

77

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FADE IN:

INT. MEL'S SPORTING GOODS -- DAY

Muzak drips *Hooked on a Feeling* from the ceiling.

A few straggly shoppers pick over the selection of Frisbees, camping equipment, sweat-socks.

A MAN-- white, late twenties, in a three-quarter length hunting jacket-- pays for a stack of gear-- ammo-pouches, sweatpants, knit caps-- at the register.

A WOMAN at his side, white, late twenties, cropped hair, helps the cashier bag.

ON A BLACK SECURITY GUARD, off to the side, huddled with the manager.

The manager nods, the security guard unsnaps his holster.

EXT. VOLKSWAGEN BUS -- PARKING LOT -- SAME TIME

In the driver's seat, a WHITE WOMAN-- early twenties-- puffy Afro wig and jumbo shades-- flips lazily through a newspaper, looks across Crenshaw Boulevard at Mel's. Back to Marmaduke. Bored as hell.

ON the sidewalk in front of Mel's, as the man and woman leave the store, the security guard right behind.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir... saw you put some socks in your pocket you ain't pay for.

MAN

Fuck off, pig.

The security guard grabs the man's wrist-- the man's free hand yanking a .45 from his waistband and both men hit the cement in an animal clinch,

ON the Volkswagen Bus,

The woman in the Afro wig-- oblivious to the hassle-- digging Andy Capp--

BACK TO the sidewalk-- the white woman riding the guard like he's a bareback bronc-- the guard knocking the .45 from the man's hand as--

A few store employees pile on-- one of them plonking the white woman with an wiffle-ball bat, crazy free-for-all as

MACHINE GUN FIRE shatters Mel's windows--

The woman in the VW Bus-- BLASTING-- not exactly Jimmy Cagney, the Tommy Gun's recoil too much for her, sunglasses going sideways-- wig flopping down over her face, lead

Splintering the concrete boulevard divider-- sparking and pinging cars and street-signs -- people on the sidewalk bounding for cover like ring-tailed lemurs and

CUT TO:

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUS -- MOVING -- MOMENTS LATER

The man-- jamming the VW into fourth--

The white woman in the passenger seat--

Mel's getting smaller in the rear-view--

From the back of the van--

WOMAN IN AFRO WIG
(ball of adrenaline)
Did I do right?

The van whipping around a corner on two wheels--

Slamming the woman in the Afro wig against the panel--

A pile of submachine guns and ammo flying all over the place--

The man straightening the van onto Crenshaw, slows hard, blending in with traffic,

WHITE WOMAN IN PASSENGER SEAT
For some socks?! You idiot! Now we
can't get back to the house!

MAN
Cool it... just cool it...

The man and the woman up front low-key it-- just a hippie couple out for a ride-- the man fiddling with the radio dial,

Eddie Kendricks' *Boogie Down* pumping from the AM-- the van crossing Florence now,

Passing them, in the opposite lane,

A green, 1972 Citroen SM Coupe purrs by,

And we switch off, INSIDE THE COUPE NOW, as the DRIVER, black, 30, sun setting in his Aviators, *Boogie Down* jamming on his radio too, slides into fifth. From ABOVE, the vehicles stretch away from each other and we

FADE OUT:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK

May, 1974. Three months after kidnapping socialite heiress Patty Hearst, the anarchist group the Symbionese Liberation Army-- the SLA-- lands in Los Angeles.

In South Central.

In the 77th precinct.

VOICE OVER BLACK

I thought niggers were supposed to
have huge cocks?

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION LOCKER ROOM -- EVENING

Shift-change. Lots of white cops -- in towels, skivvies-- getting in and out of uniforms and street clothes.

The vibe: Bustle, strut, swagger, and smack-talk.

OFFICER BILLY BURDETTE-- the cat from the Citroen-- one of the only black men in the room-- zips his uniform's trousers.

BURDETTE

*Myth... your mom's has a couple inches
on me, easy.*

RANDOM COP

Whoa! There we go!

Hoots and hollers and you gonna let him get away with that?

WHITE COP

*(the guy who started
all this, to
Burdette)*

*You fuckin' jig... my mother died six
months ago...*

He puts his hand on his holster, a COUPLE OF COPS try to chill him out,

WHITE COP
(shrugging them off)
... Goddamned *cancer*... I held her in
my arms while she...

BURDETTE
(cool)
No sweat, Franz... sorry... I didn't
know about your moms...

DETECTIVE VIC FRANZ, mid-30's, stands down.

Awkward silence. CLANG of a locker. HISS of aerosol
deodorant.

Burdette sticks a .25 Beretta into his ankle holster.

SGT. DONNY MILLER, uniformed, doughy, 40's, tries for a
tension-breaker,

DONNY MILLER
(to Burdette)
Pool's up to a buck-fifty for whoever
collars Patty Hearst...

Miller slides a chunky Rolex off his wrist and sticks it in
his locker.

There's a WANTED POSTER for PATRICIA HEARST taped to the
inside of the door, and

Maybe we recognize her as the *woman in the VW with the Afro
wig*-- or maybe we don't-- what with the monster

Cartoon dick drawn in front of her mouth.

RANDOM COP
A deuce if you *fuck* her...

BURDETTE
I'm out... gotta T.O. a transfer from
NHD... Some faggot named Lindsay...
(beat, sigh)
You ready, Lindsay?

ON A UNIFORMED WHITE COP, a hard case, maybe 30, tying his
laces,

LYNLEY
It's Lynley, Bwana.

Franz adjusts his tie-- checks out Lynley-- in the mirror of
his locker door.

FRANZ
 (a nod toward
 Burdette)
 Watch that jig... he'll sell you down
 the river for a chicken wing.
 (sticks his hand out)
 Vic Franz...

Clocks Lynley's USMC forearm TAT,

FRANZ
 Semper Fi...

LYNLEY
 (shaking it)
 Chuck Lynley... hey... lost my mom to
 cancer in sixty-five...
 (sensitive beat)
 What kind'd she have?

ON Franz-- a quick, wicked flash toward Burdette, some of
 the men already turning away,

FRANZ
 (somber)
 Testicular.

And the room EXPLODES.

ON Lynley for a sheepish beat,
 Welcome to the 77th fucking precinct.

EXT. PATROL CAR -- DUSK

Burdette and Lynley cruise Watts. Lynley, riding shotgun,
 takes in the passing scene:

Sidewalk crap games; ho's on the stroll; brothers swigging
 forty-ounces; black kids playing double-dutch,

A billboard emblazoned with a crouching Black Panther and the
 words-- *Move on over, or we'll move on over you.*

Burdette fish-eyes his new partner.

BURDETTE
 Shit's new jazz to you, huh?

LYNLEY
 We had niggers in Studio city.

BURDETTE
 (unfazed)
 Somebody had to fuck your old lady.

Lynley skims a folder of WANTED POSTERS.

LYNLEY
Mickey Mouse motherfuckers.

BURDETTE
(begs to differ)
Robbed a bank in Frisco two weeks ago, scored 10 Gs... top the Most Wanted for the last 3 months.
Managed to hit Mel's Sporting Goods at 1600 hours.

LYNLEY
You impressed? 'Symbionese Liberation Army?' I never met a Symbionese, and I been some places. These guys are amateurs. First clue is the spook running the show--

Dismissive narration as he skims each pic, starting with DONALD 'CINQUE' DEFREEZE--

LYNLEY
Looks like Rodney Allen Rippy...

PATTY HEARST (minus the Afro wig)--

LYNLEY
Rich cunt, turned out on some black dick...

BILL HARRIS (man from Mel's)--

LYNLEY
Queer...

EMILY HARRIS (woman from Mel's)--

LYNLEY
Dyke...

WILLIE 'KOJO' WOLFE--

BURDETTE
Lemme guess...

He pulls the patrol car over to the curb.

A BLACK GIRL, maybe 11, lounges in a lawn chair in front of DEAKIN'S LAUN-DO-MAT. A plastic tub and some cups at her feet.

She scowls at the sight of Lynley, then beams as she sees

BURDETTE
 (calling out)
 Janelle, I know you better get me
 some of that lemonade!

JANELLE DEAKINS bounds over with a pitcher and a plastic cup.
 She pours a cup, hands it across Lynley to Burdette.

Off Burdette's nod, the girl walks back-- *slooow*-- to get
 another cup for Lynley.

LYNLEY
 (to Burdette)
 Real hard-charger, huh? The SLA
 prolly holed up around the corner and
 we're sipping lemonade.

Janelle's back, pouring a lemonade for Lynley. As she hands
 it to him, he growls and mock bites her arm. She squeals a
 half-giggle, half-scream.

BURDETTE
 (amused, despite
 himself)
 Fools been acting crazy round here,
 huh?

JANELLE
 The SLA and them was shootin' in
 Inglewood!

BURDETTE
 Oh *yeah*?

JANELLE
 You ain't hear?

BURDETTE
 Nah... I just rolled by... say hi to
 you...
 (beat, sip)
 Whassup?

Lynley, invisible, watches Burdette. The easy way he Q&A's.

JANELLE
 Well... I had heard that Cinque and
 Patty Hearst and them had machine
 guns and grenades--

BURDETTE
 (faux wide-eyed
 wonder)
 Grenades? Man!

JANELLE

Uh-huh... Cinque had the honkies
wearing makeup so they'd look like
niggas and they shot...

(calculating)

... 'bout five or six people up in
there, and now they in a house
somewhere round here... with bazookas
and time-bombs and they just waiting
for some pigs to come on in.

BURDETTE

Wheeeew. That Cinque a bad mamajama
huh?

JANELLE

Yup.

Lynley, impatient, grabs Cinque's Wanted Poster, sticks it in
her face.

LYNLEY

But you ain't seen him?

JANELLE

(suddenly stiff)

Naw.

She tunes them out. A look back over her shoulder into the
Laun-Do-Mat, and a MAN, 30's-- her father-- waving her
inside.

JANELLE

I gotta cash in some coins for my
daddy...

Burdette-- pissed-- puts the car in drive,

BURDETTE

Allright, baby-girl... you take it
light.

She steps away from the car as it pulls off.

INT. PATROL CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Burdette and Lynley cruise residential ghetto streets. The
houses are squat cinder-block cubes covered with graffiti.

BURDETTE

I'm lead. Your S-A is for shit.

Lynley gives him a "yeah-right" grunt. He sniffs his
lemonade. Tosses the cup out the window.

BURDETTE
Offend your palate?

Lynley stares off.

LYNLEY
Dink bodies... smell like...
sweets... you don't get 'em in the
ground quick enough... can't even eat
a fuckin' Hershey Bar anymore.

Lynley catches Burdette looking at his tattoo.

LYNLEY
You do a bid?

BURDETTE
Nah... college.

Beat.

LYNLEY
Fuck you, then.

They spot Officer Donny Miller house-to house knocking.

Miller hard-rousts a black woman on her porch, waving flyers
of Cinque and Patty Hearst at her.

BURDETTE
Miller's an asshole.

Lynley sticks his head out the window.

LYNLEY
Don't take any shit, Miller!

Burdette looks at Lynley like he'd love to kick his ass.

LYNLEY
How's he rate a one-man car?

BURDETTE
He's the day-car floater. Been in 77
'bout 15 years.

LYNLEY
And the hump's still in a uniform?

BURDETTE
Plans, have we?

Burdette pulls the car over, grabs a clipboard jammed with
paper-- canvassing sheets. Both men get out.

LYNLEY
I'm detective inside six months.

BURDETTE
I copped your exam scores, baby...
in six months you're shining my
badge.

They walk up to a shabby rancher with a rusted Olds 98 in
the yard.

LYNLEY
*Scores? You take a good look around
at roll-call? A spade's got as much
chance of making detective as we got
of finding Cinque behind door number
three here.*

Burdette ignores him. Just as he's about to knock, Lynley
POUNDS on the door. No answer.

Lynley makes a jacking off motion with his hand.

LYNLEY
You po-lice or selling girl-scout
cookies?

Lynley peers into the window, as a FUCKING MONSTER GERMAN
SHEPHERD lunges toward the glass, SNARLING and BARKING.

Lynley jumps back, his .38-- *blink and you'll miss it--*
cleared and covering the window.

LYNLEY
Fuckin' A!

Burdette laughs. Dumb-ass white boy.

DOOR TO DOOR MONTAGE, NIGHT:

Burdette and Lynley talking to black residents on lawns, in
doorways. Burdette doing the Q&A's, a somewhat chastened
Lynley hanging back.

EXT. PATROL CAR-- ALLEY -- NIGHT

Lynley and Burdette slow cruise an alley. Lynley swings the
floodlight into the backs of the houses.

LYNLEY
Told you it was a jackoff.

BURDETTE
They're here. Cinque thinks the
brothers won't sell him out.

Beat.

LYNLEY

What's the difference between a
nigger and a brother?

BURDETTE

A *brother* would write you up to I-AD
for asking that... a nigga would put
a cap in you.

LYNLEY

So which one are you?

BURDETTE

I'm *police*.
(beat)
But I got niggerish tendencies.

Lynley smiles.

LYNLEY

Pull over. I gotta drain the vein.

They pull over. Lynley gets out, sidles up to a tangle of
overgrown bushes. Burdette gets out. Scans the alley.

LYNLEY

How long you been at the 77th?

BURDETTE

Three years. Since I left school.

LYNLEY

How fuckin' old are you?

BURDETTE

(hesitates)
Law school.

Lynley double-takes him.

LYNLEY

The fuck are you doing here?

BURDETTE

(beat)
Slumming.

Lynley turns his attention back to the bush, mulls over this
new bit of information.

The SPLASH of his stream against the dirt.

Burdette walks up the alley, playing his flashlight beam into backyards. Nothing.

Lynley zips up.

Burdette heads back to the car-- a glint catching his eye... on the ground: a *dime* ... and another... and another...

Burdette squats, the trail leading to a patch of bushes... something there... a pile of rags? No...

Horror on his face now--

as he scrambles into the bushes,

Janelle Deakins-- bloodied, panties around her ankles,

BURDETTE
Baby girl, you're okay, you're
okay...

Janelle barely conscious, pushing Burdette away--

JANELLE
Don't... don't...get offa me...

Burdette hugs her closer,

BURDETTE
Naw, you okay... you see me? You
know me... You okay, we got you, we
got you...

CUT TO:

EXT. 77TH PRECINCT PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Lynley and Burdette in the lot. In their civvies. Lynley reaches into his primer grey 1970 Duster and pulls a flask from the glove box. Takes a hit. Passes it. They're rattled.

Donny Miller exits the station, ambles toward the car.

He passes some photostats to Lynley.

DONNY MILLER
She ID'd the Dineen brothers...
hypes... both done bids at
Vacaville... Quentin.

BURDETTE
For rolls of dimes? You rape
somebody?

DONNY MILLER
Ever heard the expression, 'romance
without finance has *no* chance?' Drink
down the Cozy Nook? Little five-card?

BURDETTE
RHD's on this... right Miller?

DONNY MILLER
(a nod to Lynley's
car)
What you got under there? Three-
forty?

BURDETTE
Hey! I asked you a question, man.

Miller shrugs, gets into his flashy '73 Barracuda hardtop.

DONNY MILLER
Franz and Keefer'll give it a pro-
forma in the morning.

BURDETTE
(seething)
The Dineen brothers could be in TJ by
morning.

Donny Miller starts his car. Guns the engine.

DONNY MILLER
So could Patty Hearst.
(sarcastic)
... tough choice.

He PEELS out in a pointless rubber burn.

LYNLEY
Fuckin' junkies are geezin' it up
somewhere right now...

The men lock eyes.

EXT. LYNLEY'S DUSTER -- MOVING-- NIGHT

Lynley driving. South Central in the full bloom of decay.
Apex Liquors. Chico's Bail Bonds. Bursts of cut-rate strip
malls straddle low-slung subsidized housing.

Craaaaazy shit goes on in every quadrant of the screen:
squabbles; public urination; wino confrontations; parking lot-
layabouts grabbing their crotches when women pass by.

BURDETTE
Slow up...

On the sidewalk ahead of them, a *loooong*, leggy BLACK WOMAN twitches her ass down West Manchester Ave. She's got a flowing blond wig, six-inch heels and a mini-skirt hiked up both cheeks. She's gotta be six-four.

BURDETTE

Nigga, you better slow down...

And the woman turns, only it's a DRAG QUEEN-- hard-used and all-business: GENE THE QUEEN.

GENE THE QUEEN

Lips, hips, or fingertips?

(making Burdette)

Shiiit... you find Patty and make detective, Billy?

The Duster creeps alongside,

BURDETTE

You know where the Dineens at?

Gene stops, taps the inside of both arms,

GENE THE QUEEN

I'm addicted to *dick*. I don't fuck with no *hare-on*. Check this out, Billy...

He smiles big, revealing a gold front-tooth etched with a champagne glass

GENE THE QUEEN

Your daddy hooked me up with this last week...

LYNLEY

Man asked you a question.

GENE THE QUEEN

(a nod at Lynley)

Who's that trick?

Lynley stops the car in the middle of the lane. Gets out.

BURDETTE

Hey, man... cool it...

Lynley goes up to Gene, kicks his legs from under him.

GENE THE QUEEN

(on his ass)

What? You want a taste?

Burdette-- pissed at how this is going down-- they're off duty, out of uniform.

Lynley tosses the contents of Gene's sequined purse onto the sidewalk. A comb. Lipstick. Vaseline. A straight-razor. He slides the razor into his back pocket.

LYNLEY
I got you for carrying...
solicitation...

He opens a foil packet with some pills in it. He pockets it.

LYNLEY
(posing a
hypothetical)
I'm a scumbag jigaboo... need to fix,
on the q-t... *where I be at?*

Some STREET LOWLIFES gather on the scene.

Lynley KICKS Gene in the face.

STREET LOWLIFE
Honky... you lost your *mind*?!

The lowlifes move in,

BURDETTE
Think about it!

He's out of the car, covering Lynley with his backup .25.

The crowd edges away.

Lynley checks his back. Burdette's got it. A wordless thanks as he looms over the bleeding Gene the Queen,

LYNLEY
I'm dying to get well...
(mock Junkie-vibe)
I'm hurting *real* bad... gimme a place
to get straight.

EXT. THE L.A. RAILWAYS TRACKS -- NIGHT

Abandoned since the '40's. Busted old streetcars pepper the dead-end tracks.

There's nothing here but the forgotten, or people who want to be forgotten.

INT. DUSTER -- SAME TIME

Lynley pops one of the pills-- benzedrine-- he got off Gene the Queen.

Offers one to Burdette. Off his head shake, Lynley scarfs that one, too.

Lynley reaches into his glove compartment. There are three or four unopened decks of playing cards. Peels the cellophane from a pack and riffles until he finds the Ace of Spades. Does the same with another pack and tucks both cards into his shirt pocket.

Burdette watches. *Who the fuck is this guy?*

Lynley gets out. Burdette follows.

BURDETTE

(low)

We get a visual, and we call it in.

They cross the tracks. Notice how Lynley moves on the balls of his feet. The gravel barely registering his footfalls.

LYNLEY

(low)

You got a sister?

BURDETTE

Yeah. You?

LYNLEY

Dead.

(beat)

Just like these humps.

BURDETTE

Bull-shit. We get paper on these motherfuckers. A collar's a collar.

Lynley is silent.

Up ahead, there's four or five cars parked in the shadows under the overpass.

LYNLEY

I'll see if I can put eyes on them.
Hang back... make sure nothing bites
me on the ass.

Burdette offers his .25 Beretta,

BURDETTE

She ain't got much on her, but...

LYNLEY

Nah... this is just a pro-forma,
right?

Lynley duck-walks in a low crouch toward a beat-up '59 Skylark. Inside, a family of four Mexicans asleep-- mom and dad in the front seat, two kids spread out under blankets in back.

Lynley moves toward another car when he sees a flash of light illuminate the inside of a '61 Desoto Adventurer, maybe 25 yards ahead.

ON Burdette-- trying to keep Lynley in sight. It's fucking dark.

ON Lynley-- creeping toward the Desoto,
INSIDE the Desoto,

The DINEEN BROTHERS. One of them nods-out against the passenger side door. A lit Kool cigarette burnt to its filter hanging from his lips,

The other Dineen waves a zippo under a caved-in Royal Crown Cola can, where a reservoir of heroin is pooled,

ON Lynley-- the straight-razor FLICKED OPEN, held low,

ON Burdette-- he's lost sight of Lynley, creeping forward now to get a better view, shocked by the SNARL and glowing eyes of a coyote loping across his path,

ON Lynley, pressed close below the driver's open window, the razor up in a flash and DRAWN EAR TO EAR across one Dineen's throat, the gurgle and mist of blood,

ON Burdette-- catching sight of Lynley as Lynley walks calmly around to the passenger side,

ON Lynley, at the passenger side door,

ON the other Dineen, as the spray of his brother's blood hits his cheek, wakes him from his high,

DINEEN

(irritated, stupor)
Goddamn, nigga...

Lynley leans in, grits his teeth,

LYNLEY

That's right.

Beat.

ON the front seat, as two Ace of Spades cards float onto the Dineen Brothers' laps.

EXT. L.A. RAILWAYS TRACKS -- MOMENTS LATER

Lynley emerges from the darkness.

BURDETTE

Well?

LYNLEY

(coooooool)

Dead end.

Lynley walks toward the car.

EXT./INT. 77TH PRECINCT -- DAY

Lynley, in civilian clothes, walks in the front door carrying a fresh uniform in a cellophane wrapper.

The DESK SERGEANT looks up.

DESK SERGEANT

How you doing, 'boot?

LYNLEY

Great.

Vic Franz and his partner-- 40'S, severe-- DENNIS KEEFER, emerge from the back. Stone-faced.

FRANZ

Let's talk.

LYNLEY

(evasive)

Roll's in five minutes.

DESK SERGEANT

(to Franz and Keefer)

Fuck the dance... take this hump in back and show him something.

Franz jerks his head toward the hallway. *Follow us.*

ON the front door-- Burdette, behind his Ray-Bans, enters.

BURDETTE

What's up?

Franz pulls Lynley by the arm down the hallway, Keefer follows.

DESK SERGEANT
(pointedly, to
Burdette)
Roll's in a few minutes, officer...
better get a move on.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A BLACK MAN, dignified, 30's-- we recognize him as Janelle Deakins' father from the Laun-Do-Mat-- seated at the metal desk.

Lynley and Franz and Keefer enter.

FRANZ
This is Gerald Deakins. Father of
Janelle Deakins.

Deakins-- eyes rimmed with red-- looks from man to man.

FRANZ
You got something to say?

Deakins rises unsteadily.

DEAKINS
(to Lynley)
It's up to Jesus to judge them men...
and now he can.

Deakins hugs him. Lynley stiffens on human contact.

Keefer opens the door,

KEEFER
This stays in this room.

Deakins nods. Leaves.

Franz pulls a plastic baggie with two BLOODY ACE OF SPADES cards inside from his blazer pocket.

FRANZ
Left a few of these on some VC
myself. Cute, but sloppy.

KEEFER
It's all taken care of.

FRANZ
Burdette get wet?

Lynley shakes his head.

KEEFER
Didn't think it was his style.

FRANZ
This is how it works: you're white,
pushing thirty, got an *okay* collar
record from NOHO--

KEEFER
-- You take the exam... some *friends*
backing you up...

FRANZ
... You're third-grade before
Christmas. Fuckin' sport coat and
chinos.

LYNLEY
That's all there is to it?

FRANZ
Nobody's gonna cry for those boofers
you wasted. We caught the case, and
it's *cold*...

KEEFER
For as long as we say.

FRANZ
(a thumb toward
Keefer)
This geriatric pulls his twenty
soon... he's in Catalina, angling
for Pike... I'm gonna need a new
partner with stones.

KEEFER
You wanna ride around with that jig,
rousting hypes for the next two
years?

FRANZ
Cream rises to the top... you're
Robbery Homicide... we vouch for you.

Franz sticks out his hand... *deal*?

Lynley smiles, pumps it hard.

FRANZ
I'm your *rabb*... you need anything,
you come to me.

INT. PATROL CAR -- MOVING -- DAY

Burdette and Lynley cruise past 84th and Hoover.

They pass a METER MAID-- 20's-- slapping a TICKET ONTO A '63 CHEVY NOVA STATION WAGON. The meter maid nods as they pass, gets back on her Harley trike and zips off.

STAY ON the Chevy Nova as A WHITE WOMAN, 20's, comes out of a dilapidated rancher, pulls the ticket off the window, stuffs it into her army jacket pocket, and gets in.

BACK TO

LYNLEY

If these SLA fucks are here... couple of bright boys should be able to make a name on this.

BURDETTE

We're a bright boy short.

Lynley ignores the dig.

LYNLEY

It's not gonna be off door-to-doors.

BURDETTE

You wanna kick the shit out of some locals? Like you did Gene the Queen...?

ON the dashboard, PHOTOSTATS OF THE SLA, taped in a row.

Maaaybe we recognize NANCY LING PERRY as the woman who just got into the Chevy Nova station wagon.

INT. THE COZY NOOK BAR -- EVENING

Burdette and Lynley-- canvassing sheets in hand-- at a dumpy ghetto bar with delusions of slick.

A SEXY BLACK GIRL, 20's vamps into the microphone for the few black juiceheads lounging in booths.

The girl is good. Better than the band. Better than the room.

A funky, junkie, JAZZY TRIO backs her up on a cover of Chaka Khan's *You've got the love*.

BURDETTE

(to bartender)

You seen any brothers... with white women?

THE BARTENDER, *biig*, 30'S, gives him a chilly vibe,

BARTENDER
Your boy Miller already been around.

BURDETTE
Do I look like Miller, motherfucker?

BARTENDER
All pigs are grey in the dark.

The girl finishes her set to lame applause, comes over.
Lynley checks her out.

BURDETTE
Tammy... why Rudy gotta do me like
this?

TAMMY
My brother don't like fuzz.

Lynley leans in,

LYNLEY
(to Tammy)
I liked your show. You seen any
hippies hanging around splibs?

She ignores him. Rudy-- the bartender-- hands her a glass of water.

Burdette leans into Lynley,

BURDETTE
(sotto voce)
Do me a favor? Shut the fuck up.

Lynley eye-fucks him.

TAMMY
Cinque ain't coming in here.

Tammy turns her face to Burdette. Jesus: she's got a black eye, and her lip is busted. Somebody's been at her.

BURDETTE
The fuck you got into, girl?

She looks away. Catches Lynley's eye. Practically flinches.

RUDY
Po-po already been around, I told
you.

BURDETTE

(to Tammy)

You got nothing to say? 'Bout
anything?

TAMMY

I'm just some nigga bitch shaking it
for nickels... what do I know?

EXT. 84TH AND SOUTH HOOVER -- LATER

Burdette and Lynley's squad car comes abreast of Miller's Barracuda going the opposite way.

They stop window-to-window in the middle of the street.

DONNY MILLER

I already wrapped 79th through 85th
St.... this is all clear.

BURDETTE

Yeah... we wrapped South Central
Ave...

DONNY MILLER

You make sure to hit The Beacon...
The Cozy Nook?

BURDETTE

Yeah.

Miller cracks a crooked smile,

DONNY MILLER

(conspiratorial)

That Tammy's got a tail on her, huh?

(misreading Burdette's
chill)

Hey, but there's enough meat on that
bone to go around-- I ain't stingy...

(to Lynley)

Hey, killer. Buy you a drink?

Lynley shrugs at Burdette, gets out. Gets into Miller's car. They split.

STAY on Burdette. As he watches them. His attention drawn now to the sound of James Brown's *Mother Popcorn* pumping from a house. Inside, some folks having a party. Burdette looks like he wouldn't mind joining them.

He pulls off.

EXT. HOUSE ON 84TH -- SAME TIME

ON THE WINDOW, as a BLACK MAN with an Afro, and an M-1 carbine, disappears behind the parted curtain. If he looks a lot like CINQUE DEFREEZE, that's 'cause you been paying attention.

EXT. MILLER'S BARRACUDA-- MOVING -- LATER

Donny Miller is wolfing an In'N'Out burger and dripping sauce all over himself. He really is a pig.

DONNY MILLER

Let's go here... boofers are due for an audit.

Can't find his napkin, so he grabs A PARKING TICKET from a jumble on the front seat and wipes his mouth on it.

LYNLEY

Think you got enough parking tickets, Miller?

INT. RUMPUS ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Beat-down South Central 'lounge.' You can smell the piss and malt liquor funk.

Lynley and Miller at the bar, the black patrons avoid them like the white plague.

DONNY MILLER

Let's say you're Patty Hearst's daddy...

Miller leans over the bar, pulls a bottle of rye. Bartender fumes.

DONNY MILLER

...or worse... the poor lame she was banging before Cinque and them guys ran a nigger train on her...

Miller pours them three fingers.

DONNY MILLER

Her cooze' prolly stretched from here to Gardena... lips flapping like a whoopee-cushion when she sits down.

LYNLEY

(sorry he came)
Good thing you're on the case.
(MORE)

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

(beat)
You done alright for yourself here,
huh?

Miller winks.

DONNY MILLER
(to the bartender)
L'addicion, s'il vous plait.
(to Lynley)
Lynley... Lynley... you keep a
secret? You like tug-flicks?

The bartender, disgusted, resigned, hits 'no sale' on the register. Pulls out a stack of fives, tens. Slides them to Miller.

DONNY MILLER
(counting, displeased)
Little light this week, Clyde. Might
wanna get a chick with some low
hangers to work the floor.

Lynley glares stone contempt.

EXT. PATROL CAR -- DAY

Early morning.

The sun throws gold light onto deserted South Central Avenue.

Faded pink and yellow and white Spanish style houses squat next to empty parking lots and Baptist churches and auto body shops with beaters up on lifts.

Burdette and Lynley's black and white cruises.

LYNLEY
SLA'll be the only thing in this
neighborhood up before noon.

OFF Burdette's look,

LYNLEY
Mostly white outfit.

We pass Mex laborers trudging to work by foot and bicycle,

Groggy pimps in boat-length rides heading home after a long night's macking,

Stopped at a light,

LYNLEY
(incredulous)
The fuck...?

OFF his look,

BURDETTE
(adamant)
Hell, no.

LYNLEY
Fuck you. First lead we've got.

REVEAL Burdette and Lynley's POV:

A formation of A DOZEN BLACK PANTHERS running Karate drills in an empty parking lot.

A line of black kids stretches out the doorway to a run-down storefront.

Lynley gets out, slides his billy-club into his belt-loop, walks toward the building.

Burdette burns. Jams the cruiser into park and gets out.

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS -- MOMENTS LATER

Burdette and Lynley, being led down a narrow hallway by a steely black man, COCHESE PIERCE.

They move through the line of kids snaking into the building.

At the front of the line, we see that the kids are filing into a makeshift cafeteria.

COCHESE
Army fights on its stomach... we give out a hundred breakfasts a day... What *don't* you see in here?

Burdette taps his canvassing sheet,

BURDETTE
Brother, all we wanna know is--

COCHESE
-- What you *don't* see here is a bunch of honkies and bitches in blackface playing revolutionary. When we dismantle the system you trying to maintain... won't *hear* nothing... won't see it coming... like sundown: one minute shit'll just be *dark*.

Cochese leads them further into the building,

BURDETTE
So you ain't seen Cinque, or any SLA--

COCHESE

(to Lynley)

-- Pig... 'brother' Cinque is of no more concern to us than your presence here, right now.

LYNLEY

Far as I can tell... only difference between you and the SLA is a continental breakfast.

The trio entering a small, bare room outfitted with gymnasium mats and a heavy bag hanging from the ceiling.

A few Panthers work self-defense moves on the mats.

Off in a corner, some Panthers lift weights, jump rope.

Lynley lobs a pointed yawn Cochese's way: he's not impressed.

BURDETTE

Well... thanks for your time...

(to Lynley)

Let's roll.

Cochese holds Lynley's stare. Smiles

BURDETTE

(more insistent)

Officer Lynley... let's go.

COCHESE

(a nod to Lynley's service revolver)

SLA uses M-1's... .45 autos... why the department still issues .38's I'll never know... some people say .45's got a jamming problem.

Cochese pulls a .45 auto from behind his back.

Burdette and Lynley's hands go to their sidearms.

BURDETTE

Easy... don't make a mistake.

COCHESE

(unconcerned)

But that's just with the old Brownings... this here's the officer's Colt...

Lynley backs up,

LYNLEY

I'm gonna need you to put that weapon
on the deck...

Cochese ejects the magazine, pops it back in,

COCHESE

See... eight rounds, 'stead of six
like they give the LAPD...

BURDETTE

Everybody nice and easy...

Cochese calls out to A PANTHER doing bench-presses across the room,

COCHESE

What's the magazine on the HK?

The Panther rips a Heckler & Koch MP5 machine-pistol from its duct-taped hiding space beneath the weight bench.

PANTHER

(racking the sliding
pin)

Thirty...

COCHESE

See what I mean? Kinda sent you boys
out unprepared.

Lynley takes in the room:

The Panthers so unfazed by Police presence that they've gone back to working out, shooting the shit.

Burdette catches his eye: *let it go.*

Lynley eases up-- hip to the fact that he has no power here.

Cochese slips his .45 back into his waistband.

COCHESE

(to Lynley)

Pig... I think your partner mentioned
you had other engagements?

CUT TO:

INT. 77TH PRECINCT -- DAY

Burdette and Lynley sit in the 77th Street Watch Commander's office.

Across a battered desk from them: grizzled Robbery/Homicide LT. MURCOTT, and the station's Vice-Squad boss, SGT. HUBER.

MURCOTT
(to Burdette)
You did okay on your sergeant's exam...

HUBER
Lots of guys do okay.

MURCOTT
But you got a thin collar sheet.
(to Lynley)
Franz and Keefer seem to think you could do some damage... nobody knows your face yet, you're young...

HUBER
(to Burdette)
You're gonna listen, 'cause we're gonna tell you something.

Beat.

MURCOTT
I want you guys to rotate into night-watch vice for a few weeks, overtime's already okayed. You float... work fruits, whores, bookies, dope and card games, you can play up the Oreo hippie revolutionary bit, maybe get a line on Cinque and his crew.

Lynley looks at Burdette: *I'm game if you are.*

BURDETTE
(not game)
If we split up... I could work the black commun--

HUBER
(bad cop)
--Or, you could shut the fuck up and take the only shot at making detective you're gonna get.

MURCOTT
(good cop)
-- Nah, Billy, you gotta look like what you're looking for: A couple of burnt out assholes trying to take down the man.

(MORE)

MURCOTT (CONT'D)

(re: Lynley)

And this one ain't got the S-A to deal with those fuckin' Mau-Mau's on his own yet.

MURCOTT

(end of discussion)

Go to Monty's off Avalon, he'll loan you a beater. Gas up your hair so you won't look like cops, and make no actual busts. Write it up and drop your leads on the SLA in the roll-call slots.

HUBER

Bye.

Both men get up to leave.

BURDETTE

(to Murcott)

Sir... anything on the Dineens?

Huber and Murcotte deadpan him.

MURCOTT

Running cold.

EXT. CADDY ELDO -- MOVING -- DUSK

A pimpy, maroon and primer-flaked '54 Eldorado with fins for miles cruises toward Baldwin Hills-- the upscale South LA neighborhood known as the Black Beverly Hills.

The boys work up their covers.

BURDETTE

... No... dig: we met at the honor farm... in for stick-ups, paper-passing...

Lynley nods, sounds good.

LYNLEY

I can rap Bakersfield out the yinyang... got a cousin in Chino.

Stopped at the light on Coliseum and La Brea. Cream Lamborghini Espada next to them. Lynley drools. FOXY BLACK CHICK at the wheel half-glances him. Double-takes Burdette. HONKS her horn.

BURDETTE

(sticks his head out the window)

Don't even start... it ain't mine!

The light changes,

FOXY BLACK CHICK
(smirking)
Sure thing, Billy.

Pulling away.

FOXY BLACK CHICK
Say hi to your daddy.

Beat.

LYNLEY
Billy?

BURDETTE
Huh?

LYNLEY
That was fucking Diana Ross.

BURDETTE
She's fine, right? Live right up
there.

Lynley. Sensory overload. Baldwin Hills like Mars to him.

Mansions perched on the hills above, well-tended Spanish Tudors below. And BLACK PEOPLE everywhere. Behind the wheels of luxury rides. Walking exotic breed dogs. Money and class and community here. This ain't South Central.

EXT. SPANISH TUDOR -- NIGHT

An elegant two-story Tudor nestled in a cul-de-sac at the foot of Baldwin Hills.

Burdette's Citroen at the curb. The Eldo fins jut from the porte cochere.

