

"THE TWO JAKES"

by Robert Towne

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1

INT JAKE GITTES' OFFICE (DAY) - A WIRE RECORDER AND A PAIR OF WING-TIPPED SHOES ON GITTES' DESK-TOP.

The glove leather of the shoes contain feet crossed at the ankles, cocked on the heels and nestled up against one another like a pair of love birds. From time to time the shoes separate an inch or so, then give one another a playful tap - the wire on the recorder moves continuously however, winding tautly around itself. The red light on the machine intermittently flashes to indicate sound levels.

BERMAN'S VOICE

(rehearsing, but shaky and nervous)

' - oh no, oh no, oh no Kitty, you told me you were going to Murietta Hot Springs and now I find you here at - '

The shaky recitatif breaks off. The shoes have separated, poised in anticipation.

WALSH'S VOICE

(a stage whisper)

' - the Bird-of-Paradise Motel - '

2

OMIT

3

BERMAN

an anxious and olive skinned man sitting in front of Gittes' desk and shoes.

BERMAN

(going on)

' - the Bird-of-Paradise Motel in Redondo Beach at two in the afternoon on October 21, 1948 with this man - '

The shoes bump rudely into one another and GITTES sits up into FRAME, visible along with his legs and shoes.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

GITTES

Mr. Berman, it's very unnatural for a man to discuss what year it is when he's staring at his wife in bed with another man -

BERMAN

But my lawyer said -

GITTES

- we'll establish the date, let us worry about that. Just -

He gestures gently but firmly in the direction of the recorder. Berman nods:

BERMAN

- oh no, oh no, oh my God, it's an earthquake.

The room has shuddered as if shivering from a chill. The brass lantern with its green shade sways overhead on its chain. On Gittes' desk a little porcelain dog with leg raised by a porcelain fire hydrant topples into a neat stack of dimes. They spill and spin like tops on the blotter, carpet and oak floor.

GITTES

(after a moment)

Relax, Mr. Berman. It's just a temblor.

Berman has risen right out of his seat.

BERMAN

(looking at swaying lamp)
A trembler?

GITTES

Temblor.

(glancing at his watch)
- look I understand how edgy you must be, ahhh...

(glancing at paper on his desk)

Julius -

BERMAN

My friends call me Jake.

Gittes rises, sits on his desk top.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

Well, that makes two of us.

He offers Berman a cigarette.

GITTES

- that's what my friends call me.

He lights Berman's cigarette with a lighter shaped like an oil pump on his desk - and in Rawley Petroleum's blue and gold colors.

BERMAN

(in disbelief)

- is that right? Is that right?

(turning to Duffy and Ramsey)

He's a Jake and I'm a Jake -

GITTES

(anxious to get on with it while maintaining Berman's enthusiasm:)

- two Jakes, how about that? Now look uhhh - Jake, I've never lost a husband yet, but I've got a golf date at one. If I'm not ready to tee off at 12:55 they'll break every club in my bag.

BERMAN

You're kidding - that's terrible.

GITTES

(glancing out window)

No, that's Wilshire Country Club - I was lucky they let me join.

BERMAN'S VOICE

- I know what you mean.

Berman's quiet conviction causes Gittes to glance back. As he does, he spots something on the carpet. Gittes bends over to pick up the stray dime and finds his chic cream and beige glove leather shoes confronting a virtually identical pair of chic tan and beige glove leather shoes - Berman's. As Gittes rises a little surprised and looks to Berman, Berman smiles tentatively and this appears to be his reply:

BERMAN

' - oh no, oh no, oh no - '

Gittes realizes Berman's rehearsing again. CAMERA begins a slow move down to wire recorder, WIRE and:

4 INT BIRD-OF-PARADISE MOTEL (DAY)

BERMAN'S VOICE

' - oh no, Kitty how could you?
Here I thought you were going to
Murietta Hot Springs this afternoon
and now I find you just where they
said I'd find you, in room 19H - '

5 REACTION GITTES

nodding approval, sits contented on a bedspread with a
nubbly Bird-of-Paradise pattern, earphones on, holding a
microphone and huge suction cup to the motel wall.

BERMAN'S VOICE

' - of the Bird-of-Paradise Motel
in Redondo Beach, oh my God this is
terrible! Not with him! not him!'

Gittes continues to listen, imperturbed.

BERMAN'S VOICE

- get her out of here!

KITTY'S VOICE

No!

BODINE'S & DUFFY'S VOICES

(overlapping)

- where'n the hell that come from?
- take it easy now, hand it -

BERMAN'S VOICE

- get her out!

There is a GUNSHOT that sets Gittes' head vibrating like a
tuning fork. With another SHOT, the SUCTION CUP & MIC drop
from the wall, glance off Gittes. Gittes tears the
earphones from his head and bangs against the door adjoining
the two rooms. There are more screams and shouts. Gittes
kicks in one of the door hinges and flattens the door as he
steps on it, falling into the adjoining room. A third shot
is FIRED.

6 GITTES' POV MOVING OF BERMAN

who has fired the third shot into the bathroom door and now
lunges in after it and a naked and desperate man.

A lamp shade rolls crazily around the floor, its kewpie doll
base a shower of fragments everywhere. The bedspread is
twisted nearly to the bathroom. Duffy lies in a protective
pose over the screaming Mrs. Berman at the base of the bed.
Cameras and newspapers are strewn all over the room.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

Gittes moves to the bathroom door, but stumbles over Ramsey's legs which poke out from under the adjacent bed. Two more SHOTS ring out. The SOUND of glass falling into the bathroom sink. A final SHOT, then the SOUND of a plastic shower curtain being stretched and torn. SILENCE.

In a moment, shouts from the other motel rooms, doors opening and SLAMMING, a frantic drumbeat of footsteps on the stairs.

7 GITTES

rises to his feet.

8 THE BATHROOM DOOR

has opened and Berman stands cut and bleeding in the doorway staring blankly toward the oceanside wall. The smoking pistol dangles from his hand. Behind him is the shattered bathroom mirror and the body of a man draped over the bathtub, head and torso tangled up in the torn shower curtain, a huge stain growing like spilt ink across a blotter. Gittes takes the pistol from Berman's hand. Berman does not seem to notice.

FADE TO:

9 EXT LOS ANGELES CITY HALL (DAY)

Gittes is on the steps and CAPT. LOU ESCOBAR, dressed in plain clothes, gets out of a police car.

ESCOBAR
(getting out of a car)
Cowboys and Indians.

Gittes looks questioningly not sure he's heard right.

ESCOBAR
Cowboys and Indians.

GITTES
(genuinely puzzled)
How's that, Lou?

ESCOBAR
(moving beside Gittes)
Your client shot some guy right out
of the saddle.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

GITTES

Oh yeah, geez, how about that?
Never had anyone pull anything like
it -

Gittes wants to make a graceful exit. Then:

GITTES

- not while I was in the room
anyway. See you, Lou.

He smiles and starts down the marble steps to the parking
lot. Escobar smiles and starts up the steps to City Hall -
then stops:

ESCOBAR

(turning)
So you witnessed it.

GITTES

(caught on the landing)
I was next door with the wire
recorder. By the time I made it
into the room Berman had the guy
cornered in the john. He fired the
last three shots with the door
closed.

Escobar takes a step or two toward Gittes, who does not
move.

ESCOBAR

Then they could've struggled over
the gun?

GITTES

I'm sure they did.

ESCOBAR

(moving down more steps)
Why are you sure if the door was
closed?

GITTES

- you're right. I'm not. For all
I know the guy shot himself three
times and gave Berman the gun -
come on, Lou.

He tries to make his exit again.

ESCOBAR

Jake, walk me back to Homicide.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

I just came from there - besides I promised Linda I'd meet her at Perino's at eight.

Escobar starts walking.

ESCOBAR

(moving up the steps)
I'll give you an escort...so where did Berman get hold of the gun?

GITTES

(shrugs - then)
- in the bedroom.

10 INT CITY HALL - GITTES AND ESCOBAR ENTER

Escobar nods intermittently to various officials and police in the hallways - it is evident he carries some real weight.

ESCOBAR

How do you know he didn't have it with him?

Gittes turns on Escobar with a flash of anger. Already Escobar knows he has gone too far.

GITTES

- oh I'd never frisk him before I let him walk in on his wife hanging onto the headboard while some guy slams her into a bedroom wall -

ESCOBAR

(deferring)
- just asking, Jake -

GITTES

- look, Berman grabbed the gun from somewhere in the motel room and fired it. That's absolutely all I know.

They reach an elevator. Escobar presses the down button.

ESCOBAR

Then what happened?

GITTES

What usually happens when somebody fires a gun? Everybody ducks.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

The elevator doors close.

CUT TO:

11 INT HOMICIDE DIVISION

Gittes and Escobar walk in together.

ESCOBAR

- I guess you talked to the
investigating officer.

GITTES

No, Sergeant Gutierrez -

ESCOBAR

(gesturing behind Gittes'
head)

- Detective Loach.

Gittes turns and sees Loach at the same time Loach sees him.
Both men freeze.

LOACH

(breaking the taut silence)

- I just came on duty, Lou.

Escobar moves between the two men, and takes them both by
the arm, drawing them toward him.

ESCOBAR

(soft and swiftly)

Now this is not a case where I want
any difficulty for anybody. It's
simple. A guy gets fucked getting
fucked - let's not get cute.

LOACH

Look at him. I don't see how he
can avoid it.

ESCOBAR

(grabs Loach's arm, a
whisper)

That's what I mean!

(backing up, out loud,
pleasantly)

Haven't seen you in awhile Jake - I
never seem to get away from my
desk. Makes me wonder if I
should've made Captain.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

GITTES

Well, Lou - for your twentieth year, I'll give you an embroidered pillow for your chair - something you can sit on besides Loach.

Escobar shoots Gittes a last warning look, takes off down the corridor, stops and wheels back:

ESCOBAR

(to Loach)

- I want a preliminary report by the end of the day and by tomorrow I want it in the D.A.'s office - for good.

The Desk Sergeant has been waving the phone receiver over his head, signalling Gittes.

DESK SERGEANT

For you.

Gittes goes for the receiver. Loach cuts him off and hangs it up. Gittes looks like he's been slapped. Loach smiles. They're nose to nose.

LOACH

This is Homicide, not your office.

Gittes starts to flush. The phone begins to RING again. Both men are aware of it. The Desk Sergeant starts to pick up the phone.

LOACH

Let it ring - you're not lost, Gittes. You know the way out -

Gittes turns to go and bumps into an immaculate and diminutive man with an imposing shock of white hair. As the phone continues RINGING:

DIMINUTIVE MAN

(grabbing Gittes)

Jesus, don't go. You're just the man I want to see.

GITTES

(surprised)

What for? I can't, Cotton.
(a gesture toward Loach)
I got told to leave...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

COTTON
(to Loach)
Is that true?

LOACH
(deferentially)
Yes, Mr. Weinberger.

Cotton becomes aware of the phone RINGING off the hook in front of the Desk Sergeant. Suddenly everyone in Homicide seems aware of the phone RINGING. Cotton looks to Loach, then back to the Desk Sergeant.

COTTON
(mildly)
Answer the phone, please.

LOACH
(uncomfortable, to Desk
Sergeant)
- go ahead.

DESK SERGEANT
(holding out phone)
Lieutenant Loach it's -

Loach automatically reaches for the receiver. The Sergeant holds onto it, creating a momentary but embarrassing scuffle.

DESK SERGEANT
(red-faced, indicating
Gittes)
- for him. It's his office again.

Loach releases the receiver. Cotton looks like a man who has walked into a room where the law of gravity no longer applies.

LOACH
(disgusted, to Gittes)
Take your call.

Gittes picks up the phone and as he can be heard trying to calm Gladys down and ask about Duffy:

LOACH
He's been disruptive, Mr.
Weinberger.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

COTTON

(pulling out a sheet of
paper)

Disrupting Homicide is not all bad -
(reading from sheet)
'sheets, blankets, shower curtain
with broken rings attached' - and I
do need to speak with Mr. Gittes
about our client -

Gittes nearly drops the phone.

GITTES

(hanging up:)
- our client?

COTTON

I'm counsel for Jake Berman - 'one
six-inch Smith and Wesson revolver
registered in the name of the dead
man Mark Bodine on behalf of B & B
Homes' - no wire recording on the
police report?

GITTES

What's B & B Homes?

LOACH

My men didn't pick one up.

Gittes smiles and it starts to grow into a smirk.

GITTES

'Your men didn't pick one up - '

COTTON

(stopping Gittes pointedly)
You're not thinking Jake, B & B
Homes, Bodine & Berman, that's
another one of their corporations,
Berman's and the dead man's - we
better talk later. Just remember,
(indicating list)
you have a fiduciary relationship
with our client, Mr. Berman. That
goes for your associates too.

Gittes nods, mumbles 'thanks, Cotton,' and walks out in a
daze.

12 EXT L.A. STREET (LATE AFTERNOON) - AN OIL DERRICK

pumps away on an island in the center of the street, a wooden skeleton with late afternoon sun streaming thru it. The pump itself is partially obscured by demure fencing and a billboard.

Gittes drives past it and pulls into the parking lot of:

13 EXT THE G.I. BUILDING (GITTES' OFFICE)

on the corner with the oil well background. The building is a slow curve of pale green stucco and glass brick, somewhere between monumental and medical Moderne - its broad coping sweeps around the corner and over the entrance like the brim of a hat. Beneath the bold G.I. lettering is a smaller 'Gittes Investigations.'

14 EXT PARKING LOT GITTES

hops out of his car and moves across gravel to the reserved parking space marked "DUFFY" on a white wooden sign that also warns: 'Parking solely for G.I. Building and its tenants - J.J. Gittes.' Gittes tries the car doors and the trunk - everything is locked. He moves down the row of cars to the space marked for "RAMSEY."

15 RAMSEY'S CAR WINDOW ON THE DRIVER SIDE

is rolled up and the door locked - but Gittes can see the WEBCOR WIRE RECORDER sitting primly on the passenger seat. He sees something else. He fairly leaps over the hood.

16 ON THE PASSENGER SIDE GITTES

sticks his hand thru an open window. He pulls the wire spool from the recorder and walks briskly into the rear entrance of his building.

17 INT G.I. BUILDING HALLWAY - MOVING UP THE STAIRS GITTES

hears the muffled sound of some object hurled against a wall and SHATTERING. By the time he reaches the large G.I. on his entrance door, Gittes can glimpse a figure backed up against the blocks of glass that frame his double doorway. Gittes bolts thru the doors.

18 INT) GITTES' OFFICE - DUFFY HOLDS LILLIAN AGAINST THE GLASS

pinning her arms to her sides, trying to avoid the action of the pointed toes on her high heel pumps as they search out his shins with one tireless kick after another.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

Gittes takes in the damage at a glance - in his private office he can see the desk half-cleared, his chair and wastebasket overturned. In the outer office there's a broken vase, flowers and water strewn, a couple of picture frames knocked cockeyed, with one off the wall and impaled on a standing ashtray.

GITTES

(to Duffy as he holds the
kicking screaming woman)
My God, Duffy what do you think
you're doing to that poor woman?
Let go of her this instant.

Duffy looks up in shock. Lillian Bodine kicks Duffy in the shins. As Duffy hobbles to Gladys' desk for support, Gittes takes Lillian Bodine's arms. She promptly jerks away.

LILLIAN

Don't you touch me!..

Lillian tries to catch her breath. She's a painted cat and a beauty, but smudged and damp now, spitting hysteria and cigarette smoke. She spots her purse in a wall planter and wobbles toward it with reckless abandon.

Gittes moves to steady her but she turns on him with remarkable grace, thrusting out one slender arm - whose fingertips hold a half-mashed cigarette - with the precision of a traffic cop in Bermuda. The gesture proves costly, however. She topples into the planter. Gittes assists her up and fishes out her purse.

GITTES

Here you go.

Lillian starts to cry. Gittes loosens his grip on her arm but watches her like he would a rabid animal.

GITTES

(carefully)
..I'm so sorry, I know how terrible
this is, it must hurt you so...

This last gets to her. She nods slowly.

LILLIAN

- yes - it does...

She bursts into uncontrollable sobs and leans on and into Gittes, moaning for comfort.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

- look..why..don't - you just come
on in and lie down in a dark room
for a few minutes?...

19 HE DEFTLY MANAGES TO STEER HER INTO HIS INNER OFFICE

and onto the sofa, under the nose of Gladys, who, with
Duffy, stares amazed at the now compliant madwoman wilting
in Gittes' arms. Gittes places a sofa cushion under her
head, and turns off the inner-office wall switch on his
swift return to Gladys and Duffy.

20 FLUSHED AND ANGRY, HE ADDRESSES DUFFY:

GITTES

(spitting it out softly)
- all right, now -
(with a jerk of his head)
- who the fuck is that?

GLADYS

(whispering)
- Mark Bodine's widow.

GITTES

Who?

DUFFY

The wife of the guy Jake Berman
just shot -

GITTES

(stunned)
- yeah yeah yeah...

GLADYS

(lowering her voice)
..she knows you were there when her
husband was killed.

GITTES

So what. So was Mrs. Berman. Why
isn't she over at her house tearing
it apart? It would be a lot more
appropriate.

GLADYS

(in sympathy with the
widow)
She wants to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

Lillian Bodine moans from the other room. Gittes stops short. He's felt the wire recorder spool in his pocket.

GITTES
(pulling out wire spool)
- where's Ramsey?

LILLIAN'S VOICE
(suddenly smokey and surly)
- you may be slick as a
floorwalker, but you and that
little Kike killed my husband, you
son of a bitch.

Gittes stops in his tracks, calls softly:

GITTES
Gladys, get my lawyer right away
and buzz me -
(with a nod)
- Duffy -

21 LILLIAN IS SITTING UPRIGHT

as she concentrates on pouring half a bottle of bourbon into a shot glass, the rest onto her lap.

GITTES
- why I believe you've been
drinking, Mrs. Bodine. Duffy, did
you give Mrs. Bodine something to
drink?

She knocks the bourbon back like a 49er in a San Francisco bar. Gittes glances at Duffy, furious.

DUFFY
...just to calm her down.

GITTES
(a tight little smile)
- obviously it's not calming her
down. Mrs. Bodine, why don't you
let me have that -

Lillian has poured another and evades his grasp without spilling a drop, downs half.

LILLIAN
- ah-ah, answer my question...

GITTES
What question is that?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

LILLIAN

(screaming)

How much the little Kike paid you
to kill my husband!

Gladys buzzes. Gittes moves swiftly to the phone. Duffy
tries to make amends.

DUFFY

Honestly, Mrs. Bodine, we had no
idea Mr. Bodine would have a gun in
his possession at the motel, none
in the world.

This seems to stimulate Lillian Bodine into an alert mental
state and she turns on Duffy like a debater:

LILLIAN

Let me tell you something else you
may not know, my husband didn't
even have a permit to carry a gun.
What do you think the police are
gonna say about that?

DUFFY

Under the circumstances I'm sure
they won't press charges -

Lillian Bodine is on her feet and has pulled a picture frame
off the wall, ready to brain Duffy.

GITTES

No! that's the Navy Cross!
(hanging up)
- talk to you later, Sy.

Lillian Bodine is stopped by Gittes' desperate tone. She
lowers the frame and looks at it.

22 INSERT NAVAL AWARD

Gittes has had the medal and its certification framed. It
states that on June 12, 1943, Lieutenant Junior Grade John
Jay Gittes did...etc...etc.

23 LILLIAN BODINE

allows Gittes to move to her and take the framed medal.

LILLIAN

My God, you're a war hero.
(looks at him)
...it's just not fair.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

She starts to cry quietly, sits. Gittes moves to touch her, she shakes her head, gestures 'it's okay.'

LILLIAN

- I've said awful things...

GITTES

(having achieved the
desired effect)
- no harm done really - as long as
you don't talk to the newspapers
like that -

LILLIAN

(weeping quietly)
...only The Examiner.
(suddenly)
I was so crazy about him...

Gittes glances to Duffy, wipes away a little sweat.

GITTES

(gently trying to stay on
track)
- only who, Mrs. Bodine?

She buries her face in the sofa for a long moment. Gittes looks like he'd like to pounce down her throat, but a respectful silence is now mandatory. Lillian lifts her head from the sofa throw pillow and brushes away a few strands of hair from her eyes.

LILLIAN

...I wasn't the only one. Mark was
a chaser. On the other hand, he
never had to run very far -
(she shakes her head)
...he was a man's man too.
(gazing at Gittes' medal)
You would have liked him.

GITTES

I'm sure I would.

LILLIAN

You would have been crazy about
him.

GITTES

No question. Mrs. Bodine -

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

LILLIAN

(going on)

Then you can't let Jake Berman get away with it!

She looks imploringly to Gittes.

GITTES

(taking her arms gently but firmly enough to break them)

Mrs. Bodine, if you were there you'd know that when Mr. Berman saw Mrs. Berman in bed with your husband, he just lost his head!

Lillian Bodine sways, dizzy with exhaustion and alcohol. Gittes catches her as she looks about to fall off the sofa.

LILLIAN

(on the rise)

- Jake Berman never lost his head or the first nickel he ever made.

(smiles, turns slowly to Gittes)

- not only that, there's Kitty Berman. She's a real cool cookie, and a real cold one. They were in this together -

GITTES

In what together?

LILLIAN

- Jake and Kitty Berman killed my husband and you helped, what the hell - I'm going home now and calling the papers.

Duffy's response is an audible intake of breath. Lillian Bodine notices it. She smiles slightly, dabs at her face with a powder puff she's taken from her compact.

GITTES

(evenly)

Mrs. Bodine, it would be highly irresponsible of me to allow you to do that.

LILLIAN

(working over her face)

..give me..one good reason..

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

GITTES

I'll give you two - you can't walk
and you shouldn't drive.

That does it. Lillian Bodine snaps her compact closed,
drops it in her purse, pulls out her keys and sways to her
feet. Gittes rises with her.

LILLIAN

Try and stop me.

GITTES

Well, Duffy. Don't just sit there.
Call the lady a cab -

Gittes firmly points to the telephone, catching Mrs. Bodine
flush on the chin as he does - for she has somehow stepped
into the fist on the end of his outstretched arm. Lillian
Bodine drops backward like a stone - Gittes deftly breaks
her fall with a hand at the small of her back, eases her
down onto the sofa again.

GITTES

- gee, she just walked right into
it..

(to Duffy directly)

- now get her out of here.

DUFFY

But that's kidnapping.

GITTES

(wearily)

Not if you drive her home. Ramsey!

Ramsey has been standing for some little time at the
doorway. Gittes spots him.

GITTES

What the hell were you doing
leaving the wire recorder in your
car? never mind, just get her
home, she doesn't talk to anybody
'til she's sober enough to listen
to me - she's distraught.

(heading out)

- and be sure and take her thru the
kitchen or a side window,
reporters'll be hopping around her
front lawn like jackrabbits...

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT GITTES' OFFICE (DUSK) - GITTES' HAND

as it opens his office window to the fading twilight. The last spears of sun can be seen poking thru the tinkertoy latticework of the oil derrick in the center of the street.

25 GITTES IN SHIRTSLEEVES

wrinkles his nose with distaste for the smell of oil, jiggles the ice cubes in his scotch and soda. Gittes takes a drag on a cigarette. The derrick-pump sounds like a lazy horse switching its tail, kicking softly up against its stall.

Gittes turns from the open window to his desk.

26 THE WEBCOR WIRE RECORDER

on his desktop is a little ominous in the lavender and salmon-colored twilight. Gittes into SHOT. He kneels and plugs the recorder into a floor socket. As he does, everything seems to shake around him - there are rattles and tinkling sounds like someone just gave the entire room a push. Something breaks. Gittes looks over to:

27 THE WET BAR A GLASS SWIZZLE STICK BELOW THE ICE BUCKET

lies broken on the floor. There's another sound, like a giant gulping down a drink. POV PAN TO:

28 WATER COOLER

the five-gallon bottle upside down and shaking on its derrick-like structure, air bubbles rising thru the water.

29 GITTES

becomes aware of the faint shadow swinging across his face, looks up:

30 THE OVERHEAD LAMP ON ITS CHAIN

is swinging again, as it did during the last temblor.

31 GITTES

half-shrugs, double checks the cord, and rises. He reaches into his jacket hanging on the desk chair, pulls out the spool of wire, threads it up, and pushes the REWIND button. He sits behind his desk with his scotch and soda.

In a moment the wire recorder CLICKS loudly. Gittes presses the START button.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

RAMSEY'S VOICE

(on wire recorder)

'Able Baker Charlie, Able Baker
Charlie - '

(on and off clicking sound,
then:)

- Gerald Ramsey at the Bird-of-
Paradise Motel, October 21, 1948,
1300 hours, testing sound levels in
adjacent bedroom one niner hotel,
okay Duffy, you on the bed?

RAMSEY'S VOICE

(suddenly, urgent:)

' - May Day, May Day, bail outta
there - '

There are muffled sounds. A door opens.

DUFFY'S VOICE

' - what's wrong?'

RAMSEY'S VOICE

' - those guys with the chair
comin' up the steps - look where
they're from...'

32 THERE IS ANOTHER TEBLOR.

The ice in Gittes' glass tinkles like chimes. Gittes looks
up and checks the arc of the swaying lamp.

DUFFY'S VOICE

'Johnny-on-the-Spot Hotel/Motel
Supplies?...'

33 THE PHONE IN GITTES' OFFICE RINGS.

It too jars Gittes. It rings again. Gittes snaps the
machine OFF, picks up the phone, glancing at his watch:

GITTES

- yeah?

COTTON'S VOICE

Hi kid, where's the wire recording?

GITTES

- right here on my desk...wanna
listen?

He pushes the PLAY button.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

RAMSEY'S VOICE

(impatiently)

' - so they're making a delivery - '

34 THERE IS A MAJOR TEBLOR.

It's a sudden and swift series of shakes through the room, culminating in a WRENCHING QUAKE. The overhead lamp light dies. The streetlights outside the window darken. The oil well pump stops. The wire recording is SILENCED. There's a sudden and eery silence everywhere - except for the sloshing from the water cooler and the dripping from its catch basin which has overturned.

Gittes stares at the phone which dangles from the end of his arm. Cotton's voice comes babbling up at him from the carpet. Gittes slowly lifts the receiver to his ear:

COTTON'S VOICE

- for Christ's sake, Jake answer me -

GITTES

- I'm fine, power's out, how about over there?

COTTON'S VOICE

- same thing - never mind - hang up and put the recording in the safe.

GITTES

I can't do that Cotton. When the power goes back on it'll trigger alarms for forty miles, and I'll have the LAPD all over me and this thing like stink on shit.

COTTON'S VOICE

- so stay 'til the power's on and then put the recording in the safe.

GITTES

Oh come on -

COTTON'S VOICE

Jake, we've done business many, many years, and we'll keep doing business just as long as you protect your client and mine, Jake Berman -

Gittes wearily lowers the phone again while the vociferous and volatile voice comes up at him from the floor. He finally lifts the receiver to his ear.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

GITTES

(trying to interrupt)

Cotton..Cotton..Cotton - Cotton!

(after a silence from
receiver)

- thank you and fuck you.

COTTON'S VOICE

(after a slight pause,
imperturbed)

Is that a yes?

(silence from Gittes)

- thanks, Jake. It's always a
pleasure working with you.

Cotton hangs up. Gittes slowly lowers the phone onto its cradle and stares out the open window and just above it the dark outline of the derrick. As CAMERA begins a slow PUSH toward the derrick, FADE TO:

35 INT GITTES' OFFICE (NIGHT) (POV FROM GITTES' WINDOW) - THE CROSS-HATCHED OUTLINE

of a portion of the derrick, but dim and blurred. There is the SOUND of steady breathing, then light SCRAPING.

THE SHARP SILHOUETTE

of a head breaks into FRAME, obliterating the blurry lines of the derrick. It places one hand on the window sill; the other hand holds a heavy, cylindrical object.

The figure deftly slips halfway thru the window and finds itself nose to nose with Gittes' sleeping form. The figure lifts the dark object threateningly over Gittes' head, then quick and light as a cat, pounces into the room.

The figure stares down for a moment at the sleeping Gittes, then lowers the menacing object and gropes around in the darkness. Placing the cylindrical object on the desk, it reaches for the wire recorder. As the hand moves to the wire, the light on the Webcor suddenly switches ON like an angry red eye. The overhead lamp goes ON. The streetlights are LIT, floodlights from the parking lot BRIGHTEN. The figure's HAND makes a move for the iron pipe on the desk but:

RAMSEY'S VOICE

' - right here, you don't wanna be
in the room...'

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

The figure is so unsettled by the voice, it melts swiftly out of the office door entrance, leaving Gittes stirring on the couch.

The SOUND of a door OPENING on the recording.

ONE FURNITURE MOVER VOICE
(breathing heavily)
'Where do they want this?'

OTHER FURNITURE MOVER VOICE
(breathing heavily as well)
' - by the window - no!...the ocean window...'

DUFFY'S VOICE
(softly)
' - okay, okay - '

There is a CLICK from the machine. Gittes moans sleepily. During what follows, CAMERA MOVES slowly from wire recorder on the desk to Gittes on the couch.

There is a man's laughter, prolonged, relaxed. Then the soft but long, taut exhaling of cigarette smoke, rustle of sheets and a light, playful slap. The VOICES of the man and woman are muffled by background SOUNDS, the flap of a curtain from an offshore breeze; the cry of a gull.

MARK'S VOICE
'Kitty---ere--oman who can--
trouble--you know--who--'

KITTY'S VOICE
'...no..'

MARK'S VOICE
(quiet, clear)
'I think you do..'

KITTY'S VOICE
(quiet, clear)
'..do I?..'

MARK'S VOICE
(body turning in bed)
'--alking--out-Katherine--ul-ay.'

36 GITTES' EYES OPEN

A murmur from Kitty on the wire. Then long SILENCE. Gittes is sitting upright now, waiting expectantly for more.

37 WIRE TURNING

with SOUND of sheets rustling, movement of cellophane.

MARK'S VOICE
(louder, apparently
surprised)

'--You don't--owe-out - Katherine
Mulwray?...'

38 GITTES

rises to his feet on the name and moves to the wire recorder. He has begun to sweat and by the time he reaches his desk he is covered with a fine film of it. The tensile SILENCE around him is echoed by silence from the machine. He looks down at:

39 THE WIRE TURNING

again. With more sound of sheets rustling, uncomfortable cough. A drop of sweat FALLS on Webcor machine, by the turning wire.

MARK'S VOICE
' --ere, -et me-or you..'

SOUND of a match being struck. An exhale.

MARK'S VOICE
'---ong?...you--owe Katherine
Mulwray?...'

Gittes' hand starts to press the rewind button, then fingers the strange length of pipe lying on his desk and caked with cement. He picks it up.

40 REACTION GITTES

turning the pipe in his hands, with bits of the caked substance breaking off.

KITTY'S VOICE
' - prove--ut?'

MARK'S VOICE
'--um Kitty-me--I'll get you---'

Kitty's VOICE tremulously murmurs a question.

MARK'S VOICE
(softly sibilant but clear)
'..something...really---istmassy--I
mean---Christmas--ee..'

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

Gittes has begun to finger the clay-like droppings that had fallen onto his desk from the pipe. He spots some of the caked fragments on the rug, gets on his knees and inches along a trail of droppings toward the sofa and open window.

On the wire recording there is the overlapped SOUND of a door being rudely banged OPEN, a gaggle of voices:

BODINE'S VOICE
' - what the hell's
going on - '

DUFFY'S VOICE
' - relax, this is your
life.'

KITTY'S VOICE
' - oh, no Jake - '

BERMAN'S VOICE
' - you promised me Kitty you
were going to Murietta Hot
Springs - '

BODINE'S VOICE
' - what's this gonna prove - '

The phone RINGS. Gittes stays on his knees, twists back and picks up the phone.

GITTES
(moving toward sofa)
- hello -

LINDA'S VOICE
I've spent half the night at
Perino's waiting for you -

GITTES
(following clay droppings)
Oh my God, Linda -

LINDA'S VOICE
What have you been doing?

The trail has lead to the sofa, where the phone cord brings him up short. He drops the phone from his ear and stretches to the open window.

GITTES
Nothing, honey, just an emergency -

41 GITTES' HAND ON THE SILL

scrapes at smudges and crumbs of the caked substance.

LINDA'S VOICE
A nothing emergency? That I'd like
to hear about sometime - maybe
you'll tell me, in another life.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

She hangs up the phone. Gittes immediately redials as he rushes to his desk, pushes rewind on the recorder.

GITTES

(waiting as phone rings,
staring anxiously at
rewinding wire)

- hi, honey, look, I'll be right
there, I'll explain everything, you
still at Perino's?

LINDA'S VOICE

(coolly)

Would I be answering my own phone
if I were?...you jackass.

She hangs up on him again. Gittes yanks the wire recording off the machine and immediately drops to the floor, pulls back the rug beneath his desk to open the safe - recessed and embedded in concrete with a trim little collar of flagstone and brass and the 1946 date of installation. Gittes gets the safe open in record time. The phone RINGS again. He grapples with the receiver while still on his knees closing up the safe.

GITTES

Oh honey, listen I'm so sorry.
I'll be right there -

There is a FEMALE VOICE, too slurred to be understandable. Gittes presses the receiver to his ear.

GITTES

Who is this?

What Gittes hears makes him slam down the phone.

42 EXT ARROYO SECO STREET (NIGHT) - A FORTY-NINE BUICK ROADMASTER CONVERTIBLE

purrs down the Arroyo Seco and turns off and up the ramp that whips along the high, hooked wrought-iron railing of Suicide Bridge.

43 EXT BODINE HOUSE (SAN MARINO) (NIGHT) - THE MISSION-STYLE HOME

has a driveway swarming with Camino Real bell-lights, each brighter than a fistful of fireflies. The Buick convertible lays rubber coming thru them to a stop. A dozing reporter stirs from his post under a streetlamp, but Gittes makes it from the car to and thru the door before the reporter can get anywhere near him.

44 INT BODINE HOME - ENTRY AND STAIRS GITTES

breathlessly confronts Ramsey. A uniformed maid quickly closes the kitchen door.

GITTES

Where is she?

RAMSEY

Upstairs in bed - Jake she's fine,
Duffy's with her...

Gittes takes the stairs two at a time, getting one pantleg shredded on the way up by a vicious German Short-haired Pointer and - near the top of the stairs - nearly knocked over the bannister by a Golden Retriever with a rush of tail-wagging affection.

45 INT BODINE BEDROOM - GITTES BURSTS IN. LILLIAN BODINE

sits encased in a tufted gardenia pattern armrest. She's wearing a filmy slip and spilling ashes from her cigarette all over the spread.

LILLIAN

(a smirk, looking at
Gittes)

Well, Shirley Temple come to the
rescue - Jesus Christ, it's enough
to make you skeeve.

Duffy looks perplexed.

GITTES

Did she go to the bathroom?

DUFFY

- well yeah.

GITTES

(quietly, incredulous)
Without you?

Duffy doesn't answer. Gittes moves immediately on the bed and Lillian who remains nearly inert with a smirk on her face and a cigarette in hand.

GITTES

All right what'd you take, Mrs.
Bodine?

LILLIAN

(trying to joke)
Call me Lil. Lil the pill -

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

She turns away from Gittes, tears in her eyes. Gittes has been watching Lillian Bodine's left hand under the covers. His fingers have worked their way up the spread to Lillian's breast and now whips under the sheet and blanket, furiously grasping at Lillian Bodine's hidden hand. Lillian screams and writhes to hold onto something.

46 GITTES PULLS A SMALL BOTTLE

out from the covers and Lillian's clutches. A few stray pills go flying. Gittes pulls her unceremoniously out of her gardenia pattern armrest and tries to yank her off the bed. She clutches a bedpost and screams to Duffy for help.

GITTES

All right, darling. We'll do this sunny-side up.

Gittes pulls her slip up, exposing her fanny - she reaches back quickly to cover herself with one hand. Gittes then easily pulls her away from the bedpost, carrying her like a squirming dog, belly down, to a bath.

GITTES

(as he kicks open bathroom door, to Duffy)

- well call a doctor, hers if you can find the number.

Gittes flushes the toilet and kicks back the seat, bending her head forcibly into it - both with their backs to CAMERA. Lillian squirms, and wriggles and moans at the indignity - Gittes stops this by obviously sticking a finger down her throat and then pulling back her hair.

GITTES

(gently but firmly:)

- go ahead, don't worry about a thing honey -

(holding it back)

- I'm gonna make sure you don't even get your hair wet.

LILLIAN

(sputtering and indignant)

I'm just trying to get to sleep you miserable son of a bitch! Aghh -

She gags.

GITTES

(gently)

That's a good girl -

47 EXT BODINE SECOND STORY VERANDA (NIGHT) GITTES

sits outside the Bodine bedroom, haggard and sipping coffee. Both the Golden Retriever and the Short-Haired Pointer are under foot when he moves, to his irritation.

A young man in his thirties in a rumpled suit, dry of manner and self-assured comes out of the bedroom - allowing a glimpse of a white uniform behind as he does. Gittes looks up.

YOUNG MAN

- Chuck Newby, Mr. Gittes, Mr. and Mrs. Bodine's attorney.

He hands Gittes a card. Gittes rises to take it, but can't move without stepping on one of the dogs. Newby sees it, pulls up an adjacent chair.

NEWBY

(lowering his voice)
Mr. Duffy indicates you've been trying to keep Mrs. Bodine from the press.

Gittes glances at Duffy uneasily.

NEWBY

(quickly)
- I have no quarrel with that until the courts arrive at some disposition of criminal charges. Then of course there'll be civil actions -

GITTES

- civil actions?..

From the Bodine bed Lillian emits a tearful moan of recognition. Gittes and Newby glance thru the diaphanous curtain behind them. A blonde peppery woman in her sixties is consoling Lillian accompanied by a reedy man who stands ram-rod straight beside her. The man turns toward the veranda.. Newby leans back in his chair to catch him thru the screen door and waves. The man waves back.

NEWBY

(turning back to Gittes)
- Mr. Bodine and Mr. Berman were in business with the San Fernando subdivision, but it was not an association either man treasured or trusted.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

NEWBY (Cont'd)

So in the event of either partner's death it was agreed that pursuant to Section 15010.5 of the California Corporation Code all liabilities are to be assumed by the surviving partner, but of course all profits as well. Therefore, when Mr. Berman shot and killed Mr. Bodine we could be talking about a man who exploited his wife's infidelity to the tune of a five or six million dollar profit and used you, however unwittingly, as an accomplice -

Gittes starts to protest but the tall figure has approached the screen door, opens it lighting a cigarette as he does:

TALL FIGURE

- I'm sorry Chuck, didn't mean to interrupt -

NEWBY

No problem, how's she doing?

The tall figure is a chiseled and elegant roughneck. The clasp for the lanyard cinched around his fine gabardine shirt is a beautifully wrought oil derrick outlined in the deep blue and gold colors seen on the desk lighter Gittes had used in the first scene.

NEWBY

Oh, Mr. Gittes this is -

GITTES

Hello Mr. Rawley.

RAWLEY

Have we met Mr. - ?

GITTES

Gittes. When I had my office on Hill Street, Rawley Petroleum sent everyone in the building desk lighters -

RAWLEY

- for our twenty-fifth anniversary -

An awkward moment, with Lillian sobbing and moaning, b.g.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

(covering it, pleasantly)
Only desk lighter I ever got that works.

RAWLEY

In that case, here's one for your pocket -

Rawley takes his Ronson-type lighter with the derrick embossed on blue and gold enamelling, slaps it in Gittes' hand.

GITTES

- thank you.

Rawley nods, but the little blonde woman is calling, 'Earl, get back in here.' He goes.

NEWBY

(as if the conversation had never been interrupted)
- Mr. Gittes, you're a sensible man and aware of your potential liability or you wouldn't be here now. If your attorney could get in touch -

Newby rises to his feet. Gittes glances down at the card he'd been given.

He heads back in past Duffy by the door. Gittes sighs, looks back over to Duffy.

GITTES

- messy.

Duffy nods.

48 EXT CANYON ROAD (DAY) GITTES WITH THE TOP DOWN

on his convertible winds up one of the canyon roads, serpentine thru scrub oak, eucalyptus and past the little match box houses that perch precariously behind cactus plants or pepper trees on one hairpin turn after another. His car radio blares out: 'Kaiser-Frazer yours at once, just call on Madman Muntz...'

49 EXT SUMMIT CROSSROADS - MULWRAY DRIVE

is marked on a phone pole which stands in naked relief against a pale blaze of sky above, the Santa Susanna Mountains and the flat valley below.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

Gittes glances at it as he turns left and immediately right, thru a brace of eucalyptus trees on a plumline straight to the valley floor. The 'CHINATOWN' theme can barely be heard, as if the hot wind and the rolling tires were creating the music.

50 EXT SUBDIVISION ROAD - GITTES DRIVES DOWN BLACK MACADAM AND A DART OF A WHITE LINE

almost an exercise in forced perspective, leading seemingly to nowhere. Burma-Shave type signs flank either side of the road in beige, blue and gold, each one trumpeting a separate virtue of B & B Homes: "Hardwood Floors," "Genuine Lath and Plaster," "Streets in and Paid For," etc.

51 EXT SUBDIVISION ENTRANCE - THERE IS A STOP LIGHT AT THE DEVELOPMENT'S CROSS STREET

a dirt road leading out of an orange grove. Not much more than a furrow, it dribbles across the main drag and leads to decapitated and dying orange trees on the development side - most of them obscured by the billboard announcing the imminent presence of El Rancho San Fernando. "V.A.- F.H.A. - No Down Payment - Country Life, City Convenience."

52 EXT SUBDIVISION - MODEL HOMES

Gittes turns up the dirt road toward four model homes and a beehive of activity in and around the sales office in the garage of the first model. All the models are lined with little used-car lot flags hanging limply on their bunting string, looking like tongues lolling in the heat. Still more effusive Burma-Shave type signs are planted along the road and on front lawns of the models, the only homes in the subdivision sporting any green around them whatsoever.

53 GITTES PARKS

in a cloud of dust. There is a POPPING sound, almost like a gunshot.

54 SOME KIDS WITH A WATER HOSE AND MILK BOTTLES

are busy filling up a milk bottle with water in front of one of the newly occupied homes. Gittes walks by. One kid quickly cups his hand over the bottle top.

KID
(moving to Gittes)
Hey, mister, want a drink?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

GITTES

(a little perplexed)

- no -

The kid takes his hand off the top. Another kid quickly lights a match. There is a flaming POP coming off the top of the milk bottle. Gittes jumps and stumbles a little. The kids laugh and run off.

55 GITTES

looks after them, sweating and dazed by the odd greeting - it's like a dream in blazing daylight. He spots:

56 A FORTY-EIGHT CELADON-COLORED CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE

with a red leather interior, parked in the driveway of the Sales Office Garage. Gittes grimly heads toward the office, and he is abruptly grabbed by the shoulder. He turns to:

57 ESCOBAR

who jerks his head in the direction of the Sales Office. Gittes looks like he's about to go into shock. Escobar laughs.

ESCOBAR

Take it easy, Jake, I'm here on an unrelated matter.

(nods to Sales Office)

As it happens your client's also been associated with known criminals.

GITTES

(surprised)

Who?

ESCOBAR

It's a Grand Jury investigation, but when I say known, I mean well known. So - do yourself a favor and turn in the wire recording.

GITTES

(smiles)

Loach can't find it? He's a slob and he never should've made Lieutenant, Lou.

Escobar says nothing, suggesting he can't disagree and won't agree.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

ESCOBAR

(changing subject)

Incidentally, Berman's got a lotta balls. Here he's out on bail, up on murder one, I'm in charge of the investigating officer, and yesterday he wouldn't sell my brother-in-law a house because his wife is Mexican - my sister. Watch it Jake, driving with the top down at your age..

Escobar takes off. Gittes, sweating a little, nods and then the vague smile disappears when he looks up the driveway toward the glassed-in Sales Office Garage.

58 INT MODEL HOME - SALES OFFICE (DAY) INSIDE BERMAN

is talking to customers in front of a huge plot map of El Rancho San Fernando with SOLD flags pinned to many of the lot numbers.

GITTES' VOICE

Hey.

Berman turns. He is not the same man seen earlier in Gittes' office, even appearing physically larger in a raw silk sports jacket, cream-colored stitched gabardine slacks, white silk tie, all without a hair out of place or a drop of perspiration anywhere.

GITTES

(gestures out the window)
- you know who that guy is?..That
guy -

BERMAN

Oh, Lou Escobar - Captain of
Detectives in Homicide, isn't he?

GITTES

You realize you turned his sister
down on a house?

BERMAN

Oh. Yeah. Had to be done.

GITTES

Had to be done? Are you completely
crazy? Are you out of your mind?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

BERMAN

(affably, to customers)
Excuse us a second, folks -

Berman moves Gittes to water cooler, pouring a Dixie Cup.

BERMAN

(quiet but firmly)

You know who else couldn't buy a house here? Me. I can build it and I can sell it, just as long as I don't move in next door. They don't want Jews or Mexicans around, and let me tell you something else - the customer is always right.

(crumples Dixie Cup and lowers voice to a confidential whisper)

Any of these Okies get the idea their first home's in some international settlement they'll stop using the toilet seats for picture frames and move out - I'll be shit out of luck, twenty million bucks in debt and - I got a wife to protect...

GITTES

Your wife's a possible accessory.

BERMAN

To what?

GITTES

Come on - you waited for the one time you could murder a man and make him pay for getting killed one way or another she helped.

BERMAN

You stay away from my wife or -

GITTES

I recognize that as a valid threat coming from you, Mr. Berman believe me. But the police are thinking the same thing about Mrs. Berman. They gotta be.

BERMAN

- yeah, Ty what's the problem - oh, Tyrone Otley, Jake Gittes, Gittes Investigations -

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

Berman has introduced a man of medium but well-muscled build. He wears construction-site clothing but tight, as tho tailored for a Gene Kelly dance number, and at the moment seems highly agitated.

OTLEY

(impatient:)

I know Mr. Gittes from the DWP when I worked for Hollis Mulwray, it's the same problem, Mr. Berman it's not going to go away by itself -

BERMAN

Gas in the water?

Otley's response is to crook his finger in a beckoning schoolmasterish manner - and whips into the kitchen door of the model home. Berman has no choice but to follow, with Gittes.

BERMAN

(exasperated)

- Ty every kid in the subdivision knows there's gas in the water..

59 INT MODEL HOME - KITCHEN AT THE SINK OTLEY

is running the tap, filling a Coca-Cola bottle with tap water. When it's nearly filled he caps it with his thumb and gives it a couple of shakes. It fizzes strongly.

OTLEY

- look, it's like three Alka Seltzers. These earthquakes are shaking up our water wells like soda pop bottles, only it's not soda pop it's millions of gallons of water and gas, under 4700 homes, and it's getting hazardous.

BERMAN

What do you mean hazardous?

Otley shakes the bottle vigorously and takes his thumb off the top. A jet stream of water shoots across the kitchen and splats into some tile, nearly hitting a passing customer.

OTLEY

I mean it could blow up.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

BERMAN

But you said this was marsh gas. I thought only natural gas was explosive.

OTLEY

Mr. Berman, whether it comes from an old marsh, or baked beans, all gas is natural. Gas is gas.

Otley walks out of the model home.

60 EXT MODEL HOMES OTLEY

hops into a B & B HOMES construction truck, Berman and Gittes just behind him.

BERMAN

(to Otley)

How do I get rid of it?

OTLEY

Call the gas company. Have it pumped out.

Berman sighs as Otley takes off.

GITTES

(into SHOT)

I'm accusing you of murder, Mr. Berman.

Berman nods.

BERMAN

Call me Jake..which way's your car?

Gittes stares in disbelief.

BERMAN

I'll walk you to it. Come on, which way is it?

Gittes shakes his head, moves down the dirt entry road, hesitates oddly when his eye catches the rotting orange trees.

GITTES

You weren't jealous, you murdered your partner for money.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

BERMAN

(going on)

- how can I sell houses with the
gas company drilling wells like
gopher holes?

GITTES

You're not gonna make me look like
an accessory.

(stops in his tracks)

Did you hear me?

Berman shrugs. Nods.

GITTES

You cocksucker.

BERMAN

Good tho.

GITTES

That's all you've got to say?

Berman points to an open ditch and septic tank that has
broken. An inky slime oozes on the surface. There are
striped construction saw-horses sitting on the mounds of
dirt encircling it - plastered with KEEP OFF signs.

BERMAN

Look if I'm caught standing in a
cesspool and it's right up to here -

(he gestures with his head,
cutting at the chin)

- I don't try to wash my hands.

(he starts walking again)

Furthermore, the only way you can
hide in something like that -

(gestures toward cesspool
surface)

- is to duck. Now you wouldn't
want to do that, would you Mr.
Gittes?

Gittes doesn't reply, walks on until he reaches his car.
Standing on the little strip of fertilized lawn between the
freshly poured sidewalk and curb, he turns back to Berman:

GITTES

(Berman stops, turns back)

How the fuck you plan on getting
away with this?..nothing personal,
Jake. I'm just curious.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

BERMAN

(a long moment, then:)

I'm not getting away with a thing - Jake.

Berman now moves off at a quickened pace. Gittes moves to get in his car when something o.s. catches his eye.

61 EXT SUBDIVISION - BILLBOARD RESTING ON THE BACK

of the 'WELCOME TO RANCHO SAN FERNANDO' billboard is a small rotting sign. It leans up against the struts at the rear of the billboard which is like the balsawood and torn tissue of a half-completed model airplane. The theme music of 'CHINATOWN' bleeds into the off-screen SOUNDS of children, home buyers and housing construction, muting them.

62 GITTES

picks up the two pieces of the old sign and he fits them together. They spell 'NO TRE-PASSING.' The MUSIC out of the past seems particularly discordant. Gittes drops the sign when he sees:

63 EXT WALNUT GROVE (POV) THE REMNANTS OF

their branches barren, their trunks with ghostly remnants of whitewash. Gittes seems shaken by the sight. He reaches into his pocket for the Rawley Petroleum Ronson, nervously lights a cigarette and moves to:

64 EXT ARTESIAN WELL

It is close to completion, mounds of dirt surrounding it, a small derrick atop it. A piece of plywood leans on its freshly-laid cement rim with the warning: 'KEEP OFF.'

65 STARING AT THE WALNUT GROVE

Gittes sits squarely on the 'KEEP OFF' sign and becomes aware of something in his pocket. He sets his cigarette down momentarily.

66 AN ARROW OF FLAME

shoots up from the depths of the artesian well to the cigarette.

67 AN EXPLOSION OF GREAT FORCE

cracks and topples the derrick. Gittes is thrown into the air and thrown back in time 10 years.

CUT TO:

68 "CHINATOWN" - DREAM MONTAGE:

Montage of scenes from original film.

69 INT CONSTRUCTION TRAILER (DAY) KITTY BERMAN STARES DOWN AT GITTES

as he opens his eyes in the construction site trailer. She is wearing a dark taffeta skirt and double-breasted vest to match, a white organdie blouse whose sleeves are puffed and cinched at the wrists.

This American mother-and-daughter mode of dress is countered by the pale silk scarf loosely knotted at her throat and dark sunglasses across her eyes.

GITTES

- I don't like waking up to anybody looking at me...

Gittes sits up painfully, checking his cut and mercuriochromed left ear, the tear in his coat pocket, the various smudges and smears, including the singed black border on his breast pocket handkerchief.

GITTES

(glancing back up to Kitty)
- especially when I can't see their eyes. Who are you?

Berman starts to answer. Kitty Berman glances at her husband, takes off her sunglasses.

KITTY

(directly to Gittes)
Kitty Berman.

Her gaze seems accusatory, especially shaded as it is with dark circles of exhaustion.

Gittes turns from it to the construction site trailer window. He shakes the soot off his handkerchief and points out at the rotting orange and walnut trees on the other side of the development sign.

GITTES

This was Katherine Mulwray's.

Berman and Kitty stare blankly at Gittes who is now on his feet, pointing out the window.

GITTES

- the land, where you're building the subdivision, right out there!

Gittes throws open the trailer door.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

BERMAN

I don't know what you're talking about - look Jake, you may not realize it, you've had a serious accident -

70 OTLEY APPEARS AT THE CONSTRUCTION TRAILER DOOR, AN OLDER MAN BESIDE HIM.

OTLEY

- my God, Mr. Gittes, why are you on your feet? The doctor's here.

GITTES

I'll be with him in a minute.

71 GITTES SLAMS THE DOOR ON OTLEY AND THE DOCTOR.

GITTES

- no idea where you purchased thousands of acres of prime Valley land?

BERMAN

I told you, from a broker.

GITTES

The broker never mentioned Katherine Mulwray?

BERMAN

(shrugs)

So what if he did?

GITTES

What did he say?

BERMAN

The usual scandal -

GITTES

What's 'the usual scandal?'

BERMAN

(irritably)

Come on, you know it, you were involved!...

Gittes smiles, lets this sink in.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

GITTES

I was? Then you do have an idea
what I'm talking about -
(Berman says nothing,
Gittes turns to Kitty)
Mrs. Berman, did you ever discuss
Katherine Mulwray with Mark Bodine?

Kitty closes and opens the stems on her sunglasses, starts
to replace them on her face.

GITTES

The sun didn't come out, Mrs.
Berman -

BERMAN

(stepping in, with a quiet
edge:)
I've asked you, nicely, not to talk
to my wife about this.

Gittes and Berman have squared off, Berman growing red under
his tan - tiny anticipatory tremors playing across Gittes'
eager face, the distance between them no more than inches
and closing.

72 KITTY STEPS BETWEEN THEM

at the last moment, brushing up against both men as she
does.

KITTY

(quietly, to Berman)
Jake, please...
(then, turning to Gittes)
- I think there's something you
ought to do before you ask another
question.

GITTES

What's that?

KITTY

(lowering her glasses)
Get your head examined. You've
been in an accident. You may not
be thinking clearly.

Gittes smiles slightly.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

KITTY

- and I don't recall much of anything about my talks with Mark Bodine.

GITTES

You will, Mrs. Berman - if you listen to the recording of your last conversation with Mark Bodine at the Bird-of-Paradise Motel - the subject of Katherine Mulwray definitely did come up. Come to my office...you might want to hear it before the police do.

Berman sneaks a quick little glance to Kitty, whose reaction remains hidden behind the sunglasses. Gittes watches them both carefully. Then, Gittes turns abruptly and leaves, slamming the trailer door shut.

73

INT GITTES' OFFICE (AFTERNOON) GITTES

tries to inch behind the heavy couch Lillian had draped herself around. He snags himself on a wall lamp, and knocks a golf trophy into a picture frame which slams face down on the end table. Gittes jumps a little, grips the sofa for support. Walsh appears in his doorway.

WALSH

You all right?

GITTES

(doesn't look it)
- yeah, this is catching on the carpet..

Gittes indicates the couch and starts to lift the end of it. Walsh moves to help, glancing at the beautifully lacquered wall cabinet whose sliding doors are partially blocked behind the couch.

WALSH

- you said you'd see a doctor.

With the couch moved away from the wall, Gittes moves behind it to the lacquered sliding doors which are now clear of the couch.

GITTES

- first thing tomorrow -

WALSH

- until then I'd just as soon you leave that thing closed.

This causes Gittes to turn away from the cabinet and quietly face Walsh.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

WALSH
She's dead, Jake.

GITTES
...so?

WALSH
- so you just had your bell rung
pretty good and -
(a moment)
- you mentioned her daughter.

GITTES
Yeah, that's where it happened.

WALSH
Where what happened?

GITTES
(coolly)
The explosion happened on her
daughter's land.

WALSH
It happened at a housing
development, not on Katherine
Mulwray's land. It's not hers.
Not anymore. She sold it to Jake
Berman.

GITTES
(turning to safe)
Yeah? how do you know that?

WALSH
(increasingly agitated)
It doesn't matter who owns it or
how Berman got hold of it, it's
Chinatown, Jake, whether it's the
San Fernando Valley or down on
Alvarado, it's Chinatown...life's
been good. You're a seven
handicap -

GITTES
- six.

WALSH
- six, and you're getting married.
Leave that fucking cabinet alone.

Gittes nods. Then he turns and opens the sliding lacquered
doors.

A BEAUTIFUL BOTTLE OF 20-YEAR OLD JOHNNY WALKER BLACK LABEL

sits on top of strong gun-metal filing cabinets. Gittes' hands reach into SHOT, carefully take the bottle off the top of the cabinet. Gittes moves over to the bar with it, pulls down a shot glass, pours a shot.

GITTES

Last pre-war bottle I got..I try not to dip into it too often - feel better?

Walsh is only half-convinced.

WALSH

Do you?

GITTES

I will.

He downs the shot. Walsh nods a little uncertain, smiles and leaves. Gittes puts down the shot glass, locks his office door after Walsh, and turns back to:

THE LACQUERED SLIDING DOORS ACROSS THE ROOM

LAP DISSOLVE:

74 GITTES' HANDS CONTINUE *

in a ghostly way to slide the inlaid panelling back and reveal a green filing cabinet. The key goes into the lock, the top drawer is pulled toward CAMERA, and a lone file is pulled out.

A74 INSERT FILE MARKED "EVELYN MULWRAY 1937-38" *

The file is opened. DISSOLVE TO: L.A. Times newspaper headline: 'EVELYN MULWRAY SHOT TO DEATH IN CHINATOWN.'

B74 GITTES SNEEZES AT HIS DESK *

and BREAKS the dissolve. He's alone in his office, the file open - surrounded by end-of-the-working-day realities - traffic outside, etc. He runs his finger lightly along the scar on his nose, and looks back to the newspaper headline with its subcaption: 'Grisly Death Witnessed by Young Girl Rumored to be Slain Woman's Daughter'

There are photos of Evelyn in life and death - and a blurred photo of Katherine's tormented face. Gittes turns the file page to:

C74 ANOTHER HEADLINE *

blaring 'KATHERINE MULWRAY DISAPPEARS!' with the subcaption: 'Noah Cross Accuses Investigator Gittes of Kidnapping - Estranged Millionaire Magnate of Murdered Woman offers \$50,000 reward for information leading to whereabouts of granddaughter.'

Gittes' hand shakily turns the page.

D74 'GITTES REFUSES TO TESTIFY BEFORE GRAND JURY IN KIDNAP CONSPIRACY HEARING' *

'Refuses to Confirm or Deny Allegations He Aided in Katherine Mulwray Disappearance - Judge Ohl Warns Investigator He'll Be Jailed for Contempt.'

E74 THE NEXT HEADLINE *

is an EXTRA: 'KATHERINE MULWRAY IN SURPRISE APPEARANCE BEFORE GRAND JURY'

'Testimony Leads to Gittes' Release - 93 Day Imprisonment Comes to an End for Investigator - Judge Ohl Drops Contempt Charges - SEALS SENSATIONAL TESTIMONY.'

Gittes turns the page to:

F74 A FINAL NEWSCLIPPING *

is a side box which reads:

'INVESTIGATOR GITTES - Ordeal Ends, His Silence Continues. Investigator Refuses to Comment on Noah Cross Suicide and Whereabouts of Elusive Katherine Mulwray.'

There are photos captioned: 'The Father Noah Cross, The Daughter Evelyn Cross Mulwray,' with empty boxes beside them for their respective missing mates. Arrows are drawn to the blurred photo of the young Katherine, with the final tantalizing and insinuating caption: 'Whose daughter was she, after all?'

The blank boxes for photos beside Evelyn and Noah Cross' photos respectively have thin, ghostly line-drawings - of Noah and Evelyn Cross, respectively.

G74 GITTES TURNS THE PAGE *

and there's a loose photo - of KHAN. Gittes turns the photo around. The address, typed on the back, reads: 345 S. Alvarado. Gittes pockets the photo and closes the file.

75 EXT CHINATOWN (DAY) THRU GITTES' WINDSHIELD *

The Chinatown street is revealed in a way similar to his drive to it with Cross eleven years before. Gittes parks and gets out of the car.

- A75 BY A STREET LAMP THE ALVARADO SIGN *
- indicating the three hundred block can be seen. Gittes crosses a street a good deal less exotic, more tourist-filled.
- B75 SILENT BULLDOZERS ARE PARKED ON A LOT *
- whose home has been gutted, the rubble piled to one side. Gittes pulls the photo out of his pocket, sighs.
- C75 EXT CHINATOWN GITTES *
- goes to an herb shop, restaurant, and a laundry - showing the photo of Khan, with negative results.
- D75 EXT CHINATOWN MOVIE THEATER GITTES IS TUGGED THRU THE STREETS BY AN URCHIN *
- who points to the photo of Khan and seems bent on taking the protesting Gittes into a movie theater. The urchin then points to the stills which advertise the movie, "BLOOD ON THE RISING SUN."
- E75 INSERT STILL OF KHAN DRESSED IN JAPANESE OFFICER'S UNIFORM *
- a quirt mysteriously in hand as he hovers over an American prisoner of war, interrogating him.
- F75 GITTES *
- looks down at the excited urchin, nods understanding and approval, then sighs again.
- 76 EXT/INT CHINATOWN HERB SHOP (NIGHT) GITTES *
- walks in. The pharmacist, an energetic little man chatters away in various dialects to his Chinese customers, working an abacus as musical accompaniment. A mortar and pestle are on the counter before him, a wall of dark wooden drawers filled with herbs behind him.
- A76 THE PHARMACIST'S FINGERS WORK THE ABACUS *
- moving the counters with mesmerizing dexterity. The fingers pause.
- B76 THE PHARMACIST LOOKS TO GITTES *
- PHARMACIST
(in English)
- can I help you?
- GITTES
(in Chinese)
- I'm told you have a special
remedy.

(CONTINUED)

B76 CONTINUED:

PHARMACIST
(in Chinese)
For what?

GITTES
(in Chinese)
Boredom.

PHARMACIST
(in Chinese)
- it's not always available, and
it's always expensive. How much
can you afford?

Gittes works the abacus. The pharmacist looks toward someone at the back of the shop. Gittes walks toward an older woman at the base of some wooden steps, who nods graciously. Gittes starts up the steps.

C76 INT HERB SHOP STAIRWAY HALF-WAY UP THE WOODEN STAIRS A DOOR
OF IRON GRATING

is guarded by a heavy set Chinaman who stares non-committally at Gittes, then opens the door. Gittes continues up into an ancient low-ceilinged loft, lit by hanging lights within, streetlamps without, and filled with about twenty-five Chinamen and the smoke from fifty-thousand Camel cigarettes as they play Mah Jong, pi-ku, fan tan, slapping down cards and exotic tiles with thwacks and exclamations.

THRU THE SMOKE AH LI TOM

a white man in his fifties, looking like a lank English colonial, materializes.

GITTES
Ah Li Tom -

TOM
Mr. Gittes.

They shake hands and Ah Li Tom ushers Gittes thru the din and smoke to a private table nestled up against a wall of barrels and supplies that look like cargo from the latest China clipper.

TOM
What can I do for you?

GITTES
You still supply Chinamen to the
movies?

(CONTINUED)

C76 CONTINUED:

The slight but perpetual smile on Ah Li Tom's face seems to widen a little.

TOM

You making a picture? I can get you real Japs now, Jake. War's over.

Gittes slides Khan's photo over the pi-ku blocks on the tablecloth, to Tom, who picks it up carefully and scrutinizes it.

GITTES

(leaning in, quietly)
I'm looking for him.

TOM

(eyes so close to the photo
it appears as if he's
looking thru a magnifying
glass)
...General Yamashita in Blood on
the Rising Sun..

Tom hands the photo back to Gittes, looks around the room, face hovering thru the smoke. He smiles as tho he sees someone he knows, then says something in Chinese to a passing waiter. The waiter sweeps the pi-ku tiles off the table top, and sets down a tray filled with jade green and yellow Mah Jong tiles. Tom begins carefully to arrange them, pulling them systematically out of the tray.

TOM

(as he does)
You'll never find him.

GITTES

(edgy, fatigued)
Why not?..why not?

TOM

(his hands working the
tiles)
He's in mourning..

GITTES

Who for?

TOM

Sun Yat Sen, Franklin Roosevelt -
he's in mourning. The Chinese keep
their death at home, where it
belongs. You know that...

Tom glances down at the table top.

D76 THREE MAH JONG TILES

with their carved pictures remain on the cloth of the serving tray. Ah Li Tom's fingers rearrange them, so the dots on the tiles are in a two three seven sequence.

E76 TOM LOOKS ACROSS THE TABLE TO GITTES

his hands hovering significantly over the three tiles.

TOM

The address -

He wraps the cloth napkin on the serving tray around the three Mah Jong tiles, hands the delicate bundle to Gittes.

TOM

- it's off the coast highway..

With his unvarying smile, Tom disappears into the smoke.

77 EXT PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY (DAY) GITTES

turns into an unmarked road with the 237 number, past a couple of grasshoppers pumping oil and into:

78 EXT FLORES DEL MUNDO NURSERY (DAY)

Gittes drives slowly along rows of carefully cultivated citrus trees and flowers, and up a lane leading to a tiny corrugated metal building, next to a large slatted greenhouse.

He gets out of the car and enters the greenhouse.

79 INT GREENHOUSE AT ITS FAR END KHAN

looks up from his work and spots Gittes. He walks past row after row of exotic greenhouse flowers, and under the glass roof, striped with wooden slats, so that the shadows pass swiftly over his advancing figure like tiger's stripes until he stands directly in front of Gittes who has not moved. Khan is virtually unchanged, but wearing the rough burlap of mourning. He bows.

KHAN

Ne how mah.

GITTES

(bowing back)

Ne how mah.

KHAN

Won't you take some tea?

He indicates Gittes follow.

80 INT BUNGALOW (DAY) INSIDE THE MODEST METAL BUNGALOW *
KHAN WITH GITTES

completes the rituals of serving tea.

GITTES

How long have you lived here?

KHAN

Since the last time you brought
Katherine to me. She purchased it.

GITTES' HANDS ON THE TEA CUP

unsteadily put it down.

GITTES

You mean she's here now?

Khan nods gravely.

GITTES

May I see her?

Khan does not reply. Then, very slowly he begins to move to
his feet.

81 EXT NURSERY PATH GITTES AND KHAN WALK ALONG A PATH *

flanked with oak, jacaranda, and bird-of-paradise, climbing
up a hill, the coast highway and sea visible below them.
The path turns sharply.

82 BEFORE GITTES IS - THE THREE-TIERED FOUNDATION OF A HOUSE *

Stairs lead from the cracked and broken rubble of one floor
to the weed-infested foundation of another. The stone
chimney hangs against the sky like a crumbling spine. The
plumbing is twisted and charred on each floor, blacked and
charred remains of wooden siding can be seen. Khan
indicates to Gittes that he climb the crumbling stone steps.
Gittes does, stopping at the first floor, wildflowers
growing beneath the cracked tile at his feet, the sea far
below the sumptuous plain of flowers and nursery trees.

KHAN

...she is here..

GITTES

..how did it happen..

KHAN

One night, three years ago, two men
came to see her.

GITTES

- and?..

82 CONTINUED:

KHAN

They left. She and I spoke briefly. There was a Santa Ana - the fire broke out at midnight and then, nothing.

GITTES

Did you..bury her?

Khan shakes his head.

KHAN

(repeats)

..she is here -

He kneels onto the foundation and touches a tiny cluster of wildflowers.

83 CUP OF GOLD POPPIES AND MATILJA POPPIES

with their crepe paper leaves and lavender border form a bouquet thru the crumbling stone foundation.

KHAN

(fingers them)

..the fire changed her from a sunflower to a flower of the twilight -

His hands move from the bright sun colored poppy to the pale lavender one.

KHAN

- so she could hide from those who wished to find her. Someday, when she's forgotten, perhaps the twilight flower will become a sunflower again.

Khan remains kneeling, fingering the delicate crepe of the pale lavender bordered poppy.

KHAN

..until then, she will live here, with me.

(looking up to Gittes)

Come back whenever you wish to see her.

GITTES

(back to camera, not moving)

Thank you, Khan.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 EXT LA BREA TAR PITS (WILSHIRE BLVD) (DUSK) GITTES DRIVES UP
he parks the car, exits and walks toward:

85 A ROUND BUILDING

whose whitewashed bricks make it seem primitive in the twilight, stands opposite the DIGGING PIT, marked with a large sign: "RANCHO LA BREA: Past Site of the 'Death Trap of the Ages' La Brea Discoveries - a branch of The Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, CHESTER STOCK Curator, Tyrone Otley Associate."

Excavation is wrapping up for the day. Paleontologists, students and various assistants crawl up out of the earth onto the grid of wooden scaffolding, tarred but as enthused as dwarfs digging for diamonds.

86 OTLEY EMERGES

from one of the digging sites, and a young student helps him hoist himself onto the grid. He and his young male companion are chatting away and move toward the open tool shed to lock up when Otley spots something o.s. He hands over digging equipment to the young student and moves across the digging area to:

87 GITTES

who has been watching thoughtfully.

GITTES

How many jobs you got, Tyrone?

OTLEY

(brushing off)

As a geologist, I make a living.

Here I'm a detective -

(looking at Gittes)

Only I investigate the past.

GITTES

(wearily)

Yeah well so do I - what's on your mind?

OTLEY

(turning to Gittes)

This way -

88 REAR ANGLE GITTES AND OTLEY (EVE)

walk down a lighted asphalt path, away from the Rotunda. Voices and the sounds of workers fade in the fading light and they move to the sound of their own footsteps.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

The path winds alongside a slender oily creek where gasoline rainbows can be glimpsed under lamplight.

OTLEY

- in 1792, a certain Jose Longinos Martinez was travelling thru the Pueblo de Los Angeles, and in his journal wrote that about three leagues to the west he found a great lake of pitch...

The path and its adjacent stream have led them to:

89 THE LAKE (ALONG WILSHIRE) LA BREA TAR PITS (NIGHT) POV

moving along its inky softly sputtering shore. The far side of the lake seems to disappear under the lights of Wilshire and into its own blackness.

OTLEY'S VOICE

...with many pools in which bubbles or blisters were continually forming and exploding...

90 CLOSE LAKE'S SURFACE (PAN)

Large, black but translucent bubbles slowly boil to the lake's steamy surface and softly belch and flatten.

OTLEY'S VOICE

- in hot weather animals, looking for water, were seen to sink into the tar.

91 A HUGE MASTODON SINKING

into the black lake, breaks into FRAME. CAMERA HOLDS.

92 OTLEY AND GITTES (NIGHT) STAND ON THE EMBANKMENT

only yards from the sculpture of the life-sized mastodon, eerily realistic in the streetlight, seeming to hold its huge tusks and head above the tar as it sinks.

OTLEY

Their cries attracted predators - we've pulled nearly a million specimens from a couple of holes in the ground.

GITTES

(flatly)
No kidding.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

OTLEY

- every kind of predator for the last fifty-thousand years, saber-toothed tigers, vultures the size of a helicopter -

(indicates mastodon in tar)

- they'd spot something like this, swoop down, and end up with a twelve foot wing span trapped in tar, one animal after another literally dying to eat another dying animal...the greatest record of life on earth is what it is, all caught in a little seepage from the greatest lake of oil on earth there is, twenty-two miles long, forty-six miles wide, the entire L.A. basin right into the Pacific Ocean...

Gittes waits for more. Otley says nothing, regarding Gittes closely.

GITTES

Tyrone, it's a little late in the day to help that poor son of a bitch - he's history, I mean what do you want from me?

OTLEY

(moves to Gittes)

He stuck in what nearly got you killed yesterday.

GITTES

Tar?

OTLEY

(glancing around, edgy)

Oil - that gas in the subdivision water's leaking from an underground oil field -

(in response to Gittes' surprise)

- a sub-surface dome cracked open because of all this seismic activity. When I spoke up before, Mr. Bodine laughed and called me a rock hound.

GITTES

- well try it again. Bodine's not around to laugh at you now.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

OTLEY
(an outburst)
I can't!

GITTES
Why not?

OTLEY
- somebody told me not to.

GITTES
Who?

OTLEY
- I can't tell you.

GITTES
- why did they tell you not to?

OTLEY
I can't tell you that either.

Gittes shakes his head.

GITTES
Well tell me this, Otley. How long, exactly, you been a geologist?

OTLEY
(a little surprised)
Sixteen years.

GITTES
Ever discovered oil? I mean aside from here in the La Brea Tar Pits?

Otley flashes a look of annoyance.

OTLEY
(glancing around,
nervously)
- Mr. Gittes could we talk somewhere else, please? Somewhere less exposed - my place, or yours..

GITTES
(smiles wearily)
I don't think so Tyrone. You wouldn't respect me in the morning..

Gittes waves a tired goodbye and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (3)

OTLEY

(trying to control himself)
- but look what happened to you,
somebody's liable to get killed,
this is not what you think!..

This last causes a momentary hitch in Gittes' stride but he continues on.

OTLEY

(calling after)
I'm telling you they'll turn
Berman's subdivision into a
Christmas tree lot -
(terrified)
Oh, my God...

Gittes stops and looks back. Otley points to the embankment where dirt is slipping down from scrub brush toward the lake.

Gittes raises his hand to Otley, indicating silence. More dirt slips. Gittes skitters up the embankment to the heavy scrub oak as Otley shrinks back against the railing, biting his knuckles.

Gittes pauses, then moves to touch the quivering branches:

93 OUT POPS A JACKRABBIT

paralyzed for a moment with terror - then it bounds off into the night. Gittes looks at Otley. Otley cannot help but look sheepish. Gittes rises to his feet and brushes off his trousers.

CUT TO:

94 EXT STREET (POV GITTES) (NIGHT) THRU THE WINDSHIELD

looms the oil-derrick in the middle of Gittes' street. Its billboard is being changed by workmen who are now on the scaffolding under lights, smoothing down the board's edges with huge brushes.

95 GITTES SLOWS TO A STOP

to turn left.

96 THE BILLBOARD IN FRONT OF HIM

is now a beach scene of a young couple and their two children underfoot with pail and shovel, on a berm just above the surf line, happily building a big sandcastle.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

It's captioned: 'Everyone needs a place to build castles in the air' - SAVE OUR BEACHES Vote YES on California Initiative #4 - (sponsored by Californians for public beaches) Prohibit Oil Drilling on Tidelands

97 INT G.I. BUILDING HALLWAY (NIGHT) GITTES

hesitates when he sees cigarette smoke drifting from the shadows by his office entrance. Lillian Bodine emerges and hands Gittes a manilla envelope. Gittes takes it.

GITTES

What's this?

LILLIAN

I had my lawyer prepare a statement saying that you acted in a timely and protective manner, despite the wrongful death of my husband -

GITTES

Thank you - you didn't have to drop it off personally -

LILLIAN

After the other night, I wasn't sure you'd speak to me again.

GITTES

Come on in. I have to check for some messages.

Gittes goes to unlock his office door, finds it open.

98 INT GITTES' OFFICE

He checks Gladys' desk for messages.

LILLIAN

There was something else.

GITTES

What's that?

LILLIAN

I guess I really wanted to let you know I wasn't trying to hurt myself.

As Gittes enters his office and goes to the wall switch, someone snaps on the lights before he can reply.

99 STANDING BY THE WALLSWITCH

is a huge chunk of a man, not much over six feet, but with a build as endless as a barrel.

100 SITTING AT GITTES' DESK

smoking a cigarette and carefully flicking the ashes into the ashtray is a rather neatly built man whose movements and manner are quick, careful, compact - and more delicate than the coarseness in his face would suggest.

101 GITTES

is surprised and wary - he glances at Lillian and with a slight shrug indicates he's not really alarmed.

GITTES

(to man at desk)

Hello, Mickey.

MICKEY

(rising)

Hello, Jake.

LILLIAN

Oh, do you know each other?

MICKEY

(moving toward him)

Only by reputation.

Gittes glances over his shoulder at the large man at his back.

GITTES

You know if he stands on one side of the room too long, it's liable to tilt.

MICKEY

- yeah? Get away from the wall.
Come over here -

(the man comes)

- Liberty Levine, say hello to Jake
Gittes.

Liberty extends a huge hand.

GITTES

(as he gingerly takes it)

Liberty - what's this?

Gittes withdraws his hand with something in it from Liberty.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

MICKEY

A hand grenade.

Before Gittes can do any more than look, Liberty wraps Gittes' hand around the grenade and Mickey reaches over and pulls the pin.

MICKEY

(holding up the pin)

See?

(moving back to Gittes' desk, holds up a message sheet)

Geez don't let go of that handle. You'd only have about four seconds to return your calls, you son of a gun.

(ruffling sheet)

I don't think that's enough time. You were very popular today.. Weinberger, Escobar, Linda, Weinberger, Escobar, Linda, Linda..Linda - boy Linda's nuts about you - lay you eight to five she'll be disappointed if she doesn't hear back, how about it, Jake?

Gittes stands very still and watches Mickey who's been lounging on his desk.

GITTES

No thanks, Mickey..

Mickey has half-turned away from Gittes. When he rises and turns toward Gittes it is with surprising quickness. Suddenly they're nose to nose.

MICKEY

(quietly, glancing at grenade)

Your life's on the line now, nudnik - don't you think you oughta cover the bet?

(shakes his head, to Liberty)

- ferricta nudnik.

LIBERTY

A shagitz ferricta nudnik -

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

MICKEY

What else?

(to Lillian, politely)

A shagitz ferricta nudnik, madam,
is a crazy, mixed up gentile who is
also a pest.

(to Gittes, looking at
calls again)

Escobar wants the Berman wire
recording or he's going for a court
order - conspiracy and withholding
evidence. Weinberger wants it or
he's gonna sue, fraud, breach of
contract, and so forth. So you got
civil and criminal -

(points to himself)

- and me. What I want is for you
to -

(kicks back the rug)

- open your safe, drop in the
grenade, and most important - close
the safe.

GITTES

(staring at grenade)

You're crazy, Mickey.

MICKEY

(smiles, to Liberty)

Let go of his hand.

(to Gittes)

Don't take the time to open your
windows.

(holds up a hammer from the
desk)

Liberty nailed 'em shut.

GITTES

- really crazy.

MICKEY

(backing up)

You know a better way to stay
healthy?

(pulls a gun)

Mrs. Bodine, why don't you step
outside?

He moves Lillian in front of him, continuing to back up and
watch Gittes carefully. Gittes slowly drops to his knees by
the safe.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

GITTES

What makes you so sure it's in
there?

MICKEY

If I'm wrong, I'm wrong. I'll be
the first to admit it.

Gittes slowly and carefully pulls the desk chair on its
coasters away from the area where he has to work the
tumblers. Holding the grenade very gingerly he begins to
work the combination with his free hand.

102 GITTES' LOWER RIGHT HAND DESK DRAWER POV

is just above his line of sight. It's clear it is fully
shielded by the heavy oak on the entire left side of the
desk.

THE DRAWER IS OPEN

just a crack.

103 GITTES

gauges it, inches the legs of the desk chair out a little
more so it clears the right side of the desk.

MICKEY

What're you trying to do?

GITTES

..I'm a little nervous -

He **SHOVES** the desk chair toward Mickey in the doorway and
DUMPS the grenade in the desk drawer.

104 THE GRENADE HANDLE FLIES OFF

as Gittes slams the drawer and **LEAPS** across the room,
VAULTING the back of the sofa, dropping onto the floor
behind it, lying prone, turning his head to the wall and
covering his ears.

A PAUSE. Three seconds go by, then a few more. Nothing.
Finally there is a soft, slow phhhht.

105 GITTES' HEAD SLOWLY CLEARS THE SOFA TOP

and he looks.

106 GREEN SMOKE CURLS

up lazily from his desk drawer.

107 REACTION GITTES

sees he's been had.

MICKEY'S VOICE

You know I'm a great kidder, don't
you, Jake? Doesn't mean I'm not
serious -

Liberty's HAND reaches into FRAME and pulls Gittes straight
up into the air, clearing the sofa, standing him back on his
feet.

MICKEY

(into frame)

Now take a bow.

He gives Gittes a swift kick in the groin. When Gittes
doubles up, Mickey knees him in the jaw.

Liberty then hefts Gittes off his feet and literally HURLS
him across the room.

108 GITTES HITS THE WET BAR

amidst the shattering of glasses and spilling of seltzer
water, ending up in a damp fizzy heap on the floor. A gasp
can be heard from Lillian. In a moment Mickey's immaculate
shoes pause by the barely conscious Gittes.

MICKEY'S VOICE

Get the recording to me by tomorrow -
(his shoe lifts Gittes up
by the chin)
- or I'll have to give you a
serious reprimand.

His shoe gently lowers Gittes back to the floor, and walks
on out of FRAME. Gittes tries to rise. Half on his feet,
he collapses again.

109 INT GITTES' OFFICE (NIGHT) GITTES WAKES UP

to soft music and a blur of something softly pastel.

110 LILLIAN BODINE

sits beside him in a clinging angora sweater that reveals
Vargas-girl proportions. Gittes sits up on the sofa, notes
that he and the mess on the floor have been cleaned up. His
jacket, however, is sprinkled with angora hair.

LILLIAN

I'm shedding all over the place,
sorry.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

Gittes sits up. His hand goes to his nose. Blood begins to trickle thru his fingers.

LILLIAN

Lie back.

She rises, runs some cold water over a towel and wraps ice cubes in it. Gittes watches from the couch.

LILLIAN

(shivering in recall)

Brutal man.

GITTES

- He recognized you.

Lillian holds the ice and wet cloth to Gittes' forehead and half-shrugs.

LILLIAN

I've certainly never met him -

(Gittes glances up)

- or should I say we've never been introduced.

GITTES

Well where do you bump into each other?

LILLIAN

All over town..he was at the last Enrique Bolanos fight with Jake Berman.

Gittes sits abruptly up on an elbow.

GITTES

Since when does Mickey Nice hang around Jake Berman?

LILLIAN

Since they grew up in Boyle Heights. Mickey was best man at the Bermans' wedding -

(a wicked roll of her

tongue against her cheek)

I think..he actually gave the bride away. What was it Mickey wanted from you?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

The wire recording I made of Kitty Berman at the motel with your husband - just before Jake Berman shot him.

Lillian shakily puts down her cigarette.

LILLIAN

(her voice quavering)
..why would he want that?

Gittes shrugs. Then, with a slow smile:

GITTES

Maybe it was something they said.

LILLIAN

(coldly)
- what got my husband killed was more than conversation.

GITTES

Maybe. But you've got to undress to cheat, and once you're naked, you tend to keep exposing yourself..like I say, it could have been something they said -

Lillian fumbles for a match. Gittes rises, goes to his desk for the oil-derrick lighter, and uses it.

111 LILLIAN'S LEGS CROSS AND HER HEELS

tap at the edge of the floor safe. Cigarette smoke blows across FRAME, as CAMERA seems to drift toward the beckoning safe.

LILLIAN

..well what?..won't you tell me what they say?..

*

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

Lillian's legs squeeze nervously into one another again and again.

GITTES

- no.

(taking Lillian's cigarette from her hand which she holds by her knee, and, with an exhale)

- I'll let you hear them say it.

112 LILLIAN'S ANGORA

fluffs and swells with a sharp intake of breath. Her lips part, and she tries to keep them from shaking.

LILLIAN

..but..

(glancing at floor safe)

- you've already heard it.

GITTES

Doesn't mean I understand it - after all, you knew them, Lillian. Things they discuss might make a lot more sense to you. Listen to it.

Lillian blows a strand or two of angora off her shoulder, tries to keep them from drifting onto his lap. Her hands hover edgily over a sensitive area of his trousers.

LILLIAN

- you'll prove Berman murdered my husband for money?

GITTES

Ethically, I can't do that. Berman was my client and when it happened your husband was in bed with his wife. Under the circumstances jealousy's a more convincing motive than greed...

(glancing down)

- if Kitty Berman has legs anything like yours the jury won't ever see past them, no matter how much money's involved!..Jake Berman's gonna be a free man -

(glancing at them again)

- believe me..

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

LILLIAN

(rising and grabbing her coat)

Forget it - I'm not putting myself thru listening to that for no goddamn good reason -

She knifes her way to the door, angora blowing, trailing her coat. Gittes calmly watches her exit.

GITTES

(smoothly, calling after:)

- on the other hand, Lillian, I could be hired to find out what happened to someone else.

In a moment Lillian's shadow appears in the door frame.

LILLIAN'S VOICE

- who?

GITTES

Someone your husband mentions on the recording. If I figure out what Berman did to her, I think it'll amount to murder.

Lillian can be heard breathing, and outside the rhythmic swish and sigh of the oil pump can be heard as a sort of response.

113 LILLIAN REAPPEARS IN THE DOORWAY

her angora bosom swelling with a fresh breath.

LILLIAN

Do you have a powder room or something? I'd like to put a face on -

114 INT GITTES' OFFICE (NIGHT) GITTES' HAND IS POISED

over the Webcor, ready to push the PLAY button.

115 LILLIAN'S LIPS

are moist as blood. She sits on the sofa staring at Gittes. An air current teases the pale angora around her shoulders and breasts.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

She motions 'wait' and walks briskly over to the wet bar. She quickly finds a bottle of bourbon and a shot glass and knocks one back. She gasps and turns to the sofa, thinks better of it, pours another shot and knocks it back. She strides back to the sofa and nods to Gittes.

116 GITTES SITTING ON THE DESK

presses the button. There is a faint breeze, the swish and pump of the derrick:

RAMSEY'S VOICE
(from wire recorder)
'Able Baker Charlie, Able Baker
Charlie..'

Lillian jerks involuntarily at the SOUND. Gittes pushes STOP. Then the FAST FORWARD. There is an electronic squeal of wire, then Gittes punches STOP and PLAY again.

RAMSEY'S VOICE
' - those guys with the chair
comin' up the steps, look where
they're from - '

DUFFY'S VOICE
'Johnny-on-the-Spot Hotel/Motel
Supplies?...'

Lillian cocks her head and shoots Gittes a quizzical look. Gittes shakes his head and again pushes the FAST FORWARD. Punches STOP and PLAY again.

This time there is SILENCE - then the SOUND of a man's laughter, prolonged, relaxed. It is followed by the soft but taut exhaling of cigarette smoke, rustle of sheets and a light, playful slap.

117 LILLIAN

shudders, recrosses her legs, thrusting the patent leather toe on her left shoe well into the instep of her right ankle, so her slender legs are locked around one another in a stranglehold.

MARK'S VOICE
'Kitty--ere--oman who can--trouble
--you know --who'

Lillian has tensed up, gripping Gittes' hand on her leg.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

GITTES

(squeezing her hand)

- what?

She looks sharply to Gittes.

LILLIAN

' - if you haven't gotten in trouble now you never will' and he said 'there's one woman who can get me in trouble and you know who - '

Gittes turns back to the recording. A couple of quiet exchanges have passed by.

MARK'S VOICE

'--alking --out--Katherine--ul-ay.
(rustling etc.)
--you don't--owe-out--Katherine Mulwray?'

Both of them are transfixed now, both holding their breath and each other, waiting for the next phrase:

KITTY'S VOICE

'--haven't the --agest--ett--'

MARK'S VOICE

'--uncomfortable--all--'

LILLIAN

Kitty said 'haven't the vaguest,'
but -

She gestures that's all she could pick up.

MARK'S VOICE

'Kitty, I don't--ig--or--ess--dig--
dig deep--so--things under--ere--
ike--rich--I--ow--prove--'

KITTY'S VOICE

'prove--ut?'

LILLIAN

' - strike it rich - I know I can prove,' she said 'prove what?' -

MARK'S VOICE

(softly sibilant but clear)
'...something..really--istmassy--I
mean--Christmas--ee-'

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

What was that? what was that?

LILLIAN

'Christmas tree' I think - oh God,
no it's starting -

Her fingernails dig into Gittes' wrist. On the recording Berman has just entered the room shouting.

LILLIAN

- don't let me hear, it's coming -

Gittes starts to rise and turn off the wire as the melange of voices on it mount in overlapping intensity - Bodine, Berman, Kitty, Duffy shouting, accusing, struggling.

LILLIAN

(clutching Gittes)

No! grab me, don't let me hear!

She's wrapped herself around Gittes, ferociously frantic, and his upward move for the wire recording literally pulls Lillian off the sofa and onto him on the floor.

LILLIAN

(smothering him with angora
and her lips)- goddam you, you son of a bitch,
don't let me, don't let me hear
anymore -

(bites Gittes)

The first GUNSHOT seems to penetrate Lillian. She wraps herself around Gittes, pressing herself into him, pinning him between the sofa and the endtable, her mouth and face buried as far into him as she can put it. As the screams and gunshots continue on the wire recording, Lillian presses more into Gittes to obliterate them. The last shot is FIRED, some more sounds - the tape goes into static.

118 GITTES ROLLS LILLIAN

up against the endtable, holding her, trembling there. He's breathing heavily, fighting to stay conscious, and full of angora. Lillian waits a moment, then wraps herself around Gittes again, kissing him.

GITTES

Okay, okay, it's over.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

LILLIAN

Not for me. I'm getting out of here.

GITTES

(helping her to her feet)
Okay, what do you want me to do.

She grabs her coat and reaches for her purse.

LILLIAN

(straightening up)
Stop me!

GITTES

Stop you?

LILLIAN

I can't go back to the house!

GITTES

Then stay here!

LILLIAN

You've gotta make me.

GITTES

Make you?

LILLIAN

(shouting back)
I'm not responsible for one more thing!

With that she bolts thru the door. Gittes leaps after her.

119 IN THE DOORWAY GITTES GRABS LILLIAN

and ends up with a handful of angora sweater which stretches wildly and reveals Lillian's bare midriff and bra.

LILLIAN

- let go of me!

GITTES

But you just said -

LILLIAN

- let go, let go, let go -

She's striking him about the shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

GITTES

What the hell do you want?

She slaps him across the face and the slap makes Gittes lose control momentarily. He shakes her like a puppy would with a stuffed animal between its teeth.

GITTES

Okay, that's enough!

LILLIAN

(collapsing, clinging onto him, kissing him around the neck and shoulders, moaning:)

- don't make me do it, please
don't, don't, don't..

She has backed him up against the wall and impaled Gittes on the wallswitch. Gittes winces as the room darkens.

GITTES

(straightening up, holding her quietly:)

Okay -

Gittes reaches down and TEARS at her straightline skirt which is buttoned up the middle. He literally pops the buttons off it and strips it away, leaving her a writhing tangle of angora, panty girdle, garter belt, and hose.

LILLIAN

(softly, leaning against wall)

..oh no, you're going to, you're going to make me, you're going to make me do it, aren't you?

Gittes tears a stocking away from the garter belt while pinning her against the wall:

GITTES

(exhausted)

- yes.

He goes for the other hose but the girdle and garter belt are too stubborn for insouciant rape.

GITTES

Fuck it. Take that thing off.

There's the SOUND of the two of them breathing heavily in the darkened room. She slips to the floor and out of FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

Her legs kick up into FRAME as she kicks and slides the remaining stocking and garter belt off. She rises into FRAME, wearing the angora sweater and that's all.

She looks to Gittes then wraps herself around him like a starfish around a pier piling, giving him a mouthful of angora once again. He takes her by the shoulders and gently pushes her away.

GITTES

(trying to catch his
breath)

..look..Lillian, honestly I'm doing
my best to be a gentleman about
this: now get back down on your
knees and get your ass in the air
- and don't move 'til I tell you.

She hesitates. Gittes puts his hand on her shoulder and gives her descent a push. She drops out of FRAME where she can be heard in breathy expectation. Gittes mumbles some sort of gratitude. He wipes at the perspiration and angora all over him, and walks slowly around her, toward what is obviously her backside. She begins to moan a little.

LILLIAN'S VOICE

(softly)

..please...

GITTES

I said don't move!..for a minute.

He turns away toward the wet bar and quietly tries to spit out all the angora hair in his mouth before proceeding further.

FADE TO:

120 INT GITTES' OFFICE (MORNING) DUFFY STRIDES INTO GITTES' OFFICE

DUFFY

(as he opens door)

- Jake, wait 'til -

Duffy breaks off when he sees Lillian Bodine, sitting ramrod straight on the sofa, freshly made and fluffed up in her angora, signing something,

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

GITTES

(moving to front of his
desk, sitting on it)

I believe you've met - Mrs. Lillian
Bodine, my oldest associate, Pat
Duffy..

(a moment)

..I've had a rather lengthy
consultation with Mrs. Bodine.

Duffy eyes the strands of angora on Gittes' suit.

DUFFY

I see...

GITTES

Yes, and after going over a number
of things and so forth, Mrs. Bodine
has expressed a wish to engage us
to locate Katherine Mulwray.

DUFFY

(really surprised)
Katherine Mulwray?

GITTES

- the previous owner of the
subdivision land.

DUFFY

(holding Title Report)
This is Berman's Title Insurance
Report and believe me, the name of
the previous owner is not Katherine
Mulwray.

Duffy hands it to Gittes, who opens the envelope and stares
in disbelief.

LILLIAN

(watches Gittes' reaction)
Who was it?..

Gittes lowers the document and looks out the window at the
derrick pumping busily away in the center of the morning
traffic. Then, after a long moment:

GITTES

(turning back to Lillian,
evenly)
Mickey Nice sold the land to
Berman.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2)

LILLIAN
Mickey Nice?

DUFFY
Yes, Mrs. Bodine, he's sort of a
local thug -

LILLIAN
How did Mickey Nice get the land
from Katherine Mulwray?

GITTES
Where's the title transfer?

DUFFY
(moving to Gittes, flipping
pages)
- attached..

Duffy flips over pages, and points to one. Gittes starts to
look it over.

121 INSERT QUIT CLAIM DEED

assigning all rights in the property to Michael Weisskopf
AKA Mickey Nice, and Gittes' finger moves down to another
signature - Katherine Mulwray.

RAMSEY'S VOICE
Sorry, I didn't realize -- anyway,
it was drilling fluid.

122 GITTES LOOKS UP TO SEE RAMSEY IN THE DOORWAY.

GITTES
Ramsey, what're you talking about?

RAMSEY
That clay in the lead pipe you
found on your desk...they use it
around the bit when they're
drilling for oil. It dries like
cement.

Now it registers. He buzzes.

GITTES
- Gladys, get me Tyrone Otley.
(to Ramsey)
- you and Duffy look thru this, see
who retains mineral rights, and
give it back to me.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

He's buzzed. He gives the report to Duffy and moves around his desk to pick up while Duffy and Ramsey leave.

GITTES

(after he picks up)

- Tyrone, you made some remark last night about Christmas trees, didn't you?..

(silence)

Tyrone?

OTLEY'S VOICE

(quietly)

Last night you suggested I was more interested in you than anything else -

Gittes is momentarily unsettled by the candor. Then:

GITTES

- I misconstrued the situation Tyrone.

OTLEY'S VOICE

(lowers his voice to nearly a whisper)

It's too late. I can't talk about this anymore - visitors come to the tar pits all the time. One word to the curator and I'm out of here, regardless of how I behave..

GITTES

Who'd say something like that?

OTLEY'S VOICE

(firmly)

Ask Lillian Bodine's lawyer to arrange an introduction.

Gittes presses the receiver more tightly to his ear. He looks over to Lillian. She seems preoccupied lighting a cigarette, then notices him looking at her, and silently gestures - does Gittes want her to light one for him? He shakes his head.

OTLEY'S VOICE

- I've got to go -

GITTES

Otley, wait!

(lowering his voice)

I'll meet wherever you say...

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

OTLEY'S VOICE

(a breathy, anxiety-filled
pause, then:)

Morning Glory Bar and Grill on
Cahuenga just south of Franklin -
anytime after ten -

Otley has hung up abruptly. Gittes stares at the phone.

123-128 OMITTED

*

129 INT MAX FACTOR COSMETICS DEPARTMENT - GITTES' POV KITTY *

her back to a CAMERA which moves slowly towards her, stands at an L-shaped glass counter, trying out different shades of lipstick, blotting her lips, and trying a different shade. Before her is a large vanity mirror, a tryptich with a center and two wings. Kitty stops cold, lipstick poised when she sees something in the mirror.

KITTY

What do you want?

130 IN THE MIRROR GITTES *

can be seen standing by the large deco column over Kitty's left shoulder. Kitty's reflection can be seen in the center part of the mirror.

GITTES

To talk.

KITTY

That's impossible. I'm always watched.

GITTES

By who?

KITTY

(to mirror, pointedly)
Whoever my husband hires, you for example. Look what happened last night.

GITTES

(moving toward her,
disappears from mirror)
- what happened last night?

KITTY

(as Gittes' image reappears
in the mirror)
More than I thought.. *

Kitty looks into the mirror, to Gittes. She continues to look him up and down, taking in the stray angora. Gittes picks at it, embarrassed.

KITTY

What did Lillian call me? aside
from frigid and conniving?

GITTES

(only mildly amused)
A killer. Said you planned it.

(CONTINUED)

131 KITTY TURNS FROM THE MIRROR

astonished, to Gittes directly.

KITTY

I enticed her husband into bed so
my husband could shoot him in a fit
of jealous rage?

GITTES

That's right.

KITTY

(raising her voice)
So what's the rest of the plan?

GITTES

(right back)

That's it. You slept with a man so
he could be legally murdered. The
entire subdivision now belongs to
your husband - and you for that
matter. Mickey's probably in on
the action. It's murder and
conspiracy with one of the biggest
hoods in L.A.

Kitty flinches only slightly. The sales lady brings out
another tray of cosmetics and a cup of coffee for Kitty.
She carefully stirs in the cream and sugar.

KITTY

(as she does)

What am I supposed to say? "I'm
not that kind of girl?"

(then, flatly)

I went to bed with Mark because I
wanted to. I was sincerely
unfaithful. Now please go, that's
as much a confession as you're
going to get.

She picks up the lipstick and begins to test it.

GITTES

I'm not asking you to confess a
thing. I'll even make sure you're
never prosecuted for Mark Bodine's
death.

KITTY

(surprised and wary)
- why would you do that?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

GITTES

- so you'll help me obtain evidence
your husband murdered Katherine
Mulwray.

Kitty pauses, lipstick poised.

KITTY

Katherine Mulwray?...

GITTES

- either that or blackmailed her
into suicide.

KITTY

- stop right there!

She indicates the mirror.

132 GITTES' POV COSMETICS MIRROR

On the right is his reflection by the deco column, in the
center Kitty's and on the left by the entry is Liberty
Levine in all his immense bulk.

KITTY

- he's waiting for my husband.

Kitty catches Liberty's eye, waves to him, then turns back *
to the mirror. She starts to test the lipstick, then stops
and looks to Gittes in the mirror.

KITTY

Tell me something. Is it so hard
to believe?

BERMAN'S VOICE

Is what so hard to believe?

133 GITTES AND KITTY TURN TO BERMAN

who has somehow materialized on the other side of the
mirror, facing them and Liberty behind them.

KITTY

(evenly)

That you were carried away by
jealousy, and nothing else, Jake.

BERMAN

Well - isn't that what you believe,
Kitty?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

KITTY

Yes.

BERMAN

(looking to Gittes)

Any reason to change your mind?

KITTY

None - so far.

BERMAN

(quietly surprised)

' - so far?'

GITTES

I think Mrs. Berman naturally has begun to wonder why you had me roughed up last night.

BERMAN

She knows why. I want the recording. It shows I got carried away, I didn't know what I was doing -

GITTES

- that you're innocent in other words.

BERMAN

That's right.

GITTES

Then why did you have two hoods try to destroy it?

KITTY

Mr. Gittes -

GITTES

- unless it shows you're also guilty of something -

KITTY

Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

Yes, Mrs. Berman?

KITTY

You have yet to show me anything that suggests my husband deliberately killed anyone, including the man he shot. First things first, after all. Jake, let's go home.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

Berman doesn't argue. He takes his wife's arm and with Liberty, leaves Gittes frustrated and absently toying with something. The clicking sound reminds him and he stares down at the Rawley cigarette lighter.

CUT TO:

A133 EXT BEACH CLUB/PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY (DAY) *

Gittes car turns off coast highway and heads uphill. We see the Beach Club perched on the hillside.

B133 EXT BEACH CLUB PARKING LOT *

Gittes car arrives. Parking attendants open the door. Gittes goes to the entrance. Rawley's burgundy-colored Lincoln is parked in the space by the entrance. Gittes enters the club.

C133 INT BEACH CLUB HALLWAY - MOVING SHOT - BEHIND GITTES *

thru the hallway entrance. He turns the corner and continues into the dining room.

134 INT CALIFORNIA CLUB (DAY) THE LEAD PIPE DROPS ON CRISP WHITE LINEN AND GLEAMING SILVERWARE

at a dining table of the staid California Club. The dried drilling fluid spatters.

135 EARL RAWLEY

leans into FRAME, focuses on the bits of dry drilling fluid, his black, gold, and blue oil derrick cinch dangling just inches over the tablecloth.

RAWLEY

(a decision)

Well hell, I certainly don't want that for lunch, how 'bout you, Chuck?

Rawley leans back and waits for an answer.

136 NEWBY GITTES AND RAWLEY

sit over drinks, holding menus.

NEWBY

No sir.

GITTES

Then I'm sure you understand I didn't want it for a nightcap, Mr. Rawley.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

RAWLEY

Aw, c'mon and call me Squint - if we're gonna end up killing each other it might as well be on a first name basis.

GITTES

Tell me, Squint, you in any business besides oil?

RAWLEY

When you're in the oil business, you're in everybody's business.

GITTES

Interesting economic notion - that why you co-signed all of Mark Bodine's loans for the interim financing on the San Fernando subdivision?

Gittes pulls out envelopes with copies of the loan documents, hands them to Rawley. Newby politely intercedes, takes the envelopes, slits them open, and looks.

GITTES

(after a moment)

That Mr. Rawley's signature?

Rawley bends over and squints.

RAWLEY

Tell you what. You tell me what you think I'm doing and I'll tell you if I think you're right, fair enough?

GITTES

(nods)

- I think you think there's oil on that subdivision land and you'd like the mineral rights, or get to whoever has them.

Newby lowers the documents, says nothing and reveals less. Rawley drops his menu.

RAWLEY

- why you've been talking to that fairy rock hound!

(Gittes looks shocked)

- that geologist who works for Jake Berman out at his subdivision.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

GITTES
Tyrone Otley?

RAWLEY
(don't shit me)
- yes, Tyrone Otley!..don't get me wrong now, he's a nice enough fella, do anything to oblige - except find oil maybe...

Rawley's been toying with the silver pipe Gittes had dropped on the tablecloth, staring out the club window toward the sea. Abruptly, to Newby:

RAWLEY
Chuck, we better see to it this boy gets his pants on with the buttons in front.
(to Gittes, indicating pipe)
- if you don't mind, I'd rather not leave this hanging around.

GITTES
(as they rise from table)
Hell, no. It's yours.

137 EXT TRANCAS PACIFIC SHORELINE GITTES NEWBY RAWLEY (DAY)

Rawley strikes a match to light a cigarette on the wind-whipped point overlooking a sea of whitecaps and oil wells. Gittes offers him the Rawley lighter, but Rawley expertly cups his hand against the wind and lights it.

RAWLEY
- prefer matches, thanks. Love the smell of sulphur.

Rawley exhales, swings around, hands hooked in rear pockets, squinting and aiming inland.

RAWLEY
- anyway, your geologist friend Otley suggests I want to drill under that damn subdivision where the only thing I'd find is a lot of hot air and gas. Why?

Rawley leans on his car, foot resting on the front floor boards with the door open. He idly reaches down and picks up the directional drilling bit he'd taken from the restaurant. He slaps it, uses it as a pointer, indicating wells in the ocean below:

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

RAWLEY

- that's where it's juicy, I'm not about to slant-drill 6,000 feet inland!

He slaps the whipstock pipe in his palm for emphasis.

RAWLEY

Tyrone seems determined to talk about going in an unnatural direction.

Gittes nods and sighs glancing back to the ocean:

GITTES

When you're under water how do you know where you're drilling?

RAWLEY

Same as when you're under ground. Put a camera and compass on the drilling bit and take a picture. As a matter of fact, look -

Rawley takes the whipstocking pipe he's been playing with and expertly breaks it open, revealing the complicated innards.

138 RAWLEY'S FINGERS

plunge down on a spring inside the metal tube, and a metal shutter on the pipe OPENS.

RAWLEY

- here's the camera -
(mildly surprised)
well how about that - the photo of the compass tells you exactly where you are - when you got film in the camera.

They start to get back into Rawley's car. Gittes indicates the Proposition #4 billboard on the bluff beside them, similar to the one near his office:

GITTES

Your billboards say prevent tideland drilling -

RAWLEY

(as he pulls back front seat for Newby to get in the back)
- irresponsible tideland drilling.

All three men chuckle with varying degrees of appreciation.

139 EXT SLOUGH AND BRIDGE (DAY) A LARGE WOODEN FISH DAY

that has BAIT scrawled across the peeling coats of paint on its belly stands on stalks in an inky slough. Children crawl up and down the stalks, playing in the hollow belly of the fish, making it creak. A black fisherman in a rusty skiff turns from his lone bamboo pole in the water to hush them now and then.

140 VIEW SHIFTS SLIGHTLY

to reveal Rawley and Gittes by the Rawley Lincoln, leaning on the hood in the f.g. while in the b.g. Newby stands under the palm fronds of a roadside fruit stand. Gittes watches the black fisherman, while Rawley watches Gittes.

RAWLEY

What're you thinkin', John? About how many fish that colored fella's liable to catch?

GITTES

(wrinkling his nose at the inky slough)
- somethin' like that.

Rawley looks at the slough's slimy surface. In the b.g., oil grasshoppers can be seen on the opposite bank, pumping away beneath the overpass spanning the marsh.

RAWLEY

(conceding the point)
- yeah oil doesn't help much, does it?

(Gittes shakes his head)

Reminds me of a story about a tall, nice-looking fella, standin' in church, big ten-gallon hat in his hand sayin', 'God, last year my oil field outside of Dallas did about five hundred million barrels, but you know and I know we coulda done six hundred million barrels - and another thing, God, my little field outside Houston did oh, about hundred and fifty million barrels but God, you know that we really coulda done two hundred million barrels' - well at this point, a bare-footed sharecropper with his hat leakin' straw all over the pew stands up and says, 'Oh God, all I want is some shoes for my feet and some food for my children.' The oil man looks the sharecropper up and down, pulls out a wad of
(more)

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

RAWLEY (Cont'd)
 hundred-dollar bills, peels one
 off, hands it to the sharecropper
 and says, 'here, son, go buy what
 you need, but don't bother Him
 none. He don't give a shit.'

Rawley nods toward the black fisherman.

RAWLEY
 I do what I can, John -
 (takes a sumptuous basket
 of strawberries from
 Newby)
 - what'd you do, pick 'em yourself,
 Chuck?..

141 EXT OIL RIG PLATFORM RAWLEY WITH GITTES & NEWBY

sits 60 feet above the ground, the well below them pumping.
 Gittes surveys the surrounding oil field, extending as it
 does clear to the coast. Rawley digs into the bucket of
 strawberries, thoughtfully munches on one.

RAWLEY
 Have I answered all your questions,
 John?

GITTES
 All of 'em, Squint - except for the
 first one I asked - if there's no
 oil under the Berman subdivision,
 then how come you co-signed all of
 Mark Bodine's loans at the bank for
 that subdivision? How come you
 tried to brain me to get the wire
 recording?

Gittes is suddenly on his feet. The high wind tearing at
 his suit seems to emphasize his anger. Rawley rises slowly,
 hanging onto nothing to steady himself, until he and Gittes
 are eye level.

RAWLEY
 (quietly)
 - you've spent some time with Mrs.
 Bodine, haven't you?

Gittes nods.

RAWLEY
 (glancing around, more
 quietly)
 So have I.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

Gittes looks closely at Rawley. Rawley doesn't blink.

RAWLEY

Volatile woman..now you met my wife
Mattie that night at the Bodines'?

(Gittes nods)

- no finer more generous woman
exists than Mattie, but she's got a
ferocious temper and about six
shotguns.

(Gittes smiles)

Shoots skeet. I don't want to be
one of her clay pigeons John - if
that wire recording was gonna help
Lillian Bodine or hurt Jake Berman,
I was gonna get it 'cause when
Lillian wants something, she's
liable to ask out loud.

He waits for this to sink in. Then, he turns and grabs the
rigging, opening his stance, facing the plains of scrub
brush and oil rigging that surround them.

RAWLEY

One thing makes Los Angeles
different from most places, John
and that's two things - a desert
with oil under it and second, a lot
of water around it. Hollis Mulwray
and Noah Cross moved the water onto
this desert. Now we have to move
people the way they moved water,
'cause this city land is no city at
all until you can get to it!
Without my oil, there's no
automobile. Without automobiles
there's no road construction, no
street lights, no sidewalks, no gas
stations, no automotive service, no
auto sales and parts, no car lots,
and no Berman subdivision out in
the tulies because nobody can get
there - and then Mr. Berman is out
of business before he's in
business. The name of the game's
oil John - now you've heard that
wire recording?

Gittes nods. Rawley turns inland, almost as tho he's trying
to sight Berman and his subdivision behind the foothills of
sandstone facing him.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (2)

RAWLEY

(turning back to Gittes)
In a courtroom, is it liable to help or hurt Berman beat a murder rap?

GITTES

(with a shrug)
Well it depends.

RAWLEY

On what?

GITTES

Who has it.

Rawley's thin-lipped smile gets a little thinner.

RAWLEY

We're already up in the air, John, let's not fuck around - give me the recording and let my lawyers decide. How about it?

A piece of rigging tackle suddenly slips off the platform and clatters violently to the earth. Rawley and Gittes watch it fall.

GITTES

(finally, looking to Rawley)

I can't open my safe very well from here, now can I Squint?

Rawley hacks out a chuckle.

RAWLEY

- I promise that if you hang a Christmas stocking over your mantle next month, I'll sure fill it - I know how valuable your time is.

Rawley says this last as he starts down.

GITTES

What's a Christmas tree, anyway?

RAWLEY

(pauses)
You're standing on one.

He points to the base of the oil well.

(CONTINUED)

141. CONTINUED: (3)

RAWLEY

A well that comes in barefoot, so big you don't need a pump, just a valve to regulate the flow - don't let me down, now John.

142. GITTES AND RAWLEY

drop out of the SHOT, leaving a bare platform, a stiff wind, the surrounding oil field, and the ocean in the distance.

143. EXT MORNING GLORY BAR AND GRILL (NIGHT) GITTES

enters a door with a neon top hat upside down, gloves in the hat, and a neon motto "never too early or late."

144. INSIDE A SMALL MAN

in dinner jacket greets Gittes, who heads into the main room.

145. THE BAR & GRILL

is dark and deco, neon piping of mauve and green, deep booths lining the walls. A black piano player accompanies himself as he sings to a quiet, appreciative clientele.

146. SLOW PAN OF ROOM GITTES' POV

All the intine chat and cigarette smoke come from couples who are all well-dressed, and all male.

BARTENDER'S VOICE

Can I help you sir?

GITTES

Johnny Walker Black -
(his voice cracks a little
and he lowers it)
- straight up.

BARTENDER

Soda back?

Gittes nods and looks around. There is appreciative applause after the piano player finishes a number.

147. GITTES

feels something under his elbow. He looks and sees an envelope. A young man in a dark sportcoat walks away, melting into the crowd. Gittes picks up the envelope.

148 INSERT ENVELOPE

There's a simple "G" scrawled on the front. The return address has a drawing of a Tyrannosaurus Rex and vultures hovering over a pool of tar.

BARTENDER'S VOICE

That's a dollar-twenty.

149 GITTES IS SURPRISED

by the amount. He pockets the letter. As he goes for his wallet:

MICKEY

Forget it, it's on me.

Gittes looks up in shock to see Mickey Nice and Liberty Levine.

MICKEY

You bring the wire recording?

GITTES

What the fuck for?

Mickey is so shocked his response is a full 360 degree turn.

MICKEY

(back to Gittes)

...then why did you come here?

GITTES

Why are you here?

MICKEY

(moving right into Gittes' necktie)

I own the joint! what's your excuse?

Gittes is momentarily blindsided. Recovering:

GITTES

- I have a date.

MICKEY

(right back)

Who with?

GITTES

Why? Worried it's an old flame?

Mickey grabs Gittes by the tie and twists, and leads him with it like a horse on a halter.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

MICKEY

- look around!...what do you see?
Strictly class!
(lets loose of tie)
- polite, big tippers, and not only
that - they treat the help nice.
Best fucken business I got, if the
cops didn't keep bumpin' up the
payoffs.

GITTES

What about your business with Jake
Berman?

MICKEY

(a pause, then:)
Jake Berman is one hundred percent
legitimate.

Gittes reaches into his pocket and pulls out the envelope
Walsh had given him earlier. He spreads the documents on
the bar top and pulls out his cigarette lighter, holding its
tiny flame over the bar top. *

GITTES

(indicating quit claim
deed)
You recognize this?

MICKEY

(after a moment)
Yeah, sure.

GITTES

What is it?

MICKEY

My signature.

GITTES

I mean the document!

MICKEY

I'll tell you this much - it's
either my driver's license or my
income tax return. I don't sign
nothing else.

GITTES

(accusatory)
It's the quit claim deed signed by
you and Katherine Mulwray.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: (3)

MICKEY

So?

GITTES

So her land cost you and Berman exactly nothing.

MICKEY

So?

GITTES

So how come she's so good to you?

MICKEY

I did her a favor.

GITTES

A two million dollar favor -

MICKEY

A favor's a favor, now cut the crap. I want the wire recording.

It's suddenly quiet enough to hear the two men breathing:

GITTES

- who are they?

150 MICKEY LOOKS AROUND TO SEE A COUPLE OF MEN IN OVERALLS

moving furniture in the back of the bar - the name on the overalls is clear: a thick red piping that spells JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT HOTEL/MOTEL SUPPLIES.

151 MICKEY LOOKS BACK FROM THEM TO GITTES.

MICKEY

What do you care? Saul and Benny
work for me, for Christ's sake!
Johnny-on-the-Spot's my business!

The GLASS in the front of the Morning Glory Bar and Grill shatters, customers yell and scream, and COPS in uniform along with plainclothes detectives, come barrelling in swinging clubs, banging the quiet customers all to hell and gone, beating the shit out of everyone and breaking everything.

MICKEY

(shouting)
It's a roust!
(as Gittes and Mickey get
knocked under the bar
railing in the stampede)
What did I tell you? you can never
pay these creeps enough..

152 INT VICE DIVISION (CITY HALL) (NIGHT) GITTES IS SURROUNDED

by Loach and other plainclothes officers, Escobar supervising b.g.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

Come on Gittes, there you were,
consorting with a known hoodlum -

GITTES

'Consorting?'

LOACH

(taking over)
- consorting with a known hoodlum
under Grand Jury investigation, and
known to be friendly with your
client, Jake Berman -

GITTES

So what?

LOACH

So either you and Mickey were doing
business, or -

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

GITTES

- or what?

PLAINCLOTHES COP

- we've got a vice officer who swears you approached him and fondled his privates in the men's room.

GITTES

How was it?

LOACH

You'll get to answer before a state board. It's either that or cooperate.

GITTES

Cooperate?

LOACH

Prove you're not withholding evidence in the Berman case.

GITTES

How?

LOACH

Let us hear the wire recording.

GITTES

And then you'll decide if it's evidence I'm withholding? get your court order Loach. It's my private property.

LOACH

How much are they paying you to suppress it?

PLAINCLOTHES COP

Bribery, conspiracy, conspiracy to commit murder -

LOACH

(to plainclothes cop,
confidentially)
- maybe not bribery.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

No?

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (2)

LOACH
(almost a whisper)
Maybe he's back to blackmailing -

GITTES
'Back' to blackmailing?

Escobar stands up..

ESCOBAR
What are you talking about, Loach?

LOACH
About the incest. The money he
extorted from Evelyn Mulwray, to
keep his mouth shut about her
father knocking her up.

Gittes rises and everyone quiets down.

ESCOBAR
(moving in)
Loach, I don't recall anything like
that...

Gittes has grown pale. Everyone has backed off slightly,
leaving Gittes and Loach surrounded by desks and empty
chairs.

GITTES
(smiles)
All I recall is that Evelyn Mulwray
was an innocent woman you shot
right thru the eye while her
daughter watched you do it. And I
wouldn't extort a nickel out of you
Loach - that's where I draw the
line.

LOACH
Yeah? Well I'll tell you, Jake, I
once knew a whore who, for enough
money would piss in a customer's
face, but she'd never shit on his
chest. That's where she drew the
line.

Loach smirks.

GITTES
(easily)
Well all I can say Loach, is I hope
she wasn't too much of a
disappointment to you.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (3)

Fellow officers snigger. Loach jumps Gittes and slaps him twice across the face, knocking him into the interrogation chairs.

153 GITTES

breaks his fall to the chairs with his arms, and kicks back, catching Loach behind the knees, clipping and knocking him down. As Gittes rises to face him:

154 LOACH ON THE FLOOR

draws his gun.

ESCOBAR

(screaming)

Loach!

Gittes goes white, and mindlessly LEAPS on Loach, grabbing the gun which FIRES between Gittes' legs, the bullet entering the floor. Gittes with insane fury wrests the weapon away from Loach, and jams the barrel into Loach's mouth. Fellow officers try to move in on Gittes.

GITTES

(beside himself)

Get away, get away, get away! or I swear this motherfucking, cocksucking, son-of-a-bitch is going to suck on this 'til he dies!

(Gittes cocks the pistol.

Loach starts to tremble
and wet his pants)

That's right, piss in your pants,
you killed her, you shot her thru
the fucking eyeball, now suck on
this, suck, suck it!

There is silence while Loach tries to suck on the gun barrel, but can't. The room itself is dead silent. Gittes finally rises, holding the gun and Loach curls up shaking on the floor like a squashed sow bug. Gittes carefully lowers the trigger back to the chamber and hands the weapon butt-forward to Escobar.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

ESCOBAR

(to Loach)

You're off the case and suspended
thirty days -

(to Gittes)

- and I personally guarantee that
before I'm finished you'll be
begging to have Loach back on the
case.

(to booking officer)

Book him on whatever you ran
everybody else in for -

(meaning Gittes)

- fondling the privates of a
crapper dick, squirting marmalade
on little girls' bicycle seats -
just do it and let him make bail.

155 INT GITTES' OFFICE (DAY) THE SAFE TUMBLER TURNS

from number to number under Gittes' trembling hands. He
hits the last number to open the safe. It won't open.

156 GITTES

is on the floor by his desk, dazed and annoyed that he
missed the combination. Gladys buzzes and Gittes misses the
com button when he rises to take the call - he leans on his
desk, faint.

GITTES

(into phone)

Put him on.

(sinking to his knees,
holding phone to ear)

Yeah Cotton.

Gittes works the tumblers as he listens.

COTTON'S VOICE

Escobar got his court order.

GITTES

When?

COTTON'S VOICE

Just now.

GITTES

So if I don't produce the Berman
wire recording...

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

COTTON'S VOICE

- you go to jail 'til you do.

Gittes now has the recording in his hands and is threading it up to the Webcor on the floor beside him.

GITTES

(pushes rewind)

Escobar's got to catch up with me first.

COTTON'S VOICE

He will, in less than forty-eight hours.

GITTES

What do you mean?

COTTON'S VOICE

You and your operatives are already under subpoena for the preliminary hearing. That's Friday, for Chrissakes. You gotta show up to testify. When you do, they'll demand the recording and probably won't let you out of the courtroom 'til you produce it.

Gittes nods.

GITTES

Thanks, Cotton.

He hangs up and presses the START BUTTON.

RAMSEY'S VOICE

'Able Baker Charlie, Able Baker Charlie - '

Gittes presses FAST FORWARD impatiently, to:

DUFFY'S VOICE

' - ong?'

RAMSEY'S VOICE

' - those guys with the chair comin' up the steps - look where they're from...'

DUFFY'S VOICE

'Johnny-on-the-Spot Hotel/Motel Supplies?'

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: (2)

Gittes tenses up at the name.

DUFFY'S VOICE

'so they're making a delivery..'

RAMSEY'S VOICE

' - right here, you don't wanna be
in the room..'

A moment, then the door can be heard opening on the wire recording.

ONE FURNITURE MOVER

(breathing heavily)

'Where do they want this?'

OTHER FURNITURE MOVER

'by the window - no Saul!..the
ocean window...'

Gittes clicks off the machine.

157 EXT MANDEVILLE CANYON (DAY) A JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT HOTEL/MOTEL
SUPPLIES TRUCK

identical to the one seen outside the Morning Glory Bar &
Grill, moves up Mandeville Canyon.

A Santa Ana's hot breath kicks up dust and speckled light
thru the horsetrails and eucalyptus that line the road.
Gittes slows as he approaches a steep driveway flagged by a
rustic sign of a vaquero on horseback waving his hat in the
air. The name "Berman" and the address are stencilled on
the sign.

158 EXT BERMAN HOUSE (POV) MOVING UP DRIVEWAY PAST FRUIT TREES &
CORRAL FENCING KITTY

is working in a small group of avocado trees. She pauses,
rake in hand, and waves in the direction of Gittes, her eyes
following his progress up the steep drive to the house and
large parking area. The engine dies. The car door opens
and slams - Kitty Berman's smile fades.

159 GITTES

has stepped out of the Johnny-on-the-Spot Hotel/Motel
Supplies truck. He does not smile as he heads down the
hill, climbs over the corral fencing.

160 KITTY NOW HOLDS A PITCHFORK

filled with mulch. She flings the mulch into a trench
surrounding one of the avocado trees, which is gradually
filling with water from a slow running hose.

161 GITTES CATCHES A SPATTERING

of water and mulch as he walks into SHOT and up to Kitty, who is in jeans and plaid shirt, dripping with perspiration. Kitty looks sharply at Gittes.

KITTY

I said you'd hear from me.

GITTES

I didn't hear from you - I'm dodging a court order, I'm under subpoena to show up at your husband's hearing in a day and a half, and I have proof that when Jake Berman shot his partner when he found him having relations with you, he wasn't exactly in the grip of mindless passion..

Kitty looks at Gittes out of the corner of her eye, reaches down and pulls the hose out of the avocado trench, lets the water run across her face, then drinks from it, dropping it back in the trench.

GITTES

Take a look in the back of Mickey's truck.

Kitty glances up the hill.

KITTY

(turning on Gittes)

Look, you actually have evidence - let the courts decide what to do with it. That's what they're for.

Gittes moves into Kitty, emotionally erupting:

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

GITTES

(shaking, fighting for
control)

Lady, you may have a very sophisticated and worldly-wise veneer, but I got ties older than you and all a day in court decides is who had dinner with the judge the night before!..Furthermore - I didn't know Mark Bodine, I don't think he was much of a partner in more ways than one, and all things considered, he probably lived long enough. So it's me or the police. Now do you care about your husband or not which is all I should've asked you in the first place?

He's moved inches from her, actually holds onto the pitchfork to steady himself.

KITTY

(clearly unsettled by
Gittes' attack)

Do I..

GITTES

Yes or no!

KITTY

- yes.

Gittes' voice drops to a malevolent whisper:

GITTES

Then tell me how he got the land from Katherine Mulwray.

KITTY

- are you working for Katherine Mulwray?

GITTES

If I was why would I ask you how your husband got hold of her land?

KITTY

Well, what's the relationship?

GITTES

- personal.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2)

Gittes looks away.

KITTY

You're embarrassed.

GITTES

So?

KITTY

- it's reassuring.
(sudden softness)
..we can both be embarrassed.

Gittes shrugs awkwardly.

GITTES

I don't want her hurt, that's all.

KITTY

That's all?

GITTES

(a rueful smile)

That's all..you can't believe I'm a
simple-minded son-of-a-bitch, Mrs.
Berman.

KITTY

(right back)

You have a problem Mr. Gittes. I
do believe you. I'll do what I can
- about Katherine Mulwray, you do
what you want about the recording -
just do one thing for me.

Gittes' smile indicates genuine appreciation. With a curt
nod:

GITTES

Mrs. Berman, how can I refuse?

KITTY

(a long moment)

Show me what's in the back of the
truck.

162 EXT BERMAN DRIVEWAY - GITTES STANDS IN THE REAR OF THE TRUCK

its doors open. He tosses out a pile of laundered towels
that are in his way, and a pile of Johnny-on-the-Spot
overalls, also freshly laundered. The chair is revealed,
rocking slightly, sitting straight up and facing the opened
doors.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

GITTES
(indicating chair)
I wouldn't expect you to know where
this came from -

163 KITTY STANDS

by the rear of the truck, shifting uneasily on the gravel
driveway.

KITTY
The corner by the window.

Gittes looks at her, amazed. Kitty's lost in recall, moves
a step or two closer to the car, swirls of dust from the
Santa Ana, eddying around her:

KITTY
- it was the only thing without a
Bird-of-Paradise pattern on it.

GITTES
(watching her closely)
The chair was delivered by Johnny-
on-the-Spot a couple of hours
before you got to the motel -

Gittes UPENDS the chair, cushions fly.

164 THE BOTTOM OF THE LEFT ARM REVEALS THE TAPED NAILS

outlining a pistol. Gittes' hand SLAPS a Smith and Wesson
into the outline made by the nails. It fits perfectly.

GITTES' VOICE
The police report said the weapon
was a .38 caliber Smith and Wesson
police special with a six-inch
barrel - like this...

165 KITTY STANDS IN THE DRIVEWAY

the gravel crunching a little under her shifting feet. She
nods thoughtfully, then the tears start to fall. She tries
to control the sound but increasingly her body is wrenched
by spasms. She sinks slowly to the gravel drive. Gittes
tries to touch her, but she wraps her arms around her legs,
drawing them to her chest, rocking and sobbing - and won't
be touched.

166 THE TEARING SOUND OF GRAVEL CAN BE HEARD AS BERMAN'S

Cadillac convertible spins into the driveway, kicking up dust. Kitty is sitting on the ground right in front of the speeding car. Liberty JAMS on the brakes. The wheels spew gravel, as the car brodies creating a minor duststorm. The rear bumper narrowly misses Kitty as the car spins out, ending up on the lawn. Kitty has not moved.

BERMAN

What the hell's going on!

He breaks off when he spots the chair. Kitty rises slowly to her feet, her face red and ravaged.

KITTY

Mr. Gittes says you planned Mark's death.

BERMAN

Do you believe him?

KITTY

(slowly, staring at a point
somewhere between the two
men)

...yes - I do.

(toward Gittes)

Excuse me..

She turns and unsteadily moves to the breezeway between rustic garage and rustic house. The three men watch her. The screen door is open. Kitty runs into the edge of it. It strikes her full on the temple. Her knees buckle. Berman rushes toward her.

BERMAN

Kitty!..

KITTY

(without turning)

Don't come any closer.

Berman stops. Kitty straightens up, holding onto the edge of the screen door for support. She steps inside the house, leaving a slight red stain on the edge of the door.

Liberty shakes his head. Berman turns slowly away from the kitchen door and appears to stare thru Gittes. He has broken out in a drenching; alarming sweat. Gittes can't help being affected by it, gapes.

BERMAN

All right - now what do you want?

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

Gittes turns to the truck, reaches in, and pulls down a Webcor recorder. It settles softly into the gravel.

GITTES

On this you'll find a duplicate of the Bird-of-Paradise Motel wire recording -

(he taps the chair)

- listen to it. Then call me.

Gittes closes the truck doors.

BERMAN

.Where?

Gittes glances at the side of the truck, which states, "Johnny-on-the-Spot Hotel/Motel Supplies" - "Anywhere, Anytime, 24-hour Service, HO 7-3366."

GITTES

(back to Berman)

Johnny-on-the-Spot. I'll check for messages.

(as he picks up towels and overalls and tosses them in truck)

- and tell Mickey I stole his truck before he calls the cops..if they pick me up, they'll have the evidence to arrest you both -

(a final tap on the chair)

- for murder one.

Gittes slams the truck doors and gets in the truck. As he backs up, Berman calls out. Gittes can't hear him. He stops.

167 BERMAN

stands quietly, and when he speaks, it's a real question.

BERMAN

Anything else?

Berman's tone softens Gittes.

GITTES

..when you want to talk, pick a place where somebody can't sneak up and slap me with Escobar's court order.

With that he backs up and heads down the driveway.

168 EXT SEPULVEDA COUNTRY CLUB (L.A.C.C.) DAY

Outside the entrance several police cars are strategically parked, with uniformed police and plainclothes detectives keeping surveillance.

Into SHOT drives the Johnny-on-the-Spot Hotel/Motel Supplies truck. It is ignored by the stakeout.

169 UP THE LONG DRIVE

flanked by lush greenery it putts along to the white mansion-type clubhouse.

170 IN THE PARKING LOT GITTES

in Johnny-on-the-Spot overalls, hops out. He carries a modest load of fresh towels into the clubhouse service entrance.

171 EXT SEPULVEDA COUNTRY CLUB MEMBERS LOCKER ROOM ENTRANCE
BERMAN AND GITTES

now dressed for 18 holes of golf, emerge from the locker room and walk side-by-side to the SOUND of their spikes on the rubber runner leading to the first tee.

172 EXT GOLF COURSE - FIRST TEE GITTES AND BERMAN

wait with other golfers. They're greeted by Liberty who is dressed as a caddy. His concrete piling figure is clad in canary yellow. VIEW SHIFTS SLIGHTLY to show the slender Ramsey in baby blue, carrying Gittes' own clubs.

BERMAN

What do you want to play for?
twenty bucks a hole?

Gittes looks paralyzed by the question.

BERMAN

What's the matter? too rich for
you?

GITTES

(incensed)

We're out here to discuss whether
you're gonna live or die.

BERMAN

So? It's a long walk between
shots.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

They're now next on the first tee. Berman, with his insouciant duck-walk, accentuated by spikes, goes to fish in his bag.

BERMAN
(turning toward Gittes)
I'm a fourteen handicap...

He waits for a reply.

GITTES
(surly)
- nine.

BERMAN
What the hell, it's my club, I'll play you even. Twenty bucks a hole?

GITTES
Oh hell yes.

BERMAN
(gesturing with driver)
Go ahead.

Gittes looks at the man who had seemed so devastated the day before. Then the golfers behind him make their presence known. Gittes glances over - it's a par four hole. He grabs a driver, tees up, and with a fluid swing drives two hundred and twenty yards with a slight hook that keeps the ball almost in the center of the fairway.

BERMAN
Hell of a shot.

Berman tees up. He addresses the ball with three or four fussy measuring whips, then employs a backswing so wild Gittes actually has to lean away to avoid being clipped by the head of the club. Berman then proceeds to skull the ball.

173 DOWN THE FAIRWAY THE BALL

is a slow slice that skims the surface just inches above the grass for a hundred fifty yards, heading into the rough and the woods.

GITTES
- tough luck.

Gittes has spoken too soon.

174 THE BALL

hits a perfect glancing blow off the trunk of a fir tree and ricochets back into the middle of the fairway, coming to rest within a few feet of Gittes' perfect drive.

175 REACTION GITTES

He looks to Berman who seems utterly unfazed by the inane luck. Berman literally takes the shot in stride, proceeding to walk down the fairway, swinging his club and humming to himself. Gittes follows.

176 EXT FAIRWAY - FIRST TEE WALKING STRIDE FOR STRIDE

the two men cut a wet swishing swath thru the damp fairway. Gittes watches Berman out of the corner of his eye. Berman continues to hum, apparently oblivious to the glaring Gittes. Berman suddenly stops.

BERMAN

(pointing to a ball)

- you're away.

Gittes looks down.

177 BERMAN'S AND GITTES' RESPECTIVE BALLS

lie a couple of yards apart. Berman's poorly hit ricochet is actually a few inches in front of Gittes' ball. To add insult to injury it sits on a high tuft of grass as tho it were teed up by Divine Providence. Gittes' beautiful drive has ended ignominiously deep in somebody else's dirty divot. Gittes sighs and turns to Ramsey.

GITTES

- spoon.

RAMSEY

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

Gittes grabs the cover off the #3 wood, proceeds to address the ball.

178 CLOSE GITTES

concentrating. He begins his backswing, but something stops him - the low hum as of high tension wires. He looks up.

179 IT'S BERMAN

who is staring off toward the green like the point man for Lewis and Clark, lost in grand thought - but humming. He catches Gittes' glare, stops humming.

180 GITTES RETURNS

to the ball, addressing it again. Just before he begins his backswing again he picks up on the "hum." It's back. It's barely perceptible, but audible nevertheless. It causes a hitch in Gittes' swing and he shanks the ball off the fairway into the rough.

181 BERMAN

takes a look at his ball floating on the top of the tufted grass like a ball of dandelion fluff on its stalk.

BERMAN

Hell, might as well use my driver.

He hits away.

182 THE BALL SAILS

toward the pin, plops onto the green and rolls dead, leaving Berman with a three and a half foot putt. Berman resumes humming and heads toward the pin.

183 GITTES IN THE ROUGH

beckons to Ramsey.

RAMSEY

What do you want?

GITTES

A club out of my bag.

Ramsey mumbles, 'oh yes,' and moves to Gittes who checks his unhappy lie and pulls a nine-iron out of his bag.

GITTES

Any word from Otley?

RAMSEY

(shaking his head)

- I've left messages everywhere.

Gittes hesitates, pulls out the envelope, and in the cover of trees off the fairway, opens it.

GITTES

This is what he left at the bar..

184 INSERT COMPASS FACE (GRAINY PHOTO)

Drawn across the compass face which records an EASTERLY

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

direction, is an arrow going west in red and a terse note in red: Rawley Well #42 Mattie's Blue Rinse. Whipstocking!!
T.O.

RAMSEY

It's a photo of an HK hundred go-devil - the compass on directional drilling bits. They were using them at Elk Hills when I worked for the government -

(glancing down)

- and Rawley's named his biggest producing well after his wife.

Except he's -

(points to word)

- whipstocking.

185 INSERT COMPASS

Ramsey's fingers trace out what he's saying.

RAMSEY'S VOICE

Rawley's drilling east toward Berman's subdivision - not west into the ocean and his tideland lease.

186 REACTION GITTES

GITTES

Then Otley's right? The oil's under Berman's land?

RAMSEY

I don't know - I can check the location.

BERMAN'S VOICE

(shouting from a hundred yards)

If you can't find your ball by now, play another one for Chrissake!

GITTES

Can you believe it? this guy would rather play for twenty bucks a hole than save his life.

He shakes his head and positions himself for his shot.

187 EXT GOLF COURSE - SECOND TEE GITTES AND BERMAN

move up to the tee. Berman is shaking his head in disbelief.

BERMAN

Is that something, I've never birdied that hole - 'til now -

GITTES

(icily)

Congratulations. Did you hear the recording?

BERMAN

Yeah.

GITTES

Did Cotton?

BERMAN

- no.

GITTES

He can make it critical in your defense -

188 BERMAN PAUSES BEFORE THE TEE

BERMAN

And what do you want?

GITTES

To know what you did to get Katherine Mulwray's land on a quit claim deed!

BERMAN

(glancing back to the golfers behind them)

- if we don't get a move on they're gonna want to play thru -

(he sees the murderous look in Gittes' eye)

- I'll give you one hundred thousand dollars to eat that wire recording.

GITTES

I'm telling you it can work in your defense...

He starts to tee up, stops when an idea occurs to him.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

BERMAN

Hey, Jake - ever see my one-legged golfer?

In response to Gittes' incredulous stare, Berman stands on one leg like a flamingo and tees up his ball with excruciating care, bending down on one leg and painstakingly planting the tee in the ground and the ball on it. With more pain he shakily rises to a standing position on a single leg, aided by his club. Liberty, Ramsey and Gittes are unavoidably attentive. Having managed to tee up and rise back to his full height on one leg, Berman begins his backswing which goes on and carries him effortlessly with it and knocks him flat to the ground.

Liberty cracks up. Ramsey chuckles. Gittes is not amused.

GITTES

Jake, you killed your partner, that's your business. You used me to help get away with it, that's my business. Don't make any more of your business my business, not when it comes to Katherine Mulwray. Don't make me part of something I don't know, not when it comes to Katherine Mulwray. I find that highly upsetting. It upsets me. It upsets me very much.

Gittes is white with suppressed anger.

BERMAN

(carefully, watching him:)
- she's fine.

GITTES

That's all you've got to say?

BERMAN

She's fine, take my word.

Berman starts to turn away. Gittes gently but firmly takes hold of Berman's shoulder. Berman looks at Gittes' hand on his shoulder. Liberty suddenly seems to hover, suspended in the background.

GITTES

(quietly)
I'm not going to take your word.

BERMAN

(glancing behind him)
We're holding up play. Would you show a little courtesy?

189 A WATER HAZARD

presents itself between the putting green and the golfers. A narrow bridge is the means by which they can make it across the water to the green itself.

Gittes stops and watches Berman swing. It's a terrible shot. It skids and scuds along the grass, certain to drop into the water but:

190 THE BALL HITS THE BRIDGE

and bounces safely across it, ending up dry as a bone and three feet from the pin.

191 GITTES

can't believe it. Berman's voice can be heard as he hums along toward the pin.

192 GITTES' BALL

is in a heavy lie, deeply embedded in the turf. Gittes' club SWINGS heavily thru SHOT, kicking up a divot, sending the ball high into the air on a perfect parabola, dropping on top of the pin.

193 BERMAN PAUSES ON THE BRIDGE

impressed with the shot.

194 GITTES

watches, still holding his follow-thru, smiling despite himself. The smile fades as:

195 THE BALL HITS THE GREEN

with the backspin of a pro - too much backspin in fact as the ball rolls gently back down the green, over the lip - and into the water.

196 EXT GOLF COURSE - NINTH HOLE BERMAN

pauses.

BERMAN

Look, you've had a couple of rough breaks - what do you say we go double or nothing?..I don't want to talk about the other thing anymore.

GITTES

No?

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

BERMAN

No. Destroy the wire recording and pick up two hundred thousand or -

GITTES

Or what?

BERMAN

I'll have you killed.

Berman turns and goes to tee up. But as he bends down this time, he sinks slowly to the ground, bringing his knees to his chest in a tight little ball.

BERMAN

(croaking)

Liberty!...

Liberty comes running, helps get Berman to his feet.

LIBERTY

(to Ramsey)

Gimme a hand. I gotta get him to the car.

Ramsey looks to Gittes. Gittes nods. As Berman gets to his feet, gawkers from the adjacent fairway start over. Berman manages to wave.

BERMAN

(calling out)

I was doing my one-legged golfer...

The golfers apparently recognize him and call back, joshing, "Jake, you're a meshugeh!" Berman is in a drenching sweat as he was at his house the previous day. He turns to Gittes, his dark skin pallid.

BERMAN

Remember what I said -

Gittes watches Berman being helped off the fairway toward the clubhouse.

197 EXT EAST CHANNEL ROAD (SANTA MONICA CANYON) (DAY)

dips toward an inkwell of ocean contained by hamburger stand clapboard and flashed with the rusty glow of falling sun. The Johnny-on-the-Spot truck turns up East Rustic Canyon.

198 EXT EAST RUSTIC CANYON - (SANTA MONICA CANYON) THRU WINDSHIELD
(MOVING) GITTES

drives a winding and narrow road of damp leaves, flanked by a slit of riverbed, baby iceplant cascading into the flowing waters, tiny footbridges leading to the wooden bungalows lining the road.

On the radio, Gittes hears "My Adobe Hacienda", which now segues into "Linda", making Gittes come out with a soft expletive.

199 THRU WINDSHIELD GITTES ROUNDS A HAIRPIN TURN

and bridge. The numbers are in the two hundreds. He slows to motorcade speed. Passing toyon and bouganvillea he runs into 221 E. Rustic on a mailbox - and Berman's celadon Cadillac convertible beside it. Gittes guns the truck and speeds on past.

200 AT THE DEAD END GITTES

turns around and inches back toward the 221 address midway down the block. It can now be seen he's wearing his clothes. As he slows to a stop, he's about to turn off the ignition when he hears a radio ad, "Prohibit tideland surface oil drilling, authorize slant drilling from the uplands and prohibit ocean pollution. Save our beaches!" Gittes sighs, turns off the radio.

201 EXT SANTA MONICA CANYON HOUSE - (NIGHT) ON EAST RUSTIC CANYON ROAD

the sun is a memory. It is shadows, dankness, and the soft flow of the tiny riverbed thru iceplant. Gittes approaches the house and Berman's car. There's plenty of cover from the eucalyptus and maple lining the road except for about 25 yards to the footbridge leading over the narrow riverbed and to the porch of the unpainted bungalow in front of where Berman's car is parked. Gittes hesitates, then decides to make it to the foliage in front of the house. He's halfway down this open stretch when the door and screen door of the bungalow burst open.

202 GITTES LEAPS

a low wooden railing and slides into the iceplant and down the concrete walls, wincing as he ends up in cold flowing water to the knees. He looks up:

203 POV FOOTBRIDGE

Crossing it in some haste are Liberty and Berman, Liberty right beside him. In a moment Mickey with a slender blonde woman pauses on the bridge and whispers for a moment. They are just a few yards above Gittes. Gittes cranes to get a glimpse of the woman's face, but Mickey is blocking her.

Gittes inches up, clawing the iceplant. As Mickey moves, clearing her face, Gittes SLIPS. Mickey hears the sound - then hears only water, blocking the woman's face again, however. He turns and says something to her and this time her face is revealed: she is a haggard woman in her late sixties, wearing rimless glasses and looking deeply concerned. Mickey helps her across the bridge, toward Berman's car. In another moment, the deep purr of the Cadillac can be heard going down the block. Gittes proceeds to claw his way up out of the riverbed.

204 AT THE FOOTBRIDGE GITTES

clammers out of the riverbed, looks around, shakes himself off. He moves up to the front porch, pushes the door and finds it's not even closed.

205 INT SANTA MONICA CANYON HOUSE - KITCHEN (NIGHT) INSIDE

it is cabin-canyon shadowy, unfinished woods, dark flooring, and throw rugs. Gittes can see the faucet's been left on in the kitchen. He pokes his head in.

206 ON THE STOVE SOMETHING IS BOILING

Gittes into SHOT turns off the gas. He looks inside the pot.

207 SYRINGES

at least a dozen of them, have been sterilized.

208 GITTES

opens the refrigerator.

209. ON THE METAL GRATINGS

are stack upon stack of medical supplies - bottles of saline solution, anti-biotics, etc.

210 GITTES

lifts up his head. He hears the clear sound of someone talking. He carefully withdraws his .38 and moves out of the kitchen.

211 IN THE TINY HALLWAY

the sound grows louder. It's behind one of the doors. Gittes carefully opens it.

212 INT HOUSE - DOCTOR'S EXAMINING ROOM A SMALL MAGNAVOX TELEVISION

blares the news. Gittes continues to look around the room: it is jerry-built, but outfitted like a doctor's office. There's an examining table, army-green cabinet files, an X-ray machine, an open sink and in the corner a battleship gray, leaden container the size of a small safe. On it in bold, slightly luminous red is the warning: 'STRENG VERBOETEN!' RADIUM!! Gittes moves to the lead container and spots a diploma of sorts on the wall. It's in German, dated 1927, for Elsa Brandhauer - then Gittes hears someone in the hall. He quickly moves to the X-ray machine, the KTLA news on television covering his rapid movement.

213 ENTERING THE DOORWAY POV

is a small wiry man who's hands are smudged with some dark substance. He looks around the room and spots the filing cabinet. He goes to it immediately and attempts to open it. It's locked.

214 HIS HAND SETS THE LEAD PIPE

he's been carrying down on the examining table, just inches from Gittes behind the X-ray machine. It's clearly the same kind and length of pipe as Gittes found in his office - only the drilling fluid is damp around either end, and oozes out onto the white sheet of the examining table.

215 THE MAN AT THE FILING CABINET

has roughly jimmied it open, seems to know exactly what he's looking for. He pulls a file, then stops - something from the television set has attracted his attention.

KTLA REPORTER

(from TV)

The La Brea Tar Pits was the scene of a grisly re-enactment from its ancient past today -

The man actually walks over to the television set to get a closer look, turns up the volume.

216 ON THE TELEVISION SET

The tar pits can be seen bubbling, and there's the outline of an animal snarling and struggling at its edge.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

KTLA REPORTER

- paleontological workers arriving early this morning were greeted by a coyote, trapped in the tar pool's shoreline, and could not be approached until SPCA teams moved in and destroyed him. Only after he had been extricated from the tar pool was his predatory reason for being there uncovered - he had been tempted into the deadly mire by the body of Tyrone Otley, geologist, and part-time curator of the museum, who had been missing for some days. Like so many scenes from its ancient past, a predator had been drawn to its death by the misfortune of its prey. Mr. Otley's death was apparently accidental, according to -

During the above, Gittes has moved from behind the X-ray machine and picked up the lead pipe on the examining table. He moves up behind the wielder of the lead pipe, who had begun to chuckle at the news commentary.

GITTES

(softly)

You find it funny?

(the man turns in shock)

Laugh at this -

Gittes CRACKS the man across the jaw with the lead pipe. The man FALLS like lead out of FRAME. Gittes punches off the television set and turns to the open files. He moves in and picks up the ones that the man had fingered.

217 INSERT FILES PILED

They are tabbed "Berman, J." and are a series of X-rays, with accompanying notes in German. Gittes' hands remove the files and close the metal filing cabinet with a brisk snap.

CUT TO:

218 INT L.A. MUNICIPAL COURTROOM JUDGE ALEXANDER K. DETMER
is presiding.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

JUDGE DETMER

- the next case is number 1437, the People of the State of California vs Julius Berman. Counsel, please state your appearance for the record.

The District Attorney, a burly Irishman surrounded by assistants with Escobar and Loach behind him, rises:

HANNAH

Francis Hannah for the prosecution, your Honor.

An impeccable Cotton Weinberger rises with associate and a neatly groomed but pale Berman beside him.

COTTON

Morris Weinberger for the defendant who is present in court, your Honor.

Behind him, the woman in the pale suit trimmed with lavender can be seen to be Kitty. A few rows behind her, staring daggers and seated next to Rawley, Mrs. Rawley, and Chuck Newby is Lillian.

JUDGE DETMER

Mr. Berman you are in court because you have been charged with Section 187 of the State Penal Code: Murder. Counsel, do you waive the reading of the complaint and the statement of your Constitutional rights -

COTTON

Your Honor, if you please we're not ready to proceed.

There's a commotion at the rear of the courtroom.

219 GITTES

in fresh double-breasted suit and looking utterly unflappable enters and heads to the prosecution table. Escobar can hardly believe his eyes.

220 RAMSEY AND DUFFY

look up, surprised.

221 BERMAN AND WEINBERGER

look to Gittes, Berman staring coolly but intently.

222 KITTY

turns to see him.

223 RAWLEY LILLIAN NEWBY

look and there's a palpable buzz in the courtroom as everyone seems to notice Gittes at the prosecutor's table.

JUDGE DETMER
(glancing at prosecutor)
What's the problem, Mr. Weinberger?

COTTON
(glancing toward Gittes,
Escobar and Hannah in
heavy conference)
I'm afraid I have to..request a
continuance, your Honor. We have
not yet completed -
(he spots the wire
recording Gittes has
produced for Escobar)
- discovery.

Berman beside him grips the table.

HANNAH
(rising)
Your Honor, it has just come to my
attention that the evidence in
question, a wire recording made at
the Bird-of-Paradise Motel, has
been produced by Investigator
Gittes and is in the Courtroom.

COTTON
Your Honor, I still,require a
continuance. I have to be able to
hear the evidence, and question
witnesses before I'm ready to move
on this, simply because the
prosecution -

BERMAN
(grabbing Cotton's jacket,
quietly)
Cotton, you can't ask for a
continuance -

COTTON
(shocked)
I'm sorry Jake but -

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

JUDGE DETMER
Counsel, could you address the
court please?

COTTON
I'm sorry, your Honor. I said I
need a continuance.

BERMAN
(out loud)
I don't want a continuance -

Berman says this with some heat.

JUDGE DETMER
To whom do I respond, Mr.
Weinberger?

COTTON
(hesitating)
Mr. Berman.

JUDGE DETMER
Well, I understand your concern Mr.
Weinberger. But we do have the
evidence in court and I understand
it's -
(glancing at Hannah who
nods)
- critical. How about if I let it
in subject to a motion to strike,
after all this is an evidentiary
hearing.

COTTON
I'd have to object.

224 HANNAH WITH ESCOBAR AND GITTES

turns to both of them.

HANNAH
Look, I haven't heard this.
Exactly what's on it?

He looks to Escobar, then Gittes who has motioned Ramsey and
Duffy to him.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

GITTES

(quietly)

It's all you need.

(as Hannah rises,

whispering to Ramsey)

Tell Duffy to tell Liberty to stop
Cotton from objecting -

HANNAH

..if counsel cannot be satisfied
with that, your Honor, he can
certainly stipulate that the
recording be used for the limited
purposes of this hearing.

JUDGE DETMER

Certainly seems reasonable to me.
How about it, Mr. Weinberger -

COTTON

I'm sorry, your Honor -

There's a commotion behind him. Liberty has made his
presence known to Cotton's associate who goes to the
spectator railing, then reaches toward Cotton.

COTTON

One moment your Honor -

The associate has a quick colloquy with Cotton who looks
skeptical about what he hears, glances to Berman, then to
the prosecution and Gittes.

225 GITTES

gives an imperceptible nod.

226 COTTON

sighs.

COTTON

Very well, your Honor let it be so
stipulated.

There's an excited buzz rippling thru the courtroom as the
judge calls for the bailiff to thread up the recording.

227 INT COURTROOM (DAY) THE BAILIFF

is poised over the wire recorder. It's threaded up. The
judge's gavel can be heard. The courtroom quiets down.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

JUDGE DETMER

While it is the necessary nature of any evidentiary hearing to tolerate and even encourage some informality, I must remind everyone we are seeking strong suspicion that a capital crime has been committed. There can be no more serious matter before this court. Will the witnesses approach the bench, with opposing counsel?

Cotton, Hannah, Gittes, Ramsey, and Duffy approach.

JUDGE DETMER

Look, we're all a little new to this sort of evidence. If something isn't clear I want witnesses available to interpret as we go - bailiff, let's have a few extra chairs. All right, I must ask for complete silence in the courtroom.

The judge waits until everything quiets to a shuffle, a cough, or a scraping chair. He nods to the bailiff.

228 THE BAILIFF'S HAND

presses the START button, the red light GLOWS, the wire MOVES.

229 BERMAN

looks like he's holding his breath.

230 KITTY

is as still as a photograph.

231 GITTES

is quiet, calm, smiles blandly at Escobar.

232 THE COURTROOM CROWD

as an individual organism, seems to lean forward toward the recording:

233 FROM THE WIRE RECORDING

there is the overlapped SOUND of a door being rudely banged OPEN, then the gaggle of voices:

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

BODINE'S VOICE

'- what the hell's going on -'

DUFFY'S VOICE

'- relax, this is your life -'

The ripple of laughter from the court. The judge looks furious.

KITTY'S VOICE

'- oh, no Jake -'

BERMAN'S VOICE

'- oh no, oh no, Kitty how could you? Here I thought you were going to Murietta Hot Springs this afternoon and now I find you just where they said I'd find you, in room 19H of the Bird-of-Paradise Motel in Redondo Beach, oh my God this is terrible! Not with him! not him! I think I'm going blind, where am I? there's a flash going off somewhere -'

There's confusion, commotion on the wire, with screams and shouts, and Kitty crying out.

BODINE'S VOICE

'Oh no, you're not, Jake! I'm gonna --et you!'

There's the first GUNSHOT, then more yelling and screaming - and suddenly a loud BLEEP and static.

LILLIAN

(audibly)

That's not it!

It can be seen that Rawley or someone has stopped her from making further comment. The courtroom is abuzz. The judge is pounding his gavel.

JUDGE DETMER

That's it, Mr. Gittes?

GITTES

Yes, your Honor.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE DETMER

Was that Mr. Bodine's voice at the end, saying 'oh no, you're not, Jake! I'm gonna -' something or other?

GITTES

Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE DETMER

To what was he referring, 'oh no, you're not -'

GITTES

Having photos of himself taken by my associate -

JUDGE DETMER

And the 'I'm gonna -' something or other -

GITTES

Your Honor, that's when I believe Mr. Bodine drew his gun to stop us -

There's a monumental gasp from the courtroom. Lillian can be heard hissing, "NOOO," a no that is pinched short.

ESCOBAR

What're you talking about? You weren't in the room!

JUDGE DETMER

Pardon me, were you in the room, Captain Escobar?

ESCOBAR

Well no, your Honor but -

JUDGE DETMER

Then how do you know if he was in the room or not?

ESCOBAR

Because he said -

GITTES

Lou, I said I wasn't sure where I was once the gun went off, were you Ramsey?

RAMSEY

Well I was under the bed.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED: (3)

DUFFY

I was trying to protect Mrs. Berman
- actually I thought Berman did
have the gun first -

ESCOBAR

That's right!

DUFFY

- but I have no idea where he got
it..

There's a titter in the courtroom.

JUDGE DETMER

Captain Escobar how can you keep
interpreting the conflicting
testimony of two eyewitnesses when
you weren't anywhere around? To
whom was the gun registered?

