom. The walls have been papered with photographs. He sees:

Dozens of 1-way mirror photos of Lucille in bed with various men. Dozens of 1-way photos of Lucille in bed with Randall Bullock. Dozens of photos of Lucille in bed with J.C. Kafesjian. The photos are old. Lucille and J.C. are at least eight to ten years younger than they are now. The photos were obviously shot through a window at the Kafesjian house.

Klein looks terrified and utterly defenseless. He runs back downstairs, goes into the den, finds a liquor cabinet and chugs bourbon from a cut-glass decanter. He's holding the bottle with two shaky hands. It's a startlingly abject sight.

Klein feels a hand on his shoulder. He whirls around and drops the decanter. It falls to the floor and shatters. Klein sees Deputy Chief Ray Lefferts standing there. Three men with forensic equipment are spreading out behind him in the living room.

Lefferts looks almost as shaky as Klein does. He's staring at Klein very intently.

LEFFERTS

My God.

KLEIN

(wiping  
bourbon  
residue  
off his  
lips)

Have you seen all of it?

Lefferts nods and shuts the door of the den. The lab men can be heard pulling out their equipment in the living room.

KLEIN

It's Howard Earl's burglar.

LEFFERTS

(nodding)

I thought it might be.

KLEIN

The male victim is named --

LEFFERTS

(cutting in)

Randall Bullock.

(a pause)

Don't look so shocked. I know more about this than you think.

KLEIN

(hesitant)

You....

LEFFERTS

I set J.C. up with the Department. Dan Wilhite introduced him to Bullock.

Klein looks Lefferts up and down -- like he's seeing him for the first time.

LEFFERTS

I covered myself with J.C. from the start. Dan Wilhite was the only one who knew I brought him in. Dan took a bullet for me, and I took one for you.

KLEIN

What are you saying?

LEFFERTS

That I killed Junior Stemmons.

Klein reels on his feet, reaches for a decanter on the liquor cabinet and stops himself.

LEFFERTS

Stemmons approached me. He knew I hated Howard Earl, and he thought I'd be interested in his information on Miss Kafesjian. You were too good an ally to lose, so I took care of Stemmons and destroyed his evidence on the woman.

KLEIN

(pulling  
himself  
together)

I'm not sure what you want.

LEFFERTS

What I've always wanted. My concern now is what you want.

KLEIN

You'll get what you want. Earl cooked up the Fed probe with Welles Noonan, which means he's got to be extortable.

Lefferts laughs, laughs and laughs. Klein seems troubled by his response. Lefferts abruptly stops laughing.

LEFFERTS

I'll get what I want. If nobody drops my name to the grand jury.

KLEIN

That depends on J.C., and what he tells his attorney.

LEFFERTS

(supremely  
confidant)

Noonan wants to hang his whole case on Wilhite. I don't think he wants to hear my name.

The lab men start thumping around in an adjoining room. The noise makes Klein flinch.

LEFFERTS

Tell me what you want.

KLEIN

I'm going into Federal custody  
in 48 hours. There's some  
loose ends you can help me with.

LEFFERTS

Name them. If you supply me with  
that deposition I asked  
for, I'll give them to you.

KLEIN

I want to talk to Wylie Bullock.  
I can get you a plate number  
on his car, and you can put  
someone out to find him and  
hold him for me.

LEFFERTS

(smiling)

I'll put a dozen trustworthy men out.

Klein nods.

LEFFERTS

I owe Dan Wilhite a great deal.  
I wouldn't want Randy Bullock's  
son to defame him in open court.

KLEIN

You find him. I'll kill him.

EXTERIOR/INTERIOR-DAYTIME/NIGHTTIME. It's a fast-paced montage  
sequence.

Klein narrates the next 45 hours of his life.

A light clock-ticking noise can be heard over Klein's voice at  
all times. The clock noise comes on louder whenever Klein  
pauses.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

I knew their secrets were my  
secrets turned inside out.

