

**DANNY SELLERS:
THE EARLY CASE**

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PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR OF A MANSION - NIGHT.

A tall man is ringing the bell. He wears a long trench coat, wide brimmed hat, and driving gloves.

INT. A DARKENED BEDROOM INSIDE THE HOUSE.

Hold a second as doorbell rings again. The room floods with light and we see David Early, graying hair, mid-sixties, throw off the covers and sit up on the side of the bed.

EXT.

The man at the door slips his hand into his coat pocket.

INT.

David Early is up and putting on his robe.

DAVID EARLY

Damn it!

The doorbell rings again, and again. David Early hastily fastens his robe and makes his way out of his bedroom and down the hall to the stairs. We see the house is that of a wealthy man, a home luxuriously appointed in every detail. Another man, a servant, appears in the doorway of the room across the hall.

DARYLL

Who could that be, Sir, at this terrible hour?

DAVID EARLY

It must be David Junior. How else could they have gotten through the gates?

The doorbell sounds again as David passes an antique Grandfather clock in the hall. The time is 4:00 a.m.

DAVID EARLY

I'll handle it, Darryl.

David begins descending the stairs.

DARYLL

Are you sure I shouldn't handle this,
Sir?

DAVID EARLY

No, no, I'll get it. Go back to bed,
Darryl. It's probably my son.

DARYLL

Oh, dear. Sorry, Sir.

Darryl shakes his head in sympathy and returns to his room, closing the door behind him. David Early makes his way quickly down the stairs. The bell sounds again. As he reaches the door, he takes a second to gather his thoughts. Then, with one last sigh of resignation to his weakness for his only child, he smiles and reaches for the door.

EXT.

The man rings the bell again. The wide-brimmed hat hangs down low over the face, giving no hint of his identity.

INT.

David opens the door. The expression on his face at first is surprise at seeing it is not his son. Then stark fear fills his face as he sees a gun being withdrawn from the caller's coat pocket.

DAVID EARLY (OC)

My God!

The gun is quickly raised to David's chest, and fired several times. Then the shooter turns and runs back into the night. David slams the door and looks down at his chest. Blood pours in tiny spurts from the holes in his robe. He makes his way back to the foot of the stairs, and clings to his marble bust of Marcus Aurelius, trying to regain his strength.

DAVID EARLY

Why? Why?

He sinks down, clinging to the banister, then finally lands, seated on the foot of the stairs. He sits there staring at his wounds for a second, then falls back onto the stairs staring up at the ceiling. He clutches his chest as the pain suddenly tears through his body. He looks toward the front door, then up the stairs as we hear Darryl approaching. Then David closes his eyes.

ACT ONE

EXT. AN OLD ABANDONED TRUCK DEPOT.

We see a deserted area of the city - abandoned warehouses, rail tracks to nowhere, junked cars, lots of dumped rubbish. Outside the depot there is a late model sedan. Inside the truck depot a woman screams. Then we see the feet of two men in dress shoes and suit pants come from the depot to the car. One of them drops a bloody 2 x 4 down a sewer. We hear it splatter after a long drop. They get in the car. We do not see their faces. The driver starts the engine.

DRIVER

I'm going to drop you at the station.
Stay there. I'll be by in an hour to
pick up you and Robinson for the rally.

They pull away.

EXT. HOME OF DAVID EARLY.

Danny Sellers pulls up in front of the house. A black and white unit is still on the scene. One of the cops sits in the car scribbling on some papers; the other is at the front door talking to Detective Linda Greenspan.

Danny turns off the engine and looks the place over, sizing it up before approaching. Then he shakes his head as he exits the car.

DANNY

(muttering)

Bourgeois pig.

As he comes up the stairs, Linda greets him with a warm, familiar smile, but is busy answering her cell phone. Danny goes on passed her into the house, patting her shoulder and mouthing "hello." A print crew is still dusting in the house. A chalk outline on the foot of the stairs catches his eye first. One of the arms of the outline seems to be reaching out toward a pillar that holds a marble bust. He ponders it a moment, wondering why the deceased was reaching for that.

DANNY

Interesting.

He takes out a small note pad and jots a note, then slips it back into his pocket. Next he studies a trail of blood leading from the door to the stairs.

DANNY

(to himself)

Must have been shot there at the door,
and made it this far before losing it.

PRINT CREWMAN

You say something?

Danny shakes his head "no" and studies the marble bust.

DANNY

(to print crewman)

Who's the guy in the bust?

PRINT CREWMAN

Who are you?

The Print Crewman looks up briefly.

DANNY

Danny Sellers, Private Investigator.

PRINT CREWMAN

Great. Don't touch anything yet. Not
quite finished here.

Crewman goes back to his dusting.

DANNY

Right. Pleased to meet you, too.

Danny looks at the chalk outline hand reaching for the statue.

DANNY

'Do not go gentle into that good night',
I guess.

The print crewman looks at him briefly, then returns to his dusting of the banister. Linda joins Danny inside.

LINDA

Hi, there. Who sent you in on this one?

DANNY

A friend of his.

LINDA

That was fast. Who's the friend?

DANNY

Darn! Slips my mind at the moment,
Beautiful.

LINDA

Liar. No, really. Who sent you in on
this? It might help me to know.

DANNY

Ordinarily, Precious, I wouldn't let
anybody in on my client info. You know
that. But, beautiful women have always
been my cardinal weakness. A guy named
Fox - Marion T. Fox.

When he hears that name mentioned, the print crewman looks up for a moment, from Danny to Linda, then goes back to his work.

LINDA

From the D.A.'s office?

DANNY

He knew the guy. Says they were 'quite
good' friends. Just wants me to nose
around. Shouldn't take long. Who did it?

LINDA

You're kidding, of course.

DANNY

About what, Fox or the who-done-it part?

Linda knows he's being evasive. She smiles and shakes her head.

LINDA

So far as we know, this guy Early is clean as a whistle. I don't have a clue as to the who done it. What I want to know is why's the D.A. on this already?

DANNY

It's not the D.A.; it's a friend of the deceased.

LINDA

What time did he contact you?

DANNY

This morning, maybe eight... nine. A couple of hours ago at most.

LINDA

You swear to me, this is not official D.A. business?

DANNY

Come on now. Would the D.A.'s office hire me for anything?

She thinks about it for a nanosecond, then laughs shaking her head.

LINDA

Sorry. About all we know is what you see. The butler, or valet guy who lives here says it happened about four this morning. Other than that, he knows nothing.

DANNY

Yeah, right. That's all I needed to hear. There's a butler. Arrest him.

LINDA

There's more. The victim has a brother.

DANNY

I know. Fox called him Eric. Had a son too, in and out of trouble with the law. Let's keep it simple, the butler did it.

She waves her finger for him to wait a minute.

LINDA

There's more. His brother's connected with the mob. His son's a small time dealer.

DANNY

Please, Beautiful. Arrest the butler.

She waves her finger.

LINDA

The brother's a friend of Mike Jefferies.

DANNY

The Mayor?

LINDA

Also a close friend of Jacob White.

DANNY

The Mayor's puppeteer. Holy shit! The plot thickens. How does the stiff fit into it all?

She shrugs her shoulders.

LINDA

Don't know.

DANNY

Liar.

She heads for the exit with Danny following.

LINDA

See you around, Sweetums. I have to get back to the station.

DANNY

Keep me informed, okay?

She stops at the door and faces him.

LINDA

Tit for tat?

DANNY

I got no tats, but if you want to give me a shot at your lovely....

She smiles and points her finger at him.

LINDA

Don't say it.

DANNY

Deal.

They laugh. She looks to make sure the Print Crewman is not looking, then she gives Danny a peck on the cheek, and mouths "bye-bye" before descending the stairs. Danny stands on the porch admiring her derriere as she, fully aware he's looking, sashays back to her car, flipping him a good-bye wave with the tail of her jacket. Then he shakes his head and goes back inside the house.

As he walks around examining the scene of the crime, behind him, through the open front door, we see Chief Inspector Sidney Leis approaching - a heavysset man with an arrogant walk. With him are two other detectives. They enter.

LEIS

Well, well, well. What are you doing here, Sellers?

Danny rolls his eyes in disgust.

DANNY

Just leaving, Sid.

He turns to face Leis.

LEIS

Why are you here?

Leis and his two flunkies encircle Danny like trained dogs.

LEIS

Somebody hire you to look into this?

Danny brushes past them toward the exit.

DANNY

Naw. Just thought I'd drop by and see how the other side lives.

LEIS

Don't give me any of your shit, Sellers. I don't need to remind you that you have no license for this. Or do I? City wouldn't give you one. Remember? So you'd better just be here with the landscapers or cleaning crew.

Danny turns to face them.

DANNY

Well, there's certainly plenty of garbage in the area. See ya.

Danny nods farewell and exits, heading for his car.

LEIS (OC)

Yeah, screw you, too, asshole.

The print crewman approaches Leis and tells him something. Leis becomes angry and flips open his cell phone and starts dialing.

EXT. DOOR TO TUTU'S APARTMENT.

Danny knocks. The door is opened by Petunia Tollerood (aka Tutu, Tuti, Teetop) short, slender blonde who speaks in a heavy street dialect from her years on the street after running away to Tinseltown as a fourteen year old kid.

DANNY

Hey there, Chef!

TUTU

(smiling)

Don't chef me. I ain't fixin' you no lunch. And I know that's what you're here for.

She turns, and he follows her in.

DANNY

Aw, come on, Teetop.

TUTU

No! Danny.

She makes a waving motion toward the kitchen with her hand.

TUTU

You know where it's at. I was just gettin' in the shower. Go ahead in there and fix somethin'. It's some bologna and lettuce, and bread. You know where it's at. Make a sandwich or somethin'.

DANNY

You can do it - won't take but a minute.

TUTU

No!

Tutu heads down the hall toward the shower, leaving him in the living room.

TUTU

And don't wake up Trudy. She's sleepin'. Leave her alone. I ain't gonna be but a minute. Fix me one, too. I want to talk to about somethin'.

DANNY

Nope! I'm not fixing you one.

TUTU

(laughing)

You better. Oh, by the way, Mick was here this mornin'. He gone now though.

Then she closes the bathroom door. Danny starts to call out to her, but gives up when he hears the sound of the shower turning on. He shruggs his shoulders, and heads for the kitchen.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM AT TUTU'S - SOME MINUTES LATER.

Danny is sitting on the couch watching a re-run of NEWHART. In front of him on the table is a plate with a half-eaten sandwich on it. Next to it is a plate with the sandwich he made for Tutu. And there are two cans of soda. We hear the shower turn off, then Tutu enters. She is wearing nothing but a pair of panties torn at the elastic band, and a towel wrapped around her hair. She plops down onto the couch beside Danny, and begins drying her hair.

TUTU

We can't watch this. I want to see Green Acres. Change.

DANNY

I was here first.

TUTU

But it's my off-day, naaa!

She sticks her tongue out at him.

TUTU

So change to Green Acres.

DANNY

Every day's your off day. You don't work.

TUTU

So! Just change, Danny. It's coming on. This my sandwich?

She stops drying her hair long enough to pick up the sandwich and bite into it.

TUTU

If it wasn't, it is now. Shoot, you ain't put enough mustard on it! Change.

He picks up the remote and changes channels.

DANNY

What'd you want to talk about?

She reacts nervously, lays her sandwich down on the couch beside her, and takes a deep breath, slowly rubbing her hair with the towel.

TUTU

You know what, Danny, I like you. I really do. I mean, look at me. I'm sittin' here naked with you. Well, not really naked. I respect you too much for that. That's why I thought to put on my panties before I came out from the shower in here.

She finishes drying her hair, and tosses the towel on the table in front of her, resting her feet on it. Danny opens his soda, then opens hers for her, sitting it on the table in front of her while she continues talking.

TUTU

Otherwise, long as Tru was sleep and didn't see me, I wouldn't have put on nothin'. But you know how she get about me. And I do mess up a lot. I do. Anyway...

She picks up her sandwich and takes another bite, then lays it back on the couch beside her and guzzles down a swig of her soda.

TUTU

I just wanted to say that - that I like you I mean. Respect you a lot, too. Okay?

DANNY

Fine. I like you too, Teetop. And respect you.

TUTU

You like me too.... That's good. 'Cause we're friends, I feel like I can talk to you. You know so much of my life. My poor life.

DANNY

Teetop..

Danny takes her hand in his and kisses it politely.

DANNY

What's on your mind?

She slowly withdraws her hand and holds it to her breast and smiles.

TUTU

Well, Danny... I'm just gonna come right out and say it.

There is a long silence. They look at the television. She takes another deep breath. Then they both turn and look at each other. She swigs some soda, then nervously blurts out.

TUTU

It ain't nothin', really. I just wanted you know I like you, case you don't already.

