A sweet, young woman’s voice narrates.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
She came along the alley and up the back stairs the way she always used to. Doc hadn’t seen her for over a year. Nobody had. Back then it was always sandals, bottom half of a flower print bikini, faded Country Joe & the Fish T-shirt. Tonight, she was all in flatland gear, hair a lot shorter than he remembered, looking just like she swore she’d never look...

FADE IN:

INT. DOC’S APARTMENT (GORDITA BEACH) - DUSK (1970)

DOC SPORTELLO sits half awake on his couch. He looks up, notices someone standing at his door: SHASTA FAY HEPWORTH (20s).

DOC
Is that you, Shasta?

SHASTA
Think you’re hallucinating...?

DOC
No... just the new package, I guess...

SHASTA
... I need your help, Doc.

DOC
Come in. (... you know I have an office now and everything? Just like a day job.)

She walks in, Doc gets a slow rising BONER in his pants... casually tries to cover it up.

SHASTA
I looked in the phone book and almost went over there, but then I thought better for everyone if this looked like a secret rendezvous.

DOC
Somebody keeping a close eye?
SHASTA
... I just spent an hour on
surface streets trying to make it
look good.

DOC
How about a beer?

Doc moves to the fridge, Shasta looks around, they sit
down at the kitchen table:

SHASTA
So there’s this guy...

DOC
Gentlemen of the straightworld
persuasion?

SHASTA
Okay, Doc. He’s married.

DOC
And the wife -- she knows about
you?

SHASTA
But she’s seeing somebody, too.
Only it’s not just the usual -- I
think they’re working on some
creepy little scheme.

DOC
To make off with the hubby’s
fortune? I think I’ve heard this
one once or twice...

SHASTA
They want me in on it... they
think I’m the one who can reach
him when he’s vulnerable, or as
much as he ever gets.

DOC
Bare-ass and asleep?

SHASTA
I knew you’d understand.

DOC
Are you still trying to figure out
if it’s right or wrong?

SHASTA
Worse than that. How much loyalty
I owe him.
DOC
I hope you’re not asking me. Beyond the usual boilerplate, people owe anybody they’re fucking steady...?

SHASTA
Dear Abby said the same thing.

DOC
Emotions aside, let’s look at the money. How much of the rent’s he been picking up?

SHASTA
All of it.

DOC
Pretty hefty?

SHASTA
For Hancock Park.

DOC
You’re giving him IOUs for everything, of course...

SHASTA
You fucker, if I’d known you were still this bitter I wouldn’t have come --

DOC
Me? I’m just trying to be professional. How much are the wifey and boyfriend offering to cut you in for...?

BEAT...

DOC
So, this... this isn’t just a couple of X-rated Polaroids, then. Dope planted in the glove compartment, nothin’ like that.

SHASTA
It isn’t what you’re thinking, Doc.

DOC
Don’t worry, thinking comes later, what else?

SHASTA
I’m not sure, but it sounds like they want to commit him to some kind of loony bin.
DOC
You mean legally? Or a snatch of some kind?

SHASTA
Nobody’s telling me, Doc, I’m just the bait...

CLOSEUP - SHASTA’S FACE
Looking at Doc.

ANOTHER ANGLE
He looks at her. Can’t read her face.

DOC
Are you still taking those acting classes?

SHASTA
Thing is: I heard you’re seeing somebody downtown.

DOC

SHASTA
Also some kind of junior D.A.?

DOC
You think somebody there could stop this before it happens?

SHASTA
There’s not too many places I could go with this, Doc.

DOC
Okay, I’ll talk to Penny, see what we can see. So your happy couple. Do they have a names?

SHASTA
It’s Mickey Wolfmann.

DOC
Mickey Wolfmann who’s always in the paper? The real estate big shot?

SHASTA
You can’t tell anybody about this, Doc.
DOC
I won’t. Deaf and dumb. That’s part of my job. You have any phone numbers you wanna share?

She gets a pencil, writes a number down, he watches her...

SHASTA
Try to never use it.

DOC
How do I reach you?

SHASTA
You don’t. I moved out of my old place. Staying where I can anymore...

DOC
You could stay here...

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DOC’S - STREET - EVENING

He walks her down to her car, ‘59 CADILLAC EL DORADO BIARITZZ --

SHASTA
Don’t come any further, somebody might be watching by now.

DOC
Well, call me or something...

SHASTA
You never did let me down, Doc.

DOC
Don’t worry, I’ll...

SHASTA
No, I mean really ever.

DOC
Oh, sure I did.

SHASTA
No... you were always true...

She backs away, gets in the CADILLAC and drives off into the night. MUSIC STARTS. He watches her go... HOLD WITH DOC. DENIS (rhymes with penis) walks up, says hi, they walk up towards town, away from the beach...

DOC
Hey, Denis, you hungry?
DENIS
Like Godzilla sez to Mothra, man, ‘let’s go eat someplace.’

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
When Doc came in that night, it wasn’t just the usual hungry-doper thing -- it was something else -- and with Neptune moving at last out of the Scorpio death-trip and rising into the Sagitarrian light of the higher mind -- it was bound to be something love-related and I thought I knew what it was...

CUT TO:

INT. PIPELINE PIZZA - NIGHT
DOC and DENIS and a bunch of locals, eating pizza. Sitting here are some SURFERS, a friend named ENSENADA SLIM and a lovely young girl, our narrator: SORTILEGE (20s); she speaks in the flesh...

SORTILEGE
Was that Shasta’s car I saw down the drive?

DOC
She stuck her head in for a couple minutes...

SORTILEGE
Are you broken up?

DOC
Kind of weird seeing her again. Figured next time I did it’d be on the tube not in person...

SORTILEGE looks at DOC with sweetness, then at HIS HAIR:

SORTILEGE
Better do something about that.

DOC
Again?

SORTILEGE
I can’t say it enough -- change your hair, change your life.

DOC
What do you recommend?

SORTILEGE
That’s up to you. Follow your intuition.
CUT TO:

INT. DOC’S APARTMENT

He sits on his couch. THE MUSIC PLAYS. He’s on the phone, it’s ringing to no answer. His hair is rolled into plantation-style knots. He’s rolling a joint.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
There was an ancient superstition at the beach, something like the surfer belief that burning your board will bring awesome waves, and it went like this: Take a Zig-Zag paper and write your dearest wish, and then use it to roll a joint of the best dope you can find and smoke it all up, and your wish would be granted. Doc’s wish was simple... (just that Shasta Fay be safe...)

He writes on the rolling papers a small note in pencil: “To Shasta’s Safety. With Love, Doc.” Smokes it and calls his AUNT REET (50s) who lives down the street --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AUNT REET’S HOUSE

She’s applying ten tons of various makeups, spraying some on, applying with ten gallon brushes and dipping her face into other paints.

AUNT REET
Make it quick, Larry, I’ve got a live one tonight and a quarter ton of makeup to put on yet --

DOC
Okay. Mickey Wolfmann, what can you tell me?

AUNT REET
Powerhouse in L.A. real estate from the desert to the sea -- Technically Jewish but wants to be a Nazi -- what’s he to you?

DOC
Shasta... she came around... told me about a possible plot to snatch up Wolfmann by his wife and her boyfriend.
AUNT REET
And what is Shasta’s role in all this?

DOC
Like how passionately does she feel about her flame Mickey? I didn’t ask. ‘I love him’ is probably the answer, what else?

AUNT REET
Is she paying you?

DOC
Mmm...

AUNT REET
Pause. Silence. Big surprise. Listen, if Shasta can’t pay you, maybe that means Mickey dumped her and she’s blaming the wife and wants revenge.

DOC
Possible. But say I just wanted to hang out and rap with this Wolfmann?

AUNT REET
I wouldn’t recommend your usual approach, he goes around with a dozen bikers, mostly Aryan Brotherhood alumni -- all court certified bad-asses.

DOC
Wait, wait, wait, I flunked social studies: Jews and Aryan Brotherhood. Isn’t there something about hatred?

AUNT REET
Mickey’s eccentric. More and more lately. I would say stoned out of his fuckin’ mind, since he discovered drugs, no offense to you, Doc.

DOC
So where would I find him accidentally?

AUNT REET
I promised my little sister that I’d never put her baby in the way of danger.
I’m cool with the Brotherhood, Aunt Reet, I know their secret handshake and everything.

AUNT REET
It’s your ass -- try the Channel View Estates, his latest insult to the environment.

Channel View Estates. The one Bigfoot Bjornsen does the commercials for?

That’s the one. Maybe your old cop buddy’s the one who should be taking care of your case.

I did think of going to Bigfoot but just as I reached for the phone, history and all, I thought, ‘naaahhhhh.’

Maybe you’re better off with the Nazis. Call your mother once in a while so she knows you’re alive...

Doc gets up and walks to the TV, switches the channel, finds:

The commercial for “Channel View Estates” comes on after a bad horror movie: It has LT. BIGFOOT BJORNSEN dressed as a “hippie.” He’s wearing an ankle-length velvet cape in paisley, love beads, shades with peace symbols and an Afro wig. He’s like Cal Worthington, except for live animals, he has a pack of SCREAMING KIDS that do cannonballs in the pool of a MODEL HOME that Bigfoot’s showing off and listing details and financing options, etc... Bigfoot turns to the CAMERA:

BIGFOOT (V.O.)
Those li’l kids, wow, they’re really something, huh!

Doc looks confused. Bigfoot, ON SCREEN seems to be looking STRAIGHT AT DOC... and DOC looks back... HOLD THEIR LOOK AT EACH OTHER.
So what's all this now...
Fucking Bigfoot. Well, wouldn't you know. Why does the LAPD need SAG cards?

AUNT REET
I have major liquid liner issues to deal with here, Larry -- I'm getting off now --

She hangs up. DOC doesn't notice and keeps talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. LSD INVESTIGATIONS - DOC'S OFFICE - DAY

Doc comes into the office, greets PETUNIA...

PETUNIA
Morning, Doc. What's on your head?

DOC
Howdy, Petunia. Still married to what's his name?

PETUNIA
Oh, Doc. You've got somebody waiting for you...

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

A large, imposing black man: TARIQ KHALIL (30s, Black Panther style) is waiting for him:

TARIQ
Doctor Sportello?

DOC
That's right...

TARIQ
Tariq Kahlil.

Doc collects himself, note pad, etc...

DOC
Okay -- so how can I help you?

TARIQ
There's this white guy I was in the joint with. Aryan Brotherhood. We did some business, now we're both out. And he still owes me.

(MORE)
TARIQ (CONT'D)
It's a lot of money. I can't give you details. I swore an oath I wouldn't tell.

DOC
How about just his name?

TARIQ
Glen Charlock.

DOC
You know where he's staying now?

TARIQ
Only who he works for. He's a bodyguard for a builder named Wolfmann.

MOMENT. Doc writes: paranoia alert.

DOC
If you don't mind my asking, Mr. Kahlil, how did you hear about me?

TARIQ
Sledge Poteet.

DOC
Wow. Blast from the past.

TARIQ
Said you helped him out of a situation back in '67.

DOC
First time I ever got shot at. You guys know each other from the place?

TARIQ
That's right -- they were teachin' us both how to cook.

DOC
I remember him when he couldn't boil water. So if you don't mind an obvious question: You know where this Glen Charlock works now, why not just go over there, look him up directly?

TARIQ
Because Wolfmann is surrounded day and night with the Aryan Brotherhood Army and outside of Glen, I've never enjoyed the company of Nazis.
DOC
So send some white guy in to get his head hammered.

TARIQ
More or less.

DOC
When you were inside, were you in a gang?

TARIQ
Black Guerrilla Family.

DOC
And you say you did business with the who now, the Aryan Brotherhood? Can you explain that to me...

TARIQ
We found we shared many of the same opinions about the U.S. government.

DOC
Alright, that racial harmony. I can dig it. There something else?

TARIQ
My old street gang. Artesia Crips. When I got out of Chino I went looking for some of them and found it ain't just them gone, but the whole turf itself.

DOC
What do you mean ‘gone’?

TARIQ
Not there. Grind up in little pieces. Seagulls all pickin’ at it. Figure I must be trippin’, drive around for a while, come back, everything's still gone.

DOC
Uh-huh.

TARIQ
Nobody and nothing. A ghost town except for this big sign, ‘Coming Soon On This Site.’ Guess who the builder is...?

DOC
Wolfmann again.
TARIQ
That's it.

DOC
Can you show me on the map?

They look at map.

DOC
So you're, like, what again, Japanese?

TARIQ
How long you been doin' this?

DOC
Looks closer to Gardena than Compton is all I'm sayin'.

TARIQ
WW Two. Before the war, a lot of South Central was still a Japanese neighborhood. Those people got sent to camps, we come on in to be the new Japs.

DOC
And now it's your turn to get moved along.

TARIQ
More white man's revenge. Freeway up by the airport wasn't enough.

DOC
Revenge for...?

TARIQ
Watts.

DOC
The riots?

TARIQ
Some of us say, 'insurrection.' The Man, he just waits for his moment...

BEAT.

DOC
If I can get ahold of your prison buddy, this Glen Charlock, will he honor his debt to you?

TARIQ
I can't tell you what it is. I swore an oath...
No need.

And I can't give you nothin' up front.

Groovy with that.

Sledge was right: You are one crazy white motherfucker.

How can you tell?

I counted.

Lemme look around -- I'll see what I see. Alright?

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S CAR

DRIVING TO CHANNEL VIEW ESTATES.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
Long, sad history of L.A. land use -- Mexican families bounced out of Chavez Ravine to build Dodger Stadium, American Indians swept out of Bunker Hill for the Music Center and now Tariq's neighborhood bulldozed aside for Channel View Estates...

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANNEL VIEW ESTATES - DAY

DOC drives down the street, past a bunch of BLACK PEDESTRIANS walking around, looking for their homes... it's like driving through lost cattle --

DOC pulls his DODGE DART into this UNDER CONSTRUCTION DEVELOPMENT. STREETS AREN'T PAVED, BUT THERE ARE STREET SIGNS, VARIOUS SUPPOSED TO BE SMALL SPANISH TYPE HOMES BEING BUILT... It's quiet.

There's a MAKESHIFT MINI MALL erected for the construction crews. There's a BEER BAR, LIQUOR STORE, SANDWICH PLACE and a MASSAGE PARLOR called CHICK PLANET with a row of Harleys precision parked in a row out front.
Doc parks and musters some courage, passes over the Harleys -- bathes himself in a white glow -- and enters the massage parlor...

INT. CHICK PLANET MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

Doc steps in... it's quiet and very dark. A sexy young Asian girl in a bikini: JADE (20s).

JADE
Hi, I'm Jade! Please take note of today's Pussy Eater's Special which is good all day till closing time?

DOC
Mmmm... how much is it?

JADE
$14.95.

DOC
Errr, not that $14.95 ain't a totally groovy price, but I'm really trying to locate this guy who works for Mr. Wolfmann?

JADE
Does he eat pussy?

DOC
Fella named Glen Charlock?

JADE
Oh, sure. Glen comes in here. He eats pussy. You got a cigarette for me?

He taps her out a smoke.

JADE
Ohhhh. Lock up style. Not much eating pussy in there, huh?

DOC
Glen and I were both in Chino around the same time... have you seen him today?

JADE
If you're a cop, you're entitled to a free preview of our Pussy Eater's Special.

DOC
How about a licensed P.I.?

JADE
Hey, Bambi?
BAMBI comes out, wearing day-glo bikini. Jade reaches into Bambi’s bikini bottom and before you know it -- They disappear below the reception desk. Doc watches... in a flash reflected behind him we see a BALD HEAD, SWASTIKA TATTOO AND THEN SOMETHING COMES DOWN ON DOC’S HEAD -- AND HE’S OUT.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE MOTORCYCLES FIRING UP AND TEARING OFF...

10 ANGLE - LATER

Doc comes to... lump on his head... he steps outside, opens the door, CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM OUT TO REVEAL:

CUT TO:

11 EXT. CHANNEL VIEW ESTATES - DAY

LAPD, DETECTIVES AND CORONER ARE ON SITE AT WHAT IS NOW A CRIME SCENE. A line of POLICE CARS AIM AT DOC led by DETECTIVE LT. CHRISTIAN F. "BIGFOOT" BJORNSEN, eating a chocolate-covered frozen banana and hollering through a bullhorn... Doc steps out, guns aim at him... A DEAD BODY ON THE GROUND BETWEEN HIM AND THE LAPD...

BIGFOOT

Congratulations, hippie scum. And welcome to a world of inconvenience... Yes, this time it appears you have finally managed to stumble into something too real and deep to hallucinate your worthless hippie ass of -- without wishing to seem impatient -- anytime you'd like to join us, we'd so like to chat...

DOC

Bigfoot, what happened...! I remember massage parlor -- Asian chick named Jade and Anglo friend Bambi --

BIGFOOT

Wishful figments of a brain pickled in cannabis fumes, no doubt.

DOC

Whatever it is, I didn't do it.
BIGFOOT
Sure.

12 ANGLE - LATER
Doc is in cuffs, sitting on the ground. THERE'S A CORPSE COVERED ON A GURNEY that is taken past. It is a bloody mess, body parts are falling out onto the ground -- Doc is getting sick at the sight of it.

BIGFOOT
I can almost pity your civilian distress. Though if you were more of a man and less of a ball-less hippie draft dodger, who knows, you might have seen enough over in the 'Nam to share even my own sense of professional ennui at the sight of one more stiff.

DOC
Who is it?

BIGFOOT
Was, Sportello. Here on Earth we say, 'was.' Meet Glen Charlock. Whom you were asking for by name only hours ago, witnesses will swear to that. Furthermore, on the face of it, you've chosen to ice a personal bodyguard of the rather well-connected Mickey Wolfmann. Name rings bell? Or in your case shakes tambourine? Ah, but here's our ride --

A POLICE CRUISER COMES TO A SLIDING STOP NEXT TO DOC AND BIGFOOT.

DOC
Where's my ride?

BIGFOOT
Like it's owner, on its way to impoundment.

CUT TO:

13 INT. PARKER CENTER - DAY
Doc in custody sitting across from Bigfoot.

BIGFOOT
So when you and Glen had your fatal encounter, when would you say that was in the series of events?
I told you the first time I ever saw him, he was dead.

His associates, then. How many of them were you already acquainted with?

Not normally guys I'd hang out with, Bigfoot, totally wrong drug profile.

Potheads, you're so exclusive. Would you say you took offense at Glen's preference for barbiturates and amphetamines?

Yes. I was planning to report him to the Dope Fiend Standards and Ethics Committee next week...

Now your ex-girlfriend Shasta Fay Hepworth is a known intimate of Glen's employer, Mickey Wolfmann. Do you think Glen and Shasta were --

Bigfoot slides his fingers around, makes a "fucking" sign.

How does it make you feel? Here you are still carrying the torch and there she is in the company of all those Nazi lowlifes?

Keep doing that, Bigfoot, you're givin' me a hard-on...

Tough little wop monkey as my man Fatso Judson always sez.

Case you forget, Lieutenant, you and me are almost in the same business, except I don't get that free pass to shoot people all the time and so forth. But if I was in your seat, I guess I'd be acting the same way, maybe start in next with remarks about my mother.

(MORE)
Or I guess your mother, because you'd be me... Have I got that right?

Bigfoot pretends to read notes:

BIGFOOT
While suspect -- that's you -- is having alleged midday nap, so necessary to the hippie lifestyle, some sort of incident occurs in the vicinity of Channel View Estates. Firearms are discharged. When the dust settles, we find one Glen Charlock deceased. More compellingly for LAPD, the man Charlock was supposed to be guarding, Michael Z. Wolfmann, has vanished, giving local law enforcement less than 24 hours before the feds call it a kidnapping and come in to fuck everything up. Perhaps, Sportello, you could help forestall this by providing the names of the other members of your cult?

DOC
Cult.

BIGFOOT
No one would ever be stupid enough to attempt this alone, which suggests some kind of Mansanoid conspiracy, wouldn't you agree? I've been referred to more than once by the L.A. Times as a Renaissance detective, which means that I am many things-- and one thing I am not is stupid -- and purely out of noblesse oblige I extend this assumption to cover you as well...

Enter DOC'S LAWYER, SAUNCHO SMILAX (30s).

SAUNCHO
Lieutenant! You know that you don't have any case here, so if you're going to charge him, you better, otherwise --

DOC
Sauncho, remember who this is you're talking to, it's Bigfoot Bjorlsen, renaissance cop.

SAUNCHO
Charge him or let him go, you have no case...
DOC

Bigfoot, don't mind him, he watches too many courtroom dramas.

BEAT. They all look at each other...

SAUNCHO

What's the beef here exactly?

BIGFOOT

It doesn't have much to do with your speciality, which I understand is marine law.

SAUNCHO

There's plenty of crime on the high seas.

BIGFOOT

So far we have murder and kidnapping, we can work in pirates if that would make you more comfortable -- either way it's high profile.

SAUNCHO

Yes, but given your history with my client -- you know this is harassment, there's no case, this'll never make it to trial.

BIGFOOT

We probably could take this all the way to trial -- but with our luck the jury pool will be 99 percent hippie --

SAUNCHO

Sure, unless you got the venue changed to maybe, like, Orange County -- not as many hippies down there --

DOC

Sauncho, who are you working for?

SAUNCHO

Clients pay for work.

BIGFOOT

I've decided I'm going to kick Mr. Sportello.

SAUNCHO

You're gonna kick him? That's assault!

DOC

(I think it's police slang, Sauncho. It means cut me loose.)
BIGFOOT
I'll release the suspect at the impound garage...

SAUNCHO
... promise?

BIGFOOT
Promise. And I'll even give him a ride myself.

SAUNCHO
Alright, I'm glad we got this worked out then -- remember, Doc: This was like 15 billable minutes.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BIGFOOT'S EL CAMINO (MOVING) 14

Driving in silence. Bigfoot suddenly makes a sharp U-turn --

DOC
Where we going?

BIGFOOT
To a nice, secluded spot that has 'shot while trying to escape' written all over it.

CUT TO:

15 INT. HILLS ABOVE VALLEY - DAY 15

Bigfoot walks Doc deep into the mountainside. Finally sits him down, stands over him...

BIGFOOT
Are you aware of the dictum that dope will get you through times of no money better than vice versa... You'd be surprised how many in your own hippie freak community have found our Special Employee Disbursements useful.

DOC
... what do you mean? You mean like 'Mod Squad'? Rat on everybody I ever met?

BIGFOOT
Right now there's fistfuls of greenbacks flowing at anything that even looks like local law enforcement.

(MORE)
Federal funding as far as the eye can see... or we could certainly offer you compensation in a more inhalable form... Acapulco Gold. Panama Red. Michoacan Icepack. Our downtown evidence rooms got filled up long ago, Doc. Numberless kilos of righteous weed just for you. Just for trivial information we already have anyway. And what you don't smoke, improbable as that seems, you could always sell.

DOC
Are you married, Bigfoot?

BIGFOOT
Sorry, you're not my type. What does this look like? Or don't they have them on planet hippie?

DOC
You have kids?

BIGFOOT
I hope this isn't some kind of veiled doper threat.

DOC
It's just strange that here we both are with this mysterious power to ruin each other's day and we don't even know anything about each other.

BIGFOOT
Aimless doper's drivel and yet you've just defined the very essence of law enforcement. So how about my offer?

DOC
Yours is the last wallet I'd want money out of, Bigfoot...

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S PLACE - LATER

Doc's been released. He's watching BIGFOOT on TV from the newscast at CHANNEL VIEW ESTATES.

DOC half watches, smokes the end of a joint and rolls another. The PHONE RINGS:

DOC
Hello?
TARIQ (V.O.)
I didn't do it.

DOC
Nobody said you did... Who is this?

TARIQ (V.O.)
If Glen was a target, then I am, too. Better not be in contact, man. This is not some bunch of fools like the LAPD. And if you don't mind a piece of free advice -- forget it all.

Dial tone...

CLOSEUP - JOINT
It's done. He's smoked it all. He lies on the couch.

ANOTHER ANGLE
THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN: It's Bigfoot.

DOC
Hello?

BIGFOOT (V.O.)
So we sent some Police Academy hotshot over to the last known address of Shasta Fay Hepworth, just a routine visit and guess what?

DOC
Fuck, no, not this.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)
Relax -- don't be so sensitive -- all we know at this point is that she's disappeared now, too, just like her boyfriend Mickey... do you think there could be a connection? Maybe they ran off together?

DOC
Bigfoot, can we at least try and be professional about all this from now on.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)
I am being professional. There's certain things I can't tell you because you aren't on payroll.

(MORE)
If anything occurs to you about where they went -- don't forget to share that with me, will you?

DOC
What's the last address you have?

Bigfoot has already hung up.

The phone rings again.

DOC
(into phone)
Hello?

HOPE HARLINGEN (V.O.)
Mr. Sportello?

DOC
Yes?

HOPE HARLINGEN (V.O.)
I got your number at the head shop in Gordita Beach. It's about my husband. He used to be a close friend of your friend -- Shasta Fay Hepworth?

DOC
And you're?

HOPE HARLINGEN (V.O.)
Hope Harlingen.

DOC
Okay. And he's...?

HOPE HARLINGEN (V.O.)
Dead.

CUT TO:

A17    INT. DOC'S CAR

Driving to Hope’s house. CLEAN OF SORTILEGE.

17     EXT. TORRANCE - SMALL HOUSE

Inside this nice, little house, DOC sits at the breakfast table with a sweet faced young woman: HOPE HARLINGEN (20s). (NOTE: Still need a ref. to her false teeth/calcium/heroin.)
HOPE HARLINGEN
Inside the surf-sax category Coy passed for a towering figure, because he actually improvised once in a while instead of how second and third choruses get repeated note for note?

DOC
You're right. I love surf music -- but some of the worst blues work ever recorded will be showing up on karmic rap sheets of surf-sax players.

HOPE HARLINGEN
It was never his work I was in love with. Coy and I should have met cute but actually we met squalid, down at Oscar's in San Ysidro --

DOC
Oh, boy.

HOPE HARLINGEN
I had just gone running into a toilet stall without checking first, had my finger already down my throat, to throw up the balloon of dope I'd just scored in Mexico and there Coy sat, gringo digestion, about to take a giant shit. We both let go about the same time, barf and shit all over the place, me with my face in his lap and to complicate things, he had this hard-on... Next thing we knew here came Amethyst, and pretty soon this is what we had her looking like...

She hands him SOME OLD POLAROID PICTURES.

DOC
AAAAHHHAHHAH!!

HOPE HARLINGEN
Everybody we knew helpfully pointed out how heroin was coming through in my breast milk, but who could afford to buy formula? It's a long way from my job now. I'm a drug counselor -- talking kids into sensible drug use...

Doc looks very confused for a moment. (What's that?)

DOC CANNOT HELP BUT STARE AT HOPE'S TEETH AND MAKE FUNNY MOUTH MOVEMENTS WATCHING HER SPEAK...
HOPE HARLINGEN
You're staring at my teeth?

DOC
Huh? No? (Sensible drug use)
Yes.

HOPE HARLINGEN
Heroin sucks the calcium out of your system like a vampire, use it at any length of time and your teeth go all to hell. And that's the good part.

DOC
So... this thing that happened to your husband?

HOPE HARLINGEN
Whatever he took that killed him, wasn't California smack, for sure.

DOC
Who was the dealer?

HOPE HARLINGEN
El Drano in Venice.

DOC
Was Coy a steady customer?

HOPE HARLINGEN
Known him for years -- what does a dealer care? Overdoses are good for business --

DOC
Sudden herds of junkies showing up at the door thinking it must be some really good shit? Something like that?

HOPE HARLINGEN
You got it. Mr. Sportello, I don't think Coy is really dead.

DOC
Did you I.D. the body?

HOPE HARLINGEN
No. Whoever called me said somebody from his band did that.

DOC
It's supposed to be next of kin.

HOPE HARLINGEN
And this... this deposit showed up close to his disappearance.
She brings out a BANK STATEMENT book and shows it to him, points to a CREDIT. Doc raises his eyebrows at the amount.

DOC
Interesting sum.

HOPE HARLINGEN
He had no insurance policies that I knew about... Why would this big deposit suddenly appear in our account and be anonymous?

DOC
Is there a picture of Coy you could spare?

She hands him a BOX FULL OF POLAROIDS. Doc looks inside. We see: COY HARLINGEN. Coy with the baby, Coy cooking heroin, Coy tying off, Coy shooting up, Coy and Hope out at the beach, sitting in a pizza joint playing tug-of-war with the last slice, sticking his dick in his saxophone.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
These were perilous times, astrologically speaking, for dopers -- especially those of high school age, who'd been born most of them, under a ninety-degree aspect, the unluckiest angle possible, between Neptune, the doper's planet, and Uranus, the planet of rude surprises. Doc had known it to happen that those left behind would refuse to believe that people they loved or even took the same classes with were really dead. They came up with all kinds of alternate stories so it wouldn't have to be true.

DOC
Okay if I take this one?

HOPE HARLINGEN
Sure.

18 AT THE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Doc's on his way out. Just one more thing...

DOC
How did your husband know Shasta Fay?
HOPE HARLINGEN

She picked us up hitchhiking... I think Coy and her somehow stayed in touch... but I don't know for sure...

CUT TO:

19  INT. DOC'S OFFICE - DAY

Getting outfit. Making call to Sloane Wolfmann scene. For poss. over V.O. Petunia here.

CUT TO:

A20  INT. DOC'S CAR

DRIVING TO SLOANE WOLFMANN'S.

Doc in his disguise...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

Shasta had mentioned a possible laughing academy angle to Mickey Wolfmann's matrimonial drama and Doc thought it might be interesting to see how society page superstar Mrs. Sloane Wolfmann would react when somebody brought up the topic... If Mickey was currently being held against his will in some private nuthouse, then Doc's immediate chore would be to try and find out which one...

CUT TO:

20  INT. WOLFMANN MANSION (SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS) - DAY

DOC rings the doorbell. He's dressed in a disguise of a DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT, SHORT HAIR WIG, LOAFERS. The door is opened by a sexy young Chicana: LUZ (20s).

LUZ

Who are you supposed to be?

DOC

Good afternoon, here to see Mrs. Wolfmann.

LUZ

She's hanging by the pool with all the police and them... come inside.
LUZ
So you're the shrink that called?

DOC
That's right.

LUZ
Uh-huh...

Out back, by the pool, LAPD are set up in a command post by the pool cabana. They're also swimming in the pool, making margaritas and playing Ping Pong.

SLOANE WOLFMANN (40s, British, ex-showgirl) strolls towards the house wearing a black bikini, black shawl, black high heel sandals. She steps into the main living room to greet Doc... and stops, landing in what appears to be the most insanely gorgeous movie star lighting in the history of the world.

SLOANE
Do you like the lighting?

DOC
Uh-huh.

SLOANE
Jimmy Wong Howe did it for us years ago. LUZ! The midday refrescos now, if you wouldn't mind?

They sit down. Luz comes in and pours drinks, shows her ass to Doc while pouring...

DOC
Your husband was planning to endow a new wing for our facility -- he actually tendered us a sum in advance. But somehow it just didn't seem right to keep the money while so little was known of his whereabouts. So, we'd like to refund you the sum, and if, and as we all pray when, Mr. Wolfmann is next heard from, why then, perhaps the process can resume.

SLOANE
We did recently endow another facility, in Ojai... Chryskylodon Institute.

DOC
Kriskleddone? Errrr... yesss, uhhh...
SLOANE
An ancient Indian word that means, ‘serenity.’ Are you somehow a subsidiary...?

DOC
Perhaps one of our Sister Sanatoria?

Enter RIGGS WARBLING. Big, muscular and blond, spiritual coach, wearing a tiny swim shorts.

SLOANE
Mr. Riggs Warbling... my spiritual coach.

DOC
How'd you do?

RIGGS
Pleasureable.

DOC
(to Sloane)
Maybe you can tell us where to send this refund and what form you'd like it in?

RIGGS
Small bills! Non-consecutive serial numbers!

SLOANE
Riggs. Enough. Always making with the tasteless jokes. Perhaps if one of your company officers simply endorsed Michael's check back to one of his accounts?

DOC
Of course!

SLOANE
Let me just find you a deposit form...

She gets up and walks over to a desk, revealing a low cut back and exposing her back...

DOC
You're a spiritual advisor, Mr. Warbling?

RIGGS
And a contractor.

DOC
You work for Mr. Wolfmann?

RIGGS looks back to SLOANE WOLFMANN, says to Doc:
... Riggs starts doing some weightlifting nearby and some practice hump-thrusts. LUZ stands in a corner watching...

CLOSEUP - DOC

watching this circus...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Luz walks Doc to the front door. She makes eyes at him.

DOC
I forgot, I, uh, I have to use the bathroom?

LUZ
As long as you don't steal anything.

DOC
Muchas gracias, there, Luz. I won't be a minute.

INT. PALATIAL BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

Doc snoops around, goes into a cavernous WALK-IN CLOSET and notices: A RACK DEDICATED TO SOME STRANGE NECKTIES. VINTAGE SILK TIES, HAND-PAINTED WITH A DIFFERENT NUDE WOMAN ON EACH. ERECT CLITS, SPREAD PUSSY LIPS, EACH WOMAN IN A DIFFERENT POSE. HE COMES ACROSS ONE OF SLOANE. SUDDENLY, THERE'S A HAND AROUND HIS BACK.

DOC
HOLY SHIT.

LUZ
I'm in there somewhere. Keep looking.

DOC
Huh huh huhuhuhuhu.

LUZ
There I am. Cute, huh? My tits aren't really that big, but it's the thought that counts.

DOC
Did you ladies all pose for these?
LUZ
A guy over in North Hollywood does custom work.

DOC
How about that chick... what's her name? The one's been missing?

LUZ
Shasta. Yeah. She's in there someplace. Mickey always used to take me in the shower to fuck. I never got a chance to do anything on that groovy bed in there.

SLOANE (O.S.)
LUZ! DONDE ESTAS, MI HIJATA??

LUZ
Another time, perhaps. You're not really a shrink are you?

DOC
No. But I do have a couch.

LUZ
Piscodelico, ese!

She flashes her teeth. He hands her one of the FAKE BUSINESS CARDS with his real number on it. She leaves.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. WOLFMANN MANSION
BIGFOOT/DOC scene TBD.

CUT TO:

24 INT. LUNCH SPOT (DOWNTOWN) - DAY
DOC is sitting in a lunch spot downtown populated with an assortment of JUDGES, LAWYERS, all completely DRUNK at lunchtime. In walks DEPUTY D.A. PENNY KIMBALL (30s).

PENNY
This Wolfmann-Charlock case. Apparently, one of your old girlfriends is a principal?

DOC
I just heard that she skipped.

PENNY
Put it another way: How close were you and Shasta Fay Hepworth?
Well, now, I've been asking myself that very question. It was all over years ago. Months? If you hadn't come along, babe, who knows how bad it might've got?

True. You were a fucking mess when I met you.

And how 'bout now?

Old times aside, have you had any contact with Miss Hepworth, in, say, the last week or so?

Well, now, funny you should ask because she called me up a couple days ago before Mickey Wolfmann disappeared with a story about how his wife and her boyfriend were plotting to hustle Mickey into the booby hatch and grab all his money. So I sure hope you guys, or the cops or whoever, are looking into that.

And with your years of experience as a P.I., would you call that a reliable lead?

I've known worse. Or are you all just gonna just ignore that? Some hippie chick with boyfriend trouble, brains all mushed up with dope, sex, rock and roll --

I've never seen you this emotional, Doc.

'Cause the lights are out, usually. I've never had lunch with you before.

You didn't tell any of this to Lieutenant Bjornsen when he pulled you in at the crime scene? And Bjornsen seems to think you're as good a suspect as any --
DOC
'Seems to'?? You've been talking to Bigfoot? About me??

PENNY
Doc. Shhh. Please. Besides, maybe you did do it, has that crossed your mind yet? Maybe you just forgot? (Maybe you just conveniently forgot about it the way you do so often forget things and this peculiar reaction of yours is a typically twisted way of confessing the act?)

DOC
Did do what?

PENNY
Kill Glenn Charlock.

DOC
Kill him? What? How would I forget something like that?

PENNY
Grass and who knows what else, Doc.

DOC
I'm only a light smoker.

PENNY
How many joints a day do you smoke?

DOC
I... I'll have to check the log book.

PENNY
You can't remember?

DOC
I don't keep track.

PENNY
Or maybe you can't keep track.

DOC
I don't think my smoking has any link to the Wolfmann-Charlock, Shasta case --

PENNY
... No? Why did Shasta Fay Hepworth dismantle your relationship?
DOC
She had other fish to fry.

PENNY
Would you say you're still in love with her?

DOC
No. Wait, what is this, I'm not --

PENNY
Hectic week ahead for me, so unless any of this heats up dramatically, I hope you understand.

DOC
Wouldn't it be nice...

PENNY
Walk me back to my office? I have to swing by the Federal Courthouse...

25 EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

DOC and PENNY enter. She guides the way, into the waiting arms of: TWO FBI AGENTS BORDERLINE and FLATWEED... Penny keeps walking, having set him up...

FLATWEED
I am Agent Flatweed and this is Agent Borderline.

DOC
Did I miss an episode...?

FLATWEED
It's come to our attention that not too long ago you had a visit from a black prison militant calling himself Tariq Khalil. We naturally became curious.

26 INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

In a tiny office.

BORDERLINE
We like investigating and spending energy on Black Nationalist hate groups...

FLATWEED
It's the chronology, really. Khalil visits your place of business.

(MORE)
Next day, a known prison acquaintance of his, Glen Charlock, is slain, Michael Wolfmann disappears, and you get arrested and let go on suspicion.

DOC
So what do you want with me?

FLATWEED
Ordinarily, we're the one's asking the questions.

DOC
Sure thing, fellas, except aren't we all in the same business?

FLATWEED
There's no need to be insulting.

BORDERLINE
Why don't you just share with us what Mr. Khalil had to say the other day when he visited you?

DOC
Because he's a client, so that's privileged is why.

BORDERLINE
If it has a bearing on the Wolfmann case, we might have to disagree.

DOC
I wish I could help -- but what I can't figure is if your shop is really so focused on the Black Panthers and all that then what's with your interest in Mickey Wolfmann?

LONG PAUSE. No one says anything.

DOC
... Are you guys figuring Mickey's kidnapping as a Black Panther operation? Did they put the snatch on Mickey to make a political point? A nice shot at some ransom money?

Flatweed and Borderline blink a lot and look nervous.

DOC
Maybe you've at least thought of putting that out there as a cover story for whatever did happen? Can I be frank for a minute?
FLATWEED/BORDERLINE

Of course.

DOC
Fly me to the moon... let me
swing among those stars... Tell
Penny how nice our time has
been...

FLATWEED
As a COINTELPRO informant you
could be making up to three
hundred dollars a month, Larry.
Consider that.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. DOC'S OFFICE - DAY

Doc comes walking up to his office and sees: JADE and
BAMBI, from the Chick Planet Massage, running away from
his office, hopping into a HARLEY EARLE IMPALA and
peeling out...

He walks over to PETUNIA who hands him a flyer for CHICK
PLANET MASSAGE PUSSY EATER'S SPECIAL, shakes her head and
looks sad:

PETUNIA
Oh, Doc. It's dark and lonely
work, but someone has to do it?

DOC
I can explain this...

DOC turns it over, written across the back it reads:

JADE (V.O.)
'Heard they cut you loose. Need
to see you about something. I'm
working weeknights at Club
Asiatique in San Pedro. Love and
Peace, Jade. P.S. BEWARE THE
GOLDEN FANG!!'

Doc notices, out the window, across the parking lot:
BIGFOOT'S EL CAMINO parked in the distance, engine fired
up and watching Doc...

DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. CLUB ASIATIQUE - NIGHT

DOC sits with a cocktail. JADE, wearing a cocktail
uniform, approaches DOC:

DOC
There you are.
JADE
See me outside, okay?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND THE CLUB/SAN PEDRO DOCKS - NIGHT

Behind the club, on the docks, she speaks:

JADE
I can't stay here long. This is Golden Fang territory. And a girl don't necessarily want to get into difficulties with those folks.

DOC
What is it? A band?

JADE
You wish. I just wanted to say how sorry I was. I felt shitty about what I did...

DOC
Which was what again?

JADE
I'm not a snitch. The cops told us they'd drop charges if we just put you at the scene, which they already knew you were -- so where was the harm? I'm like, so sorry, Larry...

DOC
Call me Doc. It's cool, Jade.

That copper?

JADE
Bigfoot?

DOC
He's a warped sheet of plastic.

And was it Bigfoot who put me on the Buenos Noches Express? Or did he subcontract it?

JADE
I missed all that, man. Last thing I remember was eating Bambi's pussy -- and Puck Beaverton's tattoo -- like it was pulsating...
DOC
What's a Puck Beaverton?

JADE
He's an asshole you don't want to meet. Me and Bambi, we're so freaked with the BadAss Brigade stomping in there we didn't stick around --

DOC
How about those jailhouse Nazis who were supposed to be covering Mickey's back?

JADE
All over the place one minute, gone the next. Like a raid, when people know it's gonna happen? They all cleared out except for Glenn.

DOC
Like someone forgot to tell him something?

JADE
Listen -- there's somebody who wants to talk to you. He thinks you can help each other out. He's a new face. I'm not even sure of his name but I know he's in some trouble.

DOC
Okay...

JADE motions over her shoulder... OUT OF THE MIST WALKS... COY HARLINGEN. DOC blinks a few times. JADE disappears.

DOC
Howdy, Coy.

COY
I would've come to your office, man. But I thought there might be unfriendly eyeballs.

DOC
Is this safe enough for you. Out here?

COY
Let's light this and pretend we came out to smoke.

They light a joint and pass it back and forth.
I'm supposed to be dead.

There's also a rumor that you're not.

That don't come as such great news. Bein' dead is part of my job image. Like what I do.

Are you working for these people here at the club?

I don't know. Maybe. It's where I come to pick up my paycheck.

Where are you staying?

House in Topanga Canyon. A band I used to play for, The Boards. But none of them know it's me.

How can they not know it's you?

Even when I was alive, they didn't know it was me, man. 'The Sax Player.' The session guy. Plus, over the years, there's been this big turnover of personnel, like, The Boards I played with have most of them gone off by now and formed other bands. Only one or two of the old crew are left, and they're suffering with heavy doper's memory.

Story is you came to grief behind some bad smack. You still into that?

No. God. No. I'm clean these days. I spent my time rehabilitating up --

It's okay. I can't hear too good. And how can I talk about what I don't hear?
Coy is delicate now, sizing Doc up, looking around, words get more whispery:

COY
The thing I wanted to see you about... Just wondering if you could check in on a couple of people. A lady and a little girl. See that they're okay -- and without bringing me into it. It's down in Torrance.

(hands him address)
Just see if they're still livin' there. What's in the driveway. Law enforcement in the picture, any details you find interesting --

DOC
I'm on it.

COY
I can't pay you right now.

DOC
When you can. Unless maybe you're one of those folks who believe information is money, in which case, I could ask you something?

COY
Bearing in mind that either I don't know or it'll be my ass if I tell you, what is it?

DOC
Ever heard of the *Golden Fang*?

COY
Sure. It's a boat. A big schooner, somebody said. Brings stuff in and out of the country but nobody wants to talk about it...

DOC
Because?

COY turns and look out over his shoulder into the HARBOR. It's foggy... Doc squints through stoned eyes... Coy turns back to him:

COY
That was it.

DOC
How do you know?

COY
Saw it sail in. Got here the same time I did tonight.
I don't know what I just saw.

Me neither. Fact, I don't even want to know.

Doc blinks and like that... Coy's gone... Doc is left standing alone, very confused, and paranoid.

DOC

I don't know what I just saw.

COY

Me neither. Fact, I don't even want to know.

Doc blinks and like that... Coy's gone... Doc is left standing alone, very confused, and paranoid.

30  EXT. BEACH/SAND DUNE - DAY

DOC looking through binoculars, SAUNCHO is here, over his shoulder. They're looking at a THREE-MASTED SCHONER, GOLDEN FANG.

SAUNCHO

Meet the schooner Golden Fang, out of Charlotte Amalile.

DOC

Where is that?

SAUNCHO

Virgin Islands.

DOC

Bermuda Triangle?

SAUNCHO

Close enough.

DOC

Sizable vessel.

SAUNCHO

She has a tendency to show up in the middle of the night, no running lights, no radio traffic. See, the problem with this vessel is trying to find out anything. People back off, change the subject, get creepy and head for the toilet, never to reappear... the owners are listed as a consortium in the Bahamas.

31  INT. FISH PLACE

Doc and Sauncho at a disgusting restaurant.

SAUNCHO

Her name isn't really the Golden Fang.

(MORE)
Her original name was *Preserved* after her miraculous escape in 1917 from a tremendous nitroglycerin explosion in Halifax Harbor which blew away most everything else in it, shipping and souls. After World War II she was bought by Burke Stodger.

**DOC**
Burke Stodger, Burke Stodger.
Burke Stodger, the actor? .45 Caliber Kiss Off -- Burke Stodger?

Sauncho motions to the wall -- a few 8x10 headshots of film stars who have visited the Fish Place -- one of them is BURKE STODGER from his younger days in BLACK AND WHITE HEADSHOT...

**SAUNCHO**
... Burke Stodger got blacklisted for his politics, branded a communist and was forced to take the boat and split the country. Which is where the Bermuda Triangle comes in.....

Sauncho hushes up as the waitress arrives...

**SAUNCHO**
Ordinarily I'd have the Admiral’s Luau -- but today I'll have the house anchovy loaf to start and the devil-ray filet. Can I get that deep fried in beer batter?

**DOC**
I'll have the jellyfish teriyaki croquettes and the eel trovatore.

**SAUNCHO**
And two tequila Zombies.

Waitress leaves, Sauncho back to whispers:

**SAUNCHO**
... so Burke's blacklisted, splits town on the boat... but somewhere between San Pedro and Papeete, the ship disappears, till one day, a couple years later, boat and owner suddenly reappear -- *Preserved* in the opposite ocean, off Cuba, and Burke Stodger on the front page of *Daily Variety* in an article reporting his return in a big budget major studio project called *Commie Confidential*. He followed that up with *Squeal, Pinko, Squeal* and *I Was A Red Dope Fiend*. 
DOC
Soouuuuuuuuuuuu Burke's working again?

SAUNCHO
And his politics have miraculously changed. It's wrecking my appetite just talking about what's happened to this great ship -- they removed any traces of soul she once had...

DOC
You're emotionally involved? With a boat?

SAUNCHO
Not just a boat, Doc. Something much more. I know why I'm so interested, but why are you?

DOC
Some story I heard the other night. Maybe some kind of smuggling angle?

SAUNCHO
As attorney and client, this story you heard -- it didn't happen to include Mickey Wolfmann?

DOC
Not so far, why?

SAUNCHO
According to scuttlebutt, shortly before his disappearance -- everybody's favorite developer was observed going onboard the Golden Fang. What we call a three-hour tour and back again...

DOC
Was he accompanied by his lovely companion?

SAUNCHO
... Who?

DOC
My ex-old Shasta Fay?

SAUNCHO
Thought you were done with all that sad bullshit.

DOC
... Everybody make it back? No one pushed overboard? Nothin' like that?
SAUNCHO
Let's order you a boilermaker to
go with the Zombie and you can
start the whole sordid thing over
again...

DOC
Just asking... anything else?

SAUNCHO
Word swirling around some of my
friends at the Department of
Justice says that maybe Mickey
Wolfman's not as missing as we
think?

DOC
Like gone but not gone?

SAUNCHO
A rumor that these guys are trying
to broker a Vegas deal with
Wolfman...

DOC
Doesn't compute. Say again.
Vegas. Wolfmann.

SAUNCHO
It's FBI stuff. That's what they
do in Vegas... apparently Wolfmann
owned some property they wouldn't
mind having...

The drinks arrive.

SAUNCHO
Mmmmmmmmmmm. All this good eatin'.

CUT TO:

32-36 OMITTED

37 INT. DOC'S PLACE - NIGHT

DOC is on the couch, pretty stoned, watching PRESIDENT
NIXON on TV at a Republican rally for a group known as
VIGILANT CALIFORNIA. Nixon stands in front of a huge
banner promoting them. A LONG-HAIRED GUY IN THE CROWD AT
THE RALLY STARTS HECKLING NIXON... SCREAMING AND YELLING.

WILD-EYED GUY (V.O.)
(on TV)
HEY, NIXON! TRICKY DICK! FUCK
YOU! FUCK EVERYBODY AND THE FIRST
FUCKIN' FAMILY! FUCK THE DOG!
PENNY comes out of the bedroom, naked and smoking a joint, sees the TV and says...

   PENNY
   Hey... it's Chucky!

   DOC
   Who?

   NIXON (V.O.)
   (on TV)
   Better get him to a hippie drug clinic!

SECRET SERVICE come over and get him. DOC realizes that this WILD-EYED GUY is actually: COY HARLINGEN.

   PENNY
   That's no hippie! That's Chucky!

   DOC
   Who is it? A friend of yours?

   PENNY
   Everybody knows him. When he's not hanging out at the Hall of Justice, he's at the Glass House.

   DOC
   A snitch?

   PENNY
   Informant, please.

   DOC
   And why's he yelling at Nixon like that again?

   PENNY
   Now he's been on TV. Instant and wide credibility. The police can infiltrate him into any group they want.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

DOC, disguised as a REPORTER (ponytail, fedora hat, tape recorder) and DENIS as a PHOTOGRAPHER pull up to the house in Topanga Canyon where The Boards are staying. As they enter the huge mansion, a couple sexy young house GROUPIES come forward with leis and beads and put them around Doc and Denis...

INSIDE

Doc walks through the party...
SMEDLEY (Spotted Dick band member) and his KEYBOARD. Doc interviews him, like he's a reporter...

SMEDLEY
This is Fiona...

DOC
What do you and Fiona talk about?

SMEDLEY
Oh, what you'd expect. Association football, the war in Southeast Asia, where one can score, that sort of thing.

DOC
And how's Fiona enjoying it here in Southern California?

SMEDLEY
Loves everything but the paranoia, man.

DOC
Paranoia, really?

SMEDLEY
This house...

SMEDLEY grows quiet as he notices road manager-types who may or may not be working undercover come near --

ANGLE - DOC

Doc lurks around a hallway and runs into: JADE.

DOC
What, you again?

JADE
I drove up with Bambi -- she heard Spotted Dick were staying here --

DOC
She's keen on the Dick, huh?

JADE
Tuneful and poetic. English, I guess. I had to come along to try and keep her out of trouble.

DOC
If anybody asks, I'm a rock and roll reporter, okay?
JADE
I'll tell them about your Pat Boone cover article.

DOC
Have you seen the guy I was talking to at Club Asiatique the other night?

JADE
Yeah, he's here. Try the rehearsal rooms upstairs...

REHEARSAL STUDIO

DOC makes his way to a SMALL REHEARSAL STUDIO UPSTAIRS. He steps inside and sees: COY, doing some recording with his SAXOPHONE... “Donna Lee.”

DOC
Howdy! It's me again! Remember that chore you wanted me to do?

COY signals his thumb to a cloister of RECORDING EQUIPMENT.

COY
What was the, uh, make and model you looked at again?

DOC
... You were asking about a older-type VW, flowers and bluebirds and hearts on it?

COY
No new replacement parts?

DOC
None I could see.

COY
Street legal? No hassles with registration?

DOC
Seemed that way.

COY
Well, thanks for looking into that, you know, I just wondered the way people do. I'll be in touch.

LIVING ROOM AREA

DOC looks in another room, sees a big TEEPEE. He steps inside and suddenly, Coy is with him:
COY
So you got to see Hope?

DOC
For a minute. She's okay. And it looks like she's been staying clean, too.

COY
How'd she do it?

DOC
I don't know. She's back teaching is all she said. Public health, drug awareness, something like that.

COY
Where?

DOC
I don't know.

COY
-- You're not gonna tell me where?

DOC
Not even if I knew.

COY
What -- you really think that I would ever start giving either of them shit?

DOC
I don't do matrimonials. I have a terrible history of putting in, and it's never ended well.

COY
Don't matter. No way I can ever go back to them.

DOC
You can't go back, because if you did...?

COY
It would be my ass and my family's, too. This is like a gang. Once you're in, you're in for life.

DOC
I'm not asking you to give away any secrets... But I think I just saw you on the tube at a rally for Nixon?
And your question is, am I really one of them screamin' right-wing nutcases?

Somethin' like that.

I just wanted to get clean... and I thought it was something to do for my country. Stupid as it sounds. They saw something in me I didn't see. These people were the only ones who were offering me that. It looked like an easy call... But what they really want is to control the membership by making us feel we're never patriotic enough. My country right or wrong, with Vietnam going on? That's just fuckin' crazy. Suppose your mom was using smack.

My, uh...

You wouldn't at least say something?

Wait, so the U.S. is somebody's mom, you're sayin'?... and she's strung out on... what, exactly?

On sending kids off to die in jungles for no reason. Something wrong and suicidal that she can't stop.

... Uhhhhhh... and Vigilant California, or whoever you're workin' for, won't buy that?

I never got a chance to bring it up. Look at me around here. I'm lower than a groupie, fetching weed, opening beers, making sure there's only aqua jelly beans in the giant punch bowl in the parlor.

I do get the feeling you'd rather be someplace else --
COY
Back where I was would be nice, but it's too late --

DOC
Short of actual marriage counseling, if I did just run a fast check and happened to find some angle you maybe haven't thought of with this --

COY
Nothing personal, man. But there's too much you haven't thought of. You want to run your check, I can't stop you.

DOC
I can dig you're tryin' to chase me off this, but look, whatever it is you're caught inside, I'm still out here, on the outside of it. I can move in ways you may not be able to...

COY
The baby? How'd she look?

DOC
A sweetie pie.

COY
Any sign of them little kid blues?

DOC
I couldn't say...

COY
... I've really blown this solo, man.

DOC
The original call from these people, where did it come from?

COY
It's like bein' stuck with a borrowed horn.

DOC
Just give me a glimpse here: Who set you up with these people?

COY
When I first started snitching, I realized how often people ask questions they already know the answers to -- but they just want to hear it from another voice, like outside their head --
DOC
Help me out...

COY
You'd better find Shasta Fay.

Doc blinks and Coy disappears again --

DOC
Now... what the fuck?

43  IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE

DENIS has made his way into the kitchen... Denis sees Coy drift into the dining room to get something to eat... so he lifts his camera and snaps. Which sets off a bunch of people moving towards them: Doc runs into Jade:

JADE
Doc, can I get a ride, this place is freakin' me out --

They head out of the house --

CUT TO:

44  EXT. TOPANGA CANYON - NIGHT

A SINISTER-LOOKING WOODIE WITH BLACKED OUT WINDOWS IS FOLLOWING THEM... DOC drives faster and faster through the treacherous canyon road...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
As if things weren't peculiar enough, Doc was managing to put himself on a full-scale paranoid trip about Shasta...

JADE and DENIS are in the backseat and start to strike up a conversation as Denis is rolling a joint...

DENIS
And what's, like, your name?

JADE
Ashley... do you eat pussy, by the way?

CLOSEUP - DOC

driving, paranoid, bad driver, lights in rearview mirror.
... and how she must have been using, all the time she and Doc were together, maybe since before they'd met, a devoted junkie taking every chance she could to slip out into the fine breezy nights and go someplace they'd've been looking after her outfit for her so she wouldn't have to hide it at home from Doc... just to be back for a while among the junkie fellowship, to have a break from this hopeless stooge she was already planning to split on and so forth.

45 JADE

gets out of the car --

JADE
Thanks for the lift, boys.

DOC
Hey, Ashley?

JADE
Yeah?

DOC
I thought you said your name was Jade?

JADE
That's just my nom du Chick Planet Massage.

DOC
Alrighty, then -- while we're just talking here, is there anything else you wanna tell me about this Golden Fang?

JADE
They're an Indochinese heroin cartel. A vertical package. They grow it, bring it in, step on it, run stateside networks of local street dealers and take a separate percentage off of each operation.

DOC
So... you're dealing smack?

JADE
No, but they use Chick Planet as a front to launder money. Should I have told you this earlier?
DOC

Maybe not.

JADE

See you around.

(ALTERNATE)

... just be advised boys, you'll want to watch your step, 'cause what I am is, is like a small-diameter pearl of the Orient rolling around on the floor of late capitalism -- lowlifes of all income levels may step on me now and then but if they do -- it'll be them who slip and fall and on a good day break their ass, while the ol' pearl herself just goes a-rollin'. Thanks for the lift.

CUT TO:

46  EXT./INT. PARKER CENTER- DAY

Doc walks up and in the building. Like being on another planet.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)

All this strange alternate cop history and cop politics -- cop dynasties, cop heroes and evildoers, saintly cops and psycho cops, cops too stupid to live and cops too smart for their own good -- insulated by secret loyalties and codes of silence from the world they'd all been given to control...

47  INT. HOMICIDE ROOM

DOC comes into HOMICIDE ROOM. BIGFOOT is here, eating a frozen banana.

BIGFOOT

I hope this will not be another of those unabridged paranoid hippie monologues I seem obliged to sit through.

DOC

What if someone died but was resurrected?

BIGFOOT

Not at first glance a matter for Homicide.
DOC
So - who around here handles resurrections?

BIGFOOT
Bunco squad, usually.

DOC
Does that mean LAPD officially believes that every return from the dead is some kind of con?

BIGFOOT
Not always. Could be a mistaken or false I.D. type of problem.

DOC
But not --

BIGFOOT
You're dead, you're dead. Are we talking philosophy?

48  ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER  48

Doc and Bigfoot sitting together, Doc catching him up to speed on Coy's case. DOC gives him a PHOTO OF COY: It's like The Last Supper, Coy as Jesus grabbing food from table.

BIGFOOT
Just remind me why I give a shit again?

DOC
He's worked for the Department as a snitch, he oughta be in your file...

BIGFOOT looks at Doc, then the picture: "How much does Doc know?"

BIGFOOT
Alright, I'll look into it personally.

He motions down a back corridor...

BIGFOOT
Just want to look in the freezer a minute... come with me.

CUT TO:

49  INT. CORRIDOR/UTILITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER  49

Bigfoot leads Doc down a hall and into a room with a CORPSE-SIZE PROFESSIONAL FREEZER.
Bigfoot opens it up: INSIDE ARE SEVERAL HUNDRED FROZEN CHOCOLATE COVERED BANANAS.

    BIGFOOT
    I'm down to a dozen a day now. The therapist says I've made amazing progress. Please, dig in, feel free. I'm told I have to share.

He puts the FROZEN BANANAS in the PNEUMATIC TUBE DISPENSER, sending chocolate frozen bananas hurling around Parker Center...

    DOC
    Certainly a lot of these in here. Is the Department picking up the tab?

Bigfoot's FACE TURNS AND THE MOLECULES COMPLETELY CHANGE AS HE SEES SOMETHING OVER DOC'S SHOULDER... DOC looks scared stiff... realizes Bigfoot's looking past him, Doc turns --

DOWN THE CORRIDOR --

A FEW OFFICERS, DETECTIVES, VICE SQUAD MEMBERS ARE SAYING SOME KIND WORDS, SHAKING HANDS, LAUGHING WITH A STRANGE LITTLE MAN: ADRIAN PRUSSIA. Everyone's all smiles as they UN-CUFF ADRIAN...

    DOC
    Is that Adrian Prussia? I remember him from my skip tracing days... he's the one with the bat... he beat up an old lady with a baseball bat. And why's he... I mean... why's he shaking hands and smiling and kissing babies with the Vice Squad boys again? Which part did I miss? And why's he walking this way???

ADRIAN walks over.

    ADRIAN
    This you're new partner, Bigfoot?

    BIGFOOT
    Here, Adrian... have a banana. Bend over and I'll stick it in for you.

    ADRIAN
    Fuck you. And fuck your banana.

Adrian exits. Bigfoot to Doc...

    DOC
    You guys go back, huh?
BIGFOOT
Where do you think Mickey Wolfmann
is, Doc?

DOC
Now that's a good question. (You
try Las Vegas yet?)

BIGFOOT
And where is that love of your
life Shasta Fay Hepworth?

DOC
Play nice. (Mighty snotty,
Bigfoot.)

BIGFOOT
And how much could she have really
meant to him -- or him to her that
he could just let this all get
so fucked up?

DOC
Best question yet. (Is this
multiple choice?)

BIGFOOT
There's places you don't want to
go, Doc -- better get back to the
beach, you smell like a patchouli
factory.

CUT TO:

50 EXT./INT. DOC’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Doc walks the long corridor towards his office...

51 DOC
walks into his office, is deep in thought, locks the door
double and triple lock turns and SCREAMS AT THE SIGHT OF
A SEXY YOUNG BIKER GIRL:  CLANCY CHARLOCK.

DOC
AHHHAAHAHAHAHA!!!  COOTIE FOOD!!

CLANCY
Remains to be seen...

DOC
WHO ARE YOU?!??

CLANCY
Clancy Charlock.

DOC
Glen Charlock’s?
CLANCY
Sister.

DOC
I’m sorry about your brother...

CLANCY
Glen was a shit and bound to have his series canceled sometime. But that don’t keep me from wanting to know who his killer is.

DOC
You talk to the police?

CLANCY
They talked to me. Some smart-ass named Bjornsen. Can’t say it was encouraging. But I guess he’s a fan of yours... Would you mind not staring at my tits like that?

DOC
Sorry -- I was just reading your T-shirt. So now... you say... Lieutenant Bjornsen referred you to me?

CLANCY
He sounded a lot more concerned with Mickey Wolfmann’s disappearance than Glen’s murder, which I guess is no big surprise. Is that a joint? Can I smoke it?

DOC pulls out a freshly rolled one.

DOC
Here's a new one.../Please...

She lights it and smokes half of it down in one suck before passing it back to Doc...

DOC
The theory downtown is that your brother tried to prevent whoever it was from putting the snatch on Mickey and got shot for doing his job.

CLANCY
Way too sentimental.

DOC
Then maybe he saw something he shouldn’t have.

CLANCY
That's how Boris has it figured to.
DOC
Who's that?

CLANCY
Another member of Mickey's muscle patrol. They've all dropped out of sight, but last night, Boris called me late. We have some history. Right now, he's scared shitless.

DOC
What of?

CLANCY
He said Mickey was in the deepest shit you could get in all because of this idea that came to him.

DOC
Which was?

CLANCY
All the money he ever made -- he was working on a way just to give it back.

DOC
Can I still get my name on the list?

CLANCY
That's what I said!

DOC
Why, but why would he want to?

CLANCY
Wouldn't be the first rich guy on a guilt trip lately. He was doing a lot of acid and peyote and maybe it just got to a point... you must've seen that happen.

DOC
Once or twice, but it's more like calling in sick for a couple days, breakin' up with your old lady, nothing on that scale.

CLANCY
He said he felt bad about making people pay for shelter -- that all along he should have realized it should've been for free --

DOC
He told him that?
CLANCY
Boris heard him say it... he wanted to build a big place out in the desert where anybody could come and live for free -- called Arrepentimiento.

DOC
Yeah, okay, and what's that mean again?

CLANCY
Spanish for 'sorry about that.' The idea was if there was an open unit -- it was yours for free... anyone from anywhere can have shelter... are you gonna keep holding on to that joint or are you gonna marry it?

DOC
And what about Mickey's ladies? Any of them object to his big giveaway?

CLANCY
Only one I've heard Boris say anything about is Shasta -- the one's gone missing.

DOC
What'd he say?

CLANCY
Said Shasta was the only one that ever made any sense around there -- she was nervous about Mickey givin' away all his money -- which I guess caused some problems because it made him think that's all she was worried about was her meal ticket -- which I guess was really crazy cause she was in love with him. Deeply in love...

DOC
Shasta and I lived for a short while together and I can't say for sure how deep it went. How she really felt about me.

CLANCY
Well, I hope this ain't a bummer for you to be hearin'...

DOC
Clancy, I only look like an evil motherfucker... secretly, I'm as sentimental as any ex-old man.
CLANCY
You are a pretty dangerous hombre,
I can see that... but, as one
who's been down this particular
exit ramp -- you can only cruise
the boulevards of regret so far,
and then you've got to get back up
onto the freeway again.

DOC
Who else does he think was worried
about Mickey's big giveaway?
Business partners? The wife?

CLANCY
That cop friend of yours kept
showing up at the house all the
time warning Mickey...

DOC
Bigfoot? So he warned Mickey to
what?

CLANCY
I don't know. (Mickey didn't
listen to advice... maybe he said
don't give away all your money?
Stop doing peyote? Stop doing
acid? You're the detective.)

CUT TO:

EXT. DOC'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Clancy and Doc step out of the office. She has TWO
BIKERS waiting for her...

DOC
Anything else?

THE BIKES FIRE UP LOUD. CLANCY YELLS TO DOC:

CLANCY
PUCK BEAVERTON.

DOC
UH-HUH.

CLANCY
HE HAD THE DUTY TO GUARD MICKEY
THAT DAY BUT CHANGED SHIFTS WITH
GLEN AT THE LAST MINUTE...

DOC
YOU THINK PUCK SET GLEN UP?

CLANCY
PUCK'S AN ASSHOLE.
DOC
SOUNDS LIKE YOU DATED.

CLANCY
HIM AND HIS ROOMMATE EINAR.

DOC
BOTH? (TWO AT A TIME?)

CLANCY
THAT'S MY PREFERENCE.

DOC
KNOW WHERE I MIGHT FIND THIS MR. BEAVERTON?

CLANCY
PROBABLY OUT LOOKING FOR GIRLS TO TREAT LIKE SHIT -- PREFERABLY ONES THAT DON'T MIND. HAPPY HUNTING.

CUT TO:

A53 INT. DOC'S CAR - NIGHT

After Clancy. Driving to get postcard... NO SORTILEGE.

53 EXT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doc walks up to his place... a FEW SHADOWS AND MOVEMENTS AROUND click him into a paranoia alert... He sees on the doorsill a POSTCARD... He carefully picks it up, looks it over... it's from some place deep in the Pacific Ocean.

SHASTA (V.O.)
I wish you could see these waves. It's one more of these places a voice from somewhere else tells you you have to be. Remember the day with the Ouija board? I miss those days and I miss you. I wish so many things could be different... Nothing was supposed to happen this way, Doc, I'm sorry...

CUT TO:

54 INT. DOC'S APARTMENT

He comes in, places the postcard down and lights a joint, SHASTA'S VOICE CONTINUES.

SHASTA (V.O.)
... you don't remember the Ouija board? Come on, Doc...

(MORE)
...go stumbling through that city
dump of a memory... It had been
one of those prolonged times of no
dope, nobody had any, everybody
was desperate and suffering lapses
of judgment.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. SORTILEGE'S HOUSE

DOC and SHASTA with SORTILEGE and a OUIJA BOARD.

DOC
Hey! You think it knows where we
can score?

SORTILEGE
Easy as pie, just do it all by
yourself.

DOC and SHASTA put their hands on it. The PLANCHETTE
TAKES OFF LIKE A ROCKET, SPELLING OUT AN ADDRESS AND A
PHONE NUMBER. They furiously write this down. DOC picks
up the phone and dials. It rings and a FEMALE VOICE
RECORDING ANSWERS:

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
‘Howdy, dopers! We've got
whatever you need, and remember --
the sooner you get over here, the
more there'll be left for you.’

DOC
Who is this? Whom I talking to?
Hey! She just hung up.

SORTILEGE
Did you hear what she was
screaming at you: ‘Stay away! I
am a police trap!’ You see the
problem about Ouija boards --

DOC looks to SHASTA and they RUN OUT THE DOOR, IGNORING
SORTILEGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET (NEAR VERMONT)

They arrive at the address in the rain. It's a HUGE,
EMPTY, EXCAVATED LOT. Rain water fills it up... it...
flows out into the street...
ANOTHER ANGLE

DOC and SHASTA stuff for here.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET (NEAR VERMONT) (PRESENT)

DOC walks over to the area where the vacant lot was... the hole in ground is gone... and in its place, a STRANGELY FUTURISTIC building. SMOOTH, NARROW, CONICAL -- A SIX-STRORY-HIGH GOLDEN FANG.

DOC walks back down the street.. DENIS is in the car, waiting for him...

DOC
Denis, I'm gonna look around for a while, you want to wait in the car or come in and cover my back?

DENIS
I was gonna go try and find a pizza, if that's okay?

DOC
And you remember that this is a stick, not automatic and so forth.

DENIS
Easy as pie, Doc.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDEN FANG ENTERPRISES H.Q. - THAT MOMENT

It's quiet. Doc enters. A receptionist: XANDRA (Asian, British, 20s) and a sign that reads: “Golden Fang Enterprises/Corporate H.Q.”

DOC
Hi, Xandra. This is the address they told me at the Club Asiatique in San Pedro? Just here to pick up a package for the management?

XANDRA reaches for a telephone, punches some numbers, murmurs into it. She hangs up.

XANDRA
Follow me.

She guides him down a hall...
She puts him in an empty office.

XANDRA
Dr. Blatnoyd will see you in a moment.

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

DR. RUDY BLATNOYD (50s) enters, wearing an eggplant velour double-breasted suit; high-energy. Blatnoyd flips open a three-ring binder, looks it over, then looks up at Doc:

BLATNOYD
So... you have some I.D., I imagine?

Doc goes into his wallet, pulls out a business card from a Chinese head shop.

BLATNOYD
I can't read this... it's in some... Oriental... what is this, Chinese?

DOC
Well... I figured that you, being Chinese.

BLATNOYD
What? What are you talking about?

DOC
The... the Golden Fang...?

BLATNOYD
It's a syndicate. Most of us happen to be dentists. A syndicate of dentists. Set up long ago for tax purposes, all legit... Wait, where did you tell Xandra you were from again?

DOC
... Uh...

BLATNOYD
Why, you're another one of those hippie dopefiends, aren't you? My goodness! Here for a little perking up, I'll bet --

He brings out a tall CYLINDER of BROWN GLASS.
BLATNOYD
Dig it! Just in from Darmstadt, lab quality, maybe I'll even have some with you --

He dumps the PHARMACEUTICAL COCAINE out on the table, arranges some lines, offers some to DOC.

DOC
I try not to do dope I can't pay for, 's what it is.

BLATNOYD
Wooooo! No worries. It's on the house.

DOC
Well, just to be sociable, I guess...

XANDRA enters, seductively:

XANDRA
Doctor? I think there's a problem with the couch in your office.
And bring that bottle...

Blatnoyd grabs the cylinder, runs after Xandra, unzipping his pants as he goes... DOC does some snooping... He goes to what looks like a closet door, he opens it --

CUT TO:

INT. HUGE ROOM - THAT MOMENT
It's a pristine, long and narrow DENTAL OPERATION ROOM. ROWS OF DENTIST CHAIRS, EQUIPMENT ETC. A few chairs are occupied by clients (mostly hippie-types, cleaned up) There are DOCTORS and SEXY DENTAL ASSISTANTS wearing surgical masks. Some of them look up, see DOC, then go back to their patients. Doc takes this all in...

BACK IN RUDY'S OFFICE
Doc comes back in...

JAPONICA
Hi, Dr. Rudy... I'm back...

DOC
You're not Dr. Rudy...

JAPONICA
You're not Dr. Rudy...

A young girl has entered Blatnoyd's office: JAPONICA FENWAY (20). Doc recognizes her.
That's at Japonica, ain't it? Japonica Fenway? Imagine meeting you here...

Doc walks slowly towards Japonica...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
This was not a moment he'd been either dreading or hoping for, though now and then somebody would remind him of the ancient American Indian belief that if you save somebody's life, you are responsible for them from then on, forever, and he would wonder if any of that applied to his history with Japonica here... (more??)

DOC
So... what have you been up to?

JAPONICA
Oh. Escaping mostly? There's this, like, place my parents keep sending me to?

DOC
Escaping? Escaping what?

JAPONICA
Chryskylodon Institute.

DOC
Place up in Ojai...?

JAPONICA
You know it?

DR. BLATNOYD comes bursting back into the room, zipping up his pants --

BLATNOYD
Japonica? I thought we'd agreed never to --

JAPONICA
I escaped again, Rudy...

BLATNOYD
(to Doc)
What are you still doing here?

CUT TO:
DENIS is walking around aimlessly looking for Doc. He's holding THE STEERING WHEEL from Doc's car and calling his name... Xandra is running behind him, zipping up her skirt...

   DENIS
   Doc?  Doc?  Where are you Doc?

   XANDRA
   No, no, no, where are you going?
   Come back here...!

INT. DR. BLATNOYD’S OFFICE

Denis enters into Blatnoyd's office --

   DENIS
   Hey, man... your ride's in a body shop.

   DOC
   What is it this time?

   DENIS
   I sort of mashed the front end. I was looking at these chicks out on Little Santa Monica --

   XANDRA
   I told you you couldn't come up here!
   (to Japonica)
   Oh. How lovely. Smile Maintenance Chick.

   BLATNOYD
   Miss Fenway may seem a little psychotic today --

   DENIS
   Groovy.

   BLATNOYD
   What?

   DOC
   Denis...

   BLATNOYD
   It's not 'groovy' to be insane. Japonica here has been institutionalized for it.

   DENIS
   They put those volts in your head?
JAPONICA
Volts and volts and volts.

DENIS
Bad for la cabeza.

DOC
Let's go, Denis, we gotta figure out a way to catch a bus back to the beach.

JAPONICA
If you need a ride, I'm heading that way --

DOC
Cop-friendly? Everything cool with your ride, Japonica? Brake lights, license plates, so forth?

JAPONICA
A-okay.

BLATNOYD
Mind if I tag along with you people? Contingencies of the road and so forth?

DOC
Yes, yes. Okay. That's a good idea... and why don't we do a little bit more of that for the road --

CUT TO:

64 INT. 1960 MERCEDES - EVENING
PARKED. They all get in, DR. BLATNOYD pushes a MARKET BAG under the seat...

DENIS
What's in that bag you're stuffing under Doc's seat?

BLATNOYD
Pay no attention to that bag. It will only make everybody paranoid.

JAPONICA starts the car and pulls out into traffic --

CUT TO:

65 INT. 1960 MERCEDES (DRIVING)
Japonica humming throughout --
DOC
Ah, Japonica -- your lights? It'd be groovy, Japonica, really to have some lights working seeing's how Beverly Hills cops are known to lurk uphill on these different cross streets? Just waiting for minor violations like lights to pop folks on?

BLATNOYD
Everything all right, baby? Um, Japonica, dear? That was a red light?

JAPONICA
I don't think so... I think that was one of it's eyes.

DOC
Oh, well, yes, we can sure dig that, Japonica, but then again --

BLATNOYD
No, no, there's no 'it' watching you! Those are not 'eyes,' those are warnings to come to a full stop and wait till the light turns green, don't you remember learning that in school?

POLICE LIGHTS.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. STREET - MERCEDES - NIGHT

They've been pulled over by the POLICE. Doc tries to calm everyone, etc... TWO ROOKIE COPS walk up to the car looking cautious and careful... GUNS RAISED and SHAKING VISIBLY... nervous as they approach the car.

JAPONICA
Are you the Great Beast?

BLATNOYD
No no no, that's a policeman, Japonica, who only wants to make sure you're all right.

COP
You know you were driving without your headlights, miss?

JAPONICA
But I can see in the dark.
BLATNOYD
Her sister went into labor an hour ago and Miss Fenway promised she'd be there in time to see the baby born, so she might've been a little inattentive back there.

COP
That case, maybe somebody else ought to be driving. And we'll need everybody's I.D.s, too.

DOC
Sure thing. What's it about, officer?

COP
Every gathering of three or more civilians is now defined as a potential cult --

DENIS
What!? Charlie Manson again?

NEXT COP
(to Cop)
Did you hear that? He called him Charlie!

COP
Shush -- Criteria including references to the book of Revelation, males with shoulder-length hair or longer and endangerment through automotive absentmindedness, all of which you folks have been exhibiting.

DENIS
Yeah, but we're in a Mercedes and it's only painted one color!

DOC
Denis --

DOC notices that both COPS are very subtly SHAKING.

COP
We'll hand this all in, Mr. Sportello, and unless there's wants or warrants we don't know about, you won't hear any more on this...

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - NIGHT

They've pulled up out front of a massive Bel Air home with a GATE AND A MOAT. BLATNOYD gets his BAG, climbs out of the car... goes to the INTERCOM on the gate, says --
Evening, Henrich.

-- and the gate opens... he says --

Won't be a minute.

Aren't you the man you found me and brought me back to my dad that time?

I was only doing my job.

Did he really want me back?

He seemed like your standard worried parent.

He's an asshole.

She's emotional. DOC gives her a card.

Here, this is my office number. I don't have regular hours, so you may not always find me in.

If it's meant to be...

Dr. Blatnoyd wishes to inform you that he will be remaining as our guest and there is no further need for you to wait...

CUT TO:

Where's SHASTA? Reminder?

DOC walks up to his office, past PETUNIA, who tries to delay him. She isn't wearing underwear and she opens her legs...

Oh, Doc, do you really have to go in right away?

(MORE)
PETUNIA (CONT'D)
It's been ages since we had one of our interesting chats.

DOC
Petunia, are you trying to tell me I have visitors waiting?

PETUNIA
Not exactly.

DOC
Not exactly visitors?

PETUNIA
Not exactly waiting?

He opens up and looks inside:

CLANCY CHARLOCK AND TARIQ KHALIL
are on Doc's desk, fucking. TARIQ looks up.

TARIQ
Hey, Doctor Sportello, my man. This is all right, isn't it?

DOC closes the door, and looks at Petunia:

DOC
Petunia, I know you have the soul of a matchmaker and normally I'm groovy with intimacy of all kinds, but not between elements in a case I'm working on. Too much information I end up never seeing --

PETUNIA
But it's too late, can't you see? They're in love! I'm just the karmic facilitator! I really have a gift for knowing who's supposed to be together and who's not and I'm never wrong. Love is the only thing that will ever save us!!!

DOC
Who???!?!?

PETUNIA
Everybody.
INT. DOC'S OFFICE - LATER

DOC is making them some coffee. CLANCY is sitting by TARIQ, encouraging his sharing with Doc... PETUNIA here, too.

TARIQ
Alright... When I came here first time, I should've told you the whole thing. Too late now, but I still could've trusted you more...

DOC
Tell me what?

CLANCY
(to Tariq)
You need to tell him the whole thing...

TARIQ
Glenn didn't owe me money...

DOC
... What did he owe you?

TARIQ
Guns. For my people at WAMBAM. Small arms... and some bazookas.

DOC
I can dig why you didn't want to get too specific... WAMBAM being?

TARIQ
Warriors Against The Man Black Armed Militia. Glen said he had friends who could score us guns and we're still waiting for our shipment as the revolution rolls on...

DOC
And who were these 'friends' of Glen's that were arranging the arms deal?

TARIQ
Some bunch of honky dentists out on lower Sunset. Worked out of some weird-ass building look like a big tooth.

DOC
Uh-huh. Well. Maybe I can think of one or two places to look.
He's out to a dinner with Clancy and Tariq, who are both in the bathroom. THOMAS JEFFERSON's face is on a NICKEL emblem all over this restaurant. THOMAS JEFFERSON appears, sitting in a booth next to DOC, drinking coffee, says:

DOC
(You look familiar -- are you the guy on the nickel?)

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Thomas Jefferson. So. Guns and Opium. The Golden Fang not only traffic in enslavement, they peddle the implements of liberation as well.

DOC
Yeah... but as a founding father, don't you get freaked out a little with this revolution talk?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.

DOC
Yeah, and what about when the patriots and tyrants turn out to be the same people?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
As long as they bleed is the thing.

Doc deep in thought...

THOMAS JEFFERSON
A nickel for your thoughts...

DOC
Glen Charlock... If Glen was tight with the Golden Fang, could they be the ones who took him out? Is he just another Rudy Blatnoyd, DDS who touched some acupressure point on the mysterious body of the Golden Fang so uncomfortably he had to be dealt with?
THOMAS JEFFERSON
Nobody trusted Glen -- the Aryan Brotherhood had him shitlisted as a traitor to his race, the Vigilant California was more than eager to help -- and the raid on Channel View Estates was a cover for the hit on Glen --

DOC
And so Mickey Wolfmann...?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Mickey was a witness -- he walked in on something he shouldn't have the V.C. commandoes hustled him off -- Then the Feds found out, here's an acid-head billionaire ready to give away all his money -- and of course, they had their own ideas on how to spend it. As long time associates of the Golden Fang by way of scag-related activities, they got Mickey programmed into Ojai for a little brain work --

DOC
Wait, wait, wait -- how do you know all this?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
I'm on the nickel. I'm everywhere. I see everything.

Every time a hippie puts his hand out for loose change -- there I am.

DOC
When you put it that way...

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Do you detect a common thread here, Lawrence?

DOC
I can trust any of these people?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Excellent -- and what, if anything, are you gonna do about it?

DOC
Me?

What can I do? I'm feeling pretty short on optimism right now, sir...
THOMAS JEFFERSON
Put it another way: What will nag you in the middle of the night, Lawrence?

DOC
That little Amethyst... Coy Harlingen's daughter --

... little kid blues... Amethyst.
Amethyst: Coy Harlingen's little kid -- what's her future gonna look like without her dad? Mistakes aside, Coy certainly doesn't deserve to be without his daughter and his wife --

CLANCY arrives back to the table. DOC looks up:

CLANCY
Talking to yourself again? You need to find true love, Doc.

DOC
I'm happy for you and Tariq. But what happened to that two at a time?

CLANCY
Doc -- this guy is two at a time -- at least.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

... Doc is sitting up straight, sleeping. THE PHONE RINGS:

DOC
Idiots Unlimited.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BIGFOOT'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

His wife in the kitchen and his kids run around in the b.g.

BIGFOOT
I'm in an evil mood myself tonight. Dr. Rudy Blatnoyd, DDS?

DOC
Uh-huh...
BIGFOOT
... has perpetrated his last root canal, I'm afraid.

DOC
What do you mean dead? Real life dead?

BIGFOOT
We found him next to a trampoline in Bel Air with a fatal neck injury. So far we have no witnesses, no motives, no suspects apart from you --

DOC
Not me. Why me?

BIGFOOT
Because you were observed in Blatnoyd's company, both of you riding in a vehicle full of drug crazed hippies.

DOC
Yeah, okay, well, the owner of that car? He's a very well-respected lawyer down in Palos Verdes, his daughter was driving... she offered me a ride? Cops never gave her a ticket? And Dr. Blatnoyd was her friend, not mine?

BIGFOOT
I think it's time for one of our chats.

CUT TO:

A75 INT. DOC'S CAR
DRIVING TO SEE BIGFOOT AT JAPANESE DINER.
Sortilege watches him quietly --
(ALT: No Sortilege.)

75 INT. JAPANESE COFFEE SHOP - DAY
BIGFOOT has some PANCAKES that he eats with two forks.

BIGFOOT
I'd share these with you, but then you'd be addicted and it'd be something else on my conscience...
.... you ever feel bitter you missed bein' up there at Cielo Drive? Stompin' around that famous crime scene?

BIGFOOT
You want the truth?

DOC
Um. No?

BIGFOOT
Well, here it is anyway: Right now everyone is really scared.

DOC
Who? You? Me?

BIGFOOT
Odd, that fear should be running the town again as in days of old, like the Hollywood blacklist you don't remember and the Watts rioting you do -- it spreads, like blood in a swimming pool, till it occupies all the volume of the day. And then maybe some playful soul shows up with a bucketful of piranhas, dumps them in the pool, and right away they can taste the blood. They swim around looking for what's bleeding, but getting more and more crazy, till the craziness reaches a point. Which is when they begin to feed on each other.

BIGFOOT takes a BIG BITE.

BIGFOOT
This Coy Harlingen matter. On the face of it, just one more O.D., one less junkie, case cleared.

DOC
So tell me what you've got...

Bigfoot presents some 3x5 INDEX CARDS... displays them like a card trick...

BIGFOOT
Pick a card... any card... These are Field Interrogation Reports... see if you find anything that looks familiar...

Doc picks the card that Bigfoot favors to him.
BIGFOOT
Puck Beaverton! Excellent choice. One of Mickey Wolfmann's bodyguards.

DOC
Interesting fellow, I hear...

BIGFOOT
Sheriff's people happen to run into him at the Venice home of the very dealer who sold Coy Harlingen the smack that killed him.

DOC
So what was Puck doing at Coy's dealer's place?

BIGFOOT
The interesting thing about this overdose is that Leonard James Loosemeat, AKA El Drano, was known for this three-percent product... but the report says what killed him was Pure China White No. 4...

DOC
Like the kind you'd get from the whole-seller? Like whoever's bringing it in?

BIGFOOT
I seem to recall that some years ago, just before he went into Folsom, Beaverton used to work for your best friend and loan shark Adrian Prussia...

DOC
Your best friend.

BIGFOOT
And this dealer El Drano also happened to be one of Prussia's steady customers. Maybe Puck was there on Adrian's behalf? What do you think?

DOC
I think you and Adrian have a history you're not sharing...

BIGFOOT screams to the Japanese WAITERS.

BIGFOOT
CHOOTO, KENICHIRO! DOZO, MOTTO PANNUEIKU!

JAPANESE WAITER
You got it, Lieutenant!
BIGFOOT
(to Doc)
Pancakes aren't quite as good as my mother's -- what I really go for here is the respect.

DOC
Didn't get enough of that from your mom?

BIGFOOT
You probably imagine I have a lot of status up in Robbery-Homicide. Who could blame you for thinking that... The reality, however... No Cielo Drive for Bigfoot. No TV movie rights or book deals for Bigfoot... even the extra work is drying up... God Help Us All. Dentists on trampolines.

Bigfoot is shaking his head slowly, Doc doesn't know how to deal with this...

DOC
Okay, Bigfoot...

DOC writes something on a napkin...

DOC
It was dark, windy roads, couldn't make it back there if I tried in broad daylight --

He slides the napkin to him.

DOC
That's the address where we dropped Dr. Rudy. It was about eleven.

BIGFOOT
That's just where we found him. This helps with the chronology. Hair and drug issues notwithstanding, I think you're being very professional about this...

DOC
Don't get sentimental on me, man, it fucks up your edge.

BIGFOOT
I can be even more emotionally irresponsible than that.

(MORE)
There are certain polygraph keys on this case that if I told you what they were, then the only ones who'd know would be Homicide, the killer and you.

DOC
Good thing you're not telling me.

BIGFOOT
Suppose I tell you anyway?

DOC
Why should you?

BIGFOOT
Just so we know where we're 'at' as you people say.

DOC
How about I put my fingers in my ears and scream if you try and tell me?

BIGFOOT
You won't do that.

DOC
Really? Why don't I?

BIGFOOT
Because you're one of the few hippie potheads in this town that appreciate the distinction between childlike and childish. Besides... it's right up your alley -- we're officially calling it a neck injury --

DOC PLUGS HIS EARS AND STARTS TO MAKE NOISES "blah, blah, blah." BIGFOOT SMACKS HIS HANDS AWAY.

BIGFOOT
Dr. Blatnoyd had puncture wounds on his throat, consistent with bites from canines of a midsize wild animal. That's what the coroner found.

DOC
Well, now that's mighty weird, Bigfoot. Because Rudy Blatnoyd was one of the partners in a tax dodge that calls itself the Golden Fang Enterprises. I don't suppose you had the SID test out those neck punctures for gold or nothin' like that?
BIGFOOT
I shouldn't think there'd be much trace. Gold is all but chemically inactive, as you might have learned in chemistry class if you hadn't been ditching all the time to score dope.

DOC
What happened to Locard's Exchange Principle? Every contact leaves traces? It would sure be ironic, man, is all I'm saying, if it turned out Blatnoyd was bit to death by a golden fang. Or even better, like two golden fangs.

BIGFOOT
I don't see why anything like that would be material?

DOC
Because it's the fucking Golden Fang.

BIGFOOT
The descendent's tax shelter. So what?

DOC
Not just a tax shelter, Bigfoot. Maybe something much more, more vast.

BIGFOOT
And this wouldn't be just more of your paranoid hippie bullshit, would it?

DOC
And have the lab look for traces of copper. Not the kind that goes stumbling all over the crime scene contaminating evidence -- more like copper, the metal? See, gold teeth are never pure gold, dentists like to alloy it with copper? If you hadn't ditched forensics class to go steal hubcaps to plant on some innocent hippie, you might have known that.

Doc gets up and leaves.

BIGFOOT
Bet you almost feel like a cop now, Doc.

CUT TO:
INT. DOC'S CAR (DRIVING) TO CHRYSKYLDON. Doc and Sortilege, driving in a canyon-type area...

SORTILEGE
... Where you off to?

DOC
Someplace up in Ojai called Chryskylodon.

SORTILEGE
Chryskylodon? Animal tooth?

DOC
Ancient Indian word means 'serenity.'

SORTILEGE
I minored in the classics at Stanford, that's not Indian, it's ancient Greek.

DOC
You went to Stanford?

SORTILEGE
It means 'Animal tooth made out of gold.'
(pause)
Have I told you lately how strong I think your morals are, Doc?

DOC
Thanks, 'Lege.

TURNS INTO DRIVING SHOTS APPROACHING CHