

Red Light Madonna (Revised)

By

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SUPER OPENING CREDITS OVER:

The year is 1956. The place, Los Angeles.

Three cars - an unmarked police car and two LAPD cruisers - are driving through the downtown streets.

The unmarked car carries DEV Stone, 28, a deputy district attorney for the County of Los Angeles along with four men from his office. The cruiser carries four uniformed officers.

Intercut shots inside and outside the cars until they pull up to an office building.

EXT. AN OFFICE BUILDING IN DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

DEV and the MEN exit the cars and move as a group through the door of the building.

INT. THE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

DEV and the MEN stride through the lobby, go to the elevators and wait for a car. It arrives and they squeeze into it.

INT. THE ELEVATOR - DAY

DEV and the MEN ride up.

INT. A HALLWAY - DAY

DEV and the MEN exit the elevator and head for a door. The lettering on it says "Garland Price Land Development, Inc."

INT. THE LOBBY OF PRICE REAL ESTATE - DAY

DEV and the MEN burst through the door. They converge on the reception desk.

DEV  
(smiling, amiable)  
Devlin Stone to see Garland Price?

RECEPTIONIST  
Do you have an appointment?

DEV  
He'll see me.

RECEPTIONIST  
(pointing tentatively to her  
right)  
In the conference room.

DEV  
Thank you.

He and the others walk quickly down the hallway, getting surprised and confused stares from the office staff.

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

They enter. Garland PRICE is standing at the head of a large conference table where several men are seated.

DEV  
(To one of the officers)  
Go ahead.

OFFICER  
Garland Price you are under arrest  
for bribery of state officials.

The officer cuffs PRICE.

PRICE  
This is outrageous! Let go of me!

DEV  
(to the men at the table) Excuse us  
gentlemen.

He takes an arrest warrant from his suit pocket.

DEV (CON'T)  
(to PRICE)  
Oh, this is for you.

He stuffs it into PRICE's suit pocket.

DEV (CON'T)  
(to his men) Let's go.

They troop out of the room and stop in the hallway. PRICE is struggling against the cuffs. His secretary, GLORIA, steps out of his office.

PRICE  
Gloria, call Stan Reynolds.

GLORIA  
Yes, sir. What should I tell him?

PRICE  
What do you think, you idiot! (to  
Dev) You can't do this.

DEV  
I'm pretty sure I can. (he looks at  
one of the men) Right? (the man  
nods yes. DEV smiles at PRICE)

DEV looks around, sees a file room and points to it. Two of  
the men in suits head for it.

DEV (CON'T)  
(to the remaining two men)  
Take his office.

PRICE  
You stay out of there!

The men take off.

DEV  
Okay, let's go.

DEV, the LAPD OFFICERS and PRICE exit the office suite. In  
the corridor outside, DEV stops for several news  
PHOTOGRAPHERS to snap pictures.

EXT. THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

DEV is at a newsstand reading a paper, smiling. The  
headline on the paper says "Deputy DA Dev Stone Collars  
Crooked Developer". The photo of DEV and PRICE is under the  
headline.

Behind him papers on display have headlines that say  
"Garland Price Arrested For Bribing Highway Officials", and  
"Price Nabbed For Freeway Payoffs".

Garland PRICE and his lawyer, STAN Reynolds  
approach. Garland looks like he's spent the night in jail,  
which he has and is clearly pissed about it.

PRICE  
Stone, you motherfucker.

DEV  
Garland, you look like hell. Have  
a rough night?

PRICE  
Fuck you.

DEV  
Stan, you might want to counsel  
your client about the public  
profanity laws.

STAN  
When can we get together to discuss  
Mr. Price's case, Dev?

DEV  
There's nothing to discuss.

STAN  
Certainly we can find a way for you  
to make your point with Mr. Price  
without going to all the trouble of  
a trial.

DEV  
It's really no trouble, Stan. It's  
what I get paid for.

PRICE  
No judge in this county is going to  
send me to prison. You don't know  
who you're dealing with.

DEV  
Oh, you didn't hear? This case has  
been assigned to Judge Harrison.

STAN  
Sydney Harrison?

DEV  
Yup. Hang 'em high Harrison  
himself.

STAN  
There has to be a way to resolve  
this without the extreme measure of  
incarceration. Let's go up to your  
office and talk this out.

DEV  
 Sending criminals to jail isn't  
 extreme, Stan. It happens every  
 day around here.

PRICE  
 (to STAN)  
 I told you this was a waste of  
 time. Let's go see the DA. (to  
 DEV) Your father isn't going to  
 like this.

DEV  
 I don't work for my father. Oh,  
 and before you see Jordon you  
 should know that he was the one who  
 told me to go hard on this. We're  
 cleaning up this county, gentlemen.

PRICE  
 You're really getting a kick out of  
 this, aren't you?

DEV  
 What can I say, Garland, I love my  
 job.

PRICE glares at DEV before he and STAN walk up the steps  
 into the county building.

INT. DEV'S OFFICE - NIGHT

PHONE RINGS

DEV  
 Devlin Stone.

PRICE  
 Mr. Stone, I have information I  
 believe you would find  
 interesting. I'd like to come in  
 and talk tomorrow.

DEV  
 You shouldn't be talking to me  
 without counsel present,  
 Price. Have Stan contact me.

PRICE  
 Stan doesn't know about this. This  
 is just between you and me.

DEV

What kind of information are we talking about?

PRICE

It would close a case that has been open for a very long time.

DEV

And you're offering this information out of your sense of civic duty?

PRICE

I think we can make an equitable trade, if you follow me.

DEV

I don't need to deal, Price. I thought we settled that this morning.

PRICE

I believe you'll find that what I have to tell you is worth...attenuating...whatever punishment you're thinking of pursuing in my case.

DEV

Don't count on it.

PRICE

In fact, there are aspects of this information I'm sure you'll find interesting on a personal level as well.

DEV

What the hell's that supposed to mean?

PRICE

It means that it would be productive if your father were to sit in on our meeting. There will be decisions made that will have consequences for him as well as for me.

DEV

Sounds like a threat.

PRICE

See you tomorrow morning at nine,  
Mr. Prosecutor.

DEV hangs up. He looks at his watch. He picks up the phone and dials.

DEV

Hi, Dad. You got a minute?

INT. TAYLOR STONE'S LAPD OFFICE - NIGHT

There's a sign on his desk that says "Taylor Stone, Chief Los Angeles Police Department. TAYLOR is in uniform. There are "Stone for Mayor" signs behind him.

TAYLOR

Hi Dev, of course. What's up?

INTERCUT SHOTS OF DEV AND TAYLOR.

DEV

I just got a strange phone call from Garland Price. He wanted to set up a meeting with me tomorrow. Says he has information on an old case that he wants to trade for leniency at sentencing.

TAYLOR

I hope you told him to go to hell.

DEV

He wants you there. He implied that what he has to tell me involves you somehow.

TAYLOR

He didn't say what it was?

DEV

No. Just that you need to be there. You have any idea what he's talking about?

TAYLOR

No. (a beat) Well I guess we'll find out tomorrow. What time?

DEV

Nine.

TAYLOR  
See you at nine.

He hangs up.

INT. GARLAND PRICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

PRICE is sleeping. The sounds of someone walking into the room can be heard OS.

Two men, Detective Jason REED, 28, a sharp dresser, down to the French cuffs on his shirt and expensive cuff links made in the shape of LAPD badges; and Detective SCOTTY Sullivan, 55, overweight, slovenly, an old hand at the LAPD, both wearing coveralls, walk up to either side of the bed.

They grab PRICE. SCOTTY shoves an icepick wrapped in a towel into PRICE's temple. The towel absorbs the small amount of blood from the wound. PRICE struggles for a moment, then goes limp. The two men lift PRICE from the bed.

REED  
Shit, this guy weighs a ton.

INT. PRICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The men struggle to carry/drag PRICE into his office. REED loses his balance and falls onto the desk, catching himself with his hand. His cuff snags on something. He pulls it sharply away. They sit PRICE in the desk chair.

REED  
Look at this place. What do you think it cost him?

SCOTTY  
Fuck do I know? Help me sit him up.

REED helps get PRICE in position, then walks around the room looking at various things. SCOTTY takes out a pistol from the desk, puts it in PRICE's lifeless hand and presses it to the spot on his temple where the icepick went in.

REED  
(looking at pictures on  
Price's wall)  
Shit, look at all these big shots  
he knew.

SCOTTY  
I'd move unless you want this guy's  
brains all over you.

REED moves out of the way. SCOTTY pulls the  
trigger. Brains and blood splatter against the wall.

INT. DEV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DEV is in bed. The clock on the nightstand says 5:30.

KNOCKING ON DOOR

DEV stirs.

POUNGING ON DOOR continues until DEV opens door.

DEV wakes up, sits up. He goes to the door and opens it.

Detective REED is there.

REED  
Wakey, wakey.

DEV  
What the fuck, Reed?

REED  
Thought you might want to know,  
Garland Price just saved you the  
trouble of a trial.

DEV  
Shit.

DEV goes to get dressed. REED picks up the phone and makes  
a call.

INT. JASON REED'S CAR - DAY (DAWN)

REED  
Call came in a a little after five  
this morning. One of the neighbors  
heard a shot.

DEV  
You think it's suicide?

REED  
That's what Scotty said. I haven't  
seen it yet. Guess this puts a  
crimp in your plans.

DEV

What's that supposed to mean?

REED

This was gonna make your career in the DA's office, wasn't it? High profile trial. Get your name in the papers. Tough break.

DEV

I didn't look at it that way. It was just another case.

REED

Sure. Keep telling yourself that.

EXT. GARLAND PRICE'S HOME - DAY

DEV and REED pull up to the house. There are police everywhere.

DEV enters the house with REED. A police photographer passes by them on his way out. REED eyeballs him as they pass.

INT' PRICE'S OFFICE - DAY

REED leaves the room. There are evidence techs and other detectives in the room. PRICE is sitting in a chair, part of his head blown off. DEV looks the body over. He notices slight bruising on PRICE's wrists.

REED enters. DEV starts to move some papers on Price's desk to see what's there.

REED

Don't touch anything.

DEV backs away. He looks around. He sees several pictures on a wall to one side of Price's desk. The wall is splattered with blood and brains. He steps over to get a closer look.

REED

Watch where you're stepping.

DEV looks down and grimaces. He checks out the photos.

One shows Price and Dev's father in Taylor's home office. Another shows Price with a woman Dev recognizes as Sally Pitts, 62, a former madam who invested her money well and now lives in a mansion in Hancock Park. There is an attractive young woman at Sally's side he doesn't know.

DEV steps back to PRICE. He looks down at the gun on the floor.

DEV  
That's his gun?

REED  
Don't know yet. We'll check it.

DEV  
Was there a note?

REED  
No.

DEV goes into the bedroom.

INT. GARLAND PRICE'S BEDROOM - DAY

DEV looks at the bed and notices a tiny blood stain on the pillow. He returns to the office.

INT. PRICE'S OFFICE - DAY

REED is searching the desktop, moving the papers around, searching for something.

DEV  
I thought you said not to touch that stuff.

REED  
I said for you not to touch it.

DEV  
There's blood on the pillow in the bedroom.

REED  
Thanks Hawkeye, I don't know what we'd do without you. I saw it, we'll check it out.

DEV

What's your problem, Reed?

REED

You're here as a courtesy,  
Stone. Stay out of the way. I  
don't need you compromising my  
crime scene.

DEV

It's more than that. You've got a  
hair up your ass about me for some  
reason.

REED

I'm trying to work here. I don't  
have time for this.

DEV

And I don't have time for your  
attitude. You don't want to work  
with me on this, I can do something  
about that.

REED turns to DEV and quickly gets into his face.

REED

You threatening me?

DEV

I'm setting you straight.

REED

You may be the golden boy in the  
DA's office, but that don't cut  
shit where I work. Back the fuck  
off.

DEV

Do your job, detective, and I'll do  
mine.

REED

Fuck you, Stone.

REED walks away.

INT. THE DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

SCOTTY is seated at his desk. DEV is seated at Reed's desk which is butted up against Scotty's, facing it.

DEV

So you're sure it was suicide.

SCOTTY

You saw the crime scene. What else could it be?