The above line is synced to a soundless shot of Klein sitting  
in his car at the curb outside the Kafesjian house.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

I had to make Wylie Bullock tell  
me things before I killed

him.

The above line is synced to soundless quick-cut shots of Klein driving through Watts and Klein walking through a jazz club full of black people eyeing him suspiciously.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

Glenda made it down to Mexico.  
I called her three times  
a day -- just to hear her voice.

(a pause)

I kept calling Meg -- and never  
reached her. I figured she was holed  
up someplace with Jack Woods.

(a pause)

I kept calling Ray Lefferts. He  
said his guys were tapping out  
on Bullock.

The above lines are synced to soundless shots of Klein huddled in various phone booths.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

I couldn't go near Lucille.  
The Feds might be tailing her.  
Bullock might be tailing her --  
but I couldn't risk an approach  
with Lucille under surveillance.

The above lines are synced to more soundless shots of Klein driving through Watts and Klein walking through a jazz club full of black people eyeing him suspiciously.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

My 48 hours passed. I couldn't  
find Bullock and I couldn't give  
up on him.

(a pause)

I checked into a motel and called  
Lefferts.

(a pause)

I figured the Feds had Meg's phone  
tapped. I left a message for her  
at Jack's place and told her where  
I was.

The above lines are synced to soundless shots of Klein walking into a cheap motel room and dropping his briefcase on the bed, and Klein sitting on the bed and tapping numbers on the bedside phone.

KLEIN  
 (voice-over)  
 I kept calling Glenda. I kept  
 looking at her.

The above lines are synced to soundless shots of Klein in his motel room. He's talking into the bedside phone; he's sitting on the bed, watching Glenda on his TV set. He's holding the video box for the film "Midnight Edge."

KLEIN  
 (voice-over)  
 I kept seeing things I didn't  
 want to. I told Glenda about  
 them. She said I wanted to see  
 them.

The above lines are synced to a soundless, previously-seen shot of Klein throwing Sanderline Johnson out a 9th-story window; a soundless, previously seen shot of Klein shooting three black men in the back of the head with a silenced .22; a soundless, previously-seen shot of Klein killing three men handcuffed face-down on the floor with a single shotgun blast.

The ticking on the soundtrack gets very loud. A ringing phone interrupts it. We see Klein open his eyes. He's on his motel-room bed. He grabs the bedside phone.

KLEIN  
 (into the  
 phone mouthpiece)  
 Lefferts?

A static-laced voice can be heard on the other end of the line:  
 "It's Meg."

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's three hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein walks into a crowded coffee shop in the San Gabriel Valley.

Meg is sitting alone in a booth. Jack Woods is sitting alone at the counter. Three suitcases are resting at his feet.

Klein walks over to Meg. The camera-shot is subjectively framed -- we see Meg grow larger and larger -- just the way Klein sees her.

Klein sit down across from Meg. The subjective camerawork ends. Dave Klein and Meg Klein look at each other.

MEG  
 (nervous)  
 I informed on you.

(a pause  
while Meg  
nervously  
tugs at her  
table napkin)

I told Noonan some things he didn't know. He said they'd be useful if you didn't turn yourself in.

KLEIN

Why?

MEG

I wanted to make things final, and it was the only way I could think of to end it with you.

KLEIN

I didn't turn myself in. That may put you in some trouble.

MEG

(smiling  
sadly)

It's trouble I got my own sweet self into.

(a pause  
while Meg  
twists her  
napkin)

Why didn't you...

KLEIN

I have to learn some things.

(a pause  
while Klein  
puts his  
hands on  
the table  
and moves  
them toward  
Meg's hands)

And it was the only way I knew to end it with you.

Meg pulls her hands away from Klein's hands and stands up.

MEG

I always loved you the same way  
you loved me.

Meg walks over to Jack Woods at the counter. Klein watches her. Woods and Meg pick up the three suitcases and walk out of the coffee shop.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's an hour after the events of the previous sequence. The last shot of Meg walking out of the coffee shop dissolves into a still photograph of Meg.