DANNY

That's it? You like me?

She smiles nervously, then makes a silly face to break the tension.

TUTU

What was you thinkin' when I came out? You ain't know what I was gonna say, did you?

DANNY

I didn't know you were going to say that. That's for sure. I was just sitting here thinking about you.

She nervously repositions herself on the sofa, slightly mashing her sandwich under her thigh.

TUTU

I mean I know I'm ugly. 'Cause when I was with Sweet he beat me so much. He used to beat all his girls, though. And I know I mess up a lot. That's why I try to be so good with Tru. She rescued me.

(MORE)

(con't)

Saved me from all that... evil. But it left a lot of scars. I told you about him, though. Sweet Silk. I'm ashamed of that. He got me hooked, too. That's why I owe my life to Tru. Lots of girls do. Anyway, I know I ain't much, especially to look at. That's all.

She looks over and smiles at Danny, diverting his attention while she quickly wipes away mustard that oozed from her sandwich onto her thigh.

TUTU

Even if I met a man that was right as rain in April, if Tru said he was wrong for me I would have to leave him. 'Cause she ain't never done wrong by me. Just like you, Danny.

She drains the last of her soda, sits the can down on the table, and begins nervously playing with the tips of her hair.

TUTU

Of course she wouldn't never say you was wrong for me. But that don't matter, 'cause you already go with Sue. So you probably don't even think that way about me. Do you?

Through the window we see a car pull into the driveway.

DANNY

Looks like Mick decided to come by.

Tutu looks up and sees the car, and leaps to her feet.

TUTU

Shoot!

DANNY

What?

TUTU

Dah!

She indicates her near nakedness.

DANNY
(chuckles)

Oh.

She laughs, and runs down the hallway to her bedroom to get dressed. From the hallway we can hear Trudy has gotten up and ran into Tutu in the hall.

TRUDY (OC)
I know you weren't sitting out there like that with company! Who's in the living room?

TUTU (OC)
It's just Danny. We was talkin'. I guess I forgot. Mick just pulled in the driveway.

TRUDY (OC)
Into! Into the driveway. Now go get dressed.

Trudy enters the living room, and heads straight for the love seat next to the couch.

TRUDY
Hi, Danny. Get the door for Mick.

She curls up on the love seat.

TRUDY
Long as you're up bring me a soda.

Danny heads for the door.

DANNY
(mocking)
Get the door! Bring me a soda! Geez! you'd think I lived here.

TRUDY
Oh dear! I wonder why anybody would think that?

Danny opens the door for Mick as Tutu returns from getting dressed.

DANNY

Hey, Mick!

Mick enters carrying a twelve pack of beer.

MICK

What's up, Partner?

Tutu enters the room wearing jeans, a much too big Cleveland Browns sweatshirt and no shoes. She playfully turns her nose up at Mick.

TRUDY

Don't you two get started! As long as you're up, Danny, why don't you go get some pizza or something. And take one of them with you. I don't want to hear them going at it.

MICK

(to Tutu)

Yeah, but put some shoes on first, you little hick!

TUTU

Who said I'm goin' anywhere, Bonehead! You don't even be thinkin' before you talk! You bonehead Babylonian.

Mick takes a seat on the couch.

MICK

(to Tutu)

You know what I've been meaning to ask you, why do you speak Ebonics? You're not even Black.

TUTU

I don't even know about no Ebonics. I speak English. What you speak? Is there a language called Bonehead?

MICK

Danny, isn't she speaking Ebonics?

Danny, standing, takes a last swig of his soda.

DANNY

Can't say. I've never actually been to Ebonia.

TUTU

(to Mick)

Naa! Bonehead!

Tutu sticks her tongue out at Mick.

TRUDY

Stop it, you two! Take her with you, Danny. Get a movie, too. Something good. You pick it, Tuti. Don't get none of that foreign subtitle stuff Danny likes.

TUTU

(to Trudy)

All right, I'll go. I think I'll get something funny.

Tutu goes over and slips on Trudy's loafers.

TUTU

(to Danny)

I'm gonna go with you.

DANNY

(to Mick & Trudy)

See you in a bit. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

They head for the door.

TUTU

'Specially not with him, Tru. You'd be slummin' big time!

Danny and Tutu exit.

TRUDY

Bring me a soda, Mick. And change the channel.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - ON THE FREEWAY.

TUTU

Can we stop somewhere?

DANNY

The park?

TUTU

Yeah! That's good. Shoot! I ain't bring
the Frisbee. Dog gone it!

DANNY

We'll bring it next time.

They ride along silent for a few seconds after that. Then, Tutu repositions herself in her seat, tucking her legs under her butt so that she is facing him and leaning her left side on the back of the seat.

TUTU

Danny, look.

She raises the index finger of her right hand up facing him.

TUTU

Do this.

DANNY

Okay.

He raises his finger and she presses the tip of her finger to his and giggles, pulling her hand back.

DANNY

What was that?

TUTU

A finger kiss. We used to do that when we were kids, me and my girl friend from up the road. That meant we were really special to each other.

DANNY

Finger kiss, huh? Here, do this.

He lightly licks the tip of his finger and holds it out to her. When she complies, he presses his wet finger to hers.

DANNY

Now, it's even more personal.

Her smile brightens, and she slightly twists her finger against his before withdrawing it.

TUTU

Thanks.

She sighs softly, withdrawing her hand to her breasts, and leaning her head against the headrest.

EXT. A CITY PARK.

Danny pulls the car into the park. There's a large crowd there. Some politician is holding a campaign rally. There is a small traveling carnival set up, as well as several other entertainments scattered around, and lots of booths and tables set up selling things or signing people up for one thing or another, a nice, festive atmosphere.

They get out of the car, and begin working their way through the crowd. Tutu losses no time finding herself one of those push cart hotdog vendors and overloading her hotdog with mustard, and relish, and onions, and chili, spilling a couple of drops of mustard on her sweatshirt with the first bite. Danny buys one for himself as well.

DANNY

Teetop, let's have a race. I bet I can wolf mine down before you finish yours.

She licks her fingers clean of spillage and wipes some mustard from her chin.

TUTU

If I win, and I know I'm gonna, you have to buy me a big pretzel for now and two to take home or me and Tru. Okay?

DANNY

You're on.

They begin gobbling down their hotdogs and giggling. Behind them we see the crowd being parted by someone making their way toward Danny and Tutu.

LEIS (OC)

Well, well, well, look who's here.

Danny tries to finish chewing the wad of hot dog before turning around to face Leis. Tutu's eyes widen as if she had just seen ghost when she sees Leis. She spills even more mustard on herself, then nervously lowers her hands to her side, and drops the rest of her hot dog on the grass.

LEIS

That's called littering, Little Lady.

Danny turns to face Leis.

DANNY

And what's your presence here called?

LEIS

Fuck you, Sellers. What the hell are you doing her anyway?

One of Leis' flunkies steps forward.

FLUNKIE

Chief asked you a question, boy. What the hell are you doing here - without a license?

Danny smiles, trying not to lose his cool.

DANNY

(to Leis)

Free country, last I heard. Your new-world order hasn't taken over just yet, Sid. Afraid your cowboy Fuhrer caught a case of Alzheimer's. Too bad.

They stare each other down for a second.

LEIS

Free country? Let me show some freedom,
asshole.

Leis steps back so the two flunkies with him are out front.

LEIS

(to his flunkies)

Robinson, Davis, I think this guy might
be carrying a concealed weapon. Frisk
him.

TUTU

(pleadingly)

We ain't got no guns!

LEIS

(to Tutu)

Pick up that garbage and throw it away
before we have to frisk you too. I might
even enjoy that. Sit down.

After Tutu does as ordered, and is sitting on the bench,
Leis approaches Danny as the two flunkies are frisking him.

LEIS

What's this, Sellers, you fucking
retards now?

The flunkies finish their frisking, Danny rearranges his
shirt and jacket.

DANNY

No, Sid, in fact, I haven't seen your
mother in weeks. How is the old girl?

LEIS

You fucking bastard. My mother's dead,
and you know it!

Danny throws the remainder of his hotdog down on the grass
at Leis' feet.

DANNY

Looking down on everything you do. Think
she's proud of her blue-eyed boy, Sid?

Danny turns away and heads over to Tutu, who is sitting on the bench nervously wringing her hands.

LEIS

You're on thin ice, Sellers. Back off.

DANNY

What the hell are you talking about!

LEIS

I'll be damned. You don't even know, do you?

Danny sits on the bench beside Tutu and hands her his handkerchief to wipe off some mustard on her chin.

DANNY

(to Leis)

Like I said, what are you talking about?

Leis laughs and walks away without answering.

DANNY

(to Tutu)

You okay?

TUTU

He used to be a policeman.

DANNY

He's still a cop. So are the other two. But now they're plain clothes.

He puts his handkerchief away.

TUTU

I can't believe they would raise him to detective. I saw him do some stuff.

She takes a deep breath and slowly regains her calm.

Danny kisses Tutu on the forehead and stands looking over at the rally going on.

DANNY

Come on. I want to go up to the stage and get a look at who's there Okay?

He places his arm around her shoulder as she wrapped hers around his waist as they head for the stage to see the rally.

TUTU

I'm not reatrded, Danny. He's wrong.

DANNY

I already know that, Darlin'. And so does he. He was just being the pig bastard that he is.

TUTU

Lots of people say that about me.

DANNY

Wouldn't matter to me either way. I like you. Remember? That's unconditional.

She tightens her grip around his waist. He stops and faces her smiling.

DANNY

Here.

He licks his finger and holds it out to her, and they have a long, wet finger kiss.

TUTU

(smiling)

Thanks.

They continue on up to through crowd gathered around the stage. A Mariachi band is just finishing up their routine, and the mayor approaches the podium.

DANNY

I'll be damned! See that guy there, sitting behind the mayor?

She strains up on her tip toes to get a good look at the stage.

TUTU

Yeah. You know him?

DANNY

We butted heads when me and Mick worked for the Journal. He was assistant D.A. investigating organized crime in town. In our final piece I said he was a liar. But the story never ran. That prick put some pressure on the paper, him and the mayor. In less than a week I was fired and that boot-licker was promoted to D.A. Now he's some kind of advisor for the mayor. They're all a bunch of damned crooks.

But Tutu's attention had become riveted on someone else on the stage. She nudges Danny, and motions toward the stage. Then she looks around apprehensively making sure no one is close enough to hear her.

TUTU

See that woman! She was the woman who was the friend of some rich man that owned those clubs in Japan where I was gonna be sent, some man named the Duke.

On the stage we see a bored looking brunette seated next to some tall guy who is wearing a wide-brimmed hat. Then Tutu falls silent, and sidesteps to press against Danny even closer. He feels her trembling slightly. Then she slowly slips her hand into his and whispers timidly.

TUTU

Danny, let's go, quick! Let's get out of here. I want to go home.

DANNY

Why? What's the matter, Tee...

She stops him from speaking, by pleading in a whisper:

TUTU

No! Don't say my name! Let's go. Please?

She tries to pull him away from the area. He resists.

DANNY

No. Tell me what's wrong. What is it?

He stops her just beyond the crowd, and they sit down on a nearby park bench.

TUTU

Did you see that man sittin' behind that woman I showed you?

Danny turns and looks back at the stage. The man she was talking about was the one wearing the hat, a tall, thin man, wearing a long, ankle-length coat and a wide-brimmed hat pulled down low over the face, giving no hint of the wearer's identity.

TUTU

That's him, Danny. That's Sweet Silk!
Come on, please, let's go. Please!

DANNY

The pimp? You shouldn't still be afraid of him, Teetop. He's nothing to you any more.

She gets up to leave the area, but he pulls her back down beside him on the bench.

TUTU

Please, let's just go home. You don't know. Nobody does.

She wipes away a few tears.

TUTU

I still have nightmares of him. I go to bed every night scared I'm gonna wake up one morning and he'll still be there, like I was only dreamin' I got away

She slides over closer to Danny and pulls him even closer to her.

DANNY

But you're out of that now. You have to let that fear go. That's all he has on you now, the fear he gave you. Let it go.

TUTU

He would keep sayin' he was never gonna kill me, that I was always gonna be his bitch. He would wake me up sometimes right after I went to sleep just to beat me. He would drag me from bed to the front room just so his company, that woman was one of them, could see me get beat. That woman saw it! She's the one who....

She pauses and presses against Danny as close as she can, trembling even harder.

DANNY

Listen, Teetop, you don't have to be afraid any more. He's out of the picture now. Let's go walk around the park for a while.

They get up and head back through the crowd. Tutu sighs, shrugging off her fear a bit. He looks at her and smiles.

DANNY

Want a kiss?

TUTU

Or somethin'. More than you know.

She smiles and raises her finger to him. Then, she remembers and kisses it then holds it out to him.

DANNY

Not this time.

He takes her finger into his hand and pulls her forward, pressing his body into hers.

TUTU

But what about...

DANNY

No buts.

He embraces her.

TUTU

Okay.

She purses her lips and rises high up on her tiptoes and they kiss. Kiss again, and yet again. Then they hear a voice from behind meant to ruin the moment.

LEIS (OC)

Well, well, well. What have we here?

Danny turns to face him, slightly shielding Tutu who steps out from his shadow to get a better look at Leis and his two flunkies. She is less afraid now, staring defiantly at Leis.

FLUNKIE ONE

This is a family function here. Maybe we should arrest these two for lewdness in public.

LEIS

Beat it, Sellers, before I write you up. And take your little retarded whore with you.

Danny starts to respond, but Tutu tugs on his hand, turning him to face her and giving him a devious wink.

TUTU

Let's go.

As they start walking off, Tutu turns to face Leis and his boys.

TUTU

Fuck you, you fat-ass, weasel-dick mother fucker! Fuck you and your dead ass mama!

Then she calmly turns back around and walks blithely away, steering Danny toward a cart where an old man was selling her favorite 'big old' pretzels.

DANNY

Where'd that come from?

TUTU

He deserved it after what I saw him do. Besides, he's probably a friend of the one who got you fired.

He drapes his arm over her shoulder and kisses her on the cheek.

DANNY

There's some kind of connection alright. I know that dickhead D.A. had everything to do with my being fired. Him and the mayor had nestled snugly into someone's pocket - someone powerful and just as corrupt as they are. If I ever find out who that someone is, I'll bust him. I don't care how long or what price, he's busted.

She smiles up at him.

TUTU

Me too. We a team.

She wraps her arm around his waist as they approach the pretzel man.

INT. THE HOME OF DUKE BLATZ - SAME.

A man sits in a high-backed chair. We cannot see him except for his hands and arms. There is an end table beside him holding a silver tray with a glass of red wine and an unused ashtray on it. He is smoking a cigar. The telephone rings and he answers.

DUKE BLATZ

Hello... Speaking. What do you want, Inspector?

He flicks an ash from his cigar onto the plush, white carpet, and takes a sip of his wine.

DUKE BLATZ

I've heard. Fox hired him. He's no problem.

A woman enters wearing a very skimpy maid's outfit that leaves most of her bust exposed. She also wears spike heels, fishnet stockings, leather wrist and ankle cuffs and a broad, black leather dog collar around her neck. She is extremely well postured, as if trained. Without a word, she stoops and sweeps the cigar ash into a dustpan and turns and walks away. Blatz ignores her completely. As the woman leaves we see there is a circle branded into the left cheek of her butt. She does not say a word.

DUKE BLATZ

I said he's no problem! The girl? Did you handle that?

He flicks another ash onto the carpet.

DUKE BLATZ

Good. Let Cinnamon know about the P.I. Have you paid the boy? Good.

Another woman approaches dressed just as the first. She stoops and re-sweeps the area where the ash had fallen. But on rising, she accidentally bumps the tray and knocks over the glass of wine. She tries desperately to catch it before it all spills. But some does spill onto the carpet.

DUKE BLATZ

(into the phone)

Make sure you handle the investigations. Squash them. That's all, Inspector.

He hangs up the phone just as another woman approaches carrying a black riding crop. She lays the crop on the floor. The woman who spilled the wine kneels on all fours in front of Blatz. The other woman raises the skirt of the kneeling woman high up onto her back and ceremonially rolls the panties down to mid thigh. We see a circle also branded on the left buttock of these two women. After preparing the kneeling woman, the other woman then kneels down beside Blatz, lifts the crop, kisses it, and offers it to him. He takes it from her.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TUTU'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING.

Tutu, wearing her baggy, Cleveland Brown's Sweatshirt, is sitting on the couch sewing the pair of torn panties she had on the day before. The telephone rings and she snatches it up excitedly as if hoping for the call.

TUTU

Hello. Wow! Danny. I knew that was gonna be you. You gonna be busy today? Come over. Have some coffee. Yes, I got some bacon and eggs to go with it. I got everything you want! Yes, I'll be your chef. I'm gonna start fixin' it now. Come on over!

Then she hangs up the phone, breaks the thread she was sewing with, throws it aside, slips on the panties, and races off to the kitchen.

INT. THE BLATZ HOME - SAME.

Open on the derriere of the woman who was whipped the day before. We can see the welts on her upper thighs. She is pouring a glass of wine for Cinnamon Candy, the woman Tutu pointed out on the stage at the park the day before. Duke Blatz is sitting in his chair. We can not see him. Another man, Eric Early, sits next to Cinnamon Candy. He looks clearly intimidated to be in "The Dukes" presence.

CANDY

(to Blatz)

I'm adding a new girl to the staff tomorrow, Duke. Her name's Bambi. She's an absolute doll. You'll love her.

BLATZ

Good.

The servant comes over and pours him some wine. He flicks the ash from his cigar into her bosom.

CANDY

I am a bit worried about Fox and that damned private dick he's hired.

BLATZ

I don't think it's a problem. I've already spoken to the Inspector. At worst the P.I. will close in on the boy, and the boy will kill him. Then the Inspector can handle it from there, and get rid of the boy as well. I never liked him anyway.

He flicks an ash onto the carpet.

BLATZ

Eric, I want you to take care of that depot today, and search David's place. Find that information, if it exists. Once that's done, everything will return to normal. Cinnamon, you go over there and handle the sale of that damn place yourself. Understood? Eric would only fuck it up.

CANDY

Yes, dear. You're probably right, of course. As long as nothing unforeseen arises. I think Sid is getting too reckless, too bold about things.

BLATZ

I know. But it won't affect us at all. I'll take care of it.

CANDY

Of course. Do you want to go up to the chamber? I'm about to introduce the new girl.

BLATZ

No.

CANDY

Okay. That's where I'll be if you want me. Come on, Eric.

She stands and leaves the room. The woman who served the wine follows, head bowed and arms folded behind her back, with Eric Early bringing up the rear.

INT. KITCHEN IN TUTU'S APARTMENT.

Danny is sitting at the table. Tutu is clearing the dishes.

TUTU

So what are you gonna be doin' today?

She rakes leftovers into the disposal, dropping dishes into the sink.

DANNY

I was planning to go see my client. You hear about that trucking company guy who was murdered the other day?

TUTU

Naw.

DANNY

Well, some friend of his hired me to look into his murder.

She turns on the disposal and shouts.

TUTU

Who was he?

DANNY

(shouting)

Some rich pig named David Early.

She turns off the disposal.

TUTU

David Early? He wasn't rich. His father is, though.

DANNY

You're probably talkin' about the son. I'm checking up on the father.

She turns on the water and begins rinsing dishes and racking them.

TUTU

He owned that truck place where I used to live in back of when I first got here. When I was a street person. That's where I first met Sweet Silk.

DANNY

You mean the truck warehouse where you met your pimp was owned by David Early?

She turns off the water.

TUTU

That's what it said: EARLY TRUCKING, right up on the buildin'.

She dries her hands on her sweatshirt.

DANNY

Holy shit! Sweet Silk, a low-life pimp was doing business with David Early?

TUTU

I don't know. But I met him there.

She unwraps one of the pretzels Danny bought her at the park the day before.

DANNY

How can you eat and eat like that and never gain any weight?

TUTU

I burn it up. Tru say I'm hyper.

She opens a jar of mustard and uses her finger to scoop and spread it on the pretzel.

TUTU

These are good, anyway. Plus pretzels got no fat. You want a bite?

She offers him a bite. He declines with a wave of his hand.

TUTU

Let's go the store and get some donuts.
We gotta take that movie back anyway.
Let's watch it again!

DANNY

No. Let's go. Unless you got something
else you need to do.

She picks up the paper her pretzel was wrapped in and
crumples it up to mask her saying:

TUTU

We could fuck!

He does a double take, not sure what he just heard.

DANNY

What'd you say?

TUTU

Nothin'. Come on, let's go.

She tosses the crumpled paper in the trashcan, and gives
him a sly smile as she heads for the door.

DANNY

No, really, what did you say?

TUTU

You ain't hear me for real?

DANNY

I thought, but I don't think so. Did I?

She laughs as they exit the apartment.

INT. DANNY CAR.

DANNY

So, tell me, what do you know about Leis,
that cop we saw yesterday? You said you
saw him 'do stuff'.

She kicks off her shoes and tucks her legs under her butt, sitting sideways in the seat so she was facing Danny and leaning on the back of the seat.

TUTU

Me and these two other girls was workin'. I saw him beat some guy who sold dope. The guy had ripped off his supplier. Then Leis came to us and said, 'What did you see?' I was scared, so I said I ain't see nothin'. But this other girl said, 'Don't worry, I can keep a secret.' Soon as she said that, he beat her till she was just a puddle of blood - kicked her, stomped, everything. Then he came back to us, and said, 'What did you see?' And both of us said we ain't see nothin'. Then he left.

She shrugs her shoulders.

DANNY

What happened to that guy he beat?

TUTU

Don't know. The girl died, though. We heard it the next day. Radio said a body was found dead in a alley.

DANNY

That woman we saw yesterday at the park, what was her name?

TUTU

I don't know that to this day. We just used to call her the Bitch Queen. See this.

She rolls her sweatshirt completely up exposing her bare breasts, and pointing to her nipples.

DANNY

Don't do that! Somebody might see you.

TUTU

Oh.

She quickly rolls sweatshirt back down, and looks around at the traffic and people on the street.

TUTU

Did somebody see?

DANNY

Probably not. What were you trying to show me?

She relaxes again against the back of the seat, still facing him.

TUTU

You ever see those scars on my titties?

DANNY

I didn't know they were scars. I thought they were pierced or something.

TUTU

Naw. She did that to me. Remember me sayin' how he drug me through the house so she could see him beat me? Well, when he was done, she came over to me and said, 'Now it's my turn to have a little fun.' She ripped open my blouse and slapped and pinched and bit my titties. Be honest I ain't care about that. That's kind of okay to me. But after she finished that, she stuck safety pins through my nipples.

She shudders and rubs her nipples as if reliving the experience. They drive on in silence for a bit, then pull into the video store parking lot.

TUTU

Cinnamon! That's what they called her. Cinnamon Candy.

Danny reaches on the back seat and picks up the video they are returning.

TUTU

We gonna rent another one?

DANNY

Not now. Maybe later. Gotta work today,
remember? I'm going to drop this off,
then run you home. Okay?

He exits the car.

TUTU

See if they got donuts or somethin'
sweet. And come over later for supper.

He leans down and looks into the car at her and smiles.

DANNY

Deal.

Then he heads into the video store.

EXT. EARLY TRUCKING DEPOT.

Early Trucking Depot is a long abandoned truck depot in a seedy, industrial corner of the city. There is no one else around as Danny pulls back into an alley-like driveway leading to the old loading docks. He notices other tire tracks leading in and out of the driveway, which he assumes are those of junkies or johns looking for an isolated place to shoot up or get laid.

There is nothing else around - railroad tracks behind it, and an old, half burned down house off to the side, just beyond a rusted, broken down cyclone fence. The huge, sliding doors to the warehouse are closed.

He ascends the stairs to find the door opens onto a cold, cavernous mystery beyond. He forces open the door and makes his way inside, casing the place for any sound or movement. There is none, except for a few pigeons flying around. But there are footprints streaked through the thick layer of dirt and dust covering the floor, which he assumes were made by the same crowd of dopers and nasties who made the tire tracks. The partially opened door affords him a straight beam of daylight for about the first twenty paces, beyond which there is a creepy, but strangely tranquil, twilight hue created by light from the rows of broken windows lining the top of the warehouse walls.

The tracks led him to a tiny men's room tucked away in the rear corner. He tries to open the door, but it is blocked by something. He puts a little shoulder to it to force it along. That's when he sees them, a pair of black, spike-heeled shoes still clinging to a petite pair of stockinged feet, at the end of a pair of well formed legs.

She looked to be in her late teens or early twenties, a beautiful woman, maybe five-eight or five-nine, hundred and fifteen pounds or so, long, flowing, coal black hair, finely chiseled features, and dead as a doornail.

DANNY

Damn!

He enters the men's room, stepping over the body. Up close she looked more mid to late teens. The side of her head was crushed. Bashed in, he concluded, by some narrow blunt object, the narrow edge of a two by four perhaps, or a nightstick. Her silky, black hair was spread out around her face like a macabre halo glued to the floor in a hardened cloud of dried blood. Her mouth was agape and her eyes as well.

DANNY

Damn.

He checks her. The only things she's wearing are a see through blouse, spandex mini skirt, torn black stockings, and those heels. There are deep purple bruises on her upper torso and on her forearms. She must have tried to fend off her attacker.