DEV

What's the coroner's report say?

SCOTTY

Haven't got it yet.

DEV

Price said he had information to trade that would get him a slap on the wrist at sentencing. He was sure that what he had was golden. Doesn't make sense he'd  
-(pantomimes shooting himself in the head).

SCOTTY

Who knows why these assholes do what they do? Could be he thought about it some more and figured that he didn't have shit after all. Guess he decided to take the easy way out.

DEV

(gesturing to a file on the desk)

That the file?

SCOTTY

Yeah.

DEV

Mind if I look it over?

SCOTTY

Knock yourself out. (he stands) I gotta piss.

SCOTTY walks away. DEV leafs through the file.

The last sheet is a listing of the crime scene photos and brief descriptions of what they show. DEV notices that the typing is darker and that the "e"'s are crooked. He checks the other pages and sees that the "e"'s are straight on them.

SCOTTY returns.

DEV  
Scotty, you notice this?

He points out the crooked "e".

SCOTTY  
Yeah. So what?

DEV  
Why is it just on this page?

SCOTTY  
Fuck do I know?

DEV  
It doesn't look to you like someone typed this page on another machine?

SCOTTY  
You gotta stop reading True Detective, kid.

DEV  
Who typed this report?

SCOTTY  
I did.

DEV  
You typed this page, too?

SCOTTY  
Yeah. Sure.

A kid pushing a cart tosses an envelope on Scotty's desk. SCOTTY opens it and finds the coroner's report.

DEV  
On this machine?

SCOTTY  
Yeah. (He reads the coroner's report) Coroner's finding is suicide.

DEV stands, puts a piece of paper in Scotty's typewriter and hits the "e" several times. It's straight. He pulls out the paper and tries Reed's machine. Straight "e". He tries again with a couple of other machines. Same thing. He returns to the desk chair.

DEV

None of these machines have a crooked "e". How do you explain that?

SCOTTY

Wow, that's a tough one. Wait, I got it, it musta been typed on another machine.

DEV

But you said you typed it.

SCOTTY

Guess I was wrong.

DEV

Are all the pictures from the crime scene in this file? Anything missing?

SCOTTY

(looks at the pictures)  
Fuck, I don't know. I guess they're all there.

DEV

You guess?

REED enters.

REED

(to DEV)

You're in my chair.

DEV stands and sits in a chair beside Scotty's desk.

REED looks at DEV's and SCOTTY's faces.

REED (CON'T)

There a problem here, partner?

DEV

Yeah, this report's been altered. You know anything about that?

REED

I wasn't talking to you and no, I don't.

SCOTTY

Relax, Dev. Listen, I got a finding of suicide from the coroner. I got a stiff with half his brains blown all over his office wall. I got the gun which, by the way, belongs to the stiff, in the stiff's hand. That's enough for me, I'm closing this case. I don't need any more pictures.

DEV

(pointing at the photo list)  
This doesn't bother you?

SCOTTY

No.

DEV

It's hinky.

REED

(smirks)

Hinky. Junior G-man here has the lingo down pretty good, huh partner?

SCOTTY

Do yourself a favor, Dev. Let it go. There's nothing going on here.

DEV

I'm looking into this. That okay with you Detective Sullivan?

SCOTTY

Would it matter if it wasn't?

DEV

Not really, no.

SCOTTY

You're just going to look like a dope you go around bothering people with this. My advice, you should lay low for a while after the way you fucked up the Price case.

DEV

I what?

REED

People are saying that the reason Price knocked himself off was because you wouldn't let him plead. They're actually feeling sorry for that crooked fuck.

SCOTTY

Should'a made the deal, Dev. Now you just look like an asshole.

DEV stands. He tears out the photo listing page.

REED

Hey!

DEV

I'll bring it back.

INT. THE POLICE PHOTOGRAPHIC LAB - DAY

DEV enters. He sees a LAB MAN in a rubber apron standing before a stainless steel sink.

DEV

I need to see the photos from the Garland Price case.

LAB MAN

Who are you?

DEV shows his creds.

LAB MAN (CON'T)

We don't keep prints on file, but I can show you the negs.

LAB MAN goes to a file cabinet, searches for a moment, then pulls a folder. Inside are several 4x5 negatives in glassine envelopes. He takes them to a light table.

DEV

Has anyone else been in here asking about these?

LAB MAN

Not that I know of. Why?

DEV  
This is everything?

LAB MAN  
Yeah.

DEV compares the photo listing from the file with the  
negs. There is one negative without a corresponding print.

DEV  
Can you print this for me?

LAB MAN  
Sure.

DEV  
I need it right away. Two prints?

LAB MAN  
Yeah, okay. I'll have 'em in an  
hour.

DEV  
Thanks.

INT. THE DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

DEV enters. He's holding a photo in his hand. REED sees  
him and motions to SCOTTY whose back is to Dev.

REED  
Scotty.

SCOTTY turns around and sees DEV.

SCOTTY  
Oh, Jesus.

A few detectives in the room chuckle. They do the "Dragnet"  
theme in unison and laugh.

DEV slaps the photo down on Scotty's desk. It's a shot of  
Price's arm next to his desk. There are bruises on the  
arm. A portion of Price's desktop can be seen in the shot.

SCOTTY (CON'T)  
Fuck is this?

DEV  
This is the picture that was  
removed from the file.

SCOTTY and REED look it over.

SCOTTY  
Okay. So what?

DEV  
Do you remember it?

SCOTTY  
Yeah. It's nothing.

DEV  
Look at those bruises on his  
arm. You don't think that he might  
have gotten those from someone  
holding him down?

SCOTTY  
Maybe they're from when he was  
cuffed. Look, the coroner had to  
have seen those bruises, right? If  
he thought they meant anything he  
wouldn't have made the suicide  
call.

DEV  
Okay, but someone thought that  
there was something in this photo  
important enough to pull it out of  
the file so no one would see it.

REED  
You know what your problem is,  
Stone? You think because you're  
the Chief's kid you can come in  
here and tell us how to work a  
case. Well, it don't work that  
way, so why don't you go play cops  
and robbers someplace else and let  
us do our job.

DEV  
If you'd do your fucking job I  
wouldn't have to keep coming over  
here.

REED starts for DEV. SCOTTY steps between them.

SCOTTY  
Time for you to go, kid. Go on,  
get lost.

DEV  
You really don't give a shit  
anymore, do you Scotty? Why do you  
even bother showing up?

REED  
Watch your fucking mouth.

SCOTTY  
Fuck you, kid. Get the fuck out of here.

DEV  
I'm not dropping this, Scotty.

REED  
You hard of hearing, asshole? He said get the fuck out.

DEV storms out. At the door, he passes WES Collins.

WES  
Hi, Dev.

DEV sweeps past him. WES watches him, looks back at the detectives, then motions for SCOTTY and REED to come into his office. He turns to go into his office. The lettering on the door says, Wes Collins, Chief of Detectives".

INT. DEV'S OFFICE - DAY

DEV is seated behind his desk staring at the Price evidence files while tossing a brass paperweight in the air with one hand.

He suddenly throws the paperweight at the file boxes.

DEV  
Shit!

There's a knock on the door jamb. An arm waves a hat in the open doorway.

DEV  
Come in, Brad.

BRAD Guthrie, 30, a private detective specializing in corporate investigations enters. He looks at the paperweight rolling along the floor and then at Dev. He sits in the chair in front of the desk.

BRAD  
Problem?

DEV  
Fucking Price.

BRAD

Yeah. Selfish bastard. Blows his brains out without a thought of how it would affect your career.

DEV

What's Beverly Hills' most expensive shamus doing down here? You need a parking ticket fixed?

BRAD

I was in the building and figured that, in light of recent events, the District Attorney's rising young star might have an opening in his schedule to grab some lunch.

DEV looks at his watch.

DEV

Let's go.

They exit.

INT. PHILLIPE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

DEV and BRAD are seated, eating French dip sandwiches.

DEV

I know cops, Brad. I've been around them my whole life. These two are up to something.

BRAD

You think it's criminal?

DEV

I could probably work up a pretty good obstruction case against them.

BRAD laughs.

BRAD

Okay, it's your neck. You know, forcing Cooper into filing against two LAPD detectives isn't going to get you off his shit list.

DEV

Fuck Cooper. Listen, the newspapers love crusading young

(MORE)

DEV (cont'd)  
DA's going after dirty cops. And  
the fact that my old man's the  
police chief makes it an even  
better story.

BRAD  
Maybe one of the papers will give  
you a job when Cooper fires you.

DEV  
He wouldn't dare. The press would  
crucify him. Besides, if this  
works out, I'll have his job after  
the next election.

a beat

BRAD  
You think Price committed suicide?

DEV  
I don't know.

BRAD  
You think he was murdered?

DEV  
I don't know.

BRAD  
You think Reed and Sullivan had  
something to do with it?

DEV  
I don't know.

BRAD  
Well, you're off to a flying start  
Mr. District Attorney.

DEV  
Fuck you, Brad. Look, when Price  
called me he made it sound like he  
had a get out of jail card.

BRAD  
So why kill himself if he was  
convinced he was going to walk?

DEV  
Exactly.

BRAD

What I never got is why he put his ass in a sling over this freeway thing in the first place. What was the payoff?

DEV

We never figured that out.

BRAD

You didn't find any property he owned that would've benefited from proximity to the freeway?

DEV

No. Nothing.

BRAD

Let me take a look.

DEV

I can't pay you, Brad.

BRAD

It's an investment in the future. Be good for business if I'm pals with the District Attorney someday.

INT. DEV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

DEV and BRAD have the papers from the Price evidence files spread out all over the floor. They're looking at one page, then another, comparing papers, taking notes.

BRAD

Okay, so Price pays off some guys on the highway planning committee to change the route of the new freeway. Why?

DEV

Price had a couple of office buildings near the proposed freeway, but nothing like a shopping center that'd benefit from having a freeway close by.

BRAD

How was his business? Maybe he was in hock and he needed freeway access for a deal that would bail him out.

DEV

His business was fine. He was worth millions and not just on paper; he had a bank account that looked like the treasury of a small country.

BRAD

Gambling debts?

DEV

Nope.

BRAD

Maybe he didn't do it for himself. Maybe someone in the rackets was leaning on him to make that freeway go where they wanted it to.

DEV

He didn't have any mob connections that we could find. Garland Price was loaded and his business was booming.

BRAD

(shaking his head)

Price wrote the book on how to make payoffs without it showing up on anyone's radar. He'd been doing it for years. This is sloppy. It's amateur hour. This thing smells of someone who was so desperate that he was cutting corners and taking chances he knew he shouldn't take. Where's that listing of his corporate assets?

DEV rifles through the papers and comes up with a folder which he hands to BRAD.

BRAD

You mind if I take this with me?

DEV makes a "be my guest" gesture.

BRAD (CON'T)

Let me get into this a little more. You never know what might turn up.

DEV  
Thanks, Brad. I really appreciate  
this.

BRAD  
I assume we can expect zero help  
from the LAPD.

DEV  
I wouldn't hold my breath.

BRAD  
Just as well. They'd only get in  
my way.

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CORPORATIONS - DAY

BRAD is poring over large books, taking notes, flipping  
pages.

INT. THE COUNTY ASSESSOR'S OFFICE - DAY

BRAD is at the counter talking to a woman who is showing him  
books with owner information for land in LA county.

EXT. PRICE'S LOT IN CHATSWORTH - DAY

BRAD and DEV pull up to a vacant lot in Brad's car. They  
get out of the car.

BRAD  
This used to be part of an orange  
grove. It was buried under about a  
half dozen layers of corporate  
subsidiaries and shell  
companies. It wasn't even listed  
as property, just an unspecified  
asset.  
Records say he lived here for a  
couple of years.

DEV  
Okay. But the freeway's not going  
through here.

BRAD  
Nope. But this lot would've been  
right in the path of the original  
route.

DEV  
What the fuck?

BRAD  
What?

DEV leads BRAD to a fence at the rear of the property. He points to a house on the other side of the fence.

DEV (CON'T)  
I used to live there when I was a kid.

BRAD  
Are you shitting me?

DEV  
This was way out in the sticks back then. I think Dad had just made detective and it was the only place he could afford a house. My friends and I used to play here. Holy shit. I wonder if Price knew Dad?

BRAD  
He ever mention knowing him?

DEV  
No.

BRAD  
Do you remember seeing him?

DEV  
No. I guess he must've bugged out when I was still in diapers. We've been looking at this thing backwards. Price didn't give a shit where the freeway went as long as it didn't run through this property.

DEV notices several holes dug in a corner of the lot.

BRAD  
There's one more interesting aspect to this. Someone else owned a piece of this lot.

DEV looks questioningly at BRAD.

BRAD (CON'T)

Sally Pitts.

DEV's eyebrows raise.

BRAD (CON'T)

Get this. She paid ten thousand bucks for half of a run down farm back in 1933. Price used that money to leverage a loan so he could buy a couple of foreclosed homes in the Hollywood Hills for practically nothing. He turned around and sold them to some movie people for a bundle. It was the deal that started him as a developer.

DEV

What was this worth back then?

BRAD

It was appraised at four thousand.

DEV

Maybe there's oil under it.

BRAD

If there is, no one ever drilled for it.

DEV

Think I'll drop in on Sally. See what the old gal can tell me.

BRAD

You got a death wish? Do you know that almost every major politician in this county, including your boss, was a client of that cathouse of hers back in the old days? Those guys are scared shitless of what she knows about them. One word from her in the right ear and you're cooked, my friend.

DEV

I'm not going to give her the third degree, we're just going to talk over old times.

BRAD

Let me know if you need help  
cleaning out your office.

EXT. SALLY PITTS'S HOME - DAY

DEV walks up to the front door. We catch a glimpse of  
someone in a window on the second floor watching him. DEV  
rings the bell. The BUTLER answers it.

DEV

Deputy District Attorney Devlin  
Stone to see Miss Pitts.

He shows his creds.

BUTLER

Is she expecting you?

DEV

No. I was in the neighborhood and  
thought I'd drop by.

BUTLER

I'm afraid you'll have to call for  
an appointment, sir. Good day.

He begins to close the door.

DEV pushes it open.

DEV

This is official business. She can  
talk to me here or go downtown.

BUTLER

Just a moment, sir.

The BUTLER closes the door.

DEV waits for several moments. The door opens again.

BUTLER

Please come in, sir.

DEV

Thanks.

BUTLER

This way, sir.

The BUTLER walks toward a door off the large foyer.

A beautiful young girl, EMILY Pitts, 23, enters from another door. She's carrying a small wicker basket and wearing a large brimmed straw sun hat.

DEV

Hello.

EMILY

Hello. Are you here to see my mother?

DEV

Yes. I'm Devlin Stone. I'm with the district attorney's office.

EMILY

Yes, I know. Is mother in some kind of trouble?

DEV

No. Nothing like that. I'm hoping she can help me with an investigation.

EMILY

Mother knows a lot about what goes on in this city. I'm sure she can help you.

DEV

Yes. I'm sure she can.

BUTLER

Through here, sir.

EMILY

Well, it was very nice meeting you, Mr. Stone.

DEV

It was very nice meeting you, Miss Pitts.

The BUTLER leads DEV through the house and onto a large patio in the rear of the house.

SALLY Pitts, 64, elegantly dressed, well groomed, but with a hard edge to her that's difficult to hide with makeup and expensive clothes, is seated at a table there.

BUTLER

Mr. Stone.

SALLY

Thank you, Roger. (to Dev) I'm not accustomed to strangers showing up at my door and threatening to, how did you put it, take me downtown?

DEV

I'm sorry, ma'am. I need to talk to you on an important matter. I guess I can come on a little strong sometimes.

SALLY

Sit down, Mr. Stone.

DEV

Thank you.

He sits.

SALLY

Would you like some lemonade?

DEV

Yes, thank you.

SALLY pours a glass.

SALLY

The only reason you're sitting there is that your father is a friend of mine. I'm supporting him for mayor.

In the background, EMILY walks down a path to a large garden and begins cutting flowers. DEV notices her throughout the conversation.

DEV

What I wanted to talk to you about is some property out in the valley that you own with Garland Price.

SALLY

Property?

DEV

Yes, ma'am. In Chatsworth. You paid Mr. Price ten thousand dollars for a half interest back in 1933. It used to be an orange grove.

SALLY

Oh, that. What about it?

DEV

That was a lot of money back then.

SALLY

It's a lot of money now.

DEV

What I'm getting at is that it's a lot of money to pay for property that was worth four thousand dollars at the time.

SALLY

As I recall, Garland was in some financial difficulty and I wanted to help him out.

DEV

How did you know Mr. Price?

SALLY

He was a client.

DEV

You mean he did business at your house in Hollywood?

SALLY

Yes. Mr. Stone, I make no effort to hide my past. It wouldn't do any good for me to try. As large as it's grown over the years, Los Angeles is still a small town in many ways. It's difficult to keep secrets here.

DEV

Yes, ma'am. I'm not judging, I just wanted to get my facts straight. Mr. Price was a client in 1932 or '33?

SALLY

That sounds right.

DEV

This was at a time when Mr. Price was, shall we say, in his salad days. How could he afford to visit your establishment?

SALLY

I'm sure I don't know. It wasn't my business where my clients got their money, only that they could pay their bills.

DEV

You paid him over twice the value of the entire acreage for a fifty percent stake. Why?

SALLY

It only looked like that on paper. The money was a loan. I took a participation in the property in lieu of interest. He repaid the loan in full and when he subdivided the land, I got back much more than I would have received in interest. It turned out to be a very good investment.

DEV

But he kept one parcel. Do you know why he did that?

SALLY

No. I don't.

DEV

He never told you?

SALLY

No.

DEV

And you never asked?

SALLY

No. It never occurred to me to ask.

DEV

You owned a half interest in the property. Didn't he have to consult with you about the sale?

SALLY

No. I left all that to him.

DEV

You know, I lived in the house behind that farm when I was a kid.

SALLY  
(flatly)  
Really. How interesting.

DEV  
When was the last time you talked  
to Mr. Price?

SALLY  
I don't know. It was some time  
ago. I would see him at parties  
and political fundraisers, things  
like that. It was probably at one  
of those.

DEV  
So you weren't close.

SALLY  
No.

DEV  
Do you know why he killed himself?

SALLY  
I have no idea. I suppose he was  
frightened about going to  
prison. It was my impression that  
he wasn't a strong man; his  
character I mean. I could never  
understand how a man as weak as he  
was could have been so successful  
in business.

DEV  
Do you know of anyone who would  
want to kill Garland Price?

SALLY  
He had enemies. It's almost  
impossible to accomplish the things  
that he did without ruffling a few  
feathers, but I don't know of  
anyone who would actually want to  
murder him. But again, I didn't  
know him that well. I thought he  
killed himself.

DEV  
Yes, ma'am, that's what the police  
investigation determined.

SALLY  
But you're not convinced?

DEV  
I'm just trying to be  
conscientious. The police think  
I'm a pest.

SALLY  
I think you're your father's son.

DEV  
I'll take that as a compliment.

SALLY  
It was meant as one.

In the background, EMILY walks back into the house from the garden.

DEV  
Well, thank you, Miss Pitts. Allow  
me to apologize again for my  
tactics earlier.

SALLY  
I don't feel that I was of any help  
to you, Mr Stone.

DEV stands.

DEV  
It was just a shot in the dark,  
really. But you never know what  
might turn out to be useful.

SALLY  
Have a nice day, Mr. Stone.

DEV  
Thank you Miss Pitts. You too.

DEV exits.

INT. THE FOYER OF THE PITTS MANSION - DAY

DEV is being shown out by the butler. EMILY enters.

EMILY  
We meet again. Was my mother able  
to help you?

DEV  
She answered all my questions, but  
I don't think she told me anything  
I can use.

EMILY  
I'm sorry.

BUTLER  
This way, sir.

DEV  
(to EMILY)  
Would you like to have lunch  
sometime, Miss Pitts?

EMILY  
Emily. Yes, I would, Mr. Stone.

DEV  
Dev. How about tomorrow  
afternoon? I could come by at  
noon.

EMILY  
That would be lovely.

DEV  
Great. See you then, Emily.

EMILY  
I'll look forward to it, Dev.

The BUTLER is standing impatiently at the open door. DEV  
exits.

INT. DEV'S OFFICE - DAY

DEV enters. He sees a note on his desk telling him to come  
to the DA's office immediately. He exits.

INT. THE DA'S OFFICE - DAY

DEV enters the outer office. The secretary gestures for him  
to go in. DEV enters the office and sees that his father is  
there with the District Attorney, Jordan COOPER.

DEV  
(to the DA)  
You wanted to see me, sir?

COOPER  
What were you thinking, Stone?

DEV  
Sir?

COOPER  
Barging into the home of Sally  
Pitts? Threatening to bring her in  
for questioning like a common  
criminal?

DEV  
I felt that she could provide  
information on the Price case.

TAYLOR  
There is no Price case. It's  
closed.

DEV  
It shouldn't have been.

COOPER  
That's not for you to decide.

TAYLOR  
If you had a problem with the way  
that case was handled, you should  
have talked it over with Wes  
Collins.

DEV  
What's the matter Dad, she threaten  
to pull her money out of your  
campaign?

COOPER  
You do not talk to the Chief like  
that, Stone.

DEV  
He's my father -

COOPER  
When he's in my office, he's the  
Chief of the Los Angeles Police  
Department and he will be treated  
with respect. Do you understand  
me?

DEV

Yes, sir.

TAYLOR

Investigating crimes is the job of my detectives. Your job is prosecuting the cases we pass along to you.

DEV

I know that. But there are things about his death that don't add up.

TAYLOR

They add up to my detectives.

DEV

Reed and Sullivan? All Reed cares about is running up his score on closed cases. Scotty just doesn't give a shit anymore.

TAYLOR

Wes agrees with me.

DEV

Wes thinks he's still your partner; he'll back you up no matter what. And he's not going to make waves with his pension coming up in a few months.

TAYLOR

You're selling those men short, son.

DEV

The whole investigation is half-assed. You know it is. Why are you defending them?

COOPER begins to speak up, but TAYLOR hold up his hand to stop him.

TAYLOR

That's enough. The case is closed, stay out of it. And don't pester my detectives anymore, they have real work to do. They don't have time to listen to your half-baked theories.

COOPER  
 You crossed a line today,  
 Stone. Do it again and you'll be  
 looking for another job. Got it?

DEV  
 Yes, sir.

COOPER  
 Good. Get out.

DEV exits.

EXT. SALLY PITTS'S HOME - DAY

DEV knocks on the door. The BUTLER answers.

DEV  
 Hello, Roger. Would you tell Emily  
 I'm here?

BUTLER  
 Miss Pitts is not at home.

DEV  
 You sure? We made a date for lunch  
 today.

BUTLER  
 I'm quite sure, sir.

He shuts the door. DEV looks at it for a moment, then  
 knocks again. SALLY answers.

SALLY  
 Emily will not be going to lunch  
 with you, Mr. Stone. You are not  
 to try to see her again. Do you  
 understand?

DEV  
 Look, I'm sorry about yesterday.

SALLY  
 This has nothing to do with  
 yesterday. Now please leave.

DEV  
 Miss Pitts -

She slams the door in DEV's face. He turns and leaves.

INT. THE BALLROOM OF THE BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT

DEV enters. Next to the door is a sign that says "Stone for Mayor fundraising event". He stands by the door scanning the room. He sees his mother and walks over to her.

DEV

Hi, Mom.

MRS. STONE

Oh, Devlin, dear. I'm so glad you're here. Isn't this lovely?

DEV

Yeah. Quite a turnout.

The CHIEF appears at his wife's side.

TAYLOR

Hello, son. Glad you could make it.

DEV

I heard there was an open bar. How many of these sheep have you sheared so far?

TAYLOR

You want to be District Attorney someday, you'll be doing the same thing. It's the way the system works. Just watch me, you might learn something.

DEV

I'll keep my eyes open. I've never seen someone shake hands and pick pockets at the same time.

TAYLOR

Climb down off that high horse, son. You've inherited your old man's ambition and I'm glad to see it. So don't pretend that you're not here to kiss asses just like I am.

DEV

I just came for the free booze.