She's several years younger. She's smiling happily.

The photo dissolves into flames. The camera pulls back. We see Klein drop the photo into his bathroom sink and drop the match he just lit in after it. He stares at himself in the mirror above the sink and walks into the bedroom of his motel hideout.

He sees that a note has been slid under his door. He walks over, picks the single sheet of paper up and looks at it. The note reads:

"One of Lefferts' men told me  
where you were. Wylie Bullock  
is at the Mohican Trailer Park  
in Lynwood. Meet me there."

H.E.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's an hour after the events of the previous sequence. Klein pulls into the dirt area in front of a dozen rows of beat-up trailers.

Howard Earl is standing by his car a few yards from Klein. There's an attache case at his feet. Klein opens his glove compartment and takes out a .22 revolver and a silencer. He screws the silencer to the barrel of the .22, tucks the gun in his back waistband, gets out of the car and walks up to Earl. Earl tosses the attache case in Klein's direction.

EARL

Open it.

Klein squats down, opens the attache case and sees that it's packed with money. He shuts the case, stands up and steps closer to Earl.

EARL

Our bond company floated some of  
your rent profits into 30-day CD's.  
The LAPD owes you at least that  
much.

Klein picks up the attache case, walks it the few yards to his car and locks it up in the trunk. Earl follows him over and leans against the car.

EARL

You're redundant now. We've recruited J.C.

KLEIN

As a voluntary witness?

EARL

Yes. Although "coerced" might be a better term.

Klein makes a prompting gesture. Earl wraps his arms around himself. It's a smug bit of body-language.

EARL

They're going to testify against Ace Kim and Dan Wilhite. Kim will probably plea-bargain down and admit that he suborned your contract hits.

(a pause)

Kim's out on bail. His lawyer filed habeus.

KLEIN

(softly)

It's trouble I got my own sweet self into.

EARL

J.C. will have to give up his dope business.

KLEIN

He'll survive.

EARL

(nodding)

So will Narco.

(a pause  
while Earl  
straightens  
up and brushes  
some dust  
off his  
suitcoat)

Noonan doesn't want to confuse the grand jury with too many bad cops. You and Wilhite will do just fine.

KLEIN

(ticking  
points on  
his fingers)

Noonan gives J.C. immunity. Ace

Kim's the more viable prosecution  
-- because he's in deep with me.

Earl nods affirmatively. Klein looks over at a bank of mailboxes by the far left-hand row of trailers.

EARL

He's in space 18. And you might ask yourself two things before you walk over.

KLEIN

(nodding)

Why the Bullock homicides never made the media.

EARL

(nodding)

And why Lefferts went to so much trouble to let you kill a babbling psychopath.

Klein looks at the bank of mailboxes and back at Earl.

KLEIN

The money. Why did you --

EARL

(cutting in)

I owed you a running start.

(a pause  
while Earl  
checks his  
watch)

We'll be holding a press conference at 7:00. We're going to announce your fugitive status and mention the 200-odd indictments we expect the grand jury to hand down on you.

Klein dry-swallows and looks at the bank of mailboxes. Earl walks to his car, gets into it and drives off. Klein walks over to the front of the trailer rows, scans the number-plates on the closet one, walks two rows down to his left and turns right.

He walks to #18. It's a rusted-out old trailer sans wheels. The door is open. Klein pulls his silenced .22 and steps inside.

Wylie Bullock is sitting on a dusty sofa. His left shirtsleeve is rolled up above his elbow. He's sticking a hypodermic syringe into a bottle of Stelfactiznide-Chloride.

Bullock looks calm. Klein looks surprisingly calm.

KLEIN  
(softly)  
No. Not yet.

Bullock puts the syringe down on the sofa. Klein holds his gun on him and shuts the trailer door. He looks around the interior. The walls are papered with crayon portraits of Lucille Kafesjian. They are wholly idealized. The raunchy street whore looks like a blessed virgin.

KLEIN  
(pointing  
to the  
pictures)  
Tell me.