DANNY

Damn it! I hate this.

He stands staring down at the body for a second. He makes a sign of the cross and leaves the men's room, looking back once as if wanting to do something more for her. He heads for the exit, but stops along the way to squat down and examine the footprints that led him to the dead girl. They are clearly visible. They are those of two men and a woman. She wore spike heels. He follows the footprints to a set of tire tracks outside. There's an uncovered sewer nearby. He looks down it, but sees nothing. He takes out his note pad and jots some notes, tucks it back into his pocket, then gets in car his and leaves.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH ON A CORNER IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD.

Danny dials a number and waits for an answer. He notices there are a few people around now. A drunk in a long, dirty overcoat is huddled in a doorway asleep. Half a block up the street from the phone booth a young hooker exits a car pulling her skirt back down. The car drives away. Danny watches the girl as she fusses with her hair for a second, replaces her breasts in her bra, adjusts her blouse, and walks away.

DANNY

(into the phone)

Hello. I need to speak to Detective Greenspan in Homicide.. Fine, then give me Vice...

He looks up again and sees the young hooker nearing the corner. Then she stops as another car pulls around. She leans in and chats, then climbs in. The car pulls into the alleyway leading to the abandoned truck depot.

DANNY

(into the phone)

Lin, what happened, I thought you were in Homicide? (pause) Leis? Because he saw us talking yesterday? That pig! Sorry about that. Listen I found a body, a girl, in the old truck depot down here in the... (pause) Okay, okay. Calm down. I'll beat it before they get here... (pause) Yeah, call me later, okay? (pause) Right. See you then. Sorry about what happened, Precious. Bye.

He hangs up the phone, looks toward the car where the young hooker went, decides against approaching it, gets in his car and pulls out of the area.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - HOURS LATER.

Danny has fallen asleep on the sofa. National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" is on the radio. The telephone rings. An old Mighty Mouse cartoon is on the TV.

The sound is muted. The telephone rings again. His note pad is laying open on the table in front of him. On the third ring of the telephone, he wakes and sits up looking down at his notepad for a second. On the fourth ring, he answers the telephone.

DANNY

Hello.

We can hear Tutu's voice coming through from the other end.

TUTU (VO)

Danny? You ain't gonna come over for supper? I was just wonderin'

DANNY

Oh, I must have dozed off.

He picks up his notepad and slips it into his pocket.

TUTU (VO)

You okay, Danny? 'Cause Mick called and said he ran into Linda. She said what happened today.

DANNY

I'm fine. Just a little headache.

TUTU (VO)

Come over for supper, okay? I fixed what you like. Remember when I fixed them mashed potatoes with a lot of milk that time? That's what I made today, with some gravy, and some corn, and I made the chops in the oven - baked 'em in my secret batter. Remember when I made some before?

DANNY

Damn that sounds good. Why don't you save me some, and I'll come by tomorrow for lunch, okay?

Tutu says nothing.

DANNY

Okay?

TUTU (VO)

Well, okay... Okay. Bye.

He calls her name again, but she has hung up.

DANNY

Shit!

He hangs up the phone. He takes out the notepad, looks up Fox's number, and dials. There is no answer. He hangs up the phone, leans back on the sofa.

DANNY

Well, Teetop, guess who's coming to dinner.

He shuts his eyes for a second.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT.

Danny's asleep on the sofa. Hold for a second. We hear the sound of a door buzzer. He wakes on the first buzz. His notepad has fallen onto his lap. He slips it into his pocket and glances at the window and sees it's dark out.

DANNY

Shit.

There's a B&W movie on the television. He turns it off. There is jazz on the radio now. He lowers the volume a bit. The buzzer sounds again as he heads for the door and opens it.

TUTU

We brought dinner!

Tutu, Trudy, Linda, Mick and his girlfriend Brenda, and Jake who owns the bar below Trudy & Tutu's apartment enter.

Trudy and Tutu head for the kitchen carrying pots of food, Mick has a 12-pack of beer.

DANNY

Wow! This is great. Come on in.

They all stream in. Brenda approaches Danny, studying him like doctor to patient.

BRENDA

Listen, Hon, Tuti told me about your headache, so I brought you some herbs. I'm going to brew you some tea for that, some rosemary, wood betony, holy thistle, and mountain balm, a perfect blend, have you feeling fine in no time.

She heads off to the kitchen behind Trudy and Tutu.

LINDA

You okay?

She gives him a hug and a peck on the cheek as they sit down on the sofa. Jake and Mick pull up chairs and join them around the coffee table. Linda lights up a cigarette.

MICK

So, Linda, how are you?

Linda exhales a long puff of smoke, preparing herself to deal with Mick, whom she does not like much.

LINDA

I'm fine, Mick.

There's a pregnant pause. She takes another puff on her cigarette and exhales slowly.

LINDA

You still doing your internet magazine? Calling everything a conspiracy?

MICK

Not everything. I'm looking into that deal the mayor and his cronies are cooking up for that property downtown.

LINDA

You know what, Mick?

BRENDA (OC)

Hon, could you give me a hand in here?

Without a word, Mick heads for the kitchen. Linda breathes a sigh of relief.

LINDA

(to Danny)

So, how are you, Sweetums?

DANNY

I'm fine. What'd you find out about the girl?

LINDA

A seventeen-year-old prostitute, well known to the beat cops. She was also a drug user. It turns out Trudy knew her.

TUTU (OC)

Yeah, her name was Sadie.

Tutu and Trudy and Mick return from the kitchen carrying plates of food. Brenda follows with a cup of her headache remedy.

TRUDY

That's the name she used on the street. Her real name was Marguerite Greathouse. She was from someplace in Indiana. I talked to her a number of times, but she thought she was doing what she wanted.

DANNY

Seventeen.

Tutu sits plates for her and Danny on the table and sits on the sofa beside him.

MICK

How about we change the subject, huh.
It's chow time.

INT: DANNY'S APARTMENT - LATER.

In the living room, Mick and Brenda are playing Jake and Linda a game of Spades. Trudy doses away on the sofa.

In the kitchen, Teetop and Danny are cleaning up things. As they stand at the sink, Danny stops what they are doing and takes her into his arms and kisses her.

TUTU

Wow! I would ask what that was for, but, really, I don't even care.

DANNY

Good. That one was to thank you for dinner tonight.

TUTU

In that case I'm gonna be a cookin' fool!

Then he embraces her even more tightly and kisses her again.

DANNY

And that one's to let you know I like you a lot more than I've said before.

She smiles and wraps her arms around his waist.

TUTU

Well you're welcome, and thank you.

She kisses him.

TUTU

Anytime.

DANNY

Really, then how about breakfast tomorrow?

TUTU

You want me to come over again?

DANNY

No, I want you to sleep late while I wake you with breakfast in bed.

TUTU

You teasin' me, ain't you? You ain't gonna bring no breakfast all the way over to my house.

He smiles, giving her several light kisses from cheek to cheek.

DANNY

No, I was hoping I would bring it into my bedroom.

TUTU

Huh? You mean...

She leans back to look into his eyes.

TUTU

You want me to...

He kisses her on the lips again.

DANNY

Yes, I do.

TUTU

(in a whisper)

You mean stay here tonight, right?

He tilts her face up and gently showers her face with kisses - her eyes, her lips, her nose, her cheeks, her chin, her ears.

TUTU

(still whispering)

Really, Danny? You wouldn't think bad about me if I say yes? You wouldn't think I was...

He puts his finger over her lips to silence her.

DANNY

(softly)

I love you, Teetop.

He kisses her again, their tongues darting in and out. She stands for a second to catch her breath, and formulating her plan.

TUTU

Okay...

She kisses him again and enters the living room.

TUTU

Hey, Trudy gonna have to get up early in the morning to get to work. I'm gonna stay over here with her tonight. So y'all gotta go so she can sleep.

MICK

What? Are you kicking us out, you little hick?

TUTU

I'm kickin' you out. I'm politely askin' everybody else, 'cause they got sense.

JAKE

(yawning)

It is kind of late.

Everybody rises, preparing to leave.

BRENDA

(to Danny & Tutu)

This is good. You two together. This is good.

MICK

(to Brenda)

Don't start, babe.

BRENDA

(to Mick)

Well it is. After what Sue did!

MICK

(to Brenda)

Do you mind!

He steers her out of the door. Jack and Linda follow after brief farewells.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING.

Rain pounds against the window. Danny has just woke up. Tutu is still asleep with her head resting on his arm. Her slobber glistens on his bare shoulder. He tries to wake her by gently pecking kisses all over her face. Her only reaction is to drape her leg across his midsection as she repositions herself without ever leaving sleep. There is a gentle knock at the bedroom door.

TRUDY (OC)

You awake in there?

Danny pulls the blanket up over Tutu.

DANNY

(softly)

Yeah. Come on in.

Trudy enters.

TRUDY

Hi.

She goes over and sits on the bed beside him.

TRUDY

Scoot over.

Danny points to Tutu wrapped around his body.

TRUDY

Do you have a Kleenex? Wipe her mouth.

DANNY

No. Leave her alone.

TRUDY

She's slobbering all over you, Danny.

She laughs, shaking her head.

TRUDY

Oh, boy. Must be love. She certainly looks content. And so do you. But I'm hungry. I'm used to waking up to the smell of breakfast, but somebody has distracted my cook.

DANNY

Breakfast! Shit! I've got to go shopping. I promised breakfast in bed.

TRUDY

That sounds good. Give me some money. I'll go shopping.

She stands and stretches.

DANNY

Good idea. Look in my pants pocket.

TRUDY

Anxious? Trying to get rid of me, huh?

She laughs and rummages through his pants pocket for the money.

DANNY

Go to the store. Take my car.

TRUDY

I'll walk. It's just up the street.

She leans down to give Danny a peck on the cheek, and lightly stroke Teetop's.

DANNY

Beat it. And close the door behind you.

TRUDY

(laughing)

My god! Let the poor girl get some sleep.

She leaves the bedroom, closing the door behind her. Just as Danny was about to wake Tutu and try to pick up where they had left off just hours before, the telephone rings. Danny looks at the clock on the nightstand, then at the caller ID box on the wall above it.

The Caller ID box reads, BOLDAX, MICK. Danny answers the telephone. We hear Mick from the other end.

DANNY

Mick. What's up?

MICK (VO)

Those fuckers got me again last night, man. They wrecked my place again. The cops! Fucking pigs!

DANNY

What? Because of your article?

MICK (VO)

Fuck yes! Damn pigs. No, it's really City Hall using the pigs for what they are.

DANNY

Leis' boys. They take anything, or just do the Visigoth routine on your place?

MICK (VO)

All my notes on that downtown deal.

Danny reacts to a second call coming in on his line. He extricates himself from Tutu, and sits up on the side of the bed.

DANNY

Mick, got another call coming in. Soon as Trudy gets back, we'll be over. Talk to you later, Partner.

Tutu sits up in bed in a half sleep daze. She looks around the room a couple of times then lays back down.

DANNY

(into the phone)

Hello.

FOX (VO)

Mister Sellers, this is Marion T. Fox. I thought you should come by and pick up your fee today, Sir, as I will no longer need your services.

DANNY

I haven't even brought you my report yet.

FOX (VO)

I'll leave the money with Darryl, Mister Early's valet. You can pick it up at your convenience.

DANNY

Oh really? Mind if I ask...

Then we hear the sound of Fox hanging up.

DANNY

(to himself)

What the hell is this?

He sits thinking for a second then begins re-dialing Fox's number. We hear Fox's telephone ring several times, but no one answers. Danny slams down the phone.

DANNY

(to himself)

There's somethin' rotten in the cotton.

Tutu stirs.

TUTU

What'd you say?

But she's more asleep than awake. Danny gathers his clothes and goes into the living room and begins getting dressed. Then there is a knock at the front door, a soft but rapid-fire knock. Whoever it is, they are scared and in a hurry. Danny finishes dressing, and goes to the door.

DANNY

Yeah? Who is it?

WOMAN'S VOICE (OC)

Danny Sellers live here?

She spoke in a whisper, timid and frightened.

Danny steps aside, out of the line of fire, in case she had come to deliver one of those messages that left David Early sprawled at the foot of his stairs.

DANNY

Who wants to know?

Danny looks down and sees an envelope slide under the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OC)

Miss Tru asked me to give you these.

She slides a piece of paper under the door with some writing scribbled on it. Then we hear her footsteps fading down the hall. Danny cracks open the door, but all he sees is a glimpse of her high heeled shoe disappearing into the elevator door. He reads the note.

POLICE STOPPED ME.

I WAS LAST ONE TO SEE...

It was scribbled in a hurry, and smeared from the rain. He opens the envelope and is shocked to see they are pictures of the dead girl in the truck depot. Only in these shots she was very much alive and in the company of two of Mayor Jefferies' top aides. She is naked, except for a pair of high-heeled boots and a bullwhip. And the mayor's aides are on their knees bowing and groveling at her feet in some kind of slave/master sex romp.

DANNY

Interesting.

TUTU (OC)

What's those?

Danny flinches, and turns to see Tutu coming down the hall from the bedroom.

TUTU

Sorry. I ain't mean to scare you.

She stands naked and wiping sleep from her eyes. Danny shoves the pictures and note into his back pocket. Tutu notices the sofa is empty.

TUTU

Where's Tru?

Danny buttons up his shirt, and gets a jacket from the closet near the front door.

DANNY

She went to the store. Breakfast in bed, remember? I'm going to find her now. I forgot something.

TUTU

You're fixin' it, though. Not her?

DANNY

I'm fixing everything. Go hop back in the sack. I'll be right back.

She chuckles, and stretches.

TUTU

Hop in the sack, I'll be right back. That rhymes.

She turns and heads back down the hall toward the bedroom.

DANNY (OC)

I may be a while. It may be lunch in bed instead of breakfast. Okay? And don't answer the phone or the door.

TUTU

Good, I need some more sleep. Get some ice cream, too.

She makes it to the bedroom door, then stops and comes back in to Danny. She walks up to him and drapes her arms around his neck.

TUTU

Carry me.

DANNY

I'll spank you, is what I'll do.

TUTU

Promises, promises.

She winks at him. He tries to swat her on the butt, but she dodges and runs off giggling back to the bedroom.

INT. DANNY'S CAR.

As he drives along, he pulls the pictures from his back pocket and considers out loud.

DANNY

(to the pictures)

I guess you guys explain the cops ransacking Mick's place and arresting Trudy.

He slips them into his inside jacket pocket, and reads the note again.

POLICE STOPPED ME.

I WAS LAST ONE TO SEE...

DANNY

Last one to see the dead girl alive, other than her murderers, that is.

He sticks the note in with pictures.

DANNY

Sit tight, Miss Tru. Here I come to save the day. But first...

He parks the car in front of a modest little mansion tucked away on a lavishly landscaped hillside. The shingle on the gas lamp out front reads "FOX'S DEN."

DANNY

Cute.

He exits the car and heads up to the door, casing the area for whatever he could notice. He rings the doorbell and shakes his head in disgust as it chimes out the first few notes of John Denver's "Country Road, Take Me Home."

DANNY
(to himself)
Must be one of them West Virginia
ridge runners.

The door is answered by Darryl.

DANNY
You must be Darryl. I'm Danny Sellers.

DARRYL
Ah, yes. Do come in, Sir.

Danny steps inside and waits as Darryl goes into another room. There is a story on the television news about a fire somewhere in town. Danny glances at the set for a second, but ignores it when Darryl returns. Darryl hands him an envelope of money, then looks at the story on the TV.

DARRYL
That's really quite a pity, isn't it?

Danny glances inside the envelope then slips it into his jacket pocket without counting it.

DANNY
What's a pity?

DARRYL
The fire, Sir. The old depot. Where
Mister Early started his business,
Early Trucking.

DANNY
The place down by the rail yard?

Danny looks at the television to see a bunch of firemen trudging around in a pile of burned rubble. The building is completely destroyed.

DARRYL
Yes, Sir. It seems to have burned down
this morning.

DANNY
Shit!

DARRYL

Problem, Sir?

Danny ignores him and stands staring at the TV.

DARRYL

Will this take much longer, Sir?

Danny turns and leaves. Darryl follows to the door and watches as Danny heads for his car.

DARRYL

By the way, Sir, Miss Greenspan.

DANNY

Linda? What about her?

DARRYL

Yes, Linda Greenspan. Mister Fox thought I should mention that he heard she had a bit of trouble last night. Seems she ran into a car-jacker, Sir. She was hurt rather badly, and taken, I believe, to Saint Jude's. He thought you might want to know that, Sir.

DANNY

(annoyed)

Really? Was there anything else Fox thought I might be interested in knowing?

DARRYL

(smirking)

Only, Sir, that he doubled your fee. He says you'll earn it.

DANNY

I'll earned it? What do you suppose he meant by that?

DARRYL

I really can't say, Sir.

Danny gets in his car and slams the door.

DANNY

(to himself)

Yeah, right. What the hell's going on here? Dumped from a case I haven't even worked, damn near everybody I know arrested, jacked, or ransacked, all because some rich pig got shot and a hooker murdered. Or is it?

He pats his coat pocket to make sure the pictures are still there, then starts the engine. Then he pulls out the envelope Darryl gave him. He counts out the money. There's \$2,000 in 100 dollar bills.

DANNY

Whew! That fucker must be rolling in dough.

He stuffs the money back into the envelope and discovers a folded up piece of paper inside. He takes it out and unfolds it. On the paper there is some sort of a code:

%ç ç¿@ ¿@%? ß+ ç¿@ #ç%*&# *\$ +%&=%&*ç@ ;¿%ç *# *ç *\$ *ç#@:+

DANNY

What the hell?

He studies it for a moment.

DANNY

Fuck it. Deal with it later. First things first.

He stuffs the coded paper into his pocket, and drives away.

INT. TENTH DISTRICT POLICE STATION.

Danny enters and heads up to the desk sergeant. The sergeant is reading a newspaper. The place is empty except for the two of them.

DANNY

Hi, I'm here check up on a friend of mine, Miss Truth Lawler.

The sergeant doesn't look up from his reading.

SERGEANT

Have a seat.

DANNY

You know if she's at this station, or
what the bail is?

The sergeant brushes some donut crumbs off of his desk in
Danny's direction and goes on looking down at the paper.

DANNY

You don't know off hand?

The sergeant finally looks up from his paper with a scowl.

SERGEANT

Can't say as I do, Sellers.

DANNY

Fine.

Danny raises his hands to gesture he didn't want a hard
time, not wishing to make this day any worse than it
already was. He took a seat on one of the benches to wait.
He didn't want any trouble, but feared it was on the way
when he looked up and saw Mick come barging in through the
door.

MICK

Hey, Partner, what's up?

Mick takes a seat next to Danny. He looks up at the
sergeant who seems to be paying him no attention, and says
loud enough for the sergeant to hear:

MICK

Thought you might need some help dealing
with these fucking pigs.

Danny looks up to gauge the sergeant's reaction. There
seems to be none.

DANNY

(to Mick)

What are you doing here? Where's Brenda?

MICK

She's cool now. I dropped her off at your place.

DANNY

She can't get in at my place. I told Teetop not to answer the door.

MICK

Well, I guess your new main squeeze needs her fine little butt spanked for disobedience. Is she into the games?

Mick digs in his coat pocket for something.

MICK

So how was the little hick? I know you jumped those fine ass bones of hers last night? Tell the truth, does that ass look as good in real life as it does in those jeans? Here, check these out.

He pulls a stack of pictures from his pocket and hands them to Danny, firing an angry grimace at the desk sergeant, who sat pretending to be engrossed in his newspaper. He wasn't though. Ever since Mick came in, the cop had his ear rather blatantly tuned in on their conversation, and he backed that up with an occasional glance, especially to see what it was Mick handed to Danny.

MICK

They're pictures of how the pigs fucked up my apartment.

DANNY

Cool it, will you. We're here for Trudy, remember?

Danny glances at the pictures briefly, then hands them back to Mick.

MICK

Pigs! So when's Trudy coming out? What's taking so long?

DANNY

Don't know. She told the cops what she knew about the girl. That's why she's here I guess. But something's wrong.

Danny looks around to make sure it's relatively safe. Then he shows Mick the pictures the mysterious woman gave him.

MICK

Wow! What a bod. Who is she?

DANNY

The body I found in the depot.

MICK

Who are the two guys?

DANNY

The pot-bellied guy's Derk Samuals, the Mayor's driver. The other one you know. Take a closer look at him.

MICK

Fuck me! That's the bastard from the D.A.'s office!

Danny shushes him to lower his voice.

DANNY

That's him all right, the fucker that got me fired. Now all I've got to find out is where Trudy got those.

MICK

Where the hell is she anyway?

He called out to the desk sergeant.

MICK

Hey, you know how much longer Trudy's going to be back there?

SERGEANT

Trudy?

The cop says as if trying to remember the name. He repeats it to himself two or three more times.

SERGEANT

Is that short for something?

MICK

Yeah, it's short. Like your fucking dick, asshole! How the hell much longer are we supposed to sit here?

Danny motions Mick to cool it.

DANNY

Excuse me, Sarge. The woman I'm here to see, she just came here to answer some questions for the police.

The sergeant stares at Mick for a few seconds longer, then glances at the clipboard on his desk for the first time.

SERGEANT

Oh, gee. Looks like she's not even here, Sellers. Been transferred to County. About an hour ago. Sorry.

MICK

You fucking pig. You couldn't have told us that sooner?

Then, without saying a word, the cop motions with his hand toward the hall to his right, and out comes four goons in plain clothes, and they definitely had a prearranged agenda. In a matter of seconds, Danny and Mick were both up against the wall being frisked. Danny's was cursory, just for show. It was really Mick they went after, or rather, as it turned out, it was what Mick had. The pictures, his own and the ones Danny had just shown him, were snatched up. Then Mick was whisked away down the hall by the goons.

DANNY

What the hell was that for?

SERGEANT

The law's the law, Sellers. You know the rules.

From behind Danny we see Inspector Sidney Leis approach.

LEIS

Well, well, well, what are you doing here, Sellers?

DANNY

You know damn well why I'm here. Where's Trudy?

LEIS

If you mean Miss Lawler, she's been transferred to my Fifth District station. She's a suspect in a murder case.

DANNY

Suspect? What kind of shit are you trying to pull, Sidney? You know full well she's not a suspect in that girl's murder.

Leis smirks.

LEIS

I didn't say anything about a girl. You know something about a murdered girl?

DANNY

How can she be a suspect? I told Linda I saw the footprints at the scene. I was there, Sidney. I saw the footprints.

Leis approaches Danny up close, and is joined by his two flunkies.

LEIS

Odd. Officer Greenspan didn't mention you were at the murder scene. Maybe I should arrest you too. But it doesn't matter now, does it? I heard the place burned down. Too bad. Those footprints might have cleared your pal.

DANNY

Fuck you! Where the hell's Trudy? Make up your fucking minds. You say she's at Fifth District, your desk sergeant says she's transferred to County. Where is she?

Leis turns to the sargeant, a look of shock on his face.

LEIS

(to sergeant)

What the hell's he talking about! Where did you send her?

The sergeant sees the fear in Leis's face and realizes something has gone wrong.

SERGEANT

Some County guys came and got her, Chief.

Danny laughs and heads for the door. Then he stops and turns to Leis.

DANNY

Well, well, well, what's that they say, Sid, about the best laid plans of mice and fat bastards?

Then he laughs and exits the station leaving Leis and the sergeant staring at each other in shock.

EXT. THE STATION PARKING LOT.

Danny is waiting at his car as Mick, sporting a bruised right eye, approaches. Danny chuckles.

DANNY

Got a shiner, huh?

MICK

What the hell's going on here, Partner?

Danny gets in his car and starts the engine.

DANNY

Sid's plans went awry. Trudy's out of his clutches. She's at County. Do me a favor. Go back to my place and make sure everything there is okay. Stay there for me, okay? I'm heading over to St. Judes.

Mick gets into his car.

MICK

No problem, Partner. Oh yeah, I forgot.
Tutu said somebody called you from St.
Judes. Some nun, Sister Lee I think.
What's that about?

Danny just shakes his head and drives off.

EXT. THE STREETS JUST BLOCKS FROM THE STATION.

A couple of blocks from the station, Danny notices an escort trying clumsily to remain unnoticed two cars behind him.

DANNY

Now what, assholes? You've got the
pictures!

He makes a sudden right into some unknown area. He checks the rear view, and thinks he may have lost his tail. He turns down an alleyway that would take him back to the main street. He was surrounded by tall brick walls and cyclone fences. Penned in if he couldn't make it to the opening onto the street at the end. He presses the pedal to the floor. But before he reaches the exit at the end, he sees his pursuer enter the alleyway behind him. This was getting scary. It was a long, black limo, tinted windows and all. And as soon as he sees that one in the rear view mirror, another one pulls in front of him and blocks the exit ahead of him as well.

DANNY

What is this? They have their pictures.
They burned down the warehouse with all
the evidence of the crime. If Trudy or
Linda had anything they wanted, they
must have gotten it from them by now. So
why this? There must be something else.
All I need to do is find it. But first..

Danny slams on the breaks, leaps out of the car and over the nearest wall into the back yard of a home. He nearly falls into a swimming pool.

The two residents of the house stand at the grill and stare in shock at the sudden intrusion. Without a word, Danny runs through the yard and down the driveway to the street, where a bus had just stopped for an old lady. The three men in the car following him hopped the wall right behind him in hot pursuit, while the other car burned rubber to try and cut him off at the corner.

DANNY

Too late, suckers!

He hops up onto the bus, drops in his fifty cents, and heads for a seat, trying to catch his breath.

BUS DRIVER

Excuse me. The fare's a buck-fifty.

Danny heads back up to talk to the driver as the bus pulled away from the stop.

DANNY

A dollar and fifty cent to ride a bus?
A dollar-fifty?

BUS DRIVER

Put in another dollar, Sir.

DANNY

That's ridiculous. How are we supposed to get people to use public transit, save the ozone and all that, if we're charging them a dollar-fifty a ride?

The driver starts to pull the bus back to the curb.

DANNY

Okay, okay. Don't stop the bus. Here.

Danny shoves a dollar into the fare box.

DANNY

Here's your dollar!

BUS DRIVER

Ain't my dollar, Pal.

The driver pulls off again, and Danny takes a seat. Having no idea where the bus is headed, Danny leans forward and asks an the old lady seated in front of him.

DANNY

Excuse me, Ma'am, where's this bus go?

She had just opened her Bible and started to read. She turns to him politely.

OLD LADY

You don't know? You run and jump on a bus, and don't even know where you're going?

They both chuckle.

OLD LADY

This bus goes all the way downtown.

She resettles in her seat to relax and ignore him.

DANNY

Thank you, Ma'am. Does it go to the county jail?

OLD LADY

A lot of people on this bus wishes it didn't, but it does. That's the last stop. We're supposed to get downtown by ten after, but we won't.

She opens her dog-eared Bible and continues reading, adding, with a disgusted shake of her head:

OLD LADY

Nothing runs right these days. Ain't no pride in nothin' no more. Least not in nothin' good. Devil's hand is everywhere.

DANNY

Thank you, Ma'am.

He pulls the code from his pocket, and sits back to study it.

INT. THE HALLS OF THE COUNTY LOCK-UP.

Danny meets Trudy as she's heading for the exit. Trudy is not happy.

TRUDY

Let's get out of here.

She does not stop walking. He tries to give her a hug as they head through the lobby toward the exit.

DANNY

Sure. Let's go. Are you okay? Nothing happened to you did it?

She rolls her eyes at him, and speeds up her pace toward the exit. He trots a bit to catch her, trying to hide his laugh at her attitude.

TRUDY

No, unless you count the fact that you made me go shopping this morning in pouring down rain. And I was whisked off the street by two cops, handcuffed, and locked in a jail cell all morning. I haven't had a shower. And I still haven't had that great breakfast you were supposed to fix for us. Other than that, no, nothing happened to me today.

They spin through the revolving doors out onto the steps of the building. They head down the stairs to the sidewalk, and he stops her when they reach the bus stop.

DANNY

How is that my fault?

TRUDY

I don't know. But it's got something to do with that case you're on. Why didn't you stick to finding runaway kids?

She looks around, sighs to release some of her anger, then looks up at the bus stop sign

TRUDY

Why the hell are we standing at a bus stop?

DANNY

They chased me out of my car. Goons in black limos. I had to leave the car and jump on a bus to come and get you out of jail. You were my top priority, Darlin'.

He tries to make a joke, lighten the mood a bit. But it doesn't work. She wasn't really in the mood for jokes.

TRUDY

What is going on, Danny? Leis couldn't be behind all this by himself.

DANNY

Somebody's pulling his strings. That's for sure. They want something.

TRUDY

The pictures?

DANNY

They got them. It's something else.

TRUDY

I had two sets. I gave the other one to Linda when I talked to her about Sadie.

DANNY

The dead hooker gave them to you?

TRUDY

She wanted off the streets. But she was scared.

DANNY

They took pictures?

TRUDY

Yeah. And there's supposed to be some kind of tape, according to Marguerite.

DANNY

Tapes? Here, you any good with puzzles?

He shows her the code. She shakes her head no, but looks at it anyway before handing it back to him.

TRUDY

Ask Tuti. She's a genius at them.

She looks around, frustrated with waiting for a bus.

TRUDY

Shoot, to heck with this. Call a taxi.

DANNY

Riding the bus is fun. Expensive, but fun.

She tries not to, but can't help laughing.

TRUDY

Yeah? Well it seems I have some leftover grocery money I never got to spend. We're taking a taxi.

They head over to a pay phone near the bus stop.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM.

Danny enters carrying two boxed lunches and a rose. Tutu's asleep on her side, still curled up in the center of the bed, hidden under the blanket except for one leg that reached temptingly out across the mattress. Danny sits the dinners and rose on the dresser and softly calls out to her.

DANNY

Hey, sleepy head.

There is no response. He chuckles to himself, picks up the rose, and kneels on the floor beside her. He gently strokes the bottom of her foot, kisses the swell of her calf, softly teasing it with his tongue up and down her leg from the ankle to the gently rising slope of her derriere still concealed under the blanket, and whispering her name.

She stirs slightly, moaning a soft objection as he cups her foot in his palm and tickles at her toes with his tongue.

The sensation causes her leg to flinch slightly, and another moan escapes her lips. But this time the moan was no objection. She relaxes, moaning softly again and stretching her leg as if welcoming the sensations.

He looks up at her and calls her name again gently, as his hand glides slowly over her leg ahead of his kisses to tickle through the dark recesses hidden beneath the blanket. She stirs again, and takes three rapid inhales as her body shudders. Then she wakes, sitting up and reaching over to embrace him.

TUTU

Danny! Wow, don't be doin' that. You'd be shocked if you knew how nasty you was makin' me dream.

DANNY

Maybe you need to be spanked? Dreaming naughty dreams.

He kisses her toes again.

TUTU

You just teasin' me. You ain't gonna do that.

He joins her in the bed, taking her into his arms, and kissing her back down onto the pillows.

DANNY

Don't count on it. You miss me?

She moaned under his embrace, hugging him tightly and slipping out from under the covers.

TUTU

Where you been? I been naked all day waitin' for you.

DANNY

It's been a busy morning.

He hands her the rose, and kisses her again.

DANNY

Here, pretty red roses and kisses on
your toeses.

She takes the rose from him.

TUTU

That kissin' was nice feelin'. Woke me
right straight up.

She sniffs the rose and lays it aside, as Danny takes the
code out of the envelope and puts the money in the dresser
drawer. He returns with the dinners.

DANNY

And, lunch in bed, just like I promised.

He opens the dinners, kisses her on the lips, and they
begin eating.

TUTU

Where else you gotta go today?

DANNY

Gotta work.

TUTU

Can I go?

DANNY

It's work.

TUTU

So? I can be your partner.

DANNY

Sounds good. I'm going to have to borrow
my neighbor's car though. The chick
upstairs. I had to leave mine in an
alley. Long story.

TUTU

Why you gotta use hers? You could call
Jake.

He leans over and kisses her breast.

DANNY

You jealous?

TUTU

No. Ain't nothin' between y'all, is it?

DANNY

No.

TUTU

What about Sue?

DANNY

Nope. Just you and me, if that's okay with you.

She smiles and kisses him.

EXT. ON THE STREET.

In his neighbor's borrowed car, Danny and Tutu head to St. Judes to see Linda. Danny looks up into the rearview mirror. A cop car behind them turns on his blue lights.

DANNY

Oh shit!

Danny pulls to the curb, as the cop approaches their car.

COP

Would you pull around the corner, Sir, so we can get out of the traffic.

He seemed polite enough, but Danny didn't want to pull around the corner. It was a bit too isolated there for his liking.

DANNY

What are you stopping me for?

COP

You want to pull around the corner, Sir?

DANNY

You want to tell me why you stopped me?

COP

You have a tail light out, Sir. I'm going to have to write you a citation.

Danny was a bit relieved.

DANNY

A tail light? Sure. It's not my car, though.

He pulls around the corner, and starts to get out of the car.

COP

Just stay there, Sellers!

The cop's tone was much more threatening now. Danny gets back in the car.

TUTU

Baby, speed away, quick!

Another car pulls out from behind the cruiser and comes around to block Danny's car in.

TUTU

Shit! That's that mother fucker from the park yesterday.

The cop draws his gun and levels it on Danny. Leis exits his car, draws his gun, and opens the back door of his car.

LEIS

Get in the car, Sellers. You, too, whore. You think I didn't remember? I should have taken care of you that night. Out of the car.

Danny motions Tutu to stay in the car, and gets out to confront Leis.

DANNY

Sidney, what the fuck are you up to?

From behind, the cop lands a blow from his nightstick squarely on the side of Danny's head. Just as Danny tries to turn to face him, Leis lands another blow from the butt of his gun on the other side of his head.

TUTU

Leave him alone!

Tutu leaps from the car, and rushes forward, grabbing Leis' arm before he could land a second blow. Danny lunges toward Leis when he sees him swing his fist back and slam it into Tutu's stomach. She doubles over from the force, dropping to her knees, holding her stomach and moaning.

Danny grabs Leis by the wrist to keep him from landing another blow on her, and yanks him forward while slamming an elbow into his throat. Anticipating another blow from the cop's nightstick, Danny stoops just after striking Leis, and the blow from the cop's stick misses him and lands across Leis' chest.

Tutu grabs Leis by the arm again, sinking her teeth into his hand. That blow to the stomach had left her too weak. She couldn't stand or hold him long enough for Danny to get back to him. Leis lands a blow from his elbow across Tutu's head, knocking her back down. She went down kicking at him and screaming at the top of her voice to try and get someone's attention.

Danny grabs for Leis, but the cop rams the tip of his nightstick into Danny's kidney, then lands it squarely across the back of his head. That did it. And, despite his best efforts, his knees buckles under him and everything fades to black.

INT. LEIS'S CAR, HEADING FOR THE 5th DISTRICT STATION.

Leis is driving. Danny, in the back seat, hands cuffed behind him, is just waking from that blow to the head. Tutu sits beside him, behind Leis. She isn't cuffed. There's blood on the corner of her mouth and under her right nostril showing she went on fighting after Danny couldn't.

Tutu sits in the back seat staring angrily at Leis until she sees Danny stir back to consciousness.

TUTU

You okay?

LEIS

Aw, now ain't that sweet, the little ex-whore junkie has a heart. How touching.

TUTU

You can just shut up. I ain't even talkin' to you, son of a bitch!

Leis laughs and flips her the bird.

LEIS

(to Tutu)

After we beat the life out of that son of bitch sitting there with you, I'm going to fuck the shit out of you, you little cunt! Before I turn you back over to Sweet Silk.

Tutu sits quietly fuming for a second, staring at Leis as if her eyes were laser guns. She tilts her head quizzically to one side. Leis chuckles smugly.

LEIS

You heard me, cunt. I've heard stories about you, little miss deep throat.

DANNY

Shut the fuck up Sidney!

Danny grimaces with pain after speaking, and tries to reach up to sooth his bruised head just realizing he's cuffed.

LEIS

No, you shut up, asshole!

Leis reaches over the back seat and shoves his gun under Danny's chin and laughs.

Seeing his arm stretched out that way, Tutu leaps toward it, bringing her full weight down, landing her elbows on his outstretched arm, causing him to drop the gun on the floor at Danny's feet.

LEIS

Agh! You bitch!

Then she reaches over the front seat, grabs her purse and brings it up, slapping Leis in the face with it, while still twisting his arm over the back seat.

TUTU

Pull this car over! Pull it over!

LEIS

Fuck you!

With only one hand on the steering wheel, he manages to turn off the street into that same alley where the cops had penned Danny in earlier. The neighbor's abandoned car is still sitting there.

TUTU

You better pull it over.

Tutu screams, reaching down and grabbing Leis' own gun off of the floor. She shoves the gun under his chin.

TUTU

I bet you better stop this car or else
I'm gonna blow a hole in you, you
big, fat fucker! Pull it over! Now!

LEIS

Okay, okay, Little Lady.

He brings the car to a stop just in front of Danny's.

DANNY

(to Tutu)

Get the key. Get these cuffs off of me.

TUTU

I'm gonna, Baby.

She flashes him a quick smile, before returning her attention to Leis and grabbing a handful of his hair and yanking his head back to look him in the eyes.

TUTU

Put your hands on that steerin' wheel, and don't you move 'em! You son of a bitch you.

Leis' face is red as a beet. He turns to Danny, pleading.

LEIS

Listen, Sellers. Let's forget this. What do you say? We'll just forget it.

DANNY

Give me the keys to these cuffs, Sidney.

TUTU

Yeah, Sidney, Give me them keys! Give 'em to me! Now, Sidney!

Tutu yells, yanking his hair harder, and putting her face right up to his.