TAYLOR

And just for the record, you want to ride my coattails to the top,

(MORE)

TAYLOR (cont'd)  
it's okay with me. I'm glad to help. And here's some free advice. Don't dredge up the Price case again, all you'll do is make enemies of people who can help you.

DEV  
Who says I was dredging it up?

TAYLOR  
Just watch what you say, that's all.

DEV  
Now I really need a drink.

TAYLOR  
Enjoy yourself, Dev.

The CHIEF walks away.

MRS. STONE  
That wasn't nice, Devlin.

DEV  
He'll get over it.

He sees STAN Reynolds at the bar.

DEV  
Excuse me, Mother.

DEV walks over to him.

DEV  
Hi, Stan. Too bad about your client. Hope you got paid in advance.

STAN  
Get lost, Stone.

DEV  
People keep telling me that lately.

STAN  
I can believe it.

DEV  
Do you know why he did it?

STAN

Don't you? He was terrified of going to prison. If you'd been willing to make the same kind of deal with him that you make every day with murderers and rapists, he'd still be alive. I lay this squarely at your door, Stone.

DEV

What was the information he was going to trade for a sentencing recommendation?

STAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

DEV

He called me to set up a meeting in my office. He said he knew something that would buy him a lighter sentence. You didn't know about that?

STAN

What were you doing meeting with my client without counsel present?

DEV

It was his idea. He said he didn't want you there.

STAN glares at DEV. STAN motions to the bartender for another drink.

DEV (CON'T)

So you wouldn't know why he wanted my father at the meeting?

STAN

The Chief? Garland hated him. Said he was the most heartless, cold blooded bastard he ever met. He was scared of him.

DEV

He ever tell you why?

STAN

No. I asked, he never said.

He gets his drink.

STAN (CON'T)

After what you did to Garland, I'd say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. I hope you can sleep at night.

DEV

You know, Stan, you don't seem to think much of the Chief yourself.

STAN

I don't.

DEV

And yet here you are.

STAN walks away. DEV watches him leave. He orders a drink. The BARTENDER gives it to him.

DEV looks across the room and sees SALLY Pitts talking to a group of people. Off to the side is EMILY. She sees him and smiles. DEV motions with his head for her to leave through a side door. She nods.

DEV walks to the door and meets EMILY in the corridor.

DEV

So you got dragged to this, too.

EMILY

I'm sorry about what happened today.

DEV

I was pretty sure it wasn't your idea.

EMILY

Mother is very protective. It can be stifling sometimes.

DEV

I guess being a cop's son and a public employee doesn't qualify me as proper company for you.

EMILY

Let me give you some advice. If you want to take a girl out, don't threaten to handcuff her mother and throw her in jail.

DEV

That wasn't exactly the way it happened.

EMILY

I didn't think so. Mother can be dramatic sometimes. She's also pretty good at holding a grudge.

DEV

Looks like I have some fence mending to do.

EMILY

I think I can get out tomorrow for lunch if the invitation is still open.

DEV

Of course it is.

EMILY

I'll meet you at the Bullock's Wilshire dining room at noon. Is that okay?

DEV

Perfect.

EMILY

I'd better get back.

DEV

See you tomorrow.

EMILY exits. DEV goes back to the door of the ballroom and scans the room. He walks to a group of men and begins shaking hands and slapping backs.

INT. DEV'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DEV is working at his desk. He looks over at the boxes of Price evidence files. He goes over and rifles through them.

He finds several reels of tape recordings of wiretaps on Price's phone. There's a list that tells what's on the tapes. DEV takes them to his desk and leafs through the listings.

He finds an item on the list that says "Call to unknown female. 10/5/55. 23:47." DEV puts the tape on a machine and listens to it with headphones. The voice is obviously Sally Pitts's.

TAPE RECORDING:

SALLY

Hello?

PRICE

I need a favor.

SALLY

Who is this?

PRICE

It's Garland. I'm having trouble with one of the people. Can you call someone?

SALLY

Why are you calling me at...it's almost midnight.

PRICE

Don't fuck around. This is serious. If I can't get this guy on board, we're fucked.

SALLY

Garland, you don't sound well. Are you alright?

PRICE

We're coming down to the wire on this and I can't get this asshole to budge.

SALLY

Hawaii is in season now. You should take a couple of weeks, it would do you a lot of good.

PRICE

I'd think you'd be more upset by this. You have as much to lose as I do.

SALLY

Whatever this problem is, I'm sure you'll be able to handle it.

PRICE

I was digging around out there yesterday trying to find it but I came up empty. Come out there with me, maybe you can remember where it is.

SALLY

Think about that vacation, Garland, you sound like you really need it.

PRICE

Listen, you -

PHONE CLICKS. DIALTONE.

PRICE

Hello? Hello?

END RECORDING

DEV sits thinking about what he's just heard. He pores over the list again. He finds another item - "2/18/56, 20:08. Call to unknown female."

TAPE RECORDING:

SALLY

Hello?

PRICE

I did it. They're moving it.

SALLY

Who is this?

PRICE

It's Garland.

SALLY

Hello, Garland. What are they moving?

PRICE

The freeway. They're routing it a mile east.

SALLY

How nice.

PRICE

We're okay. I thought you'd want to know.

SALLY  
I'm sure I don't know what you're  
talking about, Garland.

PRICE  
Don't play dumb with me.

SALLY  
Goodbye, Garland.

PHONE CLICKS. DIALTONE

PRICE  
Hello? Hello?

END OF RECORDING

DEV leans back in his chair, thinking.

INT. THE BULLOCK'S DINING ROOM - DAY

DEV is seated at a table. He sees EMILY at the  
entrance. She's shown to the table. She sits.

DEV  
I hope this doesn't get you  
into trouble.

EMILY  
I love my mother, but she's going  
to have to accept that I can see  
whomever I want.

A waiter brings water and a menu. They order.

EMILY (CON'T)  
I think she's been overprotective  
because of the kind of life she's  
had.

DEV  
So you know about...

EMILY  
Yes. She knew I'd find out, so she  
told me about those days. I think  
she's accomplished a great  
deal considering how she started.

DEV  
She's a remarkable woman. What  
happened to your father?

EMILY

Mother says she adopted me from a foundling home. I never knew my father.

DEV

If you knew the name of the home, I could help you try and find your mother. If you want to find her.

EMILY

Mother said that my adoption was, as she put it, off the books. Apparently there were no papers signed when she got me.

DEV

Do you know why?

EMILY

Mother said that it was the way it was done sometimes. That's all she'll say about it.

DEV

You seem to be dealing with it well.

EMILY

I was brought up in a wealthy household with a mother who doted on me. I have nothing to complain about.

DEV

I'm glad you could make it today.

EMILY

Me too.

The food comes. They eat.

DEV

Did you ever hear your mother talk about Garland Price?

EMILY

Is that why you wanted to have lunch with me? You thought you could weasel something out of me that you could use against my mother?

DEV  
No. No, forget it.

EMILY  
I thought you said that Mother  
wasn't in trouble.

DEV  
She isn't. Look, forget I said  
anything. It was stupid to bring  
it up.

EMILY  
Why don't you just ask her what you  
want to know?

DEV  
After our talk the other day she  
called my boss and gave him an  
earful. I'm barred from seeing her  
again.

EMILY  
Thanks for the lunch, Mr. Stone.

EMILY stands. DEV stands.

DEV  
Look, I'm telling you the  
truth. Your mother is not in  
trouble, she has nothing to do with  
my investigation except I thought  
she might have some information I  
could use. I talked to her. She  
didn't. That's it. The only  
reason I asked you to lunch was  
because I wanted to get to know  
you.

He makes a cross over his heart.

DEV (CON'T)  
Honest injun.

EMILY looks at him for a moment, then sits.

DEV (CON'T)  
I promise I won't mix business with  
pleasure again.

EMILY  
You were talking about mending  
fences the other night. Mother is  
(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)  
a friend of your father; maybe we  
could all get together for dinner  
some time.

DEV  
You ever met my father?

EMILY  
No.

DEV  
You ever been hit in the face with  
a sock full of coins?

EMILY  
No.

DEV  
An evening with my father is only  
slightly less painful. I couldn't  
put you through that.

EMILY  
If it would make it easier for us  
to see each other, I'd be willing  
to try.

DEV  
I'll think about it.

EMILY  
(smiling)  
Do.

DEV smiles.

INT. DEV'S OFFICE - DAY

DEV enters his office, whistling. He calls BRAD.

DEV  
You doing anything this afternoon?

BRAD  
Nope.

DEV  
Good. I'll come by and pick you  
up. You have a shovel?

EXT. PRICE'S LOT IN CHATSWORTH - DAY

DEV and BRAD drive up. They get out of the car, take shovels out of the trunk. They walk onto the lot. They see the holes Price dug.

BRAD

So, what are we looking for?

DEV

I have no fucking idea.

They begin digging in the same area.

EXT. PRICE'S LOT IN CHATSWORTH - DAY (LATER)

It's dusk. There are more holes in the lot. DEV and BRAD lean on their shovels.

DEV

It was worth a try. Let's get a beer.

BRAD

Hang on.

BRAD walks over to one of the holes that's partially hidden behind a bush. He looks around, unzips his pants and relieves himself. He looks down into the hole. His urine has uncovered part of a skull. There's a bullet hole in it.

BRAD (CON'T)

Dev.

EXT. PRICE'S LOT IN CHATSWORTH - DAY (THE NEXT DAY)

Police and forensic people are all over the lot. DEV is talking to WES Collins.

WES

You should've come to us with those wiretaps.

DEV

Your people made those recordings. Besides, I should bring your dicks new evidence so they could tell me to fuck off again?

WES

You brought that on yourself, Dev.

DEV looks at a car pulling up. SCOTTY and REED get out.

DEV

What the hell are they doing here?

WES grimaces.

DEV

Are you fucking kidding me?

WES

It's connected to Price. They were the logical choice.

DEV

Whose choice? The Chief's?

WES

Listen, I agree Scotty's a waste of space, but Reed's pretty sharp. I think he'll make a great detective in a few years. He's a little cocky-

DEV

A little?

WES

Even your father's noticed him. He's been pulling a few strings to help him out.

DEV

The son my father never had.

SCOTTY and REED approach.

REED

Hey, nice work Sherlock. (He looks at the holes) I see you finally found work you're qualified for. You can clear out now.

SCOTTY

The pros from Dover are here.

DEV

Yeah, jerkoff and jackoff.

REED  
Fuck you, college boy.

WES  
Go do your jobs. Go on.

SCOTTY and REED walk away.

DEV  
Think I'll pay Sally Pitts another  
visit.

WES  
Scotty and Reed will do that.

DEV  
I'll tag along.

WES  
No, you won't.

DEV  
They don't know what questions to  
ask.

WES  
I'll let you know what we turn up.

DEV  
Yeah, sure.

DEV walks away. He walks to the fence and looks at the  
house his old house. The police PHOTOGRAPHER is a few feet  
away, taking a shot of the bones in the grave.

DEV  
I want a copy of that.

The PHOTOGRAPHER nods.

INT. DEV'S APARTMENT - DAY (MORNING)

The phone rings. DEV is in bed. He answers.

DEV  
Hello?

EMILY  
Hi.

DEV  
Well, hi.

EMILY  
Mother left for San Fransisco this morning. We have the whole weekend.

DEV smiles.

MONTAGE BEGIN

(There's a car following them at each place they go.)

DEV and EMILY at the beach.

DEV and EMILY eating lunch at a beach restaurant.

DEV and EMILY enter DEV's apartment.

They make love.

MONTAGE END

INT. DEV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DEV and EMILY are in bed.

EMILY  
You know, I've wanted to meet the famous Devlin Stone for quite a while.

DEV  
I didn't realize I was famous.

EMILY  
Your name has come up at Mother's parties, especially since the Price case appeared in the newspapers.

DEV  
Really. So what's the book on me?

EMILY  
You're a rising star. You're arrogant and ambitious; very ambitious. Some people used the word ruthless. One man said that you'd sell your grandmother for a big conviction. But the man who

(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)  
said that was a friend of Garland  
Price's so I wouldn't take it to  
heart.

DEV  
My, my. I sound like a terrible  
person. Why would you want to meet  
someone like that?