INT. SPANISH TUDOR LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Lynley, wide-eyed and uncomfortable in such luxe digs, hovers by the sideboard. He's got on faded bell-bottoms and an army jacket with '*King Kong Company 1968*' stenciled on back. He examines the top-shelf stuff: Pinch, Louis Treize, Tanqueray.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
They're marked, you know.

JANE BURDETTE, 30, in the doorway. Her pin-striped suit fits the way it's supposed to. A luxurious Afro crowns her head.

Lynley. Rocked. Plays it off.

LYNLEY
... would you like a drink?

She crosses the room, plopping a leather valise on the couch.

JANE
I don't drink with strangers--

LYNLEY
-- I'm Chuck--

JANE
-- and that's *sweet* of you... asking
me to have a drink in my own home.

Pause. Lynley has no idea what to say next. Where the fuck is Burdette?

Jane comes over and pours two tumblers of Pinch.

JANE
I just fill the bottle back up with
water, which is perfect, since I like
it with water anyway...

Lynley reaches out for what he assumes is his drink, but she
Hands it off to

Burdette, coming in wearing funky street-threads.

BURDETTE
How was work?

JANE
Ugh, once you've heard *one* fiduciary-
duty horror story, you've heard them
all...
(re: his threads)
Are the *Soul Train* auditions today?

Lynley buries a laugh into his palm.

BURDETTE
Jane, this is my partner, Chuck
Lynley... Lynley, my sister, Jane.

Jane and Lynley nod. Burdette tosses him an oversized knit
cap.

JANE
I can't stay the whole weekend.

BURDETTE

Just 'til tomorrow. He'll be in bed
after Marcus Welby and you can groove
the hi-fi as loud as you want. I got
the new O'Jays-- just make sure you
hold it by the edges.

JANE

(resigned)

You sure know how to spice up a
girl's Friday night.

BURDETTE

(to Lynley)

Cock the hat a bit... you look like
you going on a hay-ride.

Lynley cocks it. He and Burdette vibe fried and ghettofied.

BURDETTE

(off his drink)

Why is pop's stuff always watery?

Jane shoots Lynley a conspiratorial smile.

JANE

(to Lynley)

That green thing out there yours?

BURDETTE

Ride's part of our cover.

Jane takes the two 'players' in.

JANE

You're undercover? As what? Cops?

INT. HOUSE ON 84TH STREET -- NIGHT

Flop-house.

Sly and the Family bubble from the turntable. A BLACK MAN
with stringy brown hair dances with a BLACK WOMAN.

In the corner, an old black lady is asleep under a ratty
blanket.

CINQUE (O.C.)

That supposed to be the *funky
chicken*?

On Cinque Defreeze-- lounging in a bean-bag chair.

A .45 peeking out of his waistband, he's wearing sunglasses, an army fatigue jacket, and green velvet "Fred Astaire's" on his feet.

He's hardly impressed with the black couple's moves.

But hold on a sec...

CLOSE ON the couple, as we notice they're in BLACKFACE.

The man is SLA MEMBER WILLIE 'KOJO' WOLFE, white, 20's.

The woman is SLA MEMBER ANGELA ATWOOD, 20's.

CINQUE
Looks more like the *fried chicken*...

The couple laughs.

Cinque gets up, shows some *smooooth* dance moves to the pair.

Wiping a bit of the blackface off Angela's face,

CINQUE
Can't fake the funk, comrades.

ON an edgy, DYKED OUT WOMAN-- 30's, white-- rummaging through a couple of army footlockers on the floor. She's got an Uzi slung across her back: SLA'er CAMILLA HALL.

She's not amused by all the festivities.

CAMILLA
That pig shorted us *two* carbines...

She waves a gas-mask in the dancers' direction--

CAMILLA
And there's no charcoal in this one...
(exasperated)
...it's no good being split up like this...

Cinque, Angela, and Willie keep dancing.

CAMILLA
Patty and them haven't checked in since they shot up that store...
(losing patience)
Cinque-- anybody could see in from the street.

CINQUE

Sister, somebody once said, "If I
can't dance, I don't wanna be part of
your revolution."

INT. JORDAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- NIGHT

The rec center of David Starr Jordan Elementary, smack dab in the middle of Watts.

A mind-bending scene. Bikini-clad black women serve drinks. Roulette wheels and card games float. Reefer smoke in the air.

Pictures of Martin Luther King, Frederick Douglass, look down on the mob.

Burdette and Lynley swagger in.

A SKINNY BLACK DUDE walks up to Lynley. Scrutinizes him.

SKINNY DUDE

Only way a honky get in here is to rob the place, so you either a pig or a convict.

LYNLEY

(cool)

Chino, Lompoc, or Vacaville? Probably Vacaville, cause that's where they send dings like you.

Lynley lifts his shirt, shows an ugly, jagged scar along his right side. He makes sure the dude clocks the straight-razor stashed in his waistband, too.

LYNLEY

Lompoc Brotherhood gave me this...

The skinny dude whistles.

LYNLEY

I ain't suckin' *nobody's* dick.

SKINNY DUDE

I *heard* that...

Lynley sticks out his hand. The skinny dude twists it up to a hi-five soul-phisticated shake.

BURDETTE

Bones running hot, brother?

Burdette soul-shakes him, too.

SKINNY DUDE
Man, I had a square pair and
boxcars... now a nigga tapped out...
(hustling)
Y'all brothers fade me?

Burdette pulls out a fat roll of money, peels off a couple fives, teases the beat--

BURDETTE
(dubious, to Lynley)
What you think, Whitey?

LYNLEY
I was hoping for something with some juice.

SKINNY DUDE
Naw, man... you fade me... I can hip you to some high-stakes shit...

BURDETTE
You show us the real action, I'll fade you for a few throws.

SKINNY DUDE
(slapping him five)
Solid. Leotis King.

Leotis whips out a hash pipe filled with noxious-looking shit, takes a hit and passes the pipe to Burdette. Burdette sucks in a huge lungful; Lynley follows suit.

BURDETTE
(re: Lynley)
This my padner 'Whitey,' and I'm Malik.

LEOTIS
(a test)
A-salaam-alaikum...

BURDETTE
A-laikum-a-salaam.

The men edge up to the craps table. Leotis makes a bet.

LYNLEY
(sotto voce)
Jesus... there must be fifteen large passing through here...

Lynley's the only white boy for *miiiles*.

LYNLEY
 (impressed)
Malik, huh?

Leotis craps out.

BURDETTE
 (a nod toward Lynley's
 side)
When'd you get your appendix out?

LYNLEY
You like that? Came right to me.

Leotis craps out again.

LYNLEY
 (to Leotis)
*This is bullshit, homes... you gonna
 get that game for us, or not?*

LEOTIS
*Slow your roll... just got here and
 think you the head nigga in charge?*

LYNLEY
 (plowing ahead)
*I feel lucky, Leotis, and when I feel
 lucky, motherfuckers go home without
 the rent.*

LEOTIS
*I got a game for you, Whitey...
 seeing as how you pressed for time.*

He motions to Lynley and Burdette: *follow me.*

Move with them, through the rec room, down a corridor, and into

INT. CLASSROOM -- SAME TIME

And if the rec-room was Sodom, this is fucking Gomorrah.
 Thick smoke clouds the air, HOS dispense blow jobs to PLAYAS
 AND GANGSTAS around a card-table.

A few junkies tie-off and nod-off on the mats kids use for
 quiet-time in the corner.

Lynley and Burdette stand at the periphery.

The door closes behind them.

LEOTIS
Ya'll wanna let these fools play?

GANGSTA
(quick appraisal)
Nah... they cops.

Lynley laughs.

A COUPLE OF G'S flank the door. Only way out.

LYNLEY
(to Playas)
Shit, man... you boofers gonna let us
take your money... get some of that
head making the rounds, or what?

Playas turn to reappraise them. Beat of hard stares.

GENE THE QUEEN (O.C.)
Who wants some head?

Oh, shit: Gene the Queen. High. On a mat with a spike in his
forearm and a tube tourniquet tied to his biceps.

Burdette and Lynley-- coooool-- turn their backs to him --
he can I.D. them as fuzz.

LEOTIS
You fellas gotta check this nigga
out... he think he Betty Grable...
(a wink to Lynley)
Close your eyes, it all feel the
same...

Gene rises-- hasn't seen the boys yet-- but in a second he
will,

GENE THE QUEEN
I got what you need...

Gene stumbles toward them-- Burdette, thinking fast.

BURDETTE
Leotis thinks you a faggot, Whitey.

Lynley-- picking up the improv-- razor flicked open against
Leotis' neck,

LYNLEY
That what you think? I told you-- I
ain't suckin' nobody's dick!

He pushes Leotis across the room

Onto the card table-- pinning Leotis there-- players now on
their feet, place going APESHIT,

Burdette-- the straight man, fake-trying to pull Lynley off,

BURDETTE
Cool it, Whitey, he ain't mean
nothin'--

Plan working: *they've put distance and a crowd of onlookers between themselves and Gene the Queen,*

LEOTIS
You better get this honky off a me!

Leotis-- wide-eyed-terrified, squirming snow angels on the table, chips and cards swirling,

LYNLEY
Cut you from asshole to appetite...

One of the GANGSTAS at the table puts a .38 Special to Lynley's temple,

GANGSTA
(calm, to Lynley)
Get this nigga off my chips.

LYNLEY
(to Leotis)
I told you-- I'm not a faggot!

Gene, roused by the commotion, catches a glimpse of Lynley,

GENE THE QUEEN
Hey... I know--

LEOTIS
(re: Gene)
-- Get that nigga outta here!

GANGSTA
(cocking his .38)
Get... off... my chips--

LYNLEY
-- I'll get off... you tell him to
get that faggot away from--

BURDETTE
-- My boy is crazy, you better--

LEOTIS
-- Get him outta here!

Gene getting closer, his eyes focusing on Burdette-- he's made him--

GENE THE QUEEN

Bur--

Lynley ELBOWS the Gangsta with the gun in the cheek-- BLAM-- as the Gangsta squeezes an involuntary round into the table and PANDEMONIUM-- DIG IT!

CUT TO:

EXT. JORDAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- NIGHT

LAPD choppers hover overhead-- they're shooting infrared film and flashing their belly lights, looking for possible sightings of the SLA,

FREEZE RANDOM INFRARED SHOTS OF the exodus:

Pimps, players, and Gangstas run craazily down 86th Street.

Burdette and Lynley cut down an alley and scale a fence.

Dropping down onto the cement, Lynley flashes a shit-eating grin Burdette's way.

Burdette grabs him and shoves him against the chain link.

BURDETTE

That...? Back there...? Was *stupid*.

LYNLEY

Yeah, well... we'd a been playing
Crazy-Eights all night if I'd left it
to--

Burdette lets Lynley go. He walks off in disgust.

INT. BURDETTE HOUSE -- MORNING

Burdette and Jane in the kitchen of the Burdette family's house. Jane is whipping pancake batter, Burdette is making himself coffee.

Lynley walks into the room. He's barefoot, unshaven, still in his hustler's clothes from the night before.

JANE

Who are you boys today?

LYNLEY

(polite grunt)

Morning.

(re: coffee)

May I?

JANE
Sure.

He pours a cup. Sits down across from Burdette.

Tense silence. The clank of spoon against saucer. The sizzle of butter in the pan. Jane ignores them until she can't.

JANE
(incredulous)
Did you really think you'd just walk in there and find Patty Hearst shooting craps?

BURDETTE
Leave it alone.

Beat. Lynley tests the waters.

LYNLEY
You asking me? If you're asking me, I think Patty and the rest of 'em are in Mexico... Jesus, those smell good.

BURDETTE
She wasn't asking you. It was a rhetorical question. And they're here. We've got eyewitnesses' put them here.

JANE
Whatever you guys are doing, keep it up, it's good for business. Firm's gotten six referrals for excessive force in the last week...

She piles some pancakes onto a plate.

LYNLEY
You're prosecuting cops?

JANE
If only. I'm in corporate.

BURDETTE
(to Lynley)
Half those dockets probably have your name on 'em.

JANE
That right, Lynley? You a tough guy?

LYNLEY

Me? Nah...
 (loaded)
 I mean... compared to some... maybe.

Burdette: *the fuck's that supposed to mean?*

JANE

So what's your turn-on, Lynley?
 Rousting Commies? Putting the
 nightstick to degenerates?

BURDETTE

Shoulda seen him brace the Panthers
 yesterday.

LYNLEY

I'd had some backup it woulda been a
 different story.

BURDETTE

I hadn't been there, the story woulda
 been, 'Mongoloid Honky Cop Missing,
 Presumed Dead.'

JANE

(incredulous, to
 Burdette)

Black Panthers? The *Feds* won't even
 go in there... And you went *with* him?

BURDETTE

I wasn't gonna let him just--

JANE

(to Lynley)

-- The Panthers being mixed up with
 the SLA makes about as much sense as
 the SLA out shooting craps, which I
 guess makes about as much sense as
 someone mistaking you two for
 anything but cops.

Jane brings the stack of flapjacks over to the table.

The boys scooch in, mouths watering, as she

Pulls up a chair and digs into the whole stack.

BURDETTE

You're kidding me.

Jane eats silently.

Lynley takes Burdette's fork and reaches tentatively toward the stack-- Burdette grabs his arm, shakes his head-- *I wouldn't if I were you.*

JANE
(let's make a deal: to
Burdette)
You do the dishes... and at least
think about taking the bar...

BURDETTE
Cool.

He's waved in. He grabs a few flapjacks.

JANE
(to Lynley)
You gonna get my brother killed?

LYNLEY
No ma'am.

He reaches for a pancake-- she stays him.

JANE
You gonna take a shower?

LYNLEY
Yes ma'am.

She waves him in.

INT. 77TH PRECINCT LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Lynley finishes dressing. Franz and Keefer enter. Check to make sure no one else is around.

FRANZ
Hey, killer. Less than a week in,
you're undercover.

Keefer kicks Lynley's shoes,

KEEFER
Fuckin' Thorogoods ain't even scuffed
yet.

LYNLEY
Thanks for reccing us to Huber and
Muncott... I mean it.

KEEFER
'Us?' You.

FRANZ
Get anything outta that game?

LYNLEY
No SLA angle... just some spade
game...

KEEFER
You get a taste?

LYNLEY
What? Nah... like Fort Knox... musta
clocked ten or fifteen Gs in there.

Franz and Keefer share a look. Franz grins big.

KEEFER
(gotta admit, to
Franz)
I know... you told me this was the
guy... and fuck if this isn't the
guy.

EXT. SOMEWHERE ON THE BEAT -- DAY

Burdette and Lynley on a front yard, talking to an OLD LADY.

OLD LADY
SLA ain't never busted down my door,
or put no leather to me...

BURDETTE
But you know they ain't right... the
way they do... they're not your
friends.

LYNLEY
C'mon granny...

Burdette shoots him a disgusted look.

OLD LADY
Cinque and them nice white folks
gonna take over South Central... all
y'all crooked-ass cops be locked up.
(pause)
Besides... my boyfriend had heard
that Cinque and them moved to
Newton... they giving away hams.

LYNLEY
(incredulous)
Your boyfriend, huh?

OLD LADY
Yes... he was a extra in "Dark
Manhattan." Had the same size shoes
as George Raft...

BURDETTE
Where in Newton?

She tries to remember. Memory the first thing to go.

OLD LADY
Now hold on...

Not coming to her.

LYNLEY
(waste of his time)
Yeah, well if Harry Belafonte gets
another tip, you call us.

She lifts the rear of her skirt, sashays off,

OLD LADY
And you kiss my ass, honky.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET IN SOUTH CENTRAL -- LATER

Lynley and Burdette doing more door knocks. Sullen,
mistrustful faces behind every door.

NOW AT THE HOUSE ON 84TH STREET. The one where we saw Cinque
and the SLA crew funking it up.

They go to a ramshackle garage off the back. Padlocked.

They walk back to the yard.

LYNLEY
I mean... I know I'm just po' white
trash... but are you allergic to
money?

Burdette scouts the house.

LYNLEY
That *crib*... free ride to college--

BURDETTE
My pop worked hard for everything
we've got.

LYNLEY
But still... dad's a dentist,
sister's a shit-hot lawyer...
(MORE)

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
...and you're in the jungle pulling
down sixteen a year.

BURDETTE
You can't think of somebody doing
something for a reason besides money?

LYNLEY
Only somebody *with* money would do
something for a reason besides money.

Burdette kneels, pokes at an empty metal disk on the
sunburnt lawn.

LYNLEY
You flunk out?

BURDETTE
Fuck you.

LYNLEY
(smells blood)
Aaah... sis is the star of the
family, Billy couldn't cut it, gets
stuck walking a beat.

BURDETTE
I didn't get *stuck*, motherfucker. I
get some stripes, take the bar...
then city council--

LYNLEY
(faux encouraging)
-- Mayor?

Burdette shrugs.

LYNLEY
Hey, maybe even *Prez-oh-dent*.

Burdette picks up the tin.

LYNLEY
What's that?

BURDETTE
Shoe-polish...

LYNLEY
Now you've got it...

He sticks his shoe in front of Burdette.

LYNLEY
I wanna see my face in 'em, boy.

Burdette rises. Suddenly serious.

BURDETTE

The honkies in the SLA are supposedly blacking up so they blend-in...

The joking and the bullshit stop. Both men look at the house a little more intently.

ON Burdette and Lynley, hands on holsters, each checking the side windows.

Can't see in. Ratty curtains obscure the view.

LYNLEY

We knock once, then take the door off the hinges.

BURDETTE

A can of shoe-polish... it's awful thin...

Beat. Gotta do *something*.

LYNLEY

(deferring to
Burdette)

Your call.

ON the front door. Burdette is lead. Lynley off to the side, gun held low.

INT. HOUSE -- DAY

Cinque, Angela Atwood, Camilla, and Willie 'Kojo' Wolfe, hunched over a cache of automatic weapons. Willie and Angela are still in blackface. They look ridiculous. Everyone's checking magazines, loading clips, etc.

CAMILLA

(cocking her head)

You hear something?

Camilla swings her Uzi round to her front.

Cinque makes the "sssh" sign, slides the action back on his .45 semi-auto, goes to the door,

EXT. HOUSE ON 84TH -- DAY

Burdette goes to knock on the door.

Lynley pushes him aside-- KICKS the door off the hinges.

INT. HOUSE -- DAY

As Cinque steps out onto the porch of a gone-to-seed rancher, his .45 behind his back, out of sight.

Coast is clear. Just sun and smog and L.A. ghetto.

ANGLE ON the house. *One we've never seen before.* A different part of town. The SLA has picked up and moved stakes.

INT. HOUSE ON 84TH -- SAME TIME

Burdette and Lynley, pretty much holding their dicks in the now-abandoned house.

INT. PATROL CAR -- DAY

The boys cruise the neighborhood: Shitsville L.A., soul style. Listless in the heat.

At South Vermont and 79th, looking down at us now, a billboard with a jumbo cartoon molar and the logo: *Burdette Family Dentistry: your smile connection!*

Lynley peeps the sign, taps Burdette.

BURDETTE

Sorry Lynley... my pop don't do
layaway.

They turn onto a side street.

Various patrol cars creep-- part of the manhunt for the SLA-- the 77th precinct now occupied territory.

Burdette stops the car in the middle of the street, hits the flashers and gets out.

Lynley's POV: As Burdette walks up the driveway of a well-kept bungalow, where Tammy-- the pretty singer from The Cozy Nook-- is getting into her Datsun 1200.

BURDETTE

Hold up.

TAMMY

Hey, Officer Burdette.

BURDETTE

What's the word?

TAMMY

Nothing much... going to work.

BURDETTE

Yeah? Gotta rehearse I bet... keep
the set fresh...

Burdette feels Lynley watching him. Shifts a little. If we
didn't know better we'd think the cat was *nervous*.

TAMMY

Them fools only know six songs.

BURDETTE

(laughs)
Sound good though.

TAMMY

Thanks--

BURDETTE

I mean your voice... you could be on
a record.

TAMMY

I don't know.

BURDETTE

You could... You think about maybe
playing some spots in Hollywood? They
discover a lot of people... you play
the right room... the right person
hears you...

TAMMY

I don't know.

BURDETTE

Then maybe even get into the
movies...

TAMMY

(firmly)

No.

(softening)

I feel safe at the Nook... you
know... my brother looking out for
me.

Her hand unconsciously adjusts her sunglasses.

BURDETTE

No... it looks like it went down
some. Lemme see...

She takes off her glasses. Black eye or no, she's lovely.

TAMMY

It was just...

BURDETTE

Anybody you want me to rap a taste
to?

Tammy-- on the verge of saying something-- checks herself.

BURDETTE

Be happy to do more than *rap* to 'em.

TAMMY

(deflecting)

Nah... you got fugitives to catch,
right?

BURDETTE

Tammy... you say the word and I can
swing by later... make sure no harm
befalls you.

She laughs.

TAMMY

I *might* be okay.

BURDETTE

Cause you see on that car? Where it
says 'Protect and Serve?'

She laughs. Puts her shades back on.

BURDETTE

But I guess you're sick of all these
police.

TAMMY

Some of them... Yeah.

She moves to get into her car. Burdette holds the door for
her.

She smiles, turns the engine, backs out and away.

Burdette watches for a beat. Crosses back to the cruiser,
gets in.

BURDETTE

(preemptively)

Fuck you.

LYNLEY

What?

(MORE)

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

(pause)

You forgot the board is all I'm
saying. But I took notes...

Lynley pretends to read from their canvassing clipboard,

LYNLEY

(stuttery, mock
teenager voice)

Umm... I... was... wondering if...
Umm... if maybe you...

FROM NOWHERE

a score of police cars blaze by, squealers and flashers
going, *fast*, toward Compton Ave.

Burdette-- firing the engine-- the roar and screech of the
cruiser as it fishtails onto Compton,

Joining the caravan of black and whites, a herd of charging
Detroit zebras,

LYNLEY

Hold on, Patty... daddy's coming!

Lynley, amped-- *finally*, some juice,

LYNLEY

Gas is on the right, Billy, ain't
gonna bite ya.

Stream of squad cars blowing through alleys,

LYNLEY

Fuckin' A... Move this thing!

Blur of streets... 82nd... 83rd... streets looking familiar
now. *Real* familiar.

A dozen squad cars and some unmarked cars parked at hard
angles jam 84th street.

BURDETTE

Ain't no way.

On their faces: no... no fucking way... it can't be. It *is*.

EXT. HOUSE ON 84TH -- SAME TIME

The house they checked earlier. Empty hole where they kicked
in the door.

Burdette and Lynley lay rubber at the curb and bail.

BURDETTE
We were just here...

LYNLEY
(pissed)
Don't do me like this, Patty.

They push their way through twenty-odd plainclothes and uniformed cops and see

Officer Donny Miller,
Dead on the garage floor.

His pants and Jockey shorts have been pulled down to his knees; there's a bullet wound in the back of his head; his LAPD badge has been pinned through his nose.

Spray-painted on the wall, *THE SLA KILLS PIGS DEAD.*

TECHNICIANS dust for prints; a CORONER kneels by Miller's body and sticks a thermometer in his ass.

The assembled cops mutter in shock; the garage is a welter of overlapping voices.

Burdette and Lynley share a look:

If it weren't for bad luck, they wouldn't have no luck at all.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSTER ROOM AT 77TH STREET STATION -- NIGHT

It's packed; uniformed cops line the walls; Lieutenant Murcott stands at the podium.

The stage in back of him lined with plainclothesmen in chairs -- there's Sergeants Vic Franz and Ted Keefer, along with Vice's Sergeant Dick Huber.

Burdette and Lynley sit together in the sea of uniforms.

MURCOTT
You know why we're here. I'm handing it over to Lieutenant Rick Beddoes from RHD. He'll explain what we've got so far.

Murcott retreats. LIEUTENANT RICK BEDDOES, a tall white man, walks to the lectern. He taps the mike, raises static and speaks.

BEDDOES

Miller was the daywatch floater. He always worked alone, and he always drove a Department F-car days, then switched to his civilian wheels at night. His F-car is back in the lot, pristine, and none of Miller's shit is in it. His civilian car's missing, along with all of Miller's canvassing sheets on the SLA.

A COP raises his hand.

COP

Have you checked Miller's recent arrests? Old arrests? Guys he sent to the joint?

BEDDOES

Miller didn't make many arrests, so I don't buy that angle. Whatever the motive, he was tortured before he was shot. All his fingers and toes were broken.

The muster room rumbles. Beddoes taps the mic.

BEDDOES

The SLA or black-guerilla fucks like that are our number one suspects, but we're staying open on our leads. We've got three teams from RHD to handle the black radical angle. Questions?

BURDETTE

(raising his hand)

You thought about a personal angle? Miller was a scrounger and a freak.

The room freezes. Lynley grins. Partner's got balls.

BEDDOES

Keep your character assessments to yourself, Burdette.

(to the room)

Miller was a brother officer. Don't be timid out there.

INT. 77TH PRECINCT OFFICE -- DAY

Burdette and Lynley stand in front of Lieutenant Murcott's desk.

MURCOTT

(brusque)

You're on Miller's car. Hit the chop shops and check the auto dumps and abandoned garages.

BURDETTE

Let us toss Miller's apartment.

MURCOTT

Nope.

BURDETTE

You said it's not personal... we'll inventory all his crap, free up manpower so you guys can work the SLA angle.

Murcott considers. He's heard worse ideas.

MURCOTT

Okay. But keep working your Oreo cover, and you come up with any SLA stuff you keep your dick in your pants and file asap.

(to Lynley
specifically)

We want a strong presence out there. That means take no shit from God on down.

EXT./INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT BUILDING -- LATER

Burdette, Lynley, and THE SUPER enter Donny Miller's low-rent apartment in North Hollywood. It's a small second-story unit.

SUPER

Real shame. Real shame.

(to Lynley)

You know anybody who's renting, lemme know. Long as they're quiet... white... a steady paycheck.

(to Burdette)

No offense, you understand.

The Super leaves.

It's a tidy, one-bedroom crib. Taped on horse-race posters line the living room walls.

Burdette and Lynley open drawers, check closets, rummage cabinets. They find a dozen cheap handguns in a drawer.

BURDETTE
Lot of guns...

LYNLEY
(scornful)
Throw-down guns. Not that that lazy
fuck ever shot anyone.

Burdette finds a milk-crate full of cheapo work-lights, the kind with tin scoop-domes.

Lynley pulls an 8 millimeter camera from a drawer stuffed with nudie mags.

BURDETTE
Hey-oh!

Lynley clicks the trigger... nothing.

Burdette takes the camera, peels his shirt off his back and wraps it around the camera so no light can get in.

We hear a CLICK as he pops the magazine open. He feels around for a spool of film. He shakes his head, puts his shirt back on.

BURDETTE
Lost reel of *Birth of a Nation*, no
doubt...

He dumps the empty camera, and

They walk into the bedroom. They toss more drawers. Nothing.

Burdette-- in the bathroom-- lifts the tank lid-- something taped there. Wrapped in plastic.

He joins Lynley in the bedroom. Unwraps a small black ledger from the plastic.

They thumb through it. We SEE: a row of dated, numbered entries.

Penny-ante shit, pluses and minuses of fifty bucks here, ten bucks there, until:

AN ENTRY FOR 28,918.00.

LYNLEY
(what they're both
wondering)
Say what?

INT. RUMPUS ROOM -- LATER

Burdette and Lynley at the Rumpus Room. The dive is near empty.

Burdette braces Clyde, the barman.

BURDETTE

We know Miller was taxin' you,
brother.

CLYDE

Motherfucker taxed everybody on the
ave... so? You taking his place?

Clyde turns his back on Burdette. Lynley moves in but Burdette grabs the man's collar and lobs a wobbly left-hook, hitting the guy in the ear. 'Bad Cop' a bad fit for Burdette.

Clyde starts to react-- Lynley burns a *You do not wanna fuck with me* hole into him.

CLYDE

Real sorry that pig is dead, but I
don't know jack.

BURDETTE

Then think of somebody who *does*,
nigga.

Lynley scans the near-empty bar. Sees several wires caulked to the ceiling.

Follows them to a heavy doorway adjoining the toilets. Puts a shoulder to the door, snaps it and enters a 30-desk bookie phone-room.

The black phone men burn their flash paper and head for the windows. Lynley runs over and hauls two men down by the seat of their pants.

CUT TO:

INT. RUMPUS ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The TWO busted-up BOOKIES sit at the bar nursing their wounds.

BURDETTE

... Miller ever win big? Like 28
large?

BOOKIE #2

Motherfucker never won more than 28
bucks.

(MORE)

BOOKIE #2 (CONT'D)
Had his lil' bitch ass snitch lay
bets for him... collect if he won,
default if he lost.

BURDETTE
What snitch?

BOOKIE #2
Leotis.

Name rings a bell.

BURDETTE
Leotis King?

BOOKIE #1
Yeah.

BURDETTE
(to Lynley)
Skinny motherfucker from the card
game.

LYNLEY
What about the SLA?

CLYDE
SLA? This a book-joint, not no
Communist cell.

EXT. ELDO -- MOVING -- LATER

Burdette and Lynley drive south on Vermont Avenue. Their
radio is on. LAPD Chief Ed Davis speaks.

DAVIS (O.S.)
... *Officer Donald J. Miller was a
policeman of exemplary morals, and
his death smacks of a left-wing
ritualistic killing.*

BURDETTE
They've already made up their minds.
Brass won't let the papers know
Miller was dirty. They want it to be
the SLA...

LYNLEY
It might be.

BURDETTE
(considers)
We give it one week. Work our own
evidence and turn it over. One fat
summary report could get us out of
bluesuits forever.

Burdette reaches into the glove box, pulls out the Motorola.

BURDETTE
(into Mic)
X-Ray twelve, over.

POLICE DISPATCH (O.S.)
Go ahead, X-Ray twelve... over

BURDETTE
(into Mic)
Need a ten-twenty-nine on a King,
Leotis... over.

EXT. ELDO -- MOVING -- LATER

They pull off Vermont. Drive east on 74th Street. Pull over.

EXT. 74TH STREET -- SAME TIME

They get out, survey the block. Low rent residential.
Boatsized cars in driveways. Rusted Pink-Flamingos in patchy yards.

They walk up the driveway next to a stucco box. Burdette squats. Fresh skid marks.

LYNLEY
Wide-base performance tires... maybe
Pirelli's...

BURDETTE
You see a performance car around here?

LYNLEY
You mean like a Barracuda?
(with meaning)
Not like we know anybody with one,
either.

They unsnap their holsters. Lynley jiggles the doorknob. Locked.

The SOUND OF AM RADIO pumps from inside the apartment: Kool & the Gang's *Hollywood Swinging*.

They go around to the side. There's an open window with a screen in it.

LYNLEY
You smell that?

CUT TO:

INT. LEOTIS' CRIB -- MOMENTS LATER

On their faces: horror, disbelief.

Leotis King,

Hanging by his hands from a ceiling beam. Naked. Mouth stuffed with socks and wrapped with duct tape. Dead.

DEATH TO THE OPPRESSORS, spray-painted on the wall.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- LATER

Burdette riffles the phone-book.

LYNLEY

(voice of reason for
once)

That crime scene's gonna go to shit,
the longer we wait to call it in...

BURDETTE

Soon as we I-D the car as Miller's,

He tears the entire Auto Body section from the yellow-pages.

BURDETTE

RHD'll take over... and squash
whatever we could've found out.

LYNLEY

(with pride)

Billy... I'm beginning to think I'm a
bad influence.

EXT. -- NICK'S AUTO BODY -- LATER

Many stops later. The Eldo pulls through the open gate of Nick's Auto Body. The dump is deserted. Junk cars piled in heaps.

They scan the metal landscape with their high beams.

ON Lynley-- suddenly heartsick--

LYNLEY

This... is not right. Miller was an
asshole... but *this...*

They exit their car and walk over to the BURNED OUT WRECK OF DONNY MILLER'S BARRACUDA.

LYNLEY

... What those fucks did to Leotis
was *one* thing...
(MORE)

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
(genuinely bummed)
look at this... Who does something
like this, Billy?

Lynley nearly burns his hand on the door handle, uses his shirt sleeve to jerk it open.

LYNLEY
Asshole had so many parking tickets,
everything went up like the Hindenburg...

They play their beams around the smoldering insides.

Burdette peels the corner of an unscathed parking ticket off the floorboard.

BURDETTE
Not everything.

INT. SPANISH TUDOR -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Burdette's bedroom. He goes over the scorched ticket with a magnifying glass. Lynley loafes on the bed, flipping through a copy of *Jet*.

The ticket's mostly charred, but the top and the first few numbers of the citation-- 1423-- are still visible.

Burdette's evidence kit open on the desk. He dabs ninhydrin on the ticket and a partial fingerprint glows purple.

Burdette compares the swirls to the print cards on Leotis King and the at-large SLA members.

LYNLEY
That thing's toast... you ain't gonna find a print.

BURDETTE
(undeterred, a fucking pro)
... maybe someone picked it up...
moves it over... even just to sit down...

Lynley pauses. Looks up from his magazine. A thought:

LYNLEY
We could check it against the carbons down at dispatch... maybe the ticket puts his car somewhere...

Burdette looks over at Lynley: impressed.

LYNLEY
(waves the magazine)
Sometimes I get my best ideas, just
sitting on the crapper.

Burdette laughs. Looks exhausted.

BURDETTE
Fuck it, let's code seven.

The THWACK of a golf ball, and

CUT TO:

EXT. BALDWIN HILLS -- NIGHT

On a scenic overlook, with the Burdette house in the background, and the oil-fields down in Ladera Heights pumping in the distance.

Burdette lines up another shot. Lynley swigs from a bottle of beer and feeds him balls from a bucket.

BURDETTE
I thought all honkies knew how to
golf.

LYNLEY
Shit... you got a half-court, I could
show you something.

BURDETTE
Come by next Sunday... the Stilt and
me and some boys have a pickup game.

LYNLEY
Aw, c'mon: Wilt? I suppose Diana Ross
and Lola Falana are cheerleaders.
(overt jealousy)
You got some life, Billy.

Lynley gets up, takes the Five-Wood from Billy.

He tosses a ball into the air, swings the club like a baseball bat, connects a long drive into the valley.

BURDETTE
Not bad.

LYNLEY
Played half-a-season double-A out of
Reseda.

BURDETTE
Wash-out?

LYNLEY

Nope.

Lynley's silence filling it in: *life got in the way*. Lynley tosses another ball, smacks it into the dark.

BURDETTE

(almost apologetic)

I was Four-A... otherwise... I would have served--

The CLINK of glasses behind them, as Jane pads over in her bare feet.

She's got a martini shaker and three glasses.

JANE

(re: Lynley's swing)

Crude, but effective.

Billy takes the Five back, lines up a shot.

BURDETTE

Back up, son... this one's crossin'
Slausen.

Lynley edges back. Closer to Jane.

LYNLEY

Hey.

JANE

Hey, Lynley.

She pours them each a drink.

Lynley watches Burdette fiddle with his stance. If he wants to say something, he's not gonna get another chance,

LYNLEY

(rushed)

So I was thinking we could go out
some time.

Burdette swings... misses.

JANE

(sweetly)

Where...? To a Klan rally?

LYNLEY

Yeah, but before that, maybe dinner.

Burdette tees up.

JANE
You're not my type.

LYNLEY
You got me wrong.

JANE
I do?

LYNLEY
Yup. I'm one-eighteenth black on my
step-father's side.

Jane smiles.

JANE
(calling out, to
Burdette)
Didja remember to address the ball!?

Obviously a schtick they've been doing since they were kids:
Billy tips an imaginary cap,

JANE/BILLY (STEREO)
(Art Carney Vibe)
Hellooo, ball!

Laughs all around.

JANE
(to Lynley)
Think he's got a shot?

Meaning Billy. But not really.

LYNLEY
(considers)
Could surprise you.

Burdette nails the drive, admires the shot, turns to Jane and Lynley and

Spins the club with an elegant Fred Astaire style heel-kick.

EXT. METER MAID PARKING BAY -- DAY

Burdette and Lynley wend their way through the lot of three-wheeled meter-maid trikes, dyked-out meter maids coming and going.

LYNLEY
M-E makes Leotis dead less than
twelve hours when we found him.

BURDETTE
So run it down.

FOLLOW THEM into

INT. 77TH PRECINCT -- DISPATCH -- MORNING

LYNLEY
Okay... so RHD has it figured the SLA
nabs Miller and King together at
King's... they string King up, kill
Miller, and dump him in the garage on
eighty-fourth street... then they
dump the car, torch it... how's that
sound?