TUTU

You don't feel so big shottish now, do you, Sidney!?

Leis tries to ignore her, pleading.

LEIS

Listen, Sellers, please, we can forget...

Tutu yanks his hair harder, yelling.

TUTU

Forget! Now see, Sidney, I know a little bit about that. Forgettin' is somethin' I been tryin' to do for a long time. You know that, Sidney? Did you?

DANNY

(to Tutu)

Get the keys.

She smiles over at him.

TUTU

I'm gonna, Baby.

She returns her attention to Leis, sneering.

TUTU

Now you listen, Sidney, you know what I
been tryin' to forget? Well, do you?

LEIS

No, Little Lady, I don't.

She slaps him with the butt of the pistol again, and spits
at him. She hit him again with the gun.

TUTU

Well pay attention! I'm tryin' to forget
what you did to Rosalind. Remember her,
Sidney, that girl in the alley?

She slaps him with the gun again.

TUTU

Or did you forget it? 'Cause I didn't. I
can't, Sidney.

She gave him another slap from the pistol butt. Danny
twists around to show her his cuffs.

DANNY

Get the keys. The keys.

She smiles at him, but was not quite done yet with Leis.
She was really enjoying this - a lot.

TUTU

I'm gonna, Baby, right now. Sidney, give
me the keys, you little sissy bastard
fucker you! Where the keys!

LEIS

They're in my pocket.

He reaches toward his pants pocket. Tutu yanks on his hair
even harder. She yelled at him, deliberately spraying
spittle into his face as she hissed his name.

TUTU

You put your hand in that pocket and I'm gonna blow a hole in you! A big ol' hole.

LEIS

Okay, okay.

Leis slowly puts his hand back on the steering wheel.

TUTU

Good! Now I'm gonna reach down there in your pocket, and get them keys. You gonna try anything, Sidney?

LEIS

No, no go ahead.

He swallows hard, his throat is dry. Tutu smiles.

TUTU

(calmly)

Sidney, you just a lyin' little shit.

Then she slaps the butt of her gun into the back of his head. And while he's reeling from the pain, she quickly reaches into his pocket and snatches the keys. Even if he had planned to try anything, she outwitted him.

TUTU

And here's another one!

She slaps the butt of the gun against the other side of his head.

TUTU

That's for arrestin' Tru, you bastard!

Then she hit him again.

TUTU

That, too, you fucker!

Then, as if just for good measure, she bopped him on top of his head with her little scrunched up fist.

TUTU

Fucker! Be glad I don't believe in no revenge, or I'd bop you again, and hard too! Supposed to be out here doin' good, and look at you, damn sinner.

She bopped him one last time in the back of his head with her fist.

TUTU

You really ought to be shamed doin' what you do. You supposed to be the police, Sidney. My god!

DANNY

The cuffs, Honey.

TUTU

Oh. Okay, Baby.

She smiles over at Danny, then, returns her attention to Leis one last time.

TUTU

Now, Sidney, you gonna try anything while I'm takin' these cuffs off my boyfriend?

LEIS

No, please.

Leis flinches as if expecting another blow.

TUTU

What you jumpin' for, Sidney?

LEIS

No, please... Nothing... Sorry.

TUTU

Tell you why, 'cause you guilty! And a guilty conscience don't need no clues. Now don't move!

Finally, she got Danny out of the cuffs. He took the gun and tucked it away inside of his jacket. Then he cuffed Leis and stuffed him in the trunk of his own car to leave him there in the alley.

Not quite content with that alone, Tutu, just for the hell of it, slapped Leis two or three times with her open hand, not real hard at all, more like as if chastising a naughty child, then she insisted Danny let her slam the trunk shut.

INT. DANNY'S CAR. ON THE STREETS.

Danny hands Tutu the coded message.

DANNY

Here, you any good with puzzles?

She unfolds the paper and studies it of a second.

TUTU

This a crypto thing. These are fun.

DANNY

Can you decypher it?

TUTU

If that means figure it out, I bet I can. I'm pretty good at puzzles. Even Tru say that. I can do the New York Times one. Fast too. She can't even do that one most of the time.

She casually kicks off her shoes, and rests her feet on the edge of the dash, turning her attention to the coded message she held propped up on her knees.

EXT. FOX'S HOME.

Tutu is sitting in the car working the code, while Danny is at the front door talking to Darryl.

DANNY

Would you know who gave him the code?

DARRYL

Young Mister Early, Sir.

DANNY

Did he say what it means?

DARRYL

No, Sir, I don't believe he did.

DANNY

How well did you know David Junior?

DARRYL

Quite well, Sir. He fancied himself a sculptor. His father didn't like that. He wanted him to go into business, of course. But the boy really had a love for sculpture. You've seen some of his work, the bust of Marcus Aurelius. He gave that to his father just days before he was murdered.

DANNY

Really?

DARRYL

That really is all I can tell you, Sir. After all, you are no longer in Mister Fox's employ.

DANNY

Right.

Danny turns and leaves, but as he crosses the lawn to his car, Darryl calls out.

DARRYL

Mr. Sellers, you are aware that the house is being shown today?

Danny stops and turns.

DANNY

The Early place? Did Mister Fox tell you to mention that to me?

DARRYL

I beg your pardon, Sir?

Danny turns and continues on to his car.

DANNY
(under breath)
Go to hell, asshole.

He returns to the car and gets in.

TUTU
What he say?

DANNY
Fuck him. They're playing games. You
figure anything out yet?

TUTU
Yep. But I needed a pencil. So I looked
in here.

She points to the glove compartment.

DANNY
You're not supposed to look in
somebody else's glove compartment.

TUTU
Well, too bad. I did anyway.

She took a sip from a can of grape soda.

DANNY
Where'd you get the soda?

TUTU
Back seat.

DANNY
You need your butt spanked.

She took another sip of pop.

TUTU
Promises, promises.

DANNY
It just might happen.

He starts the engine and pulls off.

TUTU

Good. Might be fun.

She opens the glove compartment and pulls out a long, battery powered dildo.

DANNY

Put it back.

TUTU

That's a big one. Got three batteries!

She tosses the dildo back inside, and closes the door.

DANNY

Did you figure out anything about the code, the paper I gave you.

TUTU

It seem easy. I got some of it already figured out. I wrote it down.

Then, as if on second thought, she said:

TUTU

That's the real reason I looked in there. I needed a pencil - Not!

She cackles and guzzles some more soda.

INT. JAKES BAR.

Danny and Tutu sit at a corner tables going over the code.

DANNY

So what do we have?

TUTU

You really gonna be glad you made me your partner. This wasn't shit.

DANNY

You know you really shouldn't cuss so much.

TUTU

Spank me, Baby.

DANNY

You're nuts.

She took out the code and the notes she had made and spread them on the table.

TUTU

What is says is, "AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS IN something, WHAT IS IT IN ITSELF."

DANNY

What?

TUTU

All we gotta do is figure out that eighth word, and we all done.

DANNY

At the head of the stairs in... what?

Jake brought over a couple of complimentary beers while Tutu mused.

TUTU

What is it in itself.

JAKE

Hey, you like philosophy, little buddy?

TUTU

Huh?

JAKE

What is it in itself. That's from the philosopher Marcus Aurelius.

Jake heads back to the bar while Danny and Tutu sit staring at each other for a moment.

DANNY

Holy shit! The head at the foot of the stairs. We've got to get back to that fucking mansion before they remove that bust. Darryl said Eric Early was already trying to sell the place. We've got to get in there somehow and get that bust.

TUTU

Why?

DANNY

It's not AT the head it's IN the head. Trudy said the hooker had a tape. Maybe she gave it to David Junior.

TUTU

And he built it into the statue!

DANNY

Let's go.

They leave their beers untouched, and rush out to the car.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MANSION OF DAVID EARLY SENIOR.

Danny pulls the car to a stop.

TUTU

I'm scared.

He shuts off the engine. There was a limo parked in the drive, and another car. Tutu is nervous.

TUTU

We don't even know who's in there. Besides, even if we do get in, how we gonna get the thing out of there. We buyin' a house, not a statue.

DANNY

That's it! If they're selling the house, they won't mind selling that bust.

(MORE)

(con't)

Here's what we do. We're looking to buy a house, but you are going to see the bust and fall in love with it. Got it? You're going to claim he's your favorite philosopher.

TUTU

So what should I say?

They leave the car and approach the house.

DANNY

I don't know. Don't care, really. Just keep saying it until they give in. Like you do me when you want some donuts or pretzels or something. Be an actress. Fake it. Pretend. Don't think about it, just do it.

They cross the lawn to the house just as the hostess is escorting the two previous house-gawkers out. Tutu stops in her tracks for a second and gasped.

TUTU

Oh my god! It's her!

She turns around and faces Danny, stopping him in the center of the lawn. Danny looks over her shoulder to the porch to see the woman they had seen on the stage at the park, Cinnamon Candy.

Danny

Just relax. Stay calm. She's not going to remember you. Relax. I called earlier. You're Mrs. Murgatroyd. Got it? I'm your husband.

Tutu takes a deep breath.

TUTU

Wife? I like that.

Cinnamon Candy was saying her farewells to the other couple. She stood on the porch as the other couple left, waiting for Danny and Tutu.

DANNY

Come on, we gotta go. Smile. Relax.

He turns Tutu around and they approach the house.

CANDY

Good evening, you must be the Murgatroyd's.
So glad you could make it.

She gives Danny only the briefest of a glance during her greeting. She is mainly interested in Tutu. And from the look in her eyes Danny could see it was physical attraction, not any hint of recognition, that drew her attention to Tutu. He smiled and relaxed, figuring to use her lesbian attraction to his advantage.

For just a second, Tutu was slightly taken aback by Candy's rapacious gaze, but she quickly fell into character. Faking a Southern accent, she steps forward, like one of those real plastic acting upper crust types and extends her hand in greeting.

TUTU

And a fine evening it is, too. Thank
you for waitin' around, you're a real
doll. And this house! Oh, is it a dream
or what!

Cinnamon Candy steps aside and let's them enter the house. She follows, eyeing Tutu even more eagerly than before.

TUTU

(to Danny)

Oh, Dearie, you simply must buy this for
me. Please, please, please, please! It's
just so adorable! Can't you just see the
parties we could have? We'd be the envy
of all our friends.

Then, feigning an embarrassed giggle, she stops and turns to face Cinnamon Candy.

TUTU

Oh, dear. Look at me just forgettin' all
about my upbringing'. I'm so sorry. How are
you? I'm Darla, and this is my adorable
husband, Alfie.

She drapes herself onto Danny's arm like a gold digger to her sugar daddy.

TUTU

Isn't he adorable!

She gasps and gawks up at the vaulted ceiling.

TUTU

Oh! Will you look at this place.

She stamps her foot, leaving Danny, and approaching Candy.

TUTU

This is absolutely fabulous! Darlin'.

She loops her arm around Candy's like old friends.

TUTU

You simply must give me the full, grand tour. I love this place!

She rambles on non-stop, confusing the hell out of her already charmed quarry who, for a moment, was like a deer in the headlights.

TUTU

(to Danny)

Are you comin', Hon?

Then she giggles and turns to Candy.

TUTU

Oh, what am I thinkin', men, of course, always start with the basement and garage. Am I right?

She forced a reply from Candy, then rambled on, leading her away.

TUTU

(to Candy)

Let's me and you start with the best places first. You lead the way.

CANDY

Well let's you and me head up to the
bedroom. Okay?

Tutu lets out a girlish giggle and leads Candy towards the
stairs.

TUTU

Oh! Last time a woman said that to me, I had
to spend a week in the confessional. Or was
it two weeks? Lead the way Dearie.

Just as they reach the foot of the stairs, Tutu stops as if
struck by a bolt of lightening, looks at the sculpture, and
squeals.

TUTU

(to Danny)

Oh, my word! Baby, come here. Quick! Look
at this.

Danny rushes to her side like a doting husband.

DANNY

What is it, Honey Lamb?

TUTU

Oh! Look who it is!

She pretends to be choked up with tears.

DANNY

Oh, Pumpkin, not again.

TUTU

Oh, please, Honey Poo, I simply must
have it. Please? Don't say no, please?

Cinnamon was thrown. She did not know what was going on.

CANDY

What's wrong?

DANNY

Oh, I'm afraid it's the bust, Ma'am.

TUTU

It's not just a bust! It's Marcus! Oh, ever since I was a child in college, I have loved and admired him. That whole period in Rome's domination of the world impresses me to no end.

She runs her hand down Candy's shoulder, letting the fingers stray a bit to stroke the breast.

TUTU

(to Danny)

I simply must have it, Honey.

(to Candy)

We'll buy the whole dang house if we must. I must have it.

DANNY

Cup Cake, you already have a gallery full of these things.

TUTU

But not like this one, Snookums. Look at the craftsmanship! So strikingly primitive in technique, yet finely crafted. Clearly the work of an amateur, but so well done. It's positively superb!

(to Candy)

Lovey, please sell it to me. Even if he won't buy the house for me. I simply must have this piece.

Cinnamon was still hoping to get Tutu up in that bedroom even if only for a minute. She takes Tutu's hand, stroking it while gazing into her eyes. Tutu pretends to like it, placing her other hand on top of Candy's and softly squeezing it.

CANDY

Well, I will gladly give it to you if you'll at least promise to come back after you've shopped around. Come back and let me show you the place in all its grandeur. Perhaps just the two of us next time. What do you say?

TUTU

Well now that's something I will be surely looking forward to. I do so look forward to meetin' with you one on one.

Candy lovingly strokes Tutu's shoulder and breast.

CANDY

I promise you won't regret it.

TUTU

(to Danny)

Honey, carry it out to the car now for us, would you, Love? I'll be right out.

Danny loses no time lifting the bust and heading straight for the car. Tutu gave him just enough time to lay the bust on the back seat of the car, and get in the driver's seat, before she let Candy give her a good-bye kiss on the cheek.

Just as she started down the stairs, a black limo with tinted windows pulls into the drive. Two men exited, and Danny sees one of them is Sweet Silk. The other, he guesses, is Eric Early. Tutu sees them as well and, visibly shaken, hurries down the stairs to join Danny in the car.

Silk stops, and stares at her as she leaves. He says something to Eric, and they both rush up the stairs to talk to Candy. Tutu and Danny are pulling off as the two men run to their limo to give chase.

INT. DANNY'S CAR.

Danny and Tutu are speeding toward the freeway to escape their pursuers. They are just minutes from a freeway entrance.

There is just enough traffic to form a four or five car buffer between them and their pursuers. But there seems no safe way to zip in and out of traffic so as to put more distance between them.

TUTU

They right behind us, Danny. What you gonna do?

There is fear and panic in her voice. Danny sees them in the rear view mirror. He is sure he can lose them. He wants to keep Tutu from panic.

DANNY

Relax. Get something and break open that statue. I didn't hear anything rattling around in there. That son of a bitch better not be empty. Break it open.

TUTU

With what!

DANNY

Anything. Use the heel of your shoe.

TUTU

Tennis shoes? Oh, wait!

She snatches open the glove compartment.

TUTU

This'll be better.

She takes the neighbor's dildo and whacks the head of the bust. The heavy-duty ramrod, with its three "D" batteries inside, did the trick.

TUTU

I don't see nothin' in here.

She rummages through the broken pieces.

TUTU

Shit! Ain't no fuckin' video tape in here, Danny! It ain't here!

Danny won't take no for an answer.

DANNY

I didn't say video. But there's got to be something. The code said so. Remember?

She rummages around more, anxious, but trying not to cut herself on the jagged pieces.

TUTU
I'm tellin' you it...

Danny checks the rear view mirror. His pursuers are gaining. Then there is an excited squeal from Tutu.

TUTU
Here it is! I found it! I think.

She sits back in her seat and shows it to Danny. It isn't a video. It's one of those micro audio cassettes, all taped up in bubble wrap.

DANNY
That must be it. Stick it in your bra.

TUTU
I ain't got none on! I'm gonna stick it
in my sock. Okay?

She rolls up her pants leg and shoves the tape in her gym sock.

DANNY
Great, now relax, Precious. This is
going to be risky.

He dashes out of his lane, missing the car behind him to the left by a hair. That gave him room to speed ahead of four other cars that had been in front of him. Then he zipped back into his lane, checking the rear view mirror to see if they were keeping up. They weren't, but not for lack of trying.

TUTU
They ain't gonna shoot, are they?

Tutu looks back to see where the pursuers are.

DANNY
I don't know what they're likely to do,
Precious. Keep your head down.

TUTU

Naw, they ain't gonna shoot, they can't be that stupid. I'm gonna watch 'em. You drive, I'll tell you where they at.

She turns in her seat to keep them in sight.

TUTU

They in that other lane now, on your side, tryin' to pass them cars. Get around that truck in front of us! Come on this side, on my side. Quick, before that car gets too close!

He took her word for it. Trusting her completely, he switched lanes again, passing the truck, then zipping back into his lane in front of it.

TUTU

Good. I can't see 'em no more right now. Get on the freeway right up here!

DANNY

This isn't the entrance we need.

TUTU

Fuck that! Get on the damn freeway! Get on it now, while they can't see us!

DANNY

All right, all right. I'm getting on the damn freeway.

She was right. They lost them. Danny checked the rear view mirror one last time, then gave Tutu a high five.

TUTU

Partners!

She breathes a sigh of relief and relaxes in her seat. Then she notices that her soda has spilled all over the floor.

TUTU

Your neighbor gonna be mad at us. She ain't gonna never loan you her car no more. Which is good. I don't like her. Plus, you made me break her play toy.

She nervously glances back to make sure they are safe.

DANNY

Relax, Precious. Your nightmare's over.
We're sending that bastard to prison.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ST. JUDE'S HOSPITAL - RECEPTION DESK.

Danny and Tutu enter and approach the receptionist.

DANNY

I'm here to see a Miss Linda Greenspan.
She was admitted some time last night,
a car-jacking victim.

RECEPTIONIST

Greenspan? One moment sir.

She checks the pad in front of her, then a computer screen
and calls someone on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Someone will be right out, Sir, to take
you up to her.

From an office behind the receptionist, a woman comes out.

WOMAN

Mister Sellers?

DANNY

Yes.

WOMAN

Right this way, Sir.

INT. LINDA'S HOSPITAL ROOM.

Danny and Tutu enter the room to find Linda sitting in a
big stuffed chair reading a book. She's not at all injured.
With her is another woman and a couple of sheriff's
deputies.

DANNY

What's going on? I thought...

Linda lays her book aside and comes forward and gives him a
hug and a kiss.

LINDA

Have a seat. Let me explain.

The other woman in the room comes forward and stands with Linda.

TUTU

(to Linda)

We thought you got car-jacked.

LINDA

Actually, I did. By a couple of Crack heads sent by Sidney. That's where Sister Lee comes in.

She points to the other woman with her.

LINDA

Meet Sister Lee. She's one of the girls who works the streets. I was out investigating the Greathouse girl's murder when the junkies Leis sent attacked me.

OTHER WOMAN

I recognized the dudes and knew they worked for the pigs - dirty work. I knew Linda, too. All us girls had seen her before talking to Miss Tru. And anybody who is a friend of Miss Tru is one of us.

LINDA

So they rescued me. I contacted the Sheriff's office, turned over the pictures, and arrested some of the big shots the dead girl had fingered. That's also how we got Trudy out of Sid's clutches. One of the street girls let us know she was there. Still, we've got nothing on Leis or the brother of the murdered guy you were investigating.

TUTU

You do now.

Tutu hands the tape to Linda.

DANNY

It's a phone conversation between Sweet Silk and Leis.

TUTU

They killed David Early so his brother could get control of the estate.

DANNY

I haven't listened to all of it. But Eric wanted money to get in on that land development deal downtown that Mick wrote about. Still can't connect Eric directly, or Cinnamon Candy. But Eric's the one who stood to gain most.

TUTU

And we know there's a connection between him and Cinnamon Candy.

LINDA

(to Danny)

So I guess your works not done?

TUTU

Mine neither.

DANNY

But that's another case.

INT. DANNY AND TUTU'S APARTMENT - NEXT NIGHT.

A gathering to celebrate Tutu and Trudy moving in with Danny. Danny and Tutu are playing Jake and Trudy a game of Spades at the card table. Mick and Brenda are smooching on the love seat. Linda's on the couch reading her book.

JAKE

Two best tenants I ever had have moved out on me. I can't believe it. I feel deserted.

He pretends to wipe tears from his eyes.

TUTU

We ain't desert you, Jake. It's just a lot cheaper for me and Tru to move in here. You know we gonna still be friends all the time.

Mick interrupts his smooching for a second, sits up and pops the top on another beer from the twelve pack he brought. Brenda leans over and looks at the cover of Linda's book.

BRENDA

What's that about?

Linda holds up the book so Brenda can see the cover.

LINDA

The Long Night of the Demon. It's about A rivalry between two sisters-in-law in an ancient African kingdom. It's great.

BRENDA

Let me read it when you're done.

MICK

So, Linda, or should I say Chief Inspector Greenspan now that you got Leis' old position, what actually was on that tape?

Linda lays her book aside.

LINDA

First, let me say again, especially to you Mick, I apologize for doubting you guys' suspicions about Leis and the whole Fifth District.

DANNY

I told you, don't worry about that.

MICK

Yeah, no hard feelings.

He takes a swig of his beer, and offers one to Linda.

LINDA
(to Mick)

Thanks.

She opens her beer and lights herself a cigarette.

LINDA
Thanks. Well, there was a lot more to it than just Leis and that pimp. There was also a conversation between Eric Early and the Mayor's campaign manager, Jacob White. The reason Early and that pimp, and Inspector Leis..."

TUTU
You mean former Inspector. We busted 'im!

She reaches across the table and high fives Danny.

LINDA
To make a long story short, Eric Early needed money and his brother wouldn't loan it to him. That's where Sweet Silk comes in.

MICK
Yes, all because of that downtown project. White was in for five million, Eric Early for half that much, which neither of them had. Right?

LINDA
Right. The tape recorded White and Eric Early discussing who all needed to be killed to keep things moving smoothly. By the way, Danny, along with yours truly, you made the list.

Jake opens himself a beer.

JAKE
Gee, must be great to be popular.

He pours some of his beer into Trudy's glass.

TUTU

(to Linda)

Was I on there, too?

LINDA

Afraid not. Just me, Danny, the two recently deceased, and someone named Petunia Tollerood.

TUTU

That's me! I made it. I scared them that much! They wanted me dead. Wow!

TRUDY

That's not cute, Tuti. That's scary.

TUTU

Yeah. But still, I scared them!

Mick leans forward on the couch and looks at Tutu.

MICK

Your name is Petunia?

She sticks her tongue out at him.

TUTU

Forget you, Bonehead.

TRUDY

Don't start, you two.

Tutu sticks her tongue out at him again, as Brenda pulls him back down into smooching position.

TUTU

(to Mick)

Jerk!

LINDA

Anyway, between the pictures and the tape everybody from the mayor on down is either on their way to prison or out of a job.

Mick interrupts his smooching again, to Brenda's frustration.

MICK

What happened to the mayor?

LINDA

He claims he was only trying to bring more business to the city. All he lost was his bid for re-election. He's out of a job.

MICK

Good!

LINDA

As for that Duke Blatz character, he's the new hero footing the fifty million to complete the project on his own. So, both him and Cinnamon Candy come out of this completely unscathed.

Tutu folds up her cards in frustration and pouts.

TUTU

Shoot!

She shudders and folds her arms over her breasts.

LINDA

And as for Fox, I think there's something more to his involvement, but I can't put my finger on it.

Brenda pulls Mick back into her embrace.

DANNY

I think all he wanted was to shake up The D.A.'s office so he could get that promotion to D.A.

Tutu reaches over and gets one of Mick's beers out of his twelve pack.

MICK

You could ask, you hick!

TUTU

Ask this, Bonehead!

She makes a face and sticks her tongue out at him.

TUTU

(to Danny)

Naw, Baby. I think Fox wanted somethin' else. He sent us to that house where Cinnamon Candy was for a reason. He wanted us to know she was involved in this.

LINDA

Either way, despite everything, the development project is still going forward, funded by Blatz and Cinnamon Candy. She'll be in charge of the project once it's up and running.

Tutu opens her beer and takes a swig.

TUTU

What they buildin', anyway?

Mick interrupts his smooching again. Brenda gives up in frustration, goes over to the couch, and starts reading Linda's book.

MICK

It'll be a complex of restaurants, night clubs, and theaters. But I'll be keeping an eye on them, now that I've landed my new gig, and brought Danny in with me.

TRUDY

What is your new job?

Brenda lays the book aside and joins the conversation.

BRENDA

Guess who it's for? The Daily Journal! Where Danny used to work. They hired him to head up a new section covering what they're calling the nightlife beat.

TUTU

And guess who he hired to be one of his new Nightlife reporters, to cover night clubs? He hired Danny! That's funny! Ain't that funny, y'all?

Trudy takes a sip of her beer and shakes her head.

TRUDY

Ironic. Boy, oh boy! I'm just glad it's all over.

Danny takes a piece of candy from the dish on the card table.

DANNY

Over?

He winks at Tutu and tosses her the piece of candy.

TUTU

Over.

She catches the piece of candy.

TUTU

Yeah, right.

She pops the candy into her mouth and crunches it.

FADE OUT