EMILY  
I like people who are out in the  
world getting things done and who  
don't care what others think of  
them.

DEV  
So, you've seen me up close, what  
do you think? Am I the world class  
asshole everybody seems to think I  
am?

EMILY  
Maybe a little. But that's  
okay. (a beat) I asked Mother  
about Price.

DEV thinks about whether he wants to get into this.

DEV  
You didn't have to.

EMILY  
I know.

DEV  
What did you ask her?

EMILY  
How well she knew him. If she  
remembered anything about him from  
the old days. I asked her if she  
knew of anyone who would've wanted  
to kill him.

DEV  
What did she say to that?

EMILY  
She tried to act as if it didn't  
bother her that I was asking, but  
you could tell she was upset. She  
just said she didn't know him that

(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)  
well and then told me to change the  
subject.

DEV  
Okay, let it go. It was a long  
shot. I don't want to cause  
problems between you and your  
mother.

EMILY  
A little late for that. At least  
it will be when I tell her about  
us.

DEV  
Sorry.

EMILY  
I'm not.

DEV  
I can't get a handle you. One  
minute you're the girl in the  
sunhat cutting flowers in the  
garden and the next you're the bad  
girl in my bed.

EMILY  
I'm the girl who got straight A's  
in one of the best girls schools in  
the country, and spent most of her  
time smoking behind the gym and  
sneaking out to see the boys in  
town.

DEV  
(smiling)  
So you were one of the bad girls,  
huh?

EMILY  
The bad girls were the only ones  
who'd have anything to do with me.

DEV  
Why?

EMILY  
Because of who my mother was.

DEV

But you came through it okay. You don't seem bitter about it.

EMILY

I figure it was nothing compared to what Mother had to go through when she was that age. I'm pretty lucky. Mother's given me just about everything I've ever wanted. It's surprising I wasn't as spoiled as some of those girls at school.

DEV

Why do you think that is?

EMILY

I suppose I've always felt like I got into that big house and everything that goes with it on a pass.

DEV looks at her quizzically.

EMILY (CON'T)

I never bought that foundling home story. It's my guess that my real mother was one of Mother's girls. Maybe the reason I got so mad at the kids in school is that I knew that when they called me trash, they were probably right.

DEV

Bullshit.

EMILY

You don't care about any of that, do you?

DEV

No.

EMILY smiles.

DEV (CON'T)

Your mother's going to have a fit when she finds out about us.

EMILY

I'll figure out some way to break it to her gently. Unless this is

(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)  
just a one time thing, then she  
doesn't have to know.

DEV  
I don't want it to be one time.

EMILY  
Then I'll start working on it.

They kiss.

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

DEV exits the building. He walks to his car carrying his briefcase. A large, tough looking man approaches him. Two others come up behind him. The lead thug blocks DEV's path.

DEV  
Something I can do for you?

THUG  
Yeah, you can stay away from my  
girl.

DEV  
Who is your girl?

THUG  
Emily Pitts.

DEV  
(stifling a laugh)  
Emily Pitts is your girlfriend?

THUG  
That's right. You find that funny,  
pal?

DEV  
Look, you can tell Sally I got her  
message. Shove off.

THUG  
That wasn't the whole  
message. Here's the rest of it.

The two THUGS grab DEV. DEV struggles and manages to get loose. He decks one of the THUGS, but is hit from behind by another. The lead THUG works him over in the stomach and ribs. They leave him lying on the asphalt. A few moments later, two COPS find him.

INT. AN EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

DEV is getting his ribs wrapped with an Ace bandage. WES Collins watches.

DEV  
I'm okay, Wes. (He grimaces)

WES  
We take it seriously when a deputy DA gets the shit beaten out of him in the courthouse parking lot.

DEV  
Can I expect flowers from the homicide dicks?

WES  
Well, I take it seriously.

DEV chuckles, then grimaces.

WES (CON'T)  
You want to come down and look through the books?

DEV  
Maybe later.

WES  
Who do you think hired them?

DEV  
It's pretty obvious who hired them.

WES  
Try and prove it.

DEV  
You ID the bones yet?

WES  
No. The Doc says she could've been down there for twenty years. Says she was only about thirteen or fourteen. And she'd had a baby just before she died.

DEV  
Thirteen?

WES

Yeah.

DEV

Did you recover the bullet?

WES

Yeah.

DEV

You want to hear the tapes?

WES gives him a "of course" look.

INT. DEV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DEV turns on the tape machine. He hands WES the headphones.

WES listens as DEV makes drinks.

The recording ends. WES takes off the headphones.

DEV

Go ahead and take it. Those are copies. (a beat) You know my father used to own the house behind that lot?

WES

Yeah. I went out there a few times when we were partners.

DEV

Sally said Price was a customer, but this was back before he made it big. At the time she was talking about he didn't have the money to tip the washroom attendant. Why would she lie about when she knew him? And why would she pay him a shitload of money for a half interest in a run down orange grove?

WES

Good questions.

DEV

What did she say when Sullivan and Reed asked her about it?

WES  
They didn't go.

DEV  
Why the fuck not?

WES  
The Chief said he talked to her and he was satisfied that she didn't know anything useful.

DEV  
Bullshit. I'm going out there tomorrow.

WES  
Not a chance. She's officially off limits.

DEV  
So send Scotty and Reed. I'll type up a list of questions.

WES  
She's off limits to everyone. I couldn't go over there without catching shit for it.

DEV  
Why? 'Cause the Chief says so?

WES  
Him and your boss, yeah.

They think.

DEV  
What about Sally's girls? Any of them still around?

WES  
I doubt if any of them are still working.

They both shiver involuntarily.

WES (CON'T)  
I could go through the old arrest books, see if I can find some names. If any of them are still alive, I might be able to track them down.

DEV  
You need some help?

WES  
No. (a beat) Keep this under your  
hat for now.

DEV  
Why?

WES  
Just let me check this out. Okay?

DEV  
Sure, Wes. Okay.

EXT. A HOUSE - DAY

WES knocks on the door. A woman answers. WES shows her his badge. WES says something to her. She frowns and closes the door.

EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE - DAY

WES knocks on the door of a large home in a well to do neighborhood. A woman answers. WES badges her, says something. The woman looks around nervously and closes the door.

EXT. YET ANOTHER HOUSE - DAY

WES knocks on the door. A woman answers. WES badges her, says something. The woman yells something at him and slams the door in his face.

EXT. DORA MILFORD'S HOUSE - DAY

WES knocks on the door. Dora Milford, 46, answers. WES badges her.

WES  
Dora Milford?

DORA  
That's me, honey.

WES  
Could I talk to you for a few  
minutes?

DORA  
What about?

WES  
I'm looking for information on a  
girl who used to work for Sally  
Pitts back in the early '30's.

DORA  
Well, you came to the right  
place. Come on in.

WES enters the house.

A car pulls up in front of the next house. REED is  
driving. He turns off the engine, lights a cigarette and  
watches Dora's house.

INT. DORA'S HOUSE - DAY

DORA  
Sit down, honey. Can I get you  
somethin'?

WES  
Some water would be nice, thanks.

DORA  
Comin' up.

She goes into the kitchen.

DORA  
That was a long time ago, but I got  
a memory like an elephant. Who's  
the girl?

She enters the living room with a glass of water. She hands  
it to WES.

WES  
Thanks. I don't know her  
name. She would've been about  
thirteen or fourteen when she was  
there.

DORA  
We didn't have any girls that  
young. Some of the other houses  
kept kids, but Sally wouldn't allow  
it.

WES

She had ethics, huh?

DORA

Let me set you straight on somethin', sugar. Sally took care of us girls real good. She didn't allow the clients to get rough with us. Someone pulled somethin' like that, they were out on their ear. One of us got sick, she brought in a doctor. We didn't work until we were well again. We all got a small salary and 20 percent of what we made for the house.

WES

That was pretty generous.

DORA

With what she was charging for us girls and for the liquor, she was still raking it in pretty good.

WES

(looking around the room)  
You look like you did okay.

DORA

Sally got some of us to invest our money. Taught us about the stock market and bonds and stuff. I picked up some big name stocks for peanuts after the crash. I ain't rich, but I can live comfortable for the rest of my life thanks to Sally.

WES

You know who Garland Price was?

DORA

Yeah, he's the one blew his brains out the other day, wasn't he?

WES

You ever see him at Sally's?

DORA

Oh, sure. He was there all the time. He asked for me sometimes.

WES

This was when?

DORA

I think he started showing up there about '35 or '36. It was about the time he put up his first office building. He didn't have two nickels to rub together before that. Once he got that building up, he was in the chips.

WES

And you're sure there wasn't a young girl working there at the time. Maybe something special Sally kept just for the high rollers?

DORA

No. I told you, Sally never permitted nothing like that. (a beat) Wait a minute, there was a kid worked there, but she didn't entertain the men. Sally found her one night walking down Sunset, trying to get a date. It was rainin' cats and dogs and the poor kid was soaked to the skin. Sally brought her back to the house. Put her to work cleaning rooms, stuff like that.

WES

When was this?

DORA

About '32, '33 I think. Here, wait a minute.

Dora stands, goes to a bookshelf and retrieves a photo album. It says, "Sally's, 1932" on the cover. She sits down and begins to leaf through it.

DORA (CON'T)

I liked to take pictures back in those days. They called me the shutterbug. (she points at a picture) There's some of the girls. Boy, we had a lot of fun. Look, that's me. I took my own picture in the mirror. I was so pretty back then.

WES  
You still are, Dora.

DORA  
You're sweet, honey. Okay, (she points) that's her. That's the girl.

WES  
You remember her name?

DORA  
Esther? Ethel? No, Elsie. No, wait, it was Esther. Yeah, Esther.

WES  
You remember her last name?

DORA  
Yes. It was a kinda funny name. Baggs. That's it, Esther Baggs.

WES sees a figure in the background of the photo.

WES  
Is that-?

DORA  
Tay Stone. He's Chief of Police now, you know.

WES  
Yeah, I know. He worked for Sally didn't he?

DORA  
Kinda part time, I guess you'd say.

WES  
What did he do for her?

DORA  
Oh, some client had one to many and caused a ruckus, Tay would toss him out unless he was someone like the mayor or the police chief, then Tay'd drive him home and tuck him into bed. I remember he'd pick up liquor for the house sometimes during the prohibition days. A lot of the police used to help out like

(MORE)

DORA (cont'd)  
that. We all got along real well  
back then.

They finish looking through the album. There are no more  
pictures of Esther.

WES  
That's the only picture of her?

DORA  
I guess so. I remember now she  
left a few months after she got  
there. I guess that's why I don't  
remember her so well.

WES  
Where did she go?

DORA  
Sally told us she went back home to  
Nebraska or some such place.

WES  
Do you remember Sally showing up  
with a baby around that time?

DORA  
Oh, sure. That was little  
Emily. Sally'd bring her to the  
house sometimes. She was such a  
pretty baby; we all loved her to  
death.

WES  
How long after Esther left did  
Emily arrive?

DORA  
Let's see, I guess it was a little  
less than a year, something like  
that. Hey, you don't suppose-?

WES  
So, Esther left in '32.

DORA  
Yeah, late '32. I think it was  
just before Christmas.

WES  
And you never saw Price at the  
house while she was working there?

DORA  
Nope. Esther was long gone by the  
time he showed up.

WES  
Could I borrow this picture? I  
promise I'll return it.

DORA  
You got an honest face. Sure, take  
it.

WES stands.

WES  
Thanks, Dora. I appreciate your  
time.

He walks to the door.

DORA  
You got any more questions, don't  
hesitate, sugar.

He opens the door and steps out.

WES  
I won't. Thanks again.

INT. A BAR - NIGHT

DEV and WES are at a booth.

DEV  
So this Esther was one of Sally's  
whores.

WES  
No. She worked for her, but she  
did housework, that kind of  
thing. She didn't fuck for money.

DEV  
This the girl we found?

WES  
She's the right age. And the  
coroner says she'd had a baby just  
before she was killed.

DEV  
You think this is Emily's mother.

WES  
It's a pretty good bet. The timing  
is right.

DEV  
But it could be coincidence.

WES tosses the photo of Esther and Taylor onto the table in  
front of DEV.

WES  
Keep it. I had copies made.