They get to the Dispatch counter,

BURDETTE
King had sixteen pimp and four
weapons beefs which makes him a thug,
not a lefty.
(to the DISPATCHER)
Mama... where are the carbons for
parking citations?

CUT TO:

INT. FILE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Burdette finger walks through a file,

LYNLEY
(reading the scorched
ticket)
One, four, two, three, are the first--

BURDETTE
-- No citations on Miller's plates.
Donut.

He slams the file cabinet.

LYNLEY
(re: the ticket)
Then what's this?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Burdette and Lynley cruise the 77th, coming abreast of
A METER-MAID chalking a tire at the curb.

LYNLEY

Hey sweet-tits... your name Karen
Cordova?

KAREN CORDOVA ignores him, makes a note in her pad, gets on her Harley trike.

KAREN

Who wants to know?

LYNLEY

We got a sequence of tickets traced
back to you, with no carbons filed
for 'em.

Beat. Karen side eyes them.

KAREN

This about Donny?

Lynley and Burdette share a look.

KAREN

It ain't what you think.

LYNLEY

What do we think?

KAREN

We were friends... I'd spot his
car... leave him a note... you
know... "meet me for a drink"..."
stuff like that...

Lynley watches her closely.

ON the crucifix-choker around her neck. CLOSER... *Sooo subtle: Her carotid artery pulsing, making Jesus dance.*

KAREN

I didn't file any carbons, on account
of... you know... it was personal.

She starts her trike,

KAREN

(shrugs, with
finality)

So...

She rumbles off.

EXT. HOT DOG STAND -- MOMENTS LATER

Leon's Pig Pen-- a bustling hot dog stand on 103rd and Lew Dillon.

BURDETTE
(to cashier)
Two with everything...

LYNLEY
(to Burdette)
No onions on mine...

BURDETTE
(to cashier)
No onions on his...

LYNLEY
Bitch is lying.

BURDETTE
How do you know?

LYNLEY
You see her necklace? You're lying,
your carotid artery goes crazy...
that's why they make dog tags so
long... case you get questioned.

BURDETTE
So Cordova was fucking Miller?

They wince.

BURDETTE
We'll have to brace her.

LYNLEY
I'll do it.

Off Burdette's silence,

LYNLEY
Unless you wanna do it?

The cashier hands them their dogs. Burdette makes a halfhearted wallet grab, she waves him off.

BURDETTE
I was thinking she might be more
scared of a black man.

Lynley shrugs. They sit on the edge of the cruiser and eat.

BURDETTE
(re: the dogs)
Two more?

Lynley stands up, sniffs the air. A smell he recognizes.

LYNLEY
Cordite.

Dimly, a SIREN can be heard.

Then: ANOTHER SIREN. And another, and another.

A CACOPHONY.

Then: smoke in the air, due northeast.

A black and white pulls to the curb beside them. The passenger cop leans out his window and jabs a finger northeast.

PASSENGER COP
(excited)
SLA!

LYNLEY
Where?

PASSENGER COP
54th and something. Some lady called
the Newton desk.

The black and white peels rubber.

INT. SQUAD CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Burdette and Lynley cut over to Compton Avenue. Heavy traffic runs northbound: black and whites and unmarked felony cars, sirens blasting.

LYNLEY
Fuck. That old lady *said* Newton.

68th Street, 67th Street -- a huge cop aggregation looms.

66th Street straight up to 58th -- parked cop cars make street progress impossible.

Burdette brakes the car to a halt.

He makes stirrups out of his hands and boosts Lynley up to eight feet. Lynley braces his legs against the car and makes binoculars from his hands.

Lynley's POV:

There's *the* house: we recognize it as the one where we last saw Cinque and company.

LYNLEY
(yelling at Burdette)
That's gotta be it.

They fast-walk to a sea of cops standing behind a final barricade. They push into it.

Snatches of cop talk: *Loot's gonna smoke 'em out...Looks like a Patty melt...*

BULLHORN in the distance SQUAWKING: ... *you will not be harmed... if you do not comply, we will be forced to...*

INT. SLA HOUSE -- SAME TIME

Animal panic. Willie Wolfe-- pulling guns from a footlocker--

WILLIE WOLFE
Get away from the window!

HISSS! TEAR GAS explodes through the window,

EXT. SLA HOUSE -- SAME TIME

A Swat Lieutenant hand signals to his men, they edge forward.

INT. SLA HOUSE -- SAME TIME

Angela Atwood-- choking on the fumes-- Willie fitting a mask over her head--

ANGELA
(melting down)
I don't like it here anymore-- let's go, Willie, nobody has to know...

ON Cinque in the bathroom-- tub overflowing-- now turning the faucets on the sink full blast--

CINQUE
Flood the kitchen! They gonna smoke us out!

Camilla Hall, M-16 held in front of her-- rushing in--

CAMILLA
Cinque! Pigs everywh--

Slipping on the wet floor-- M-16 GOING OFF-- shattering the toilet bowl-- the shot all it takes and

EXT. SLA HOUSE -- SAME TIME

COPS and SWAT RAIN BULLETS AND TEAR GAS toward the house.

Cops evacuate residents-- one drags an OLD LADY in her nightie away from her clapboard house,

OLD LADY

My dog in there! My dog! ... you gotta get my dog!

COPS UNLOAD ARMAGEDDON into the SLA house-- WHOOSH!-- one side catches fire,

TV REPORTERS duck and point and jabber into bulky remote video cameras,

BLONDE TV REPORTER

(into camera)

... *KTLA is bringing you the scene live, with our remote cameras... as you can see behind me...*

REVEAL

INT. THE COZY NOOK BAR -- SAME TIME

Tammy-- the foxy singer-- her brother Rudy and practically half of South Central gathered under the TV, *the images choppy and breathless, GUNSHOTS everywhere,*

ANOTHER TV REPORTER

(running and ducking)

... *The absolute mayhem at what is believed to be the hideout of the SLA, and only KABC is in the thick of the action folks...*

A bugged-out LOCAL sticks his face into the camera,

LOCAL

Whatc'all fools doin'?! They shooting!!

The local haul-asses away from camera,

BACK TO Burdette and Lynley on the perimeter. The house ablaze.

Burdette. Sickened.

LYNLEY

(digging the show)

It's a Cinque barbecue!

Burdette's had enough. He walks away.

LYNLEY

Hey! Stick around... it's just
getting good... *Billy!*

Burdette disappears in the swarm of cops, Lynley pushing in closer, happy as a pig in shit.

INT. SLA HOUSE -- SAME TIME

The basement. Fire and smoke everywhere. Bullets sieve the windows.

Cinque. Alone. Sitting against the wall. No way to survive this. Fuck it. He sticks his .45 under his chin.

An AERIAL SHOT reveals hundreds of cops and cop cars deep, as The house at 1466 East 54th Street EXPLODES into flames.

INT. THE LITTLE BOY MOTEL -- ROOM -- SAME TIME

ON A WOMAN'S HEAD, from behind, topped with a pair of Mickey Mouse Ears.

Out the window, the Disneyland castle's spires in the Anaheim distance.

ANGLE ON the TV-- tuned to the fiery carnage.

The woman with the Mouse Ears gets on all fours, crawls in shock toward the TV.

We recognize her as the woman in the Afro wig from the shootout at Mel's Sporting Goods.

PATTY HEARST reaches out, touches the screen.

BILL and EMILY HARRIS, the last of the SLA fugitives, collapse next to Patty.

Emily holds her close, puts her hand over her mouth to muffle the screams.

EXT. SHITTY APARTMENT COMPLEX -- DAY

A plume of smoke in the distance. The smoldering fire at the SLA house misting ash for miles. Cars and lawns dusted with the remnants of wood and fiber.

Burdette and Lynley, walking up the stairwell to Karen Cordova's.

LYNLEY

And then it was like Tet, man, that
was the last time I saw something
like that.

BURDETTE

For what? The SLA didn't kill Miller.

LYNLEY

For what? They *got* 'em, man. Next
stop those Panther assholes and
anybody else thinks they can break
bad.

BURDETTE

Panthers'd have you pissing your
pants you try that shit with them.

Burdette knocks on a door.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY -- SAME TIME

Karen Cordova opens her door, sees the two cops and tries to
slam it shut. Lynley's too fast -- he wedges a foot in and
Burdette shoves the door open.

INT. KAREN CORDOVA'S PAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Cordova, nursing a drink in a bean-bag chair.

Burdette flips through a stack of bills on a table.

Lynley and Cordova stare at him.

KAREN

You gonna *pay* 'em? Otherwise leave me
alone.

Burdette smiles. Pulls out his notepad... cross-references.

BURDETTE

(scanning the papers)
Phone bills. Called Miller and Leotis
King at least 30 times in the past...
two months.

Karen flips Burdette the bird. He pours her another shot. She
downs it quicksville.

KAREN

You guys are just humps... since when
do uniforms do homicide
investigations?

LYNLEY

We're in the gifted and talented program.

BURDETTE

You can tell us, or Homicide. There's a guy named Vic Franz I could call.

CORDOVA

Let it go. The SLA's good for it.

LYNLEY

So you *were* fucking him.

CORDOVA

Nah... I'd see foxy women, and I'd run their plates for Donny. He'd get their numbers, call them, tell them he was a producer, said he could get 'em into movies... so he could ball them... that kind of thing.

(beat)

Everybody wants to be in the movies.

BURDETTE

What'd you get out of it?

She's silent.

Burdette moves to stand over her.

Cordova holds her glass out. Burdette pours her a shot. She drains it ultra-quicksville.

KAREN

Nothing heavy... bennies, goofers...

BURDETTE

So he copped for you, in exchange for phone numbers... and you called him and King *thirty* times?

(to Lynley)

How's that smell to you, padner?

LYNLEY

Fishier than a sardine's cunt.

Pause.

KAREN

(fuck it, here goes)

Donny and Leotis had a jones for this high-stakes crap game. Supposedly it was sanctioned by brass... long as they got a taste...

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

it floated around the projects, in the basements. I was in and out of the Nickerson Gardens giving citations, so I had a pretty good idea how the game rotated.

BURDETTE

So you know the guys who ran the game.

(a pause)

Ran all their plates, too, didn't you?

Lynley makes a fork-it-over gesture.

INT. ELDO -- MOMENTS LATER

Burdette and Lynley check the files Karen Cordova gave them. OFF their various mugshots:

BURDETTE

Shondell McCline. Three stat rapes, two 211's, fourteen dope and gambling busts. Pimped sissies in Soledad.

A pause.

BURDETTE

Jack-- "Fat Jack"-- Jimmerson... Six wienie wagger beefs, four 211's, attempted manslaughter...

A pause.

BURDETTE

Montell Maurice Tubbs. Four aggravated assaults, shitload of B and E's... manslaughter... Winners, all...

LYNLEY

So Miller won twenty-eight large at their game... and the brothers were none too happy.

BURDETTE

Or the brass was none too happy.

LYNLEY

But Miller was a stone-loser... how does Lady Luck sit on his face one day out of a thousand?

Beat, as Burdette and Lynley both get hip at the same time:

BURDETTE
 Miller and Leotis took down the game.

CUT TO:

INT. SPANISH TUDOR -- NIGHT

Burdette leans over Lynley, watching intently. Lynley has a box of Remington .38 Caliber short rounds open next to him. He holds a bullet in the jaws of a pair of pliers, and waves a butter knife over a candle.

Once the blade is hot, he presses an "x" into the slug.

LYNLEY
 Secret to dum-dumming is not to
 spread the slug... especially in your
 semi... it'll jam.... let the heat do
 the work...

He looks at Burdette: see?

LYNLEY
 Shit spreads on impact like the
 clap... You do some for the
 speedloaders and for your twenty-
 five... I'm gonna wash up.

He switches places with Burdette, stretches, we

Follow him as he walks by the sliding glass doors which face the swimming pool, where

Jane-- a one-piece clinging to her-- dives in, her body disappearing into the glowing blue.

Lynley keeps going until he gets to the master bathroom.

He peels off his civvies, steps into the marble and glass shower stall.

He turns on the water, first very hot, then very cold, bracing himself against the extremes, pounding his fist against the tile as he makes himself take it.

He gets out, on his way to the towel rack, as

Jane walks in.

JANE
 (averting her eyes)
 Sorry... forgot you lived here.

He's totally exposed. No choice but to brave the few feet to the towel rack with feigned nonchalance, head held high.

LYNLEY
(re: the shower, but
coool)
All yours.

She studies him. Drying himself. Not even looking her way.

This won't do: *she's not gonna be out-cooled.*

She steps out of her swimsuit.

JANE
Hope you didn't use all the hot
water.

She passes him and goes to the shower while he dries off.

She turns on the faucet-- but instead of getting in, she holds just her arm inside the stall to gauge the temperature.

JANE
Jesus, Lynley... is that the only
towel?

LYNLEY
Huh?
(purposefully not
looking at her)
Geez, sorry.

Toying with him now, teaching the cocky bastard a lesson,

JANE
Don't be sorry, just don't get it all
wet.

OFF a tattoo on his shoulder,

JANE
"Fuck the World?" How far've you
gotten with that grand scheme?

Lynley gives a brave smirk, but he's outgunned.

She gets into the shower,

JANE
You can't even make any headway in
this room...

LYNLEY
 (braver now that she's
 out of sight)
 Don't flatter yourself little girl. I
 can take it or leave it.

She sticks her head out of the shower,

JANE
 Silly Lynley... I'm a lawyer...
 (a coy glance below
 his waist)
 ... And look at how you lie.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICKERSON GARDENS PROJECTS -- NIGHT

Burdette and Lynley in Burdette's Citroen. Tense silence.

LYNLEY
 We look like Interpol in this thing.

BURDETTE
 I wasn't about to sign out the
 Eldo... I trust no one at the 77th
 except me and you and I'm only partly
 sure about you.
 (serious)
 We cannot fuck this up...

LYNLEY
 We won't.

BURDETTE
 Like we did Newton...

LYNLEY
 And 84th street.

They case the projects. A couple of PEE-WEES on bikes ride by.

Burdette fishes a ten from his wallet, dangles it out the window. The pee-wees clock it. Loop back.

PEE-WEE
 What ya'll pigs want?

BURDETTE
 Want that game.

The pee-wees shrug. Money's money.

EXT. CITROEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Burdette and Lynley over the open hatchback.

Lynley empties the contents of a paper sack. Brass knucks. Beavertail sap. Rubber hose.

LYNLEY

How is it everybody knows we're fuzz?

BURDETTE

You're a honky, and I'm not kicking your ass.

Each man loads up with gear.

LYNLEY

I'm primary.

Before Burdette can protest,

LYNLEY

We got jack unless they confess.

BURDETTE

If it don't stick, we got jack anyway.

OFF the SLAM of the trunk,

We follow the boys into Nickerson Gardens. Deserted.

LYNLEY

We go in strong... black-glove until we get what we want.

BURDETTE

Ain't you learned nothing? That hard-charging shit don't work.

LYNLEY

Billy? We're not knocking-- we're kicking down doors... and we're not Mirandizing until after these cocksuckers are pissing blood and telling us what we wanna know.

They cross a playground filled with empty wine-bottles.

Coming to a back entrance,

BURDETTE

We use our heads, Chuck. People walk otherwise... and we stay in blue.

LYNLEY

People don't walk unless you let 'em.
And I'm not carrying you on this one.

Pause.

BURDETTE

What the fuck's that mean?

A couple of figures move in the shadows. Lynley spots them,

LYNLEY

Look alive, man. Two of 'em... eight
o'clock... put eyes on everything
that moves.

BURDETTE

(clocks them)

I got 'em. Winos. You carrying me?
Shit... every lead we've gotten has
been off me...

LYNLEY

Like the Dineens?

They enter the rear of the Nickerson Gardens. The men speak
low-- hoarse whispers in the night quiet.

BURDETTE

Coulda worked that case if you'd
laid back and policed it.

Lynley turns on Burdette,

LYNLEY

I did work that case. I killed those
fucks while you were pissing your
panty-shields. I'm half-way to a
detective on the back of that... this
puts me over the top. You can keep up
or get left behind.

He moves forward,

LYNLEY

So don't tell me about who walks and
who doesn't. We make the rules.

ON Burdette-- rocked.

He follows Lynley down the hall and down a flight of basement
stairs.

They stop at a door. Lynley puts his ear to the door. We hear
the rumble of voices and MUSIC PLAYING.

He nods at Burdette. Burdette puts his ear to the door. They back off, Lynley squaring off to kick it in,

But BURDETTE CUTS IN FRONT, KICKS the door off the hinges.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT -- SAME TIME

As Tubbs, Jimmerson, and Mcline sit around a card table in the aftermath of a poker game.

Burdette kicks Tubbs off his chair, swings his gun around on Jimmerson.

Lynley's got his back, his .38 levelled at Mcline.

JIMMERSO

(panic)

You got it! You got it!

BURDETTE

Donny Miller and Leotis King... start talking, homes...

JIMMERSO

(melting down)

I told them niggas... I told them...
'you know who's game this is?' But
they ain't listen... oh Jesus, sweet
merciful Jesus, you know what they
told me? You know what they told me
officer, when I said that?

BURDETTE

What?

Jimmerson weeps and sniffles, and

SHOOTS BURDETTE FROM UNDER THE TABLE, bursting his eye socket in a bloom of blood.

The three bolt through the door--

Lynley stunned, dropping to his knees--

Burdette-- legs and feet twitching--

Lynley cradling his head-- he's choking--

Lynley turns Burdette's head to the side-- scoops pink fluid from his mouth-- nothing's helping,

LYNLEY

I got you... I got you...

Burdette's body wracked as his lungs fill-- Lynley-- desperate, impotent,

He touches his partner's face... *and knows.*

LYNLEY
(asking permission)
Okay, Billy? Okay?!

Lynley presses Burdette's windpipe closed. Time stands still.

LYNLEY
Okay... okay... it's okay.

Burdette's gone.

Lynley screams. He pounds the floor with his fist, pulls Burdette's backup .25 from the dead man's ankle and

CUT TO:

INT. NICKERSON GARDENS HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Lynley-- running hard-- a glimpse of the killers up ahead,

He FIRES TWICE-- ricochets chip and bounce back, nearly hitting him --

The chase extends through a labyrinth of corridors and up stairwells;

Lynley takes a corner too fast, his feet slide from under him-- he goes down hard,

The killers gain ground,

On the second floor, they clock a 5 1/2 foot wall below an open window-- an easy vault to freedom.

They jam their guns into their waistbands-- line up to jump.