Bullock recaps the bottle of Stelfactiznide-Chloride. Klein lowers his gun and pulls up a chair to within six feet of him. A hear-a-pin-drop silence stretches and stretches and...

BULLOCK  
(in a  
singsong  
voice, full  
of odd pauses,  
with the  
inflections  
of a psychopath  
telling his  
story under  
great duress)  
Well...you've got Captain Dan...  
who...was always nice to  
me...but...Mr. Lefferts, he wasn't  
so nice...he hated the brothers...  
even though they blew the best  
chops...and he told Captain Dan,  
those niggers are just animals, so  
let J.C. keep 'em tranked out so  
they don't hurt no white folks,  
so Captain Dan, he said O.K. to  
Mr. Ray, and Mr. Ray fixed J.C.  
up with my daddy, and my daddy...  
he...he...but he didn't know  
Lucille really loved me...  
'cause, 'cause...now, stop, this  
is where I lose track, 'cause  
Mr. Ray put a kilo in the right  
wheel well of my '78 Camero and  
then I'm at Soledad getting browned  
by the bikers and I've got...these

lesions on my back now so  
 maybe...but..anyway...I get out  
 and...I B&E the house just to scare  
 them...and maybe hurt them later...  
 and I knew I had to kill Daddy so  
 Lucille would stop....you  
 know...and Mommy and Sissy...well,  
 they shouldn't have been there....  
 and you know what Daddy and J.C. made  
 Lucille...and I wish I didn't  
 need to watch so bad...but I  
 can't fuck 'cause of the lesions,  
 'cause I got a jones like a  
 fucking lab rat. I guess what...  
 I guess what....Mr. Ray....  
 he fucked me and he never said  
 Wylie, you fucking blow a boss  
 horn better than J.C. If he did  
 I wouldn't want to k-k-k-k-kill  
 him so fucking...fucking...fucking  
 ...fucking...fucking...fucking...  
 fucking...

Bullock loses his rational train of thought and starts babbling. Klein pulls his silenced .22 and aims it at his head. Bullock stares at Klein and doesn't seem to notice the gun leveled at him.

Bullock continues to babble. Klein cocks his gun and starts to bear down on the trigger. Bullock is looking Klein dead in the eyes. He seems to be imploring Klein. Klein shuts his eyes. Previously-seen flashbulb blips show us what Klein is seeing with his eyes closed. The sound of Bullock babbling continues on the soundtrack.

We see Klein shoot three black men in the back of the head with a silenced .22. We see Klein put a pillow over an Asian woman's head and shoot her in the face point-blank. We see Klein throw Sanderline Johnson out a 9th-floor window.

We see a flashback scene we have never seen before:

A much-younger Dave Klein is in bed with a much-younger Meg Klein. They're making love. Meg seems reluctant. She pushes Klein away and wraps a sheet around herself.

We see two more flashback scenes we have never seen before:

A somewhat-younger Klein is peering through a bedroom window. He's watching Meg and a man make love.

The present-day Klein is peering through another bedroom window. He's watching Meg get out of bed nude and slip into a robe.

Klein opens his eyes. He sees that he's still pointing his gun at Wylie Bullock. His gun hand is shaky. He looks at Wylie Bullock. Bullock is still babbling and looking at Klein imploringly. Klein aims his gun and fires in Wylie's general direction. The shot is framed so that we do not see where the bullets land.

Klein starts to sob. His sobs build and build in intensity.

Klein drops his gun. Klein stands up and grabs one wall of the trailer. He's sobbing so hard that the whole trailer sways.

Klein sobs until he's limp and exhausted. Tears are streaming down his face.

Klein collapses into a chair, wipes his face, picks up a cell phone on a table by the chair and taps seven digits.

One ring, a crackly pick-up sound and an inaudible voice on the other end of the line can be plainly heard.

KLEIN

(hoarse  
and raspy  
-- talking  
into the  
cell phone)

I killed him.

(a pause  
while the  
person on  
the other  
end of  
the line  
talks)

I've got your deposition.