DEV  
There's a resemblance. Did you  
show this to the Chief?

WES  
No. And keep it to yourself.

DEV  
Again? Why?

WES  
Something I'm working on. I'll let  
you know if it pans out.

DEV  
Okay, Wes. But I need to show this  
to Emily.

WES  
You do that and she'll go straight  
to Sally and this whole thing blows  
up.

DEV  
Maybe that wouldn't be such a bad  
thing.

WES  
Hold off for now. I want to be the  
one who breaks this to Sally. I  
want to see her face when I tell  
her and I don't want to give her  
time to come up with a story.

DEV  
As long as I get to be there when  
you tell her.

WES

Okay.

DEV

When do we go?

WES

When I can get an okay from the Chief.

DEV

For crying out loud, Wes. She's a suspect in a murder.

WES

He's my boss. He ordered me to lay off.

DEV

Do what you want. I'm going over there tomorrow morning.

WES

Great idea. You already have another job lined up?

DEV sits back and shakes his head.

WES (CON'T)

Let me think about it tonight. Stay cool until then. Can you do that?

DEV nods.

DEV

Hell of a way to run a railroad.

INT. A GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

WES is buying food. He picks up a package of frozen french fries and reads the package. He looks around and sees a display of metal baking pans. He buys both along with a large steak.

EXT. THE SIDEWALK OUTSIDE THE GROCERY - NIGHT

WES leaves the store and walks down the street. WES is unaware of a car following him. The car pulls up beside him. A shotgun is tied to the vent post with clothesline, the barrel points out the window. WES looks over and sees

it. He dives for cover just as the driver of the car fires. We cannot see the driver. The blast hits the bag WES is carrying, exploding it. He dives for cover and pulls his pistol. The driver racks the shotgun and fires again, firing high, shattering the grocery store window. The car speeds away. WES returns fire, shooting out the car's back window.

INT. WES'S OFFICE - DAY

DEV enters. WES is behind his desk. He has bandages on his neck and face. His arm is in a sling. The cookie sheet is on a table behind his desk. It bears the marks of shotgun pellets.

DEV

Shit, Wes. Are you okay?

WES

Yeah. But I got two dollars worth of steaks that aren't doing so great.

DEV

Did you see the shooter?

WES

No. Too dark. They found the car. Stolen. There was blood on the front seat.

DEV

Any idea who it was?

WES

Maybe.

They see TAYLOR enter the squad room.

INT. THE DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

The DETECTIVES are gathered in the room. DEV and WES stand in the doorway. TAYLOR addresses the group.

TAYLOR

I know I speak for every man in this room...in this department...when I say that it is unacceptable for one of our own to be targeted the way that Wes Collins was last night. This was

(MORE)

TAYLOR (cont'd)  
nothing less than an assassination attempt on a member of this department. It was only by sheer luck that we're not preparing for his funeral today. The cowardly scum who committed this outrage will be brought to justice and he will be made an example of what happens when one of our family is attacked. Not one of us rests until this is resolved. Let's get to it.

The DETECTIVES go about their business. DEV watches Jason REED approach TAYLOR. They talk intently. DEV walks over to them. REED sees him approaching, breaks off the conversation and leaves, glaring at DEV.

DEV  
Wes and I need to talk to Sally Pitts.

TAYLOR  
Come with me, son.

He motions to WES who is still in the doorway.  
They exit.

INT. TAYLOR STONE'S LAPD OFFICE - DAY

TAYLOR, DEV and WES enter. TAYLOR pours a drink for both of them and himself then sits at his desk. DEV and WES sit in front of the desk.

TAYLOR  
Why are you still trying to interview Sally Pitts?

DEV  
Wes and I are working the girl that was found in Chatsworth. Everything seems to lead back to Sally.

TAYLOR  
Wes, I told you to drop that. It was an order.

WES  
We're working on it unofficially.

TAYLOR

Let me see if I can put this in a way that you two can understand. I'll use small words and speak slowly. There is no case. Wes, you will not use badly needed resources to pursue a twenty year old crime. You are both specifically ordered to stay away from Sally Pitts. Let me say this again, there is no case to investigate, officially or unofficially. Am I clear?

DEV

Wes and I were making real headway. I think we're getting close to a breakthrough.

TAYLOR turns to a typewriter beside his desk. He puts a sheet of paper in it. He types something, takes out the paper, signs it. He reads it:

TAYLOR

To: Jordan Cooper, Los Angeles County District Attorney

From: Taylor Stone

Devlin Stone is forbidden from participating in any investigation into the death of the Jane Doe found in Chatsworth. He is further forbidden any contact whatsoever with Miss Sally Pitts or Miss Emily Pitts.

Signed,

Taylor Stone

Chief, Los Angeles Police Department

DEV

I don't work for you. And I'll see Emily anytime I want to.

TAYLOR

Consider that part an order from your father.

DEV

You know what you can do with your order.

TAYLOR  
You see that girl and there will be  
consequences.

DEV  
Fuck off, Dad.

TAYLOR folds the letter, puts it in an envelope and writes  
Jordon Cooper's name on it. He shows it to DEV, then tosses  
it into his out basket.

TAYLOR  
Detective Collins, I assume I don't  
have to write it out for you.

WES  
No sir.

TAYLOR  
(to DEV)  
Stick to trying cases. Leave the  
police work to the police. We can  
get along just fine without  
you. And stay away from the Pitts  
girl. I don't want you being seen  
with the daughter of a whorehouse  
madam.

DEV  
You don't want me -?

WES shoots him a look that stops him. TAYLOR sees it.

DEV storms out. WES stands.

TAYLOR  
Hold on, Wes.

WES stops.

TAYLOR  
I think you need to stop letting a  
well meaning amateur lead you  
around by the nose and get back to  
working the cases your detectives  
have on their desks right  
now. Come on, Wes, I shouldn't  
have to tell you what your  
responsibilities are. Was it a  
mistake making you chief of  
detectives?

WES  
No, sir.

TAYLOR  
Return to your duties, detective.

WES stands and heads for the door.

TAYLOR (CON'T)  
Wes.

WES  
Yeah?

TAYLOR  
You okay?

WES  
Yeah, Chief. I'm fine.

TAYLOR  
Okay.

TAYLOR turns his attention to some papers on his desk. WES exits.

INT. THE DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

WES enters. REED enter through another door.

WES  
Where's your partner?

REED  
He called in sick. Said he has the flu.

WES goes into his office.

INT. WES'S OFFICE - DAY

WES sits at his desk. He begins going through papers. He looks up at the cookie sheet. On the police scanner behind him he hears a call that says "Five Adam 22, report of a woman found dead at 677 East 25th Street. Respond code 2."

WES stares at the radio for a moment, then grabs his hat and hurries out.

INT. DORA'S HOUSE - DAY

WES enters the bathroom and sees Dora's body in the tub.

WES  
(To the coroner)  
What's the COD?

CORONER  
Could be an accidental, but there  
are some bruises on her throat I  
need to check out.

WES  
I want a copy of the report.

CORONER  
You got it, Wes. You know her?

WES  
Yeah. Nice lady.

WES goes into the living room. He looks around at Dora's tidy home; the mementos collected over a lifetime.

INT. DEV'S OFFICE - DAY

WES enters.

Photos of Esther's bones and the picture of her at Sally's house are pinned side by side on a bulletin board on the wall opposite his desk.

WES  
I think it's time to blow things  
up.

DEV smiles. He looks at the photos.

INT. DEV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DEV and EMILY are in bed. DEV sits up and turns on the light on the nightstand.

DEV  
I want to show you something, but  
I'm not sure how you'll take it.

EMILY  
Show me and we'll find out.

DEV takes the photo of Esther from the nightstand. He gives it to EMILY.

DEV  
I think that's your mother.

EMILY stares at the picture.

DEV (CON'T)  
Her name was Esther.

EMILY  
Where did you get this?

DEV  
From one of the girls who used to work for your mother.

EMILY  
Then she was a -

DEV  
She worked as a maid. She wasn't...

EMILY  
A whore?

DEV  
Yeah.

EMILY  
Do you know where she is now?

DEV  
We think she's the girl who was found buried in a vacant lot in Chatsworth.

EMILY  
That was her?

DEV  
I'm sorry.

EMILY  
Do you know who my father was?

DEV  
No. Not yet.

EMILY

What makes you think she's my mother?

DEV

The connection to Sally and that she'd had a baby around the time Sally adopted you. And she was found on property that Sally owned with Garland Price.

EMILY

Did you show this to me so I'd help you get to my mother?

DEV

Yes.

EMILY thinks for a moment.

EMILY

I thought you said that she wasn't in trouble.

DEV

She wasn't at first. Her connection with the murder didn't come to light until a couple of days ago.

EMILY

Cracking this would put you back on top in the DA's office again wouldn't it? This would be even bigger than the Price case could have been.

DEV

Shit. This again? You still don't trust me? You know Jordon Cooper's about this close to firing me over this thing. And he's so far up the Chief's ass that I doubt he'd let me bring it to trial even if I had signed confessions. If I play this out to the end, I'll be accusing one of the biggest power brokers in the state and the Chief of the LAPD, of murder. Believe me, there's nothing about this that's going to advance my career. It'll most likely end it.

EMILY

So why are you doing this?

DEV

I had a twin sister. Beth. When the war broke out she was working at the USO, she got involved with a soldier there. Got pregnant. The soldier went AWOL and Beth went with him. They ended up in some little town in Oregon. He murdered her a couple of weeks later. She was thirteen.

EMILY

Oh my god, Dev. I'm sorry. Your parents must have been devastated.

DEV

It just about killed Mom. That's when she started drinking. I overheard Dad talking to Wes about it one day. He said what a lucky break it was that Beth left town before she started showing.

EMILY

You think your father's involved in this?

DEV points at the picture.

DEV

That is my father. He kind of worked for your...for Sally.

EMILY

You think he knows what happened to my mother.

DEV

He says he doesn't, but I don't believe him.

EMILY

They know. Both of them. They know what happened.

DEV looks at her.

EMILY (CON'T)

What would you do if they weren't who they are? How would you make them talk?

DEV

If Dad was some street thug, the cops would haul him into headquarters and sweat it out of him. Same thing with your mother.

EMILY

Don't call her that. My mother was murdered and that woman knows who did it. Maybe she did it.

DEV

They're both feeling safe right now. No one can touch them. We need to get them into the open. Somewhere where they can't slam doors in our faces.

EMILY thinks for a moment, then smiles.

INT. A BALLROOM AT THE BILTMORE - NIGHT

DEV and EMILY enter. There are banquet tables set up all over the room. There's a lectern with a microphone on a raised platform. People in evening wear are standing around talking or are seated at the tables.

A man walks up to the lectern and taps the microphone.

SPEAKER

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming. I know we're all pleased to be here tonight to give our support to Chief Taylor Stone in his campaign for mayor of Los Angeles.

APPLAUSE

SPEAKER (CON'T)

Taylor? You here?

TAYLOR is standing in a group of men near the bar. He steps out and waves to the crowd.

APPLAUSE

SPEAKER (CON'T)

There he is. Chief Taylor will be speaking to us later tonight and I'm sure we're all looking forward to hearing his ideas for our great city.

APPLAUSE

SPEAKER (CON'T)

For now, won't you all take your seats and enjoy the fine dinner the wonderful chefs here at the Biltmore have prepared for us.

Everyone wanders to their seats. SALLY finds her seat at the table where Mrs. Stone is sitting, nursing a drink. DEV and EMILY approach.

MRS. STONE

Devlin. Hello, dear. Your father will be so pleased that you came tonight.

DEV

I wouldn't count on it, Mom.

MRS. STONE

Oh, Devlin, what are you going to do?

DEV

Mom, I'd like you to meet Miss Emily Pitts.

MRS. STONE

Hello, dear. So nice to meet you. Are you related to this Miss Pitts?

EMILY

Distantly.

SALLY

Hello, Emily, what a pleasant surprise. I didn't think you were coming.

EMILY

I said I wasn't coming with you.

TAYLOR arrives at the table.

MRS. STONE

Taylor, look, Devlin's here.

DEV

Hi, Dad.

TAYLOR  
Hello, son.

DEV  
Dad, this is Emily Pitts. Emily,  
this is the Chief.