In the doorway--

Lynley-- heaving, drenched with sweat-- hand full of gun--

They all slooowly put their guns on the floor. They assume the position, spread out against the wall.

Lynley walks up and

Shoots all three men point-blank in the head.

FADE OUT:

OVER BLACK

The sound of children's LAUGHTER.

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Sun blazing through the smog. Mex kids play frisbee on the withered grass.

A mangy stray intercepts the disc mid-flight. The chase is on-- *pinchi mayate, dog!*-- AS

GUNSHOTS crack the sky, AND

REVEAL

the northern-most Griffith Park edge of Forest Lawn Cemetery.

Further back, an Honor Guard fires off another eight-gun salute.

We see dozens of police vehicles draped with black bunting;

At the gravesite, a sea of cops. Black armbands and stony faces.

On a platform reserved for family and top brass-- MAYOR TOM BRADLEY standing with Jane and her father-- 70, handsome, some steel to him-- BILLY BURDETTE, SR.

Milling about in the back rows: Vic Franz and Ted Keefer, Sgt. Huber, Lieutenants Beddoes and Murcott.

CHIEF OF POLICE ED DAVIS leans in to the Mayor, Jane and Billy's dad-- points out some bit of the protocol to them,

AS six patrol cars creep slowly toward the gravesite, parting the throng of cops. Their doors open.

OFF a nod from Chief Davis, the SERGEANT AT ARMS reaches into one of the cruisers, picks up the radio.

SERGEANT AT ARMS

(through radio)

*Seventy-seven-L, badge number
elevenzero-eight... come in...*

The transmission magnified a hundred times: every cruiser and undercover unit has their radio tuned in and cranked up,

SERGEANT AT ARMS
(through radio)
*Seventy-seven-L, badge number
elevenzero-eight... come in...*

AS the Black Watch drum muted rolls on their black crepe
muffled snares between every transmission,

SERGEANT AT ARMS
(through radio)
*All units be advised... officer not
responding... this is the final call
for Officer William Grady Burdette,
Jr., badge number eleven- zero-
eight...*

Every hand flies up in a salute,

SERGEANT AT ARMS
(choking up, through
radio)
*... end of watch, brother... gone,
but never forgotten.*

The Mayor leans close to Billy's dad, gives his shoulder a
squeeze, as

Six LAPD helicopters pass in a tight cluster overhead, one
veering off in the missing-man formation.

The WHINE OF BAGPIPES.

ON Lynley-- watching from afar-- in uniform, standing next to
a cruiser.

Lynley's POV: Jane-- face hidden behind massive sunglasses.
Her dad-- faltering as she helps him into a folding chair.
She feels eyes on her. Catches Lynley's stare. Holds it.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT

Somewhere inside the Parker Building-- the LAPD's
administrative center.

Lieutenant Rick Beddoes is behind a desk. Murcott and Huber
flank him, butts on the window-sills.

Lynley leans forward in his chair opposite, eyes on the
floor.

Beddoes tosses a two-day old Herald Examiner onto the desk.

The headline reads: "Southside Leaders Deplore SLA Shootout." Below the fold: a pic of Lynley, captioned: "Medal of Valor for Young Officer?"

MURCOTT

I don't know it was you... or Burdette, thought you were detective grade, but that's all done now. You're back in uniform, working A.M. watch--

LYNLEY

(uncomprehending)
-- What? Me and Billy took down those assholes, solved the--

HUBER

-- You and Burdette solved *shit*. McCline and Tubbs were in Sheriff's custody the night Miller was killed.

Lynley shakes his head. Can't believe this. *Won't*.

MURCOTT

The coroner found their release papers in their fucking *pockets*, Deputy Fife.

HUBER

You're lucky that *nip* didn't know what he was looking at.

BEDDOES

We could hand you up for killing the wrong guys, but we *won't*.

Lynley laces his hands to keep them from shaking.

BEDDOES

(softening)
Son, here's how you do something like this. First, *you tell your superiors*. Then we get the three fucks alone, and pop them with phone books until they give it up. None of it comes within a mile of the criminal justice system.

MURCOTT

This is one fucking epic snafu you created. And we'll crucify you if we see you around the Miller job again.

Lynley. Drained of color. Nothing making sense.

HUBER

Look at him... he's falling apart.

BEDDOES

No, he's not. Lynley... look at me... that was a righteous shoot... but the end of the day: you killed three guys had nothing to do with the Miller one-eight-seven.

Lynley looks up.

BEDDOES

Starting tomorrow, T-O probationers ... make sure they come out hard-chargers.

MURCOTT

Try to do a better job with those 'boots than Burdette did with you.

INT. LYNLEY'S APT -- NIGHT

A shitty bachelor pad in Studio City. Lynley. In shock. Staring over his balcony at the blur of the Ventura Freeway.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BURDETTE HOUSE -- EARLIER

A big wake at the Burdette house. A sedate mob scene. Police vehicles, cops in dress blues and well-dressed civilians.

Cops erect barricades at Cloverdale Avenue and Sanchez Drive.

Lynley sits in his Duster. He watches, stone-faced. An animal outside the warm fires of the humans.

A cop walks up to Lynley's car -- the junker out of place here.

Lynley holds his badge up. The cop nods and keeps walking.

BACK TO:

INT. LYNLEY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

ON grey walls, sparsely adorned.

A Grand Funk Railroad poster. A faded picture of a heavyset woman we assume to be Lynley's mother.

A few 8x10's of Lynley in the jungles of Vietnam. Younger, wild-eyed and lean, posing with some of his platoon.

In one of the shots, Lynley leans on the butt of his M-16, his hands clasped under his chin, batting his lashes and making an exaggerated pouty-face.

Tilting down, we see that his bayonet is lodged in the chest of a dead VC.

MOVING TO

EXT. LYNLEY'S BALCONY -- SAME TIME

Lynley. Where we left him. He hasn't slept. Hard sunlight slams off the sliding glass door of his living room.

INT. 77TH STREET STATION -- MORNING

Lynley walks through the entrance foyer of the 77th, past the civilian worker placing portraits of Donny Miller and Billy Burdette, Jr. on the "Honor Wall" of previously slain officers. He turns left and enters the muster room.

The entire morning watch -- 24 strong -- stands in one long line and applauds loudly in unison.

Franz and Keefer pat an empty chair between them. Lynley slides in.

Keefer clasps an arm around Lynley's shoulder.

KEEFER

You good? How you doing, killer?

FRANZ

(leaning in)

I'm your Rabbi... you're working some angles without telling me... you see what happens? We can't help you... listen to me... we can't help you, you're out there on your own--

KEEFER

-- the fuck were you doing at that game without telling us?

FRANZ

We're your partners... you got something... you wanna talk... run through some things...

Lynley gives a half-nod.

OFF Keefer's skeptical look,

FRANZ
 (appraisingly)
 He's good... he's okay...

AS the roll-call sergeant reads muster:

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT
 Patty Hearst and some SLA stragglers
 are still at large, so stay sharp.
 They could be up to anything. On that
 count, RHD's running the Miller
 investigation out of that unused
 conference room down the hall from
 the D.B. That room is off limits to
 anyone without a key, which means you
 don't have a polyester suit and hash
 marks, stay the fuck away... okey-
 doke... we've got three 'boots today.
 Crawford goes with Sanchez, McAthie
 goes with Lynley, Lutz goes with
 Horan. You make sure the natives know
 Bwana's back in charge.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATROL CAR-- MOVING

Lynley and MCATHIE-- his new partner, a scuzz-head 'boot--cruise Watts.

The LAPD out in force. Pimp rousts; ho rousts; cars full of black citizens proned out on the street.

White cops give black motorists field sobriety tests -- they make them raise their arms and scratch their armpits like apes.

McAthie is just as wide-eyed as Lynley was on his first tour.

MCATHIE
 (musing)
 I don't have hate for no one... a coon's just the same to me as a normal man...

Lynley ignores him.

MCATHIE
 ... would you *lookie* at this...

OFF his look: we see Gene the Queen crossing Avalon, stopping traffic with a Diana Ross-style outstretched palm.

Gene leans into Lynley's driver's side window.

GENE THE QUEEN
 Hey, pig... I was sorry to hear about
 Billy.

Lynley nods.

GENE THE QUEEN
 That wasn't no way right what they
 did to my man Leotis, neither. I'm
 glad you taxed them fools.

Lynley leans away from McAthie,

LYNLEY
 (to Gene, sotto voce)
 You holding?

A car honks as it passes, a gang of cholos screaming
 obscenities at Gene.

GENE THE QUEEN
 (to car)
 Fuck you, you Ricky Ricardo
 mothafuckas!
 (back to Lynley)
 Nah... I'm not messing with none of
 that shit no more... I'm right now
 saving up... maybe get my GED and go
 to nursing school.

MCATHIE
 Uumm... You don't mind my asking: but
 are you a dude or a chick?

GENE THE QUEEN
 Well... you could suck my dick and
 find out...

Weak laugh from Lynley.

EXT. BURDETTE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Lynley's Duster in the driveway.

INT. BURDETTE LIVING ROOM -- SAME TIME

Lynley sits on the couch across from Billy Burdette, Sr.
 Billy's dad-- elegant, proud-- looks weakened from strain.

Both men nurse drinks.

BILLY BURDETTE, SR.
 I mark the bottles... my children
 know this.

LYNLEY

Yes, sir.

BILLY BURDETTE, SR.

(beat)

It was a fine service.

LYNLEY

Yes, sir.

BILLY BURDETTE, SR.

I don't recall seeing you there.

LYNLEY

I was there.

BILLY BURDETTE, SR.

(keeping it together)

And when my... when Billy...

LYNLEY

Yes. I was there, sir. He wouldn't have known what...

Billy's father nods. Takes a sip of his drink.

BILLY BURDETTE, SR.

You know... I could smell the liquor

on you when you came into my house.

Are you a drunk, officer?

LYNLEY

Sometimes, sir.

Pause.

BILLY BURDETTE, SR.

1963...I had just opened my third practice, down on La Brea... thought it was time-- wife thought it was time, mind you... buy a place befitting our new... station. I wasn't aware we had a station. When I opened my first office, right down on Rodeo and La Cienega, I kept three shifts a week as a pullman porter on the City of Las Vegas-- left on a Friday, back Monday morning-- in case things didn't pan out. I was as surprised as anyone when all these bucktoothed negroes started lining up at my offices. They didn't just come there to get their teeth fixed. You know what they wanted, officer?

Lynley shakes his head.

BILLY BURDETTE, SR.
They wanted to be taken care of by
someone who looked like them, for a
change.

Lynley nods.

BILLY BURDETTE, SR.
But you know the saying, 'if you
want to make God laugh, tell him
your plans?' Two days after we moved
in, the reservoir splits wide open,
floods everything...

Billy Burdette, Sr. leans forward.

BILLY BURDETTE, SR.
... when that reservoir cracked, the
rest of these bougie fools stood
there and watched... waited... just
knew that God or the white man was
going to pluck them from disaster.
While they were on their knees, Billy
and I were digging a trench... from
nine at night until dawn the next
morning, we gouged a channel on each
side of this house with shovels...
and then with pots, and pans... and
then with our bare hands. You see,
nobody-- not even God-- was going to
tell me what I was allowed to have...
to become... If God wanted everything
I'd worked for... he'd have to take
it.

The older man rises. Leaves the room. Suddenly turns.

BILLY BURDETTE, SR.
(pointedly)
Do you understand what I'm telling
you, officer?

He leaves. Lynley stares after.

A door SLAMS. Lynley faces the sound.

LYNLEY
(rising)
Hello, Jane.

If she's shocked to see him she doesn't let on.

JANE
Why are you here, Lynley?

LYNLEY
I didn't, um... have...

JANE
What?

She wants an answer. Willing to wait. A terrible pause.

JANE
What?

Lynley-- not exactly Longfellow on a good day-- struggles.

JANE
You wanna hit some golf balls?

She comes toward him.

JANE
Whaddya say? For old time's sake?
Billy's clubs are in his room...

LYNLEY
I just thought...

Getting right into his space,

JANE
Maybe you just wanted to fuck your
partner's sister? Be easier now...
without big brother watching, right?

LYNLEY
No... why are you?--

JANE
-- C'mon... you're a cowboy, right?
Take it any way you can get it.

LYNLEY
No.

She presses into him, an ugly caricature of seduction,

JANE
This is what you wanted, right?

Lynley grabs her shoulders-- needs her to know,

LYNLEY
What I want? I want to say, fuck you,
Billy, I'm first through the door--

JANE

-- And why didn't you?

LYNLEY

Because he wanted... he wanted--

JANE

-- What? What did he *want*, Lynley?

(breaking)

They had to use... *clay*... where
part of his face... is that what you
think he wanted?

LYNLEY

No...

JANE

-- Maybe he wanted to be like you?
More balls than brains. Billy was
smart... and *kind*... and something
changed in him when he was around
you.

Lynley-- can't think of what else to do-- pulls her close.
She shoves him away,

JANE

Liar!

She slaps him, *hard*. Again and again. Lynley takes it.

JANE

You told me... you wouldn't let
anything happen to him! You goddamned
liar! You promised... *me*!

LYNLEY

(amidst the barrage)

I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE 77TH PARKING LOT -- DAWN

A Galaxie 500 unmarked car enters the lot.

Franz and Keefer get out. Each man hauls an evidence box
inside.

Lynley. In Billy Burdette's Citroen. Watching.

INT. 77TH PRECINCT -- LATER

Lynley dawdles upstairs, near the room the RHD cops are using
for the Miller investigation.

He jiggles the handle. Locked.

He hears somebody coming-- pulls out his keys, pretends he's just locking up as

A civilian CLERK, carrying an envelope, walks toward the room.

Lynley plays it off,

LYNLEY
Fucking day...

He pockets his keys and fake wiggles the knob like he's just locked it.

CLERK
(slight pause)
You on the Miller job?

LYNLEY
(improvising)
Yeah. They just brought me in. What have you got?

CLERK
Routine infrareds. Useless, prolly.

LYNLEY
(casual)
I should take a look.

CUT TO:

INT. LYNLEY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Lynley's examining the infrared shots under a table lamp, squinting into a magnifying glass.

Most of the shots reveal blurs, hazy cars and stick figures.

He gets to a roll taken the night he and Burdette bugged out of the crazy card game, while they were undercover.

Aerial shots of: Gene the Queen; Leotis King...

Lynley smiles when he gets to the pix of him and Burdette in their hustler clothes, hauling it down the street with the rest of the G's and Playas. A lifetime ago.

He moves on, nothing catching his eye until--

A shot, buried mid-way through a roll:

Leotis King and a *black man we know*.

Lynley double takes his wall, where he's got an impromptu evidence board going.

Scan the pix... Patty Hearst ... Willie Wolfe... *Donald Cinque Defreeze*.

Back to the infrared... *that's him: Cinque*.

LYNLEY
(to himself)
Motherfucker.

Back to the infrared: Leotis handing Cinque a gun.

A box on the hood of the car next to them. Lynley squints and reads: "*M11911.45 cal Colt/Cosmoline*."

INT. 77TH PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Franz and Keefer amble toward the locked evidence room. Franz carries a couple of Fat-Burger bags and sucks a cup of soda through a straw.

Franz nods at the same civilian clerk we saw hand off the infrareds to Lynley.

Keefer fishes his keys out of his pocket,

CLERK
Hang on, got *some...*

He grabs an accordion folder, tucks it under Franz's wing.

The clerk splits... oops, almost forgot--

CLERK
--Oh yeah... the other detective has
the infrareds, so ignore the req...

Keefer pauses at the door--

KEEFER
What other detective?

CLERK
(searching)
I dunno... big... kinda intense?

Keefer looks at Franz. Franz sucks the ice in the bottom of his cup.

EXT. HOUSE ON 54TH STREET -- DAY

Lynley drives up to the still-smoldering rubble of the SLA safehouse.

Uniformed cops guard the perimeter; local soul brothers, sipping tallboy cans of malt liquor, scowl at the fuzz.

Lynley parks Billy's Citroen and gets out. The brothers see him and start making "oink, oink" sounds.

Some cops wave to Lynley. Lynley walks over to them. He's carrying Burdette's previously seen evidence kit.

LYNLEY
(preemptively)
Scalp hunting. I took a few in
'Nam... thought I'd try for some
hippie scalps, round out the set.

The cops laugh.

BALDING YOUNG COP
(touching his head)
You find some, let me know. I'm
losing it on top.

POP! POP! GUNFIRE erupts and Lynley flinches, going into a crouch.

The brothers on the corner crack the fuck up, the cops don't even blink.

BALDING YOUNG COP
Happens every once in a while... lot
of rounds we haven't been able to
clear...

Lynley walks into the rubble; nuclear heat and sun.

He pokes in the ruins -- finds scorched left-wing posters and pamphlets, burned clothes and canned goods.

Hours pass. The sun dips.

He kicks through the wreckage and takes the back cement steps down to the house's basement.

It's a mass of melted pipes and foundation steel.

But there's something else:

He shines his light on the twisted metal and sees *odd shapes of metal fused to the pipe.*

Getting closer, he makes out

Scorched barrels, slides, and molten grips of Colt .45s.

Using his sport coat sleeve like an oven-mitt,

He leans on the hot pipe and snaps a piece off.

He brushes off soot,

And a *row of serial numbers stare back at him.*

CUT TO:

INT. 77TH PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Lynley walks through the upstairs hallway.

The Miller task-force door is open; Lynley pokes his head in and sees the six Homicide detectives making phone calls and digging through file boxes.

Vic Franz-- on the phone-- double takes Lynley. A *be off in a sec--* motion. Lynley mimes-- *don't worry about it--* continues down the hall.

ON Vic Franz. Face says: *what the fuck is Lynley doing here?*

INT. SQUADROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Lynley-- forced nonchalance-- walking into the RHD squadroom. THREE DETECTIVES lounge at their desks.

DETECTIVE #1
How's it hanging, killer?

LYNLEY
(faux-cool)
A hard yard.
(casual)
You got any loose 459's? Say, going back three or four months?

DETECTIVE #1
(typing)
Check the boxes by the water cooler.

Lynley-- coool-- walks to the back wall, feels eyes on him,

Time slowed,

A dozing cop stirs and shoots him with a finger-gun POP,

Lynley squats and finger-walks through the top box. He reads names on folders;

We see:

04. 16. 74. INCIDENT TYPE: 459

ADDRESS OF OCCURRENCE: B&B Gunshop/79 & Grape.