(a pause  
while  
Klein  
wipes his  
face)

I'll meet you at the lot by Sears.

EXTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's six hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein pulls into the huge parking lot beside the Sears store in East L.A.

It's 10:00 p.m. The lot is big, dark and deserted.

A car pulls into the lot. Klein flashes his headlights, gets out of his car and stands by the rear passenger door. The car

pulls up beside Klein. Ray Lefferts gets out and hands Klein a gym bag. Klein drops the bag on the trunk of his car.

LEFFERTS

Twenty-four thousand. I figured you could use a stake.

KLEIN

(nodding)

I want to show you something.

Lefferts nods. Klein points him toward the rear passenger door. Lefferts steps forward and peers in the window. Klein swings behind him, pulls a sap from his waistband and hits Lefferts in the back of the head with it.

Lefferts crashes into the car door head-first. Klein opens the door and kicks him into the back seat.

Wylie Bullock -- surprisingly -- is in the back seat. He attacks Lefferts. He claws at his face and gouges his eyes. Lefferts shrieks and gasps for breath. Bullock pulls the gun from Lefferts' holster and smashes him in the face with it. Lefferts screams. Bullock bites his nose off. Lefferts shrieks -- loud, loud, loud. His mouth is wide open. Bullock uncaps a bottle of Stelfactiznide-Chloride and pours it down his throat.

Lefferts thrashes, convulses, kicks the side window of the car out, goes into horrible spasms and goes limp. Bullock slowly pulls himself out of the car.

Klein hands him the gym bag and walks out of the parking lot.

NARRATED BRIDGE SEQUENCE -- comprised of soundless television footage and still shots of newspaper headlines.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

I got down to San Diego. I paid a guy who owed me some favors a thousand a day for a room. I saw myself on TV. I read about myself.

The above lines are synced to soundless TV shots of Welles Noonan and Howard Earl standing in front of a podium; soundless TV shots of J.C. Kafesjian posing happily with Noonan and Earl, and a soundless still TV shot of Dave Klein with the banner "Fugitive Policeman" above his head.

KLEIN

(voice-over)

They pinned Stemmons on me.  
 They pinned the Lefferts  
 killing and the Bullock family  
 homicides. Lefferts never  
 took the Bullock killings  
 public. He probably wanted to  
 kill me and hang them on me  
 post-mortem. Earl knew  
 I was dead and figured "Why not?"

The above lines are synced to still shots of the following newspaper headlines:

"ROGUE COP SOUGHT IN DEATH OF PARTNER."

"ROGUE COP SOUGHT IN DEATH OF HIGH-RANKING POLICEMAN."

"MASSIVE MANHUNT FOR LAPD LIEUTENANT."

"RECORD NUMBER OF INDICTMENTS FILED ON FUGITIVE COP KLEIN."

"D.A. FILES BULLOCK FAMILY ARREST WARRANT. FUGITIVE COP NOW CHARGED WITH FIVE MURDERS."

KLEIN

(voice-over)

Somebody filed a missing-persons claim on Gary Jason Rifkin. Howard Earl announced that I was a major suspect in his disappearance. He called J.C. a "Heroic Witness" at the same press conference.

The above lines are synced to still shots of the following newspaper headlines:

"U.S. ATTORNEY CALLS ROGUE COP 'ONE-MAN CRIME WAVE.'"

"SUSPICIOUS DISAPPEARANCE LINKED TO MURDER SUSPECT KLEIN."

"MORE INDICTMENTS PENDING ON FUGITIVE COP."

"KAFESJIAN LAUDED AT JOINT FEDERAL-LAPD PRESS CONFERENCE."

KLEIN

(voice-over)

I called Jack Woods. He said J.C. and Ace Kim had contracts out on me. I wanted to get down to Mexico and see Glenda. Jack said the borders were sealed tight.

The above lines are synced to several TV screen still-shots of Klein. Banners are flashed over them:

"Rogue Policeman," "Have You Seen This Man?"