TAYLOR  
Very nice to meet you, Miss Pitts.

EMILY  
I'm so glad to finally meet you,  
Chief.

DEV looks at the place cards around the table.

DEV  
Here we are.

DEV and EMILY sit.

EMILY  
How is your campaign going, Chief  
Stone?

TAYLOR  
It's coming along very well thanks  
to supporters like your mother. (to  
Sally) I hope you know how much I  
appreciate your loyalty, Sally. I  
trust that I can continue to count  
on it.

SALLY  
You have nothing to worry about,  
Taylor. I think we share many of  
the same concerns about the future.

DEV  
What concerns do you have for the  
future, Miss Pitts?

SALLY  
Are you interested in politics, Mr.  
Stone?

DEV  
It looks like I'm going to be the  
mayor's son, so I guess I'd better  
learn the family business.

EMILY

Maybe when the time comes for Dev to run for District Attorney, you could support him the same way you've supported his father.

SALLY

When the time comes, I'd be glad to discuss it.

DEV

But you didn't answer my question. What are your concerns for the future?

TAYLOR

Son, don't cross examine the lady.

DEV

I'm just making conversation, Dad. (to SALLY) Believe me, when I cross examine someone, they know it.

SALLY

I can believe that.

DEV makes a face that says "well?"

SALLY (CON'T)

I think I share the same concerns that most people do. I want a safe and prosperous city for my daughter to live in.

DEV

You've answered my question without actually answering it. Maybe you should run for office Miss Pitts.

SALLY

Frankly, Mr. Stone, I'm not much interested in politics. I find the subject rather boring.

DEV

I find balancing my checkbook boring, but it's important, so I put in the time on it.

SALLY

I didn't say I didn't think about politics, just that I don't find it...stimulating.

DEV

But you'd agree that the candidates we support should be above reproach?

SALLY

Oh, I don't know. Some of the most important people I've met in government are also some of the biggest scoundrels.

DEV

Granted. But you wouldn't want to cast your vote for, say, someone you know to be a murderer would you?

SALLY

Who says I haven't?

DEV gives her a perplexed look.

SALLY (CON'T)

I'm pulling your leg, Mr. Prosecutor.

DEV

You're not taking this very seriously.

SALLY

This? What exactly is this?

TAYLOR

Come on, Dev.

DEV

Esther Baggs. Remember the name?

SALLY

No.

EMILY takes Esther's picture from her purse and puts it in front of SALLY.

EMILY

Does this help?

SALLY

Oh, yes. Such a sweet girl. Do you know if she's still in Nebraska?

EMILY

Cut the bullshit, Sally.

DEV

Miss Pitts, we know that you participated in or at the very least have first hand knowledge of Esther's murder. And we're pretty sure we know the identities of the others involved in her killing and the disposing of her body.

SALLY

You're out of your mind.

DEV

What we're not sure of yet is why she was killed. Maybe you could help us with that.

SALLY

Your career in the District Attorney's office just took a very steep nosedive, Mr. Stone.

TAYLOR

Hold on, Sally.

SALLY

And that goes for your political career too, Taylor, if you don't get a handle on this situation quickly.

DEV

I'm giving you a chance to get out in front of this. If you'll agree to give testimony under oath about the circumstances surrounding the death of Esther Baggs and give us the names of the others involved in her murder, I'm prepared to recommend that the court grant you probation.

SALLY

You keep talking about this as if I had the slightest idea of what you're talking about.

DEV

If you're worried about ending up like Garland Price, I can protect you.

TAYLOR  
Price killed himself.

DEV  
(To Sally)  
Well then, I guess you have nothing  
to worry about.

SALLY  
The last time I saw Esther she was  
boarding a train to go back to her  
parents. If she stayed in the city  
and got into trouble, I had nothing  
to do with it.

TAYLOR  
You're way off base, Dev. This is  
neither the time or place-

DEV  
This is the only time and place,  
you and Cooper saw to that.

TAYLOR  
What if I agree to let you talk to  
her in my office tomorrow? Would  
that get you to stop this?

SALLY  
Now wait a minute...

DEV  
Not a chance. I let her go now,  
I'll never get within a hundred  
feet of her again.

SALLY  
You're damn right you won't. (she  
stands) I've developed a splitting  
headache, Taylor. I'm so sorry to  
miss your speech, I'm sure it's  
going to be wonderful.

EMILY  
Sit down, Sally.

DEV  
Think about it, Sally. This thing  
is coming apart and someone might  
be thinking that you're another  
loose end that needs to be  
eliminated.

TAYLOR  
Stop it, Dev.

DEV  
You're never going to get a better deal than what I offered tonight. I'll give you twenty four hours to think about it, then it's gone for good.

SALLY stares at DEV, thinking.

DEV (CON'T)  
Wouldn't it be a relief to finally get it off your chest? After all these years?

SALLY  
I've got nothing to "get off my chest", Mr. Stone. Go to hell.

DEV  
Suit yourself. Oh, by the way, you can send all the thugs you want to beat me up, but I'm not going to stop seeing Emily.

SALLY looks at TAYLOR.

DEV  
(to TAYLOR)  
I should've known.

MRS. STONE  
Taylor? What did you do?

TAYLOR  
It was for your own good, son. You wouldn't listen to reason.

DEV  
Fuck you, Dad.

TAYLOR  
You watch your mouth, boy.

DEV  
(gesturing to the people around them)  
Go ahead, take a swing at me.

SALLY  
(to EMILY) Come along, dear.

EMILY  
Not a chance.

SALLY  
Please, we have to talk.

DEV  
(to EMILY)  
Go on.

She leaves with SALLY.

TAYLOR  
That was unforgivable, Dev.

DEV  
By the way, tomorrow I'm going to  
Jordan Cooper and request that he  
reopen the Price case.

TAYLOR  
Based on what?

DEV  
You're the detective in the  
family. You figure it out. (he  
stands) Knock 'em dead, Chief.

DEV exits.

INT. DEV'S OFFICE - DAY

DEV is sitting at his desk working on a case. Jordon  
Cooper's SECRETARY stands in his doorway. She knocks on the  
door jamb. DEV looks up. She points down the hall and walks  
away.

DEV  
Shit.

He stands and exits.

INT. THE DA'S OFFICE - DAY

DEV enters.

COOPER holds up a sheet of paper. It's the memo Taylor  
typed about Sally Pitts.

COOPER  
Can you tell me why I got this  
today?

DEV takes it, opens it partially and glances at it.

DEV  
That's my father trying to make a  
point.

COOPER  
I don't like getting in the middle  
of family squabbles.

DEV  
Yes, sir.

COOPER  
But I agree with what it  
says. You're here to try cases,  
not be an amateur detective. Do  
your job and stay out of the police  
department's hair. Got it?

DEV  
Yes, sir.

COOPER  
You're on thin ice here, Mr. Stone.

DEV  
Yes, sir.

DEV tries to hand the paper back to Cooper.

COOPER  
Keep it. Get out of here.

DEV exits.

EXT. TAYLOR STONE'S HOME - NIGHT

REED pulls into the driveway and goes inside. WES pulls up  
a short distance away, watching.

INT. DEV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There is a knock at the door. DEV answers it. It's  
EMILY. She enters. They embrace.

DEV  
How's Sally?

EMILY  
She's been drinking since that scene at the banquet. She's pretty far gone.

DEV  
Did you get anything out of her?

EMILY  
No. But she's scared to death. I've never seen her like this. Could you come to the house? I think she might be ready to talk.

DEV  
I'm probably the last person she wants to see right now. Besides, if you'll recall I've been ordered to stay away from her.

EMILY  
But I'm asking you to talk to her.

DEV  
She'd have to ask me herself and I don't see that happening. She should go to the police if she's afraid of someone.

EMILY  
She says that she's afraid of the police. I think this is the best chance you're going to get, Dev.

DEV thinks.

DEV  
Let's go.

They exit, get into Dev's car and drive away.

INT. SALLY PITTS'S HOME - NIGHT

DEV and EMILY enter the house. They go to the living room where SALLY is slumped on the sofa, pouring another drink. EMILY takes it away and pours a cup of coffee from a carafe on the table.

EMILY

Please, Mother. Try some of this.

SALLY waves her away.

SALLY

(to DEV)

Well look who's here. Okay officer, slap the cuffs on me, I'll go peacefully.

EMILY

I told Dev that you're frightened. He came to help you.

DEV

Did someone threaten you, Sally?

SALLY

You know, you're not nearly as big of an asshole as everyone says you are. Does it surprise you to hear me say that?

DEV

If someone threatened you, I can get you police protection.

SALLY

(Laughs)

You're sweet. Are you here to arrest me?

DEV

I can't arrest you, I'm not a police officer.

SALLY

But you'd like to.

DEV

What would I arrest you for?

SALLY

Do you believe in forgiveness, Mr. Stone? Are you a forgiving person?

DEV

It depends. But I think it has to be earned.

SALLY

Emily won't forgive me. She'll never forgive me.

DEV

Forgive you for what, Sally?

SALLY

I wanted to do big things; wanted to be someone who makes a difference in the world. Didn't want to run a whorehouse the rest of my damn life. You work for something like that, you've gotta take on a lot of responsibility. You've got people's lives in your hands. You know what I'm talking about, right Mr. Prosecutor? I don't mean the part about the whorehouse, but you've gotta make life and death decisions all the time in your line of work, dont'cha?

DEV

Yeah, Sally, I know what you're talking about.

SALLY

Damn right you do. And then one day out'a nowhere you find yourself up against a situation that's gonna decide what the rest of your life is gonna be. Everything, and I mean everything depends on what you do at that moment, and you've gotta make that call, (snaps her fingers) just like that. What's it gonna be? (snaps her fingers) Just like that.

DEV

What was the decision you had to make?

SALLY

You get it wrong, you can spend your whole life trying to make up for it.

EMILY

Tell us, Mother.

EXT. A STREET IN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

WES watches REED come out of Taylor's house, get in his car and drive away. He follows.

INT. SALLY PITTS'S HOME - NIGHT

SALLY is drinking coffee. She looks slightly recovered.

SALLY

The first time I saw Esther, she was walking down Sunset, trying to get picked up. She was soaked to the skin; just a kid. I took her home, told her I'd take care of her, that she wouldn't have to fuck for a living.

DEV

That was pretty decent of you, trying to give a kid a break like that.

SALLY

I wanted her to have a normal life, you know? Go back to school, maybe go to college if she wanted, get married to a nice guy someday. She didn't want any part of that.

EMILY

Why?

SALLY

She was such an angry girl. I never knew why, but I could guess. She said she liked being a whore. Whore, that's the word she used. Said we could make a lot of money together. I tried to talk her out of it but she said if I didn't let her work for me, she'd go back on the street. I didn't want her in the house, so I set her up in an apartment. Told the other girls she'd gone back to Nebraska. She'd only been working a couple of weeks when she told me she was pregnant.

EMILY

Who was the...my father?

SALLY

The night she had you, she told me it was Charles Ferguson. He was a city councilman. Charlie was loaded with oil money. Used to live not too far from here.

EMILY

Charles Ferguson. Is he still alive?

DEV

No. He died about three years ago, didn't he?

SALLY

Yes. But he wasn't your father, dear.

EMILY

How do you know?

SALLY

Esther had you only eight months after they were together.

EMILY

So who...?

SALLY

I asked her, she wouldn't tell me. She was going to blackmail Charles because the real father didn't have the kind of money he had. She offered me a share if I'd lie about when she had you so the dates would match up.

DEV

So I was right, it was about protecting your business.

SALLY

It wasn't like that.

DEV

So how was it?

SALLY

When Esther went into labor, I called the doctor who took care of the girls. He came to her apartment and delivered Emily. But afterward Esther began bleeding and the doctor couldn't stop it. Tay told me to bring the car around to the back of the building so we could take her to a hospital. When I got back to the apartment, Esther was wrapped in the bedspread. The doctor said she was dead.

DEV

So you needed to get rid of the body.

SALLY

Yes. (to EMILY) I'm sorry, dear, but she was beyond helping at that point. If it became known that I'd had a thirteen year old girl working for me, and that she'd died having a client's baby, I'd be arrested. None of my friends would lift a finger to help me. I'd lose everything. I'd go to jail.