A detective COUGHS-- Lynley almost jumps out of his skin.

We see:

Stolen: Army Colt .45's/1 40-unit box.

FRANZ
(in doorway)
You don't belong here, Lynley.

Lynley tenses. Turns.

FRANZ
(smiling)
This room is for lifers, clock-jockeys and paper pushers.

RANDOM DETECTIVE
(to Franz)
Fuuuck you.

FRANZ
Maybe... you shave your tits.

Lynley-- using their banter as cover-- snatches a look at the bottom of the report:

REPORTING OFFICER: DONALD MILLER

STATUS: UNSOLVED.

FRANZ
(to Lynley)
Whatcha got?

Lynley casually stuffs the report back in the box.

LYNLEY
(arctic kool)
Nothin'... figured I might as well brush up on some 77 incident stats... have something to tell these 'boots about the job.

FRANZ
Tough break, kid.

Lynley shrugs, sighs.

LYNLEY
Hey... I fucked up, right?

He leaves.

INT. LYNLEY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Lynley's got some gun sections he copped from the rubble and Burdette's evidence kit spread out on his coffee table.

Beside them: the previously seen fingerprint cards of Donny Miller and Leotis King.

Lynley brushes the sections of steel for prints and brings up a series of smudges.

The sound of a car downstairs at the curb. He stiffens. A DOOR SLAMS.

Breathless beat. Nothing. Back to work.

He picks up Donny Miller's card. Squints. Eyes straining. He counts comparison points,

Lips moving as he counts: 1, 2, 3, 4... 5... 6.

LYNLEY
(ecstatic)
Donny Miller, you sticky-fingered
motherfucker...

His doorbell BUZZES.

EXT. LYNLEY'S APARTMENT -- SAME TIME

Typical Studio City street. *Maaaybe* we notice the Ford Galaxie 500 parked at the curb.

INT. LYNLEY'S APARTMENT -- SAME TIME

Lynley opens the door. Jane there.

JANE
Hi.

LYNLEY
Hi.

Lynley just stands there. Stunned that she's here.

JANE
I don't mean to intrude...

Lynley blocks her view into the apartment. Evidence strewn about. The place a low-rent mess. Ashamed maybe.

LYNLEY
No, no... I'm working on a case right
now... things are kind of everywhere--

JANE
-- I just wanted to say I'm sorry.

LYNLEY
No. No need.

She nods.

LYNLEY
How'd you find me?

JANE
There's only five Lynley's in greater
Los Angeles.
(smiles)
You're number five.

She's gone to all this trouble. Fuck pride. He lets her in.

LYNLEY
Would you like something?

JANE
Water. Please.

He rinses out a jelly jar and fills it from the tap.

LYNLEY
I been using Billy's car... I can
bring it to your place, you want...

She shakes her head. Not why she came. Her eyes drift to the grisly war photos on the wall.

Lynley winces.

LYNLEY
Oh...those are just...

He moves, obscuring the pictures with his body.

JANE
I had no right to say those things to
you.

LYNLEY
No. You were right.
(pause)
Billy was good police and he made me
think I was better than what I am.

JANE

My brother was pretty smart, Lynley.
If he saw something, it's because it
was there. Maybe you're better than
you let yourself be.

Lynley shakes his head. Can't even meet her eye.

LYNLEY

I know what I am. I'm a tool... like
a... a... fist... so people don't
have to get their hands dirty.

Jane goes to the table. Evidence laid out everywhere.

JANE

So they use you like a beast of the
field, just like they used my
brother. He talked himself into
believing that the police department
was like the rest of the world. Maybe
the game was rigged, but you had a
chance if you played... but the
police department isn't the real
world... is it Lynley? *Billy* was a
tool... a smiling darkie to help calm
the natives.

(beat)

He was better than all of them, and
they treated him like a house-nigger.

Lynley stands behind her.

LYNLEY

(anything to comfort
her)

They were bringing him along... he
was in line for detective... they put
him in plainclothes... like an
audition... I'da been shining his
shield six months from now.

Jane shakes her head. Knows better.

JANE

You should quit.

LYNLEY

And do what?

JANE

I don't know. Whatever people do.
Fall in love. Get married. Let
somebody show you all that stuff
about you you can't see.

Lynley is silent.

JANE
(resigned)
But you won't.
(a nod at all the
evidence)
You'll keep going.

Lynley won't answer.

JANE
And... and what if the same thing
happens to you?

She lets her head rest against his shoulder.

JANE
You're kind of alone now.

EXT. PATROL CAR -- DAY

Lynley and McAthie cruise Watts. Lynley scans the street, looking for something or someone.

McAthie's still trying-- and failing-- to impress.

MCATHIE
I'm just saying: whatever it is, I'll do it. I'm hip to how it works. I woulda done the same as you, wasted those perps... I know we've only been partnered a couple days, but if the shit goes down... I'll do it, no hesitation. We both walk in, we both walk out. No disrespect to your partner, but me...? I woulda--

LYNLEY
--You ever been primary?

MCATHIE
No, sir, but--

LYNLEY
Then shut up.

Pause.

MCATHIE
I just want you to know you can count on me.

LYNLEY
Jesus. You wanna be useful?

MCATHIE
Absolutely.

LYNLEY
Then get on the horn and get me an
LKA on a Gene the Queen McCoover--

McAthie's on it, the Motorola already in his hand,

MCATHIE
12A48, over.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Go ahead 12A48, over...

MCATHIE
Request a ten-twenty-nine on a Gene
McQueen--

LYNLEY
Gene the Queen, dipshit--

MCATHIE
That's Gene the Queen--

LYNLEY
(rolls his eyes)
McCoover...

Lynley sees something up ahead, he brodies the car at the intersection and gets out.

McAthies's POV, as Lynley walks over to a METER MAID writing a ticket.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
*Hold for LKA, for a Eugene Demond
McCoover...*

ON Lynley and the meter maid.

METER MAID
She's drying out at Queen of
Angels...

ON McAthie,

MCATHIE
(scribbling)
Copy that... over.

He hooks the receiver back into its cradle.

A quick glance at Lynley-- still grilling the meter maid-- as *McAthie furtively grabs the radio, again.*

MCATHIE
(urgent)
12A48 over...

ON Lynley and the meter maid,

METER MAID
Why? You got a red-hot thing for
Karen? I thought killing jigs was
your bag.

He laughs, walks back to the patrol car.

As he gets in,

MCATHIE
(furtively, into
radio)
... make sure he gets it... over.
(to Lynley)
Last known on a Gene McCoover... AKA
Gene the Queen. We rollin'?

Lynley wordlessly tears the page from McAthie's pad, pockets it, and pulls back into traffic.

EXT. THE 77TH PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Lynley. In the Citroen. Exhausted, his head drifts back against the headrest.

There's a RAP on the windshield--

FRANZ
Come on, killer. I'll buy you
breakfast.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER -- LATER

Lynley and Franz sit in a booth at Piper's Coffee Shop at Beverly and Western. Franz has just snarfed a big plate of steak and eggs and lights a cigarette. Lynley has only coffee in front of him.

FRANZ
You want in so bad you sit out in the
lot every morning like fucking Stage
Door Johnny scrounging autographs...

Big drag, jets of smoke steam from his nostrils.

FRANZ

... So: you and Billy go all Warren Commission, follow your half-assed leads into darktown-- with no backup-- and instead of finding out who iced that numb-nuts Miller, you wind up with your dick in one hand and your partner's brains in the other. You killed the three jigs who killed your partner, but who certifiably *didn't* kill Miller. 'Course, they wouldn't a killed Billy, you *hadn't* a been there *in the first place*. You closed a case that never existed before you walked in the room, and got nowheresville on the one you was assigned.

Lynley twirls his coffee cup.

LYNLEY

It won't happen like that again.

FRANZ

Fuckin'-A right.

LYNLEY

Where's Keefer?

FRANZ

Don't you fucking worry about *where*. You know where he is? He's working cases.

(disgusted beat)
Whaddya got?

LYNLEY

Nothing.

Franz scopes him. Hard.

FRANZ

Bullshit, nothing. C'mon... c'mon...

Lynley shakes his head. Then,

LYNLEY

I mean... *Billy* thought maybe there was some other angle...

FRANZ

Like what?

LYNLEY

Like maybe Miller had some score set up with the SLA...

Franz puts his cigarette out in a puddle of yolk.

FRANZ
Give it a name... dope?

Lynley shrugs.

FRANZ
Guns?

Lynley's in-fucking-scrutable. Franz leans back in the booth.

FRANZ
That game you busted at Nickerson
Gardens... those coons give up
anything before you wasted 'em?

Lynley shakes his head.

FRANZ
(spitballing)
I could buy it. Miller's out
canvassing... scrounging pussy...
skims, whatever he can... we're
pretty sure Leotis King was in his
pocket, so he's got a grapevine to
the neighborhood... King comes across
the SLA, figures he and Miller can
grift them... maybe roust them for
cash in exchange for keeping quiet...
maybe Miller gets them to do some of
his heavy lifting...

LYNLEY
(faux clueless)
How do you mean?

FRANZ
You hear things. A month ago, there
was some rumblings in darktown that a
crew went in strong, took down a
floating game. Almost thirty Gs goes
DB Cooper... Maybe Miller gives
Cinque and company an address,
they're already loaded for bear... be
like having your own private army.

LYNLEY
But what would they get out of it?

FRANZ
Maybe he gives 'em a slice... maybe
he made sure their safe house stays
off the canvassing sheets, they do
the thing... I don't know.
(MORE)

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Miller's dead... King's dead... but every tree's got *branches*: just gotta find the right nigger swinging from one.

(casual)

Did you talk to Karen Cordova?

LYNLEY

(blankly)

Who?

FRANZ

Meter maid Miller was tight with... she's sleeping it off at Queen of Angel's.

Lynley shrugs: Never heard of her.

Both men poker face it for a beat.

Franz takes some money out of his pocket.

FRANZ

(almost to himself)

A hump like Donny couldn't spend thirty Gs in a month... so we find the *money*... maybe that leads us to the rest of those SLA fucks... maybe even that cunt Patty.

(out of his reverie)

Jesus, killer. Billy's better police dead than you are alive...

He pays the bill.

FRANZ

Let's go, you got work to do.

Lynley blinks.

LYNLEY

I'm in?

Franz rises.

FRANZ

You're in.

EXT. ROAD NEAR GRIFFITH PARK -- LATER

Lynley follows Franz's Galaxie 500 up the road that separates the newer L.A. Police Academy buildings from the old, disused gymnasium.

EXT. POLICE ACADEMY -- MOMENTS LATER

The men crunch the gravel on the side-path up to the old gymnasium.

INT. GYM -- MOMENTS LATER

Lynley follows Franz into the gym and the locker room and back to the showers.

ON a man with his back to us, hunched over something in the middle of the abandoned showers.

Turning now, and it's Keefer, a smile on his face and brass knucks in his fist.

To his right-- a small folding table with: a thermos, a couple of styrofoam cups, sugar, Carnation Instant Creamer,

And a *phone book*. A *beavertail sap*. A *stack of neatly folded towels*.

Handcuffed to a folding chair in front of Keefer,

Gene the Queen. Battered and bloody. Ripped stocking cap pulled tight against his cornrows.

Blond wig sprawled in a tangle over the drain a few feet away.

The walls are streaked with blood. A pile of crimson towels, soaked through, lie at his feet.

Keefer stretches, yawns.

KEEFER

(squeezing his lower
back)

It's spasm-ing all through here...
young man's work...

LYNLEY

(dubious)
You like *him* for Miller?

Gene raises his head, through bloodied eyes,

GENE THE QUEEN

Lynley? Lynley?

KEEFER

We got a tip this fruit was one of
King's LKA's... we also know he was
at that first card game you boys
rousted... there's your opportunity.

LYNLEY

And motive?

FRANZ

You need us to hold it for you when
you pee, killer

Lynley sets his jaw, grabs the phone book and hits Gene in the ribs. Gene dribbles blood.

Keefer grabs himself a cup of coffee.

GENE THE QUEEN

Lynley...

Gene catches his eye. A pleading look. Franz and Keefer watch intently.

Lynley tosses the phone-book. Rolls up his sleeves. Crashes a backhand into Gene's face.

LYNLEY

Why'd you do it?

GENE THE QUEEN

I didn't kill that man...

Lynley hits him again.

GENE THE QUEEN

I liked Leotis...

LYNLEY

You like Miller, too?

FRANZ

Ask him about the money.

Gene sobs. His eye is swelling shut. His Tina Turner-style gown splattered.

GENE THE QUEEN

I'm just out trickin', I'm not no--

LYNLEY

--Gene, so fuckin' help me... you killed King and Miller, helped yourself to the money--

GENE THE QUEEN

I got nothing. I told you about the nursing school... and how I--

LYNLEY
--they fucked you out of your cut, so
you--

GENE THE QUEEN
No.

Lynley hits him again.

FRANZ
(unimpressed)
Didn't figure you for such a light
touch, killer.

Franz goes to the table, picks up a beavertail sap.

LYNLEY
(to Gene)
Gimme *something*, you faggot.

On the word '*something*'-- we hear, and Gene hears it, too--
a plea.

Lynley knows-- and now Gene knows it, too: if Franz and
Keefer take over,

They will kill him.

Gene and Lynley lock eyes-- a flash of understanding passes
in an instant.

GENE THE QUEEN
You want the usual? Or you want me to
suck your dick this time?

Lynley cracks Gene in the face.

Franz and Keefer share a look: *now this is more like it.*

Franz puts down the sap.

Gene spits blood, laughs.

GENE THE QUEEN
Aww... but I know it won't be half as
good as Billy used to do you...

Keefer starts singing the theme song to *The Prime of Miss
Jean Brodie*.

KEEFER
*Jean, Jean, roses are red, all the
leaves have gone green...*

Lynley kicks Gene in the chest, sends the chair flying,

KEEFER
(swelling with the
action)
... *And the clouds are so low you can
touch them, and so come out to the
meadow....*

Lynley jerks the chair upright again.

FRANZ
Give us that alibi again, faggot.

KEEFER
(to Lynley)
The coroner made Miller dead 12 hours
when the wino found him. M-E gives us
a 10:00 to 11:00 p.m. time of death.
Sambo here's got no alibi up to then.

Lynley's winded from the exertion, his hands on his knees.

Franz goes behind Gene with a rolled towel, wraps it around
his windpipe. Gene chokes, his eyelids fluttering.

LYNLEY
(casual)
He didn't do it.

FRANZ
(pause)
Meaning *what*?

Gene blacks out.

LYNLEY
Meaning, Billy and I braced this
faggot around 11... 11:30 that night
on Avalon...

KEEFER
(softly)
Bullshit.

FRANZ
(softly)
Bullshit.

LYNLEY
You guys not read our reports? It's
fuckin' noted.
(just a bit of
urgency)
He's a streetwalker... how's he gonna
cross the Harbor Freeway...
(MORE)

LYNLEY (CONT'D)
all the way to Newton and back, at
the same time I'm putting boots to
him?

KEEFER
(with regret)
Come on, he's good for it.

LYNLEY
Until Murcott or a review board scope
the reports and the math don't work.

Lynley walks over, smacks Gene hard. It works: Gene flutters, comes to, sucks huge swallows of air.

FRANZ
(getting out his
handcuff keys)
The luck of the Irish. You Irish,
Gene?

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CITROEN-- MOVING -- NIGHT

Lynley and Gene drive deserted Westlake Park. Gene's wig is crooked, his face a pulp.

GENE THE QUEEN
Buy a nigga a drink, will you,
Lynley? Come on, just a short dog.

Lynley checks his rear-view.

GENE THE QUEEN
I'm not saying be *seen* with me...

Lynley hangs an abrupt U-turn and pulls up in front of a cheezy liquor store.

CUT TO:

INT. CITROEN -- MOMENTS LATER

ON Gene. Some G's walk by the car. From habit, Gene starts to clock them, then touches his face and turns away in shame.

He angles the rear-view to get a look at himself, as

Lynley climbs in and passes him a bottle of T-Bird.

Lynley moves the mirror back before Gene gets a look.

Gene's hands are shaking bad, so

Lynley opens the bottle for him. Gene puts it to his lips and moans as the alcohol burns his open wounds.

Lynley winces.

GENE THE QUEEN
Why they think I offed that pig?

LYNLEY
You knew *King*, King knew *Miller*...
anybody tied to those two is gonna
get the same until they get what they
want.

GENE THE QUEEN
They ain't gonna find that money.

Beat.

LYNLEY
What?

Gene swigs T-Bird.

GENE THE QUEEN
Their game that got took. Leotis told
me--

LYNLEY
-- It was their fucking game got
took down? *Franz* and *Keefer*? Don't
make no fucking mistake, Gene.

GENE THE QUEEN
That's what Leotis said some pig told
him...

LYNLEY
Miller? The pig's name *Miller*?

GENE THE QUEEN
He ain't say.

Lynley takes it all in.

GENE THE QUEEN
(facing him)
You level with me, Lynley?

Lynley nods.

GENE THE QUEEN
How *I*...?
(touches his face)
They do me bad?

Lynley takes the bottle, swallows a pull.

He tugs an end of Gene's wig, leveling it.

LYNLEY

You remember that spade chick on that show? Played a nurse or--

GENE THE QUEEN

Julia?

(dubious)

Really? I look like Julia?

LYNLEY

You kinda do...

Beat.

GENE THE QUEEN

Bitch *wishes* she had my ass.

CUT TO:

INT. QUEEN OF ANGELS -- NIGHT

The women's dipso ward at Queen of Angels Hospital.

Lynley drags Karen Cordova down the hall by her elbow. She's ashen. Still coming down off whatever put her here.

LYNLEY

One foot in front of the other,
Karen...

A DOCTOR catches up to him-- thrusting release papers--

DOCTOR

-- *Excuse* me... the detective I spoke to on the phone told me he was on his way over an hour ago--

LYNLEY

(not slowing down)
Which detective?

DOCTOR

(checks his clipboard)
A Detective Franz--

Lynley double-times it-- Karen barely upright--

LYNLEY

Yeah, I'm his partner...

DOCTOR
Yes, well, we still need a
signature...

Lynley slows just enough to sign the sheet. Takes off.

DOCTOR
(to Lynley's back)
Without protocol, all you have is
anarchy, Detective...
(studies the sheet)
Keefer.

INT. CITROEN -- NIGHT

Harbor Freeway. Karen Cordova in a fetal position in the passenger seat. In and out of it.

KAREN
I'm sick...

LYNLEY
We all got problems. What did Donny do with the money from the game?

Karen moans.

LYNLEY
Answer me.

KAREN
All I did was run those plates for him...

The car lurches a bit as he downshifts. She looks green.

LYNLEY
Don't you puke in this car.

KAREN
Then learn how to drive a stick.
(beat)
You got anything, help me get straight, Lynley? I'm not picky...
Mad-Dog... Boone's... Cepacol... I was drinking Aqua Velva there at the end...

LYNLEY
Play hurt, Karen.

He checks his mirrors. Wary as hell.

LYNLEY

They killed your friend because he took down their game, you know that, right?

KAREN

Let it go, man.

LYNLEY

I let it go, that means Billy got killed for nothing.

Lynley jerks the wheel hard, skidding to a stop right outside the 77th precinct house.

He reaches across her and opens the door.

LYNLEY

Get the fuck out.

She clutches her hospital gown around her. Doesn't move.

LYNLEY

You're not gonna talk to me, you can talk to Franz and Keefer, and I promise they will run a nigger train on you and turn you out, and make what they did to Donny look like he passed in his sleep.

KAREN

(clinging to any
thread)

The *SLA* killed Donny.

He starts to shove her out. She jerks the door closed.

KAREN

Figueroa and Florence.

EXT. APT. BUILDING OFF FIGUEROA -- LATER

Lynley hustles Karen up a flight of stairs. She rummages through her purse for a key ring. Lynley draws his .38, shoves her aside.

INT. APT. -- MOMENTS LATER

The door creaks open. Lynley covers the place with his gun. It's clear.

A drab studio apartment. A console TV and a formica mini-bar. A bed juts from the wall. He drags Karen into the room.

LYNLEY
This Donny's fuck pad?

She nods.

KAREN
If he was on duty and I needed to dry out, sometimes he'd let me crash...
He wouldn't even make me ball him.

LYNLEY
He was a charmer that way. Where'd he keep his shit?

She motions to a makeshift coffee table. It's a foot-locker topped with a slab of formica.

He slides the formica off.

KAREN
Donny always said people never look for things right in front of their face.

Lynley squats. The thing's padlocked.

LYNLEY
I don't suppose Donny felt the same way about keys.

CUT TO:

INT. FUCK PAD -- DAWN

Lynley, covered in sweat, in his T-shirt. He's taken all the backing screws from the footlocker with a kitchen knife and disassembled the frame.

He wrenches the top. A black duffel bag stares back at him.

He looks over at Karen. Passed out on the floor. He picks her up and carries her to the bathroom.

He sets her down in the tub, shuts the door.

He goes back to the footlocker and opens the bag. Crumpled stacks of bills. Don't need to count it to know.

He closes the bag and hoists it out.

Something METAL clangs against the floor.

An 8MM film canister.

INT. 77TH PRECINCT MUSTER ROOM -- MORNING

Lynley in uniform, bug-eyed from sleep deprivation and adrenaline. He side-eyes the cops trickling into roll call.

The MORNING ROLL-CALL SERGEANT stands behind the lectern, bangs his gavel for silence.

ROLL-CALL SERGEANT

(beaming)

Item number one be an all-timer,
because --

(Amos & Andy voice)

-- Jus' bout' one hours' ago, de
gunshot riddled body of dat famous
ho-mo-sex-uall Gene de Queen McCoover
be discovered in de dumpster at 78th
and Lew Dillon, an --

The room erupts hoots and catcalls. Lynley. Stricken.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER OF 78TH AND LEW DILLON -- DAY

Lynley leaves some tire behind as he stops his black and white hard at the corner and gets out.

Kids jumping up and down and trying to peek into the dumpster; an ice-cream truck sells popsicles.

Uniformed and plainclothes cops joke and jive.

Close still, but we NEVER SEE what's in the dumpster.

KEEFER (O.C.)

He really does look like a chick,
until you get him in direct sunlight
like this.

Sergeant Ted Keefer, over Lynley's shoulder. Munching a Good Humor bar.

KEEFER

Any leads, killer? Banging Billy's
sister enhancing your detecting
skills?

Lynley, sickened, turns his back on the scene.

LYNLEY

Where's Franz?

Keefer ogles the contents of the dumpster.

KEEFER
Be in later...
(slight smile)
... he had a rough night last night.

LYNLEY
(loaded)
How about you? You have a rough
night, Keefer?

KEEFER
I leave the legwork to Franz.

Beat.

KEEFER
Found something interesting in your
reports, killer.

Lynley stiffens.

KEEFER
The date of the Miller homicide?
Remember how you said you braced The
Queen that night? *No mention of that.*

A beat.

LYNLEY
That's because I lied.

Everything different now. Both men know it.

KEEFER
You lie to your partners... people
get hurt without that trust, Lynley.

LYNLEY
I never lied to my partner. Only to
you fucks.

Lynley puts his hat on.

KEEFER
Don't make a fucking mistake, Lynley.

LYNLEY
Besides... if I *didn't* lie to you...
(conspiratorial)
... how else was I gonna steal your
money?

He walks away.

EXT. PUSSYCAT THEATRE -- DAY

A porno theater off Western Avenue. "Flesh Gordon" on the marquee.

INT. PUSSYCAT THEATRE -- SAME TIME

Lynley-- startling the SEEDY GUY behind the counter.

LYNLEY
(flashing his badge)
You got something'll play this?

Hands him the 8MM reel.

SEEDY GUY
Yeah.

The guy leads him into the projection room. Cramped. Rickety projectors-- mostly 16mm but a few 8mm as well.

CUT TO:

A BLANK WALL

A grainy image flickers. We see:

CINQUE DEFREEZE. He's forcing A BLACK WOMAN with her back to the camera to give him head, while

LEOTIS KING fucks her from behind, yanking a choke chain around her throat.

Lynley winces. The scene changes.

We see DONNY MILLER, naked except for sweatsocks, pounding away on top of the same woman. LEOTIS KING holds her hands down. She's struggling. Donny elbows her in the face.

ON Lynley. Disgust turning to outright horror as Donny's bulk shifts enough for us to see the bruised, terrified look on TAMMY'S face. Her eyes sear into the lens, right through us.

He staggers back. Sickened to the bottom of his soul.

SEEDY GUY
Wow. I never seen this one, before.
She's good.

LYNLEY
Get out of here before I kill you.

The film end slaps against the projector as the reel ends.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTURY CITY OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Lynley, focused on the entryway to a building. Waiting.

Professionals spilling out for lunch.

ON Jane. With a small group of suits.

LYNLEY

Hey...

The group-- mostly men-- puzzled by the uniformed cop in their midst.

JANE

(off guard)

Lynley...

She motions to the group-- gimme a sec.

LYNLEY

What are you doing right now?

JANE

I'm at wor--

LYNLEY

Yeah? Well... let's get out of here... Tonight.

JANE

Slow down... you're not making--

LYNLEY

-- I do this *one last thing* and it's over... Fuck all this. Just go. You and me.

Jane. Stunned.

JANE

Lynley...

Lynley catches a MALE COLLEAGUE of Jane's looking at him.

LYNLEY

(territorial paranoia)

What?

Jane recoils.

LYNLEY

But we're gonna go, we gotta go
tonight. I'm dead I stay here.

JANE

What have you done, Lynley?

LYNLEY

We took it to them, me and Billy...
got some payback...

JANE

Billy's dead, Lynley.

He grabs her arm.

LYNLEY

We can start over. Like you said you
wanted...

Looks from passersby. She blanches. He lets her go.

JANE

I don't need to start over, Lynley. I
have a life here. And a family.

Or *did*: the unspoken sentiment.

LYNLEY

But you said... we could be like
normal people. Fall in love... get
married... remember you said that?
That could be us.

From down the sidewalk, a low-key jab at his watch,

COLLEAGUE

(delicately)
Jane?

Her other world calling.

LYNLEY

You said that... remember? We could
be those people.

Something firm and sad moves across her face.

JANE

No, Chuck...

She turns to leave.

JANE
... I was talking about you and
someone else.

EXT. THE 77TH PRECINCT -- DAY

Shift change. Cruisers glide in and out of the lot. The sun dips.

Lynley's POV: Vic Franz trudges up the stairs.

Lynley, in the Citroen. Duffel of money next to him.

He gets out.

INT. 77TH PRECINCT -- HALLWAY-- MOMENTS LATER

Lynley-- hard, silent stride. A predator. Franz down the hallway. Oblivious.

Franz scratches his ass, ambles into the Men's Room outside the RHD Task Force office.

Lynley following. Suddenly Lt. Murcott and Sgt. Huber exiting an office-- blocking his path.

MURCOTT
You're five hours AWOL, son.

HUBER
And you look like shit would look, if shit took a shit.

BEDDOES
We're thinking you're a little ahead of us. We need to know what you know.

LYNLEY
Sir, all I got was a tip on Gene McCoover. I shared it with Sergeant Franz and Sergeant Keefer, and I interceded on Mr. McCoover's behalf with an honest eyeball alibi, and Mr. McCoover's dead now.

Lynley goes to move past them. Nothing gonna stop him.

BEDDOES
You're lying. You were made at Queen of Angels, and the night-watch clerk says he handed off two folders of infrareds to you.

Lynley sighs. They've got him and he knows it.

LYNLEY
I'll come find you in a few...

A nod to the bathroom.

LYNLEY
... Nature calls.

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Lynley enters. Eyes scan the bottom of the stalls. Nothing.

He walks-- quietly-- toward the line of urinals around the corner,

SLAMMED hard into the tile wall, Franz's forearm around his throat--

FRANZ
The fuck you following me for?

Lynley pushes Franz off,

LYNLEY
Why'd you kill Gene?

Both men-- squared off, primed, won't take much--

FRANZ
(rolling his eyes)
He was a seven-foot butch queen.
Tell me he didn't owe rent money,
booze money and dope money to half
the Mau-Maus in this coal chute.
Tell me his life expectancy wasn't
fucking next week. You had your
choice: a nigger drag queen or your
partners. You made the wrong choice,
and you won't do it again.

Aware of their voices in the space-- hoarse shouts.

LYNLEY
And Billy? What choice did he have?

FRANZ
Who told you humps you were cops? You
had one assignment, you decided to go
off and do this other thing.

LYNLEY
You didn't give a shit about the
SLA... you had us out looking for
your money... you got Billy killed.

Franz backs up. Hands on his hips. Gun an easy reach.

FRANZ
You saying I killed a brother
officer... for money, Lynley?

Hard stares.

FRANZ
Say it.

Lynley says nothing. Franz stands down, goes to the sink.

FRANZ
(washing his hands)
I'm sixteen years on and I've never
killed in the line of duty. You've
killed five jigs since the first of
the month and Uncle Vic let you walk
on all of it.
(pause)
You didn't exist until I found you.

Franz grabs a wad of towels and dries.

FRANZ
And that money? It's in my hands by
morning. You wise up, maybe we give
you a taste.

LYNLEY
So I'm you in twenty years.

FRANZ
You're me if you're lucky, killer.

Lynley SMASHES Franz's face into the mirror. Franz's hand
goes for his gun-- Lynley snatches it-- barrel against
Franz's throat--

Shoving Franz's bloodied face into the shattered mirror--

LYNLEY
You see that? You're Donny Miller.
They'll find you bare-assed in an
alley with your shield pinned through
your nose.

Franz struggles-- Lynley slams his face into the mirror
again.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. -- DUSK

Montage of looong, steel Detroit whales cruising South
Broadway.

Pink and white and stucco houses rebel against decay, lawns tended with dignity, cars buffed in driveways.

Brothers stroll the ave with *fiine* sisters, Afros tight and clothes right. Nose to nose at the tables outside *Papa Shad's Lake Trout*, splitting some fries and shakes.

And the 77th. Block long and squat and imposing. Maybe even *regal*. Flags manning the crenelated front-- Old Glory and the Brown Bear curling in the breeze.

All the old haunts:

Jordan Davis Elementary. School out and nothing doing.

The Rumpus Room. Neon buzzing and fog on the windows.

The Cozy Nook. Glow from inside warm and inviting.

Hang here. Slow the roll, and we're

INT. THE COZY NOOK -- SAME TIME

Lynley, at the bar. He scopes the place:

A few lone drinkers in booths.

The band's gear covered with tablecloths on the dark stage.

A BARTENDER we've never seen before slides Lynley a drink.

BARTENDER

Looks like you could use this.

Lynley nods. He sure as hell could. He downs the drink.

LYNLEY

Beat night, huh?

The bartender shrugs. Lynley leaves.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Residential street. Edge of the ghetto, neighborhood holding on, but just barely.

The Citroen rumbles up to a house we know.

The headlights flash off.

Lynley. In Billy's car.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Knocking on the door to the house. Waiting.

JUMP CUT and

Lynley on a couch. Faded lace curtains behind him. Cup of tea balanced on his lap.

Tammy-- bruises fading-- across from him.

Radio playing Marley's *I Shot the Sheriff* in the background.

LYNLEY

(re: the song)
This guy covering Clapton?

TAMMY

Who's Clapton?

LYNLEY

The guy who wrote this.

TAMMY

Bob Marley wrote this.

Lynley shrugs-- never heard of him. He sips his tea.

LYNLEY

Billy woulda kicked my ass for
telling you this, but he stone dug
you.

Tammy smiles. Not news to her but nice to hear it.

TAMMY

He was a cool brother. For a pig.

Little smile. Not a dig.

Tammy nods at the DUFFEL at Lynley's feet.

TAMMY

Where you going?

LYNLEY

Got it narrowed down to east, north
or south.

Lame-o joke but she smiles. Lynley looks at his watch.

LYNLEY

Where's your brother?

She shrugs. Beats me. Awkward pause.

LYNLEY

You know what?
(a nod to the radio)
This one's better than the Clapton
one...

TAMMY

(gentle rib)
You dig the lyrics?

LYNLEY

Best part.

Pause. Marley preaches and the Wailers wail.

TAMMY

So you ain't gonna be police no more?
Decided to do something honorable
with your life?

He half-smiles.

TAMMY

You got people's anywhere, Lynley?

Lynley shakes his head.

LYNLEY

Long as it's not L.A., I'm not much
picky about where I land.

TAMMY

I heard that.

(beat)

But wherever you go, Lynley, for
everybody's sake: make sure they got,
like... three niggas there... tops.

He laughs.

LYNLEY

And where would you go?

TAMMY

Me? I always wanted to check out
Frisco. They got a good music school
up there... nice clubs.

LYNLEY

You should... that'd be groovy.

TAMMY

I know! I could write some of my own
stuff... get a hot little group
together...

(MORE)

TAMMY (CONT'D)
...get me some *Pips* of my own, show
Gladys and them something...

Trails off.

The SOUND of the door opening. Lynley looks up.

RUDY
What you doing here?

Rudy-- the bartender from the Cozy Nook-- enters. Not used to pigs in his home.

TAMMY
He said he wanted to say goodbye.

RUDY
Phone broke?

TAMMY
Don't be like that, Rudy.

RUDY
You said goodbye... so goodbye.

Tammy locks eyes with her brother: *be nice.*

LYNLEY
No... I'm going...
(hates to be a bother)
... if I could just grab a top off...
for the road?

Rudy sighs.

RUDY
(to Tammy)
You mind getting me some Quik?

She nods. Goes into the kitchen.

The big man sits in a Barco-Lounger opposite Lynley. Just stares.

RUDY
(calling out)
Strawberry!

Lynley edges forward.

LYNLEY
For what it's worth: I woulda killed
Donny Miller too.

The truth cold and plain and right there.

LYNLEY

And Billy woulda helped, man, he'd known what Miller did to your sister... you gotta know that.

The SOUND of a spoon clinking in the kitchen.

LYNLEY

(not much time)

All the department cared about was protecting their own... you got yourself some justice and you pawned it off on the SLA pretty good, man... but if I figured it out, somebody else will, too... there's better cops than me and they won't stop.

RUDY

(level)

They can come with it.

LYNLEY

You don't get it. I burned the movie, but I don't know if there's another copy.

Rudy's eyes narrow. The truth of it hits him.

LYNLEY

And they tie you to the movie? They're not gonna give a shit about what happened to Tammy. You're a cop killer and you're going down and they'll pass the flick around on poker night while your sister's on the streets. Rudy... listen to me:

(urgent)

You gotta fucking get outta here.

Tammy. Back now with a Strawberry Quik for her brother.

She sits next to Lynley on the couch. Tops off his tea.

LYNLEY

Was telling Rudy about how you wanted to check out Frisco.

(to Rudy)

They got bars in Frisco, Rudy.

Tammy raises an eyebrow.

TAMMY

And what'd he say?

Rudy rises. A signal Lynley should be going.

RUDY

I told officer Lynley that we ain't
got time to dream about what could
be... this...

With a nod to their surroundings, to South Central,

RUDY

... is what *is*.

Tammy shares a look with Lynley.

He rises. Took a shot. Done all he can do.

LYNLEY

I guess... I gotta go.

Goes to the door.

LYNLEY

Look out for each other.

RUDY

We will.

LYNLEY

(to Tammy)
Keep singing, yeah?

She nods.

CUT TO:

INT. CITROEN -- MOMENTS LATER

The key turning in the ignition. Clutch. Gas. First gear.

CUT TO:

INT. TAMMY AND RUDY'S -- SAME TIME

Tammy. Sad and quiet and picking up the cups and saucers. A look at Rudy on the couch. Head in his hands. Hates to see him this way.

Lowers her eyes-- going wide now as she sees--

CUT TO:

EXT. CITROEN -- SAME TIME

Lynley pulling out,

TAMMY

Officer Lynley!

She's holding the duffel bag. On the porch.

TAMMY
Officer Lynley! You forgot your bag!

Stepping out onto the sidewalk, under the streetlight.

Lynley stops. Watches her for half a beat in his side view.

She catches his eye in the mirror, *knows* he sees her,

TAMMY
You forgot your...

He revs the engine. Hand on the shifter.

ON Lynley.

Slow, deep smile as he pops the clutch, the beautiful brown girl with the duffel bag getting smaller,

The Citroen rumbling down 79th st., left on South Vermont,

FROM ABOVE,

We see him slide into traffic, joining a stream of lights heading away from South Central, away from the 77th.

FADE OUT:

TITLE CARDS OVER BLACK

Fifteen months later, Patty Hearst and what was left of the SLA were arrested in San Francisco.

To this day, the only unsolved cop killing in LAPD history is the murder of Donny Miller.

Scrounging motherfucker.