The last still shot of Klein fades into a shot of Klein watching himself on TV. He's sitting on a bed in a dingy, cramped bedroom.

A sleazy-looking man opens the bedroom door and leans in the doorway. Klein looks up at him.

THE MAN

I'll hate to lose you.

KLEIN

What are you saying?

THE MAN

Jack called me. He said he's got a way to get you down to Mexico.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's four hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein and Jack Woods are standing by a window in the bedroom of Klein's hideout pad.

The both look grim.

WOODS

(in mid-discourse)

...and all he wants is a little payback.

(a pause while Woods cracks his knuckles)

He's tight with the cops in Baja, and he can fly you down with no flight pattern.

KLEIN

He knows we're both fucked.

WOODS

You killed his sister. I can't say that I blame him.

A sick look crosses Klein's face.

WOODS

I'll take good care of Meg. Don't worry about that end of things.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's 48 hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein and Woods are seated in a little 4-seater airplane.

The plane is descending. The pilot lands it on a dirt runway out in the Mexican boondocks south of Tijuana. Ace Kim and two sleazoid Mexican cops in uniform are standing on the runway. There's nobody else around.

Kim is wearing palm and knuckle-weighted sap gloves.

Klein and Woods get out of the airplane. The pilot stays in the cockpit. Klein walks resolutely up to Kim. The Mexican cops grab Klein's arms and hold him still.

Kim hits and hits and hits and hits Klein in the face. Woods stands there and watches. The cops keep Klein propped up. Klein's face becomes a ruinous mess of blood and shattered bones.

Woods steps in, grabs Kim and pulls him off of Klein. The cops let go of Klein's arms. Klein falls to the dirt runway.

BRIDGE SEQUENCE -- a hazy and dreamlike montage. The sequence covers several days following the events of the previous sequence.

Klein remains motionless in a bed throughout the sequence. His face is splinted and covered with gauzes and bandages. His hair has been shaved to a stubble. Tubes extend from his bandages. He's hooked up to an IV drip. His bed is situated in a small room.

Jack Woods and a latin man in a white smock enter the room and scrutinize Klein. The latin man injects Klein with a hypodermic syringe. An off-key saxophone is heard on the soundtrack. It is recognizably the shitty sax honking of J.C. Kafesjian.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's immediately after the stretch of time covered in the previous sequence. Klein is sitting up in his bed in the squalid little quasi-hospital room.

The latin man in the white smock removes the splints and bandages from Klein's face with scissors and a scalpel and walks him to a wall-mirror. Klein looks at himself and sees that he's now grotesquely disfigured.

His facial bones have been rearranged. His cuts and scars have healed -- but he has a brand-new face.

A new jawline. A cockeyed hairline. A smashed nose and one eye two inches above the other. Scar tissue where his left earlobe used to be.

Klein looks at his new face in the mirror and smiles.

INTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's three hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein is standing in front of the sink in the bathroom adjoining his quasi-hospital room.

A hypodermic syringe and several vials of a clear substance are laid out on the sink ledge. Klein is looking at them. He hears a knock on the door, walks through his quasi-hospital room and opens it.

Glenda is standing there. She looks at Klein's new face. Her lips tremble. She forces out a smile.

GLEENDA

We used to be a nice-looking....

Glenda falters. Klein pulls her to him. Glenda and Klein embrace in the doorway. Glenda steps back and runs her left hand over Klein's face.

GLEENDA

(hushed)

We can get out now. We can make this work.

KLEIN

I can get out.

INTERIOR-NIGHTTIME. It's four hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein and Glenda are laying in the bed in Klein's room. They're naked and half covered with sheets.

GLEENDA

(touching  
Klein's face  
softly)

Don't say no. Don't say we can't make this work.

KLEIN

(pointing  
to a camera  
on the  
nightstand  
by the bed)

I can probably get a Mexican

passport. The Feds will have some kind of detention hold on you, so all you can do is go back to L.A. and act like we never happened.

GLEENDA

(softly,  
insistently)

Dave...