DEV

And Dad just happened to know about a place out in the sticks where you could bury her without anyone seeing you.

SALLY

Taylor told me that I didn't have to go, but I felt that being there when Esther was laid to rest was the least I could do. Taylor and I argued about it, but I wouldn't be put off. He placed her in the trunk of the car and we drove out there.

DEV

And that's when Price came into it.

SALLY

Garland heard us out there and came to investigate. He knew who I was and when he saw Esther's body he knew he could cash in on the

(MORE)

SALLY (cont'd)  
situation. After we made our deal,  
he helped Taylor finish digging the  
grave and they put Esther in it.

EXT. A STREET IN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

REED is driving at a normal speed. WES is a couple of car lengths behind him.

INT. REED'S CAR - NIGHT

REED looks in his mirror and notices WES following him.

INT. WES'S CAR - NIGHT

WES is watching REED's car intently.

INTERCUT BETWEEN REED'S CAR, WES'S CAR AND THE STREET.

REED speeds up. WES speeds up. REED is now racing through the streets, WES is weaving between cars trying to catch him.

REED runs a red light, barely missing a collision. WES is not as lucky and is hit by cross traffic. He gets out and starts chasing REED on foot. He knows where REED is going.

INT. SALLY PITTS'S HOME - NIGHT

DEV  
None of that explains the bullet  
hole in her head. If she was  
already dead, why shoot her?

REED appears in a doorway holding a silenced pistol. Everyone is frozen in place, then SALLY pulls a pistol from between the cushions of the sofa and fires at REED, nicking him in the lower abdomen. REED fires back, hitting SALLY in the chest.

DEV springs at REED, they wrestle for the gun. REED comes up with it. DEV runs to EMILY, throwing his body over hers. REED raises the gun. WES appears in a doorway and shoots REED. WES bends over, trying to catch his breath.

INT. SALLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Police are everywhere. SALLY is on a gurney, unconscious, being taken to an ambulance. DEV and WES are talking.

WES

Reed was at the Chief's house tonight before he came here.

DEV

That's what you were working on.

WES

Yeah. Sorry.

DEV

He's going to get away with it, isn't he?

WES

Yeah.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

TAYLOR is holding a press conference.

TAYLOR

I want to assure the people of Los Angeles that their police department is working diligently to get to the bottom of the events of last night. Right now all we know is that Detective Jason Reed shot Miss Sally Pitts, and was in turn shot by Miss Pitts and Chief of Detectives Wes Collins. Miss Pitts is in serious condition at the Los Angeles County Medical Center. Detective Reed was killed. Why he shot Miss Pitts has yet to be determined. Our department will release information related to this case as soon as we learn it. I will now take questions.

INT. SALLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

SALLY is in bed, conscious but weak and in pain. She reaches for the phone, picks up the receiver and listens. No dial tone. She tries to dial, but nothing happens. She searches the drawers of the nightstand next to her bed for a pad and pencil, but finds nothing.

A NURSE enters followed by an LAPD detective GUARD.

SALLY  
Why doesn't this telephone work?

GUARD  
Orders from the Chief.

SALLY  
I want something to write with.

GUARD  
Sorry.

SALLY  
I want to see my daughter.

GUARD  
Can't do it, ma'am.

SALLY  
Orders from the Chief.

GUARD  
Yes ma'am.

SALLY  
Am I under arrest?

GUARD  
No ma'am.

SALLY  
Then why am I being kept in  
isolation?

GUARD  
You'd have to ask the Chief, ma'am.

The NURSE sets the tray on an overbed table and wheels it in front of SALLY. When she's next to the bed, SALLY furtively removes a pad and pencil from a pocket in the front of the NURSE's skirt and hides them under the bedcovers. The NURSE notices, but does nothing.

NURSE  
There you go, Miss Pitts. I'll be  
back later to check on you.

The NURSE and GUARD exit. Sally pulls out the pad and pencil and begins writing.

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE SCOTTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

WES, TWO DETECTIVES and the apartment MANAGER are in the hallway. WES knocks on the door. There's no answer. He knocks again.

WES

Scotty?

WES motions to the MANAGER who unlocks the door. WES and the TWO DETECTIVES go inside.

They look around the front room. One of the detectives goes into the bedroom.

DETECTIVE 1 (OS)

Wes.

They go through the bedroom into the bathroom. There are bloody bandages in the trash can.

WES

Find him.

INT. SALLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A DOCTOR, and two NURSES are preparing Sally to be moved to surgery. The GUARD is there. EMILY is standing next to the bed, holding SALLY's hand. She continues to hold it as the bed is rolled out of the room and down the hallway. When they get to the door of the operating room, EMILY releases SALLY's hand and finds some folded papers in her hand. SALLY is wheeled into the operating room.

INT. THE HOSPITAL HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM - DAY

EMILY is waiting. She takes out the papers she got from Sally and reads.

INT. DEV'S OFFICE - DAY

DEV is working. He reaches for a paper and notices the letter his father typed and sent to the DA. He picks it up and looks at it.

DEV notices that the "e"'s on the letter are crooked. He searches for the photo list, finds it and compares the two items. The "e"'s are identical.

DEV searches for the photo of Price's arm and desktop. He finds it and examines it. He gets out a magnifying glass and looks closer.

DEV stops and stares at a point on the photo. Peeking out from under some papers on the desktop he can see part of one of Jason Reed's distinctive cufflinks.

DEV

Shit.

DEV grabs the papers and photo and exits.

INT. WES'S OFFICE - DAY

DEV enters. WES is at his desk. He puts the photo list with the crooked "e"s in front of WES.

WES

Yeah. I saw this. So what?

DEV places the letter Taylor typed next to the list.

WES (CON'T)

Shit.

DEV

This is the photo that was pulled from the Price murder file.

DEV puts the photo in front of WES and hands him the magnifying glass. He points to the cufflink. WES looks at it through the glass.

WES sits back, crestfallen.

DEV

What do you want to do?

WES

There's still nothing solid to connect the Chief to any crime.

DEV

Reed was his boy, his protege. He went straight from the Chief's house to Sally's the night he murdered her. The Chief had a motive for killing her and for killing Price.

WES

You're going to need a hell of a lot more than that to indict the Chief of Police for conspiracy murder.

WES and DEV sit sullenly, thinking.

WES

Sally didn't say why Esther was shot?

DEV

She didn't get a chance to.

WES

You don't shoot a corpse.

a beat

DEV

Esther wasn't dead. Sally couldn't see her wrapped up like she was. She took the doc's word for it.

WES

There were three people at Esther's grave that night but we can say with certainty that only one of them had a gun.

DEV looks at the wall and sees a picture of Wes and Taylor taken in Taylor's home office. Behind them on the wall is the pistol mounted on the plaque. DEV sits up.

DEV

Come on. I'm going to need a cop.

DEV exits quickly. WES watches him for a second and follows.

INT. THE HOSPITAL HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The SURGEON enters from the operating room door. He speaks to EMILY. We can't hear what he's saying, but it's obviously bad news. EMILY sits down and begins softly weeping. After a few moments, she stops crying, stares ahead with a determined look on her face, then stands and exits.

EXT. TAYLOR STONE'S HOME - DAY

DEV and WES pull up outside the house. They go in and stand in the foyer.

DEV  
Mom? Mom, you here?

MRS STONE enters.

MRS. STONE  
Devlin dear. What are you doing here? Hello Wes, so good to see you.

WES  
Hello, Mary. It's been too long.

DEV  
Mom, is it okay if we go into Dad's office? I need something.

MRS. STONE  
Oh, I don't know, dear. You know he doesn't like anyone in his office.

DEV  
It's important. Is it okay?

MRS. STONE  
Well, I suppose.

DEV  
You're giving us permission to enter his office?

MRS. STONE  
Yes. I thought I just said that, dear.

DEV  
Thanks, Mom.

DEV and WES go into the office. DEV goes to where the gun is mounted. The plaque is there, but the gun is gone.

DEV  
Shit.

The plaque says: "Detective Taylor Stone used this gun to kill the infamous gangster Lou Pallazio in a shootout on December 18, 1933. Officer Stone was seriously wounded and received the Medal of Valor for his outstanding bravery that night."

WES

Come on.

WES exits. DEV follows. They pass MRS. STONE as they leave.

DEV

Bye, Mom. Thanks.

MRS. STONE

Goodbye, Dear. Goodbye  
Wes. Devlin, are you coming to  
dinner tonight?

INT. THE LAPD RECORDS ROOM - DAY

WES and DEV enter. WES goes to the clerk's window.

WES

I know this is a longshot, but do  
you still have the evidence from  
the Pallazio shootout back in '33?

CLERK

Yeah, yeah, I got it. You know how  
much shit I had to move to get to  
that stuff? Tell the Chief it's on  
it's way.

He points to two men loading boxes onto a cart a few feet  
away.

WES

That's it?

CLERK

That's it.

WES and DEV go to where the men are loading.

CLERK (CON'T)

You're welcome.

WES

(To the men)  
Hold it, guys. We'll take it up.

The men step aside. WES and DEV open a box and go through everything. The stuff it all back inside, replace the top and go to the next box. They pull some items out. WES pulls out a small envelope, reads the contents written on it. Smiles.

WES (CON'T)

Got it.

WES and DEV head for the door.

CLERK

Hey, I thought you were gonna take that shit to the Chief.

WES

Hang on to it. It stays here for now.

CLERK

But the Chief -

WES

It stays here. If the Chief calls about it, tell him you're still looking for it.

WES and DEV exit.

INT. THE DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

WES and DEV find the Esther Baggs evidence box in a pile of other boxes and assorted trash.

WES

Still here.

WES goes through the box and pulls out an envelope similar to the one they found in the Pallazio box. WES and DEV smile at each other.

INT. THE LAPD BALLISTICS LAB - DAY

WES and DEV enter.

WES

Ben, I need you to drop everything and check this out.

BEN  
Sure. Whaddyya got?

WES  
Put these on the scope and tell me  
if they were fired from the same  
gun.

BEN takes the bullets, prepares them and mounts them on the  
comparison scope. He twists some dials.

BEN  
Yeah, they match.

WES  
Thanks, Ben. I need those back.

BEN takes them off the scope, puts them back in the  
envelopes and gives them to WES.

WES and DEV exit.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SALLY (V.O.)  
My dearest Emily. I wish I could  
have told you this when we were  
together last night, you deserve to  
hear this from me face to face. As  
that doesn't seem possible now,  
this will have to do. On the night  
of your mother's death, after we  
had placed her in her grave, we  
heard her moan. She was still  
alive; barely. Taylor looked at  
me, silently asking what I wanted  
to do. Emily, I'm ashamed to tell  
you that I nodded, giving him  
permission to fire that bullet into  
Esther's head. Emily dear, I know  
that what you've learned from this  
has been heartbreaking for you, but  
there is one more terrible thing  
that I must tell you. Chief Stone  
recently told me that he was the  
father of Esther's child; your  
father. He was forced to finally  
confess this in order to enlist my  
help in breaking up the romantic  
relationship that was developing  
between you and his son, your half  
brother Devlin...

EMILY parks outside police headquarters. She goes inside.

INT. TAYLOR STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

EMILY enters and asks the secretary if the Chief will see her.

INT. THE HALLWAY IN LAPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

DEV and WES walk quickly to Taylor's office.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DEV/WES AND EMILY

The door to the Chief's inner office opens and TAYLOR admits EMILY.

DEV and WES approach the Chief's outer door.

The inner office door closes. TAYLOR stands behind his desk, smiling at EMILY who is standing in front of the desk. She reaches into her purse.

DEV and WES burst through the door to the outer office. They hear gunshots and see flashes through the pebbled glass on the Chief's door.

SALLY (V.O.)

I'm so sorry for everything I've done. I only hope you know that I love you more than my life and I pray that some day you'll be able to forgive me.

INT. A COURTROOM - DAY

The baliff stands before the bench.

BALIFF

All rise, the Honorable Judge Madigan presiding.

The Judge enters and sits.

BALIFF

Please be seated.

JUDGE

Is the prosecution ready?

PROSECUTOR  
Yes your honor.

JUDGE  
Is the defense ready?

DEV stands. Next to him at the table is EMILY.

DEV  
Yes your honor.

THE END