An embarrassed silence. Hannah checks his record.

HANNAH

(quietly)

- to uhh, the deceased, Mr. Mark
Bodine.

Now there's a growing murmur in the courtroom that threatens
to become an uproar. Escobar is talking to Hannah at ninety
miles an hour.

234 BERMAN DOESN'T MOVE A MUSCLE

but there's a quiet question in his look to Gittes. Cotton
and his associate are in wildly enthusiastic colloquy.

235 GITTES

stares blandly back.

236 KITTY'S EYES

are growing moist.

237 RAWLEY

tries to calm Lillian who looks like she's having a lower
back spasm or a bladder problem.

238 HANNAH

suddenly turns on Gittes.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

HANNAH

Isn't it a fact, Mr. Gittes that you are out on bail, having been arrested at the Morning Glory Bar and Grill?

GITTES

So what?

COTTON

Objection! the prosecution's trying to impeach its own witness.

The judge looks to the prosecutor.

HANNAH

Exception, your Honor. This falls within the doctrine of surprise -

COTTON

Wait a minute! the witness has been charged, not convicted -

JUDGE DETMER

What's the charge?

There's a hurried colloquy with Escobar and Hannah.

HANNAH

(clearing his throat)
- the charge?

JUDGE DETMER

Yes the charge..

HANNAH

(is shaking his head, not happy)
- that uhh, Mr. Gittes was fondling the uhh, private parts of a vice officer in the men's room of the Morning Glory Bar and Grill for uhh -

He must ask Escobar. A whispered exchange.

HANNAH

- forty-five seconds.

239 BERMAN

has a hard time trying to remain serious.

240 KITTY

suppresses a smile.

JUDGE DETMER

- very well.

COTTON

Objection -

JUDGE DETMER

I'm with you, Mr. Weinberger - what does that have to do with Mr. Gittes' credibility in this matter?

HANNAH

(a little lamely)

Well - he's a friend of Mr. Berman - a very good friend of Mr. Berman-

Berman shakes his head in disbelief.

JUDGE DETMER

(no longer amused)

But it was a vice officer in the men's room, not Mr. Berman is that not the case?

HANNAH

..yes your Honor.

Detmer has been toying with his gavel, turning it over and over, stroking it.

JUDGE DETMER

For how long did you say?

HANNAH

How long?

JUDGE DETMER

How long did Mr. Gittes allegedly engage in this activity?

HANNAH

- forty-five seconds.

JUDGE DETMER

Let's see now, we've been talking about the matter for seventeen seconds, Mr. Hannah -
(more)

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED:

JUDGE DETMER (Cont'd)

(Detmer continues to stroke
the gavel handle)

- now aside from the fact that the wire recording evidence and the eyewitnesses present conflicting theories, one leading toward homicide possibly, and the other toward self-defense definitely, aside from the fact that the defendant did find his own wife in the arms of the deceased under conditions emotionally trying to any man at the very least -
(still stroking his gavel,
he glances at his watch)
- we are now going over thirty seconds, Mr. Hannah -

The courtroom ripple of laughter begins to grow and Detmer goes on:

JUDGE DETMER

- I can hardly be expected to find a strong suspicion of anything here
- that's thirty-five seconds, except that Captain Escobar's vice officer must have found the experience highly enjoyable!

An uproar. Detmer bangs the gavel.

DETMER

(furious, to prosecutor)
I don't know what you thought you could do in my courtroom with this kind of evidence, I couldn't indict Mr. Berman on a traffic ticket without being overturned. Case dismissed!

241 UPROAR. SHOUTING, AND THREATS FROM ALL OVER THE COURTROOM.

Kitty and Berman both look to Gittes, Kitty not comprehending, Berman with tears standing in his eyes. Escobar's grabbed Gittes by the lapel. Gittes tries to work his way thru the crowd, bumps into Rawley:

GITTES

No Christmas tree stocking?

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

RAWLEY

I'm sure we'll think of something
for you -

GITTES

Before you do, your directional
drilling engineer is about to be
charged with stealing a Johnny-on-
the-Spot Motel Supply truck. See
that he pleads guilty - or you'll
end up choking with Otley around
your neck. None of these people
come back here again, understand?

(Rawley says nothing,

Gittes to Newby)

Does he understand, or do I talk
louder?

NEWBY

(calmly)

He understands.

242 INT MORNING GLORY BAR & GRILL (EARLY EVE)

A cocktail band is playing. Gittes questions the maitre d',
then follows him.

243 KITTY BERMAN

still in her pale suit trimmed with lavender is seated alone
in a corner of the dance floor. She looks up when she sees
Gittes, smiles.

KITTY

Thanks for coming..

Gittes orders a Johnny Walker Black as he's seated.

KITTY

Hungry?

(Gittes shakes his head)

- sure?

GITTES

I have a dinner date, thanks.

KITTY

Oh, I'm sorry -

GITTES

It's here actually - what can I do
for you?

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

Kitty has been, characteristically, looking at him with a sidelong glance.

KITTY

I saw you risk perjury, contempt of court...why?

GITTES

(his drink comes and he swigs at least half of it down)

- look, your husband's a miserable son of a bitch and a pain in the ass, but..compared to some of the others in the courtroom, he's not so bad.

KITTY

(really surprised)
- who in the courtroom?

Gittes finishes the drink in another gulp, motions to the waiter.

GITTES

I better talk to your husband first
- for legal reasons, oh my God,
Linda - here's somebody I really
want you to meet -

Gittes has spotted a breathtaking young woman hovering over the table just behind Kitty and is clearly frazzled by her presence.

LINDA

(glacial and elegant,
doesn't move a muscle)
Please don't bother. I can see
you're hard at work. Don't stop
for introductions don't stop for a
thing. I simply wish to say I
never want to see or hear from you
again.

At which point she carefully twists off her engagement ring and drops it in his scotch and soda, where it fizzes. She turns on her heel and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED: (2)

KITTY

(after an edgy moment,
nervously)

God I'm sorry, we weren't doing a
thing, I mean I was just sitting
here, don't look at me like that -

GITTES

(wearily)

I wasn't looking at you, Mrs.
Berman. I was looking for the
waiter. I want another drink.

(to waiter)

- Johnny Walker, Black, a double -
swiftly please -

The waiter starts to take the nearly empty drink. Gittes
stops him. He fishes out the engagement ring while Kitty
watches. The waiter returns immediately, with a fresh
drink. Gittes takes another hefty slug.

KITTY

(almost timidly)

You're doing that on an empty
stomach.

GITTES

I'm banking on it.

KITTY

(really upset)

But this was perfectly innocent!

Gittes is now incipiently oiled.

GITTES

Bullshit. Linda's absolutely
right.

KITTY

What are you talking about?

GITTES

(leaning into her, hell
bent on explaining)

My business is so rotten, when I'm
working, I'm cheating!..

When he leans back, the tiny pendant Kitty's wearing around
her neck has caught on his lapel.

GITTES

- sorry.

As he extricates himself, he looks at it:

244 INSERT - A FLOWER OF DIAMONDS AND CORNFLOWER SAPPHIRES
petals white, fringed with the nearly lavender sapphires.

245 GITTES

takes in her lavender and white dress as well. Carefully casual, he refers to the pendant:

GITTES

- nice...

KITTY

- from Jake -
(looking to Gittes)
- he had it specially made...

She looks back down at the pendant, momentarily lost. Then, amused:

KITTY

He couldn't begin to afford it, he was just out of the service but in those days when Jake thought something would please me, bubble gum, a box of Cracker Jacks, it didn't matter what...

GITTES

(watching her carefully)
What was he in - the Army?

KITTY

(looks up slowly, then she's abrupt:)
No, the Marines. Why do you want to know?

GITTES

(thrown)
Look - some people bite their nails. I ask questions.

KITTY

You mean it's just a nervous habit.

Kitty will not take her eyes off Gittes. Gittes finally clears his throat, takes a drink, puts down the glass. Finds he's still facing her relentless gaze.

GITTES

(lamely)
- a flower..

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

KITTY

(unblinking, meaning yes:)
Uh-huhh-

GITTES

What kind? I admit it, I'm
hopeless.

Kitty smiles in spite of herself.

KITTY

A poppy, just a regular, run-of-
the-mill California cup of gold.

Gittes looks at it more closely.

GITTES

It's not gold.

KITTY

I changed the color.

Gittes stares at her by way of reply.

KITTY

- I mean on real poppies. I'm not
lying, all you have to do is scorch
the seeds and -

GITTES

- I believe you. It's the music -
(the band has begun to play
"The Way You Look
Tonight")
- I kinda like that number.

KITTY

- oh.
(then, brightening:)
So do I.

They look at one another a moment, then rise together.
Gittes leads her out onto the dance floor, and they glide to
the waltz-like rhythms, with a necktie tenor coming in,
"someday, when my life is thru, when I'm old and blue, I'll
remember you, and the way you look tonight..." Gittes holds
her carefully in his arms, and she rests her head on his
shoulder, looking for the moment like she hasn't a care in
the world.

DISSOLVE:

246 EXT SAN FERNANDO SUBDIVISION - MODEL HOMES (DAY)

The street of the model homes is very quiet, almost void of traffic. Berman's Cad convertible, looking a little dusty, is parked in the Sales Office driveway.

Gittes pulls into SHOT, jumps out of his car and heads up the driveway.

247 INT MODEL HOME - SALES OFFICE

Berman, looking haggard is nevertheless in the middle of a sales pitch to a young couple, the woman having to devote a little attention to a coughing baby in a carriage. Liberty's behind the desk. He clears his throat. Berman turns and spots Gittes.

BERMAN

Excuse me, folks -

He comes over to Gittes. The two men look quietly at one another. Berman manages a sad little smile of bravado.

BERMAN

What's new?

Gittes taps the envelopes he's carrying. One is large and manila, the other much smaller.

BERMAN

(turning to Liberty)

We're going into the model. Keep customers out for a while, would you?

Berman moves thru the garage door, leading to the model kitchen, and once again, Gittes follows.

248 INT MODEL HOME - KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM

Berman walks thru the kitchen to a naked little cubicle with asphalt tile on the floor and an accordion-like partition, marked "FAMILY ROOM." Berman looks a little lost. A stray couple wanders down the hall.

BERMAN

Folks, we're closing up for a bit -

Berman shows them out the front door and locks it. He and Gittes walk along the squeaking plastic runners over the model home carpet to the living room, sitting on lush furniture with "NOT INCLUDED" signs posted all around. Berman sits on a Barker Bros.-type sofa, looks around.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

BERMAN

Believe it or not, I thought I was doing something here - giving G.I.s and couples their first home..so what if they're under 1200 feet? I'll tell you this - they're the only tract homes in the valley, G.I. or not, with lath and plaster and hardwood floors.

GITTES

Is that right?

BERMAN

Fucken A - they're built to last for a while anyway..there was a time a few years ago when I got out of the service, and Kitty and I had a cash problem - for us to own our own home, it was a dream, a fucken dream...

249 THE ROOM SHAKES. A LITTLE NOT INCLUDED SIGN FALLS OFF THE FIREPLACE MANTLE.

BERMAN

More fucken earthquakes lately.

GITTES

(gently)
'Tremblers?'

BERMAN

(waves his hand, 'don't remind me')
Oh shit..so why did you do it? decided you'd shake me down after all?

GITTES

Yeah sure. I also know why you did it.

BERMAN

(sits up)
You sure about that?

GITTES

I'm sure..

250 THERE'S ANOTHER TEBLOR, A MORE SIZABLE ONE THIS TIME.

The fireplace poker and brush fall from their stand into the fireplace screen, knocking over more "NOT INCLUDED" signs.

251 GITTES HAS OPENED THE ENVELOPE AND REMOVED THE FILE

he'd taken from the Santa Monica Canyon home, pulls out the series of X-rays tagged with Berman's name.

BERMAN

I figured you got hold of them -

GITTES

- Mark Bodine have any idea how sick you were?

BERMAN

None. I wasn't sure myself, 'til day before yesterday. Elsa - she's the doctor - told me the radium implants weren't working. Vai is mir. Months of aggravation with my skin itching and breaking out, and trying to keep it from Kitty - and I'm still riddled with this drek.

Gittes nods.

GITTES

So the only thing Bodine black-mailed you over was Katherine Mulwray?

Berman looks at him.

GITTES

How'd he figure out who your wife was?

BERMAN

For some reason he was checking out the mineral rights on the land, found the quit claim to Mickey and got hold of the notary public. He threatened to expose her if I didn't dump the subdivision in his lap - knowing that vantz, I figured he'd do it after I was dead anyway.

Gittes nods.

GITTES

Oh, he was in it for a lot more than that.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

Berman doesn't seem to have heard Gittes. There's another tremor. Berman shakes his head, looks to Gittes:

BERMAN

How much do you want for those?

Gittes tosses them into Berman's lap.

GITTES

Don't ask me how much I want for anything again.

BERMAN

- I'm sorry...

(Berman's lips start to quiver)

- fucken earthquake's got me shaking..Kitty tell you who she was?

Gittes shakes his head.

BERMAN

How'd you find out?

GITTES

Does it matter? And as far as it goes, I've never called her anything but Mrs. Berman.

Berman nods.

BERMAN

She couldn't tell you, Jake. She didn't know what I was doing. She didn't know I was sick, but in any case she's my wife. The law protects her. The minute you knew who she was, you were involved in a murder conspiracy. I swore to her I wouldn't let that happen.

Gittes tries to smile, but is emotional himself.

GITTES

You cocksucker.

BERMAN

(smiles)

Good tho.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

You took a hell of a chance hiring me...

BERMAN

Nothing like the chance Bodine would talk about Kitty - besides, there was something else..

GITTES

What's that?

BERMAN

(dead straight)

He was fucking my wife..

252 He smiles grimly. There is a HUGE TEMBLOR, then a SERIES of them. Berman is knocked off the couch. Furniture falls, picture frames crash, bric-a-brac decorations break.

GITTES

Jesus Christ, it's like an artillery barrage.

There's a frantic pounding on the garage door. Berman rushes to open it.

253 INT MODEL HOME - SALES OFFICE LIBERTY

is breathing hard. The sales office is a shambles.

LIBERTY

The plumbing -

BERMAN

So what?

LIBERTY

Cesspools are breaking all over the subdivision, everybody's going crazy, sewage is pouring out of the toilets..

Berman looks uncomprehending. Gittes is behind him.

BERMAN

Oh come on..

Berman heads down the model home to one of the bathrooms, Gittes behind him.

254 INT MODEL HOME BATHROOM - THE SINK AND SHOWER ARE GURGLING

.Berman lifts up the toilet seat.

255 THE BOWL

is filling with swirling, inky fluid.

BERMAN

Jesus, they're right. There's shit everywhere..

Gittes looks.

GITTES

That's expensive shit.

BERMAN

You're telling me. I'm gonna have more lawsuits than Carter has pills.

GITTES

That's oil! that's what Bodine and Rawley were after, they've been drilling under your subdivision to reach it.

Berman is astonished.

BERMAN

My oil?

256 THE SHOWER HEAD

bursts off its stalk and hits the bathroom mirror, SPLINTERING IT, cutting Berman's face. Oil starts pouring from the shower. The faucets in the sink start to hum. Berman stares at them, fascinated. The HUM grows. Gittes suddenly GRABS Berman and knocks him to the bathroom floor. The faucet handles and spigot go flying and CRASH into the bathroom tile cracking it. There is a low ROAR coming from the ground below him, then the hissing of gas.

GITTES

(shouting)

It won't be yours for long unless you get out of here!

BERMAN

Then it's my wife's oil - she'll be rich..

GITTES

Come on, Jake!

BERMAN

I'm gonna stick around and have a smoke..

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED:

Gittes looks at Berman not comprehending.

BERMAN

Face it, would you want an autopsy if you were me? that wouldn't be so good for Kitty, would it?..got a lighter?..

Gittes fishes into his pocket, pulls out the Rawley Petroleum Ronson, hands it to Berman.

BERMAN

Now get outta here.

257 EXT MODEL HOME DRIVEWAY GITTES AND LIBERTY

dash to Gittes' car. The model home can be seen rumbling on its foundations. Windows are breaking from some of the fixtures that are tearing lose.

258 EXT SUBDIVISION ROAD GITTES IN HIS CAR WITH LIBERTY

drives to the top of the road, looks back toward the subdivision:

259 EXT MODEL HOME AND SALES OFFICE (POV)

It EXPLODES in a fiery ball, consuming the celadon Caddy convertible, leaving the cloth top burning to the metal struts, the model home a charred foundation, with bits of electric wiring and plumbing all that remains.

260 EXT SUBDIVISION ROAD GITTES AND LIBERTY

look to one another. In a moment there's a further rumbling. The two men look from the subdivision down toward the ocean.

261 EXT SCARP (POV)

Two PUFFS of dirt can be seen on the SCARP separating the subdivision and the Rawley Petroleum drill site. Then in a moment, a faint burst of flame can be seen from the ocean, not much more than the head of a sulphur match.

262 EXT OIL WELL IN THE SEA EXPLODING (CLOSE)

in a fiery tower of flame, crashing toward the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

263 INSERT L.A. TIMES NEWSPAPER PHOTO AND HEADLINE OF OIL WELL

with the banner: EARTHQUAKE AT SAN FERNANDO SUBDIVISION
BLOWS PROPOSITION FOUR OUT OF WATER

264 INT BERMAN HOUSE - DEN (DAY) A WEBCOR WIRE RECORDER
is placed over the newspaper headline which rests on a desk-
top.

265 KITTY BERMAN

turns from the window of the Berman den, which overlooks the
orchard and avocado trees on the sloping hill below.

266 GITTES

finishes threading up the machine.

GITTES

(to Kitty)

Just press the Start button.
That's all there is -

KITTY

(not moving from window)

Would you do it? I think he wanted
you to hear too.

Gittes nods, presses the START. Kitty turns back to the
window, her head bowed. Gittes watches her.

267 THE WEBCOR WIRE

turns.

BERMAN'S VOICE

...Kitty - I can't face you with
this..I guess from the day we met,
all I ever really wanted was - to
know I could - take care of you and
that you'd..think well of me and
love me..so, naturally I haven't
liked being reminded I can't take
care of you and protect you much
longer. You remind me about that
more than anybody. You can't help
it. All you have to do is walk
into the room or look like you need
help opening a can of soup or
buttoning the back of your
dress..if I hurt you, honey, try
and forgive me - it's been rough
lately knowing I wouldn't be able
to keep anybody else from hurting
you..but I will say this - I'm not
the only Jake in your life..that
son of a gun's actually been fun
from time to time..I love you,
Kitty...

(CONTINUED)

267 CONTINUED:

The machine continues to turn, but the wire is blank. Gittes presses the STOP button.

268 KITTY BY THE WINDOW *

is hugging herself, trying to hold onto something. Gittes approaches her gingerly. Kitty senses it, straightens but doesn't turn to face him.

KITTY

Jake..didn't have a greedy bone in his body, really..he was just a dreamer.

GITTES

- don't greedy men dream too?

KITTY

- sure, but it's always about the same thing: more. For more you multiply. It doesn't take a dream to do that, or a dreamer.

(looking down the hill)

L.A. wasn't the place for Jake.

Kitty turns and looks to Gittes for the first time. Tears have dried on her cheeks, but her eyes are brimming and shiny nevertheless. She smiles and shakes her head.

269 EXT BERMAN HOUSE DRIVEWAY KITTY WALKS SIDE BY SIDE *

with Gittes across the crunchy gravel to his car. She's changed her clothes and she's pale, almost convalescent. When they reach the car she glances at him.

KITTY

Where are you going?

GITTES

- this weekend? oh, the Springs, play a little golf, get a little sun. You?

KITTY

Some place where I can bundle up.

GITTES

Why?

KITTY

I don't know, maybe it has to do with something Jake said to me once.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED:

KITTY (Cont'd)

He was trying to get me to go out with him, you know, telling me how different he was from all the other guys..

GITTES

(waiting for more, then:)
That's what he said? 'I'm different from the other guys'?.. what'd you say?

After a long moment of recall she looks directly at him.

KITTY

'That's impossible. All men are fools or knaves' - something like that..

GITTES

Then what?

KITTY

He disagreed. He said, 'there's only one kind of man but two kinds of fools,' naturally I said what's the difference? he said 'it depends on weather.'

GITTES

' - on weather?'

KITTY

On whether you meet 'em in New York or in L.A., and then he said, 'let me finish before you slug me..in L.A. it's always sunny, so the fools wear polo shirts and walk around swinging tennis rackets. You can spot 'em on the beach a mile off, really - '

(breaks off, clasps her shirt collar, which is Berman's shirt, then:)

' - but back East they come out of a blizzard all wrapped up in fur-lined flannels and it's only when they get in front of the fire, take off their coats and drop their pants, that you can see you've got yourself another fool..'

She smiles, holding onto her collar and the recall.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED: (2)

KITTY

(softly)

- and I said, 'you've got yourself a date.'

GITTES

..so now you want to be some place where it's colder.

Tears stand in her eyes.

KITTY

- he was a summer fool - like you, Jake...

GITTES

- when'll you come back?

KITTY

(glancing about)

Oh...first snow on the ground.

Gittes laughs.

GITTES

You know the last time it snowed in L.A.?

KITTY

No, do you?

GITTES

The next time will probably be the first time..

KITTY

(nods, then:)

Well, it would be nice.

Gittes' face falls. Then his voice and manner brighten.

GITTES

Tell you what. It's almost Thanksgiving. I'll see if I can't arrange something by the first of the year.

He winks and gives her a quick kiss on the cheek, gets in his car and drives off. Kitty watches him go. A little dust rises from the gravel and

DISSOLVE TO:

270 SNOW FALLING

over a still photo of the LOS ANGELES TIMES and its huge headline:

WIND-DRIVEN SNOW, HAIL, SLEET
INVADE SOUTHLAND IN JANUARY STORM

271 The headline DISSOLVES into the streets of L.A. from Cahuenga to La Brea, from Mulholland to City Hall, filled with falling snow, and occasional pedestrians filled with joy at finding themselves in it, and occasionally finding each other.

THE END