KLEIN

(taking  
Glenda's  
hands off  
his face  
and squeezing  
them)

I don't know what Noonan knows about you.

(a pause)

If you run with me, they might try to drop Miciak on you.

GLEENDA

(faltering  
in frustration)

Dave, it's....

KLEIN

It's trouble we get our own sweet selves into.

GLEENDA

(emphatic)

We can make this work. Don't tell me --

KLEIN

(cutting in)

I have to tell you this. You have to know it.

GLEENDA

(smiling  
sadly)

You always want me to tell you these horrible things. And you won't tell me we've got a chance to get out of this together.

Klein looks at Glenda. He strokes her face the way she's been stroking his.

KLEIN

4.

Tell me what they did to you.  
 Tell me why you didn't turn  
 out like me and how you got so...

Klein stops when he sees Glenda already shaking her head "No."

GLEND A

(calmly  
 emphatic)

I'm going with you.

Klein smiles and looks at Glenda for several long seconds. He slowly gets out of bed, walks to the bathroom, closes the door and picks up a bottle of water resting on the sink ledge.

He pours water into two glasses. He pops a vial of the clear substance laid out by his syringe and drops the contents into one of the glasses. A bowl of lemon wedges are resting on top of a clothes hamper. Klein squeezes one into the glass containing the liquid painkiller and carries both glasses back to the bedroom.

He hands Glenda the glass laced with lemon juice and liquid Demerol. She takes several deep swallows and leans back on her pillow. She looks at Klein. He looks at her. They take each others' hands.

Glenda starts yawning. She shuts her eyes. She falls asleep quickly. Klein takes the glass out of her hands.

Klein puts some clothes on. He opens the attache case that Howard Earl gave him, extracts half the money inside and drops it in Glenda's handbag. He picks up the camera on the nightstand by the bed.

He brushes a strand of hair out of Glenda's face and shoots a roll of film of her sleeping. The shots are demure. He shoots tender close-ups of Glenda's face on a white pillow.

He kisses Glenda's neck softly. It looks like he's holding back some tears. He grabs the attache case and walks out of the room.

EXTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's sixteen hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein walks calmly down the driveway at the Kafesjian house.

He steps into the laundry room. He walks to the kitchen. J.C. is sitting across in the breakfast nook. He's drinking a Boone's Farm wine cooler.

He looks up. He sees Klein. He belches and wipes his lips.

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Lucille appears in the doorway. Klein pulls his gun and aims it at J.C.

J.C. looks at Klein as if to say, "O.K., shoot me." Lucille gives Klein an ambiguous look. Klein hands the gun to Lucille. Lucille shoots her faster three times in the face.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. It's two hours after the events of the previous sequence. Klein walks up to the Air Brazil ticket counter at L.A. International Airport.

Two previously seen FBI men are standing near the counter. They're looking around intently. They don't seem to notice Klein.

Klein hands a ticket agent his passport. The woman looks at Klein and his passport photo and smiles. Her smile is almost a wince.

INTERIOR-DAYTIME. The disfigured Dave Klein we saw at the beginning of the film is standing on a hotel balcony. Muffled background noise indicates that we are in a Spanish-speaking country. Klein is standing in the same position he was at the beginning of the film.

He's staring out the window. Images hit the screen and tell us what he's thinking about.

We see Meg Klein -- through her kitchen window. She's washing dishes and wiping her hands on an apron.

We see Lucille Kafesjian strutting in red Spandex.

We see Glenda in the photographs Klein took of her. We see Glenda take her clothes off in the film "Midnight Edge."

We see Glenda fully clothed. We see Glenda smile. We see her zip her lips shut, lock them and throw away a make-believe key.

We see a mid-shot of Dave Klein. He's standing in front of a sliding glass door overlooking the hotel balcony. He pulls a light-colored, full-length shade down in front of himself. The shade darkens to pitch-black. We hear Klein's voice. He says, "Tell me everything." The end titles roll against the pitch-black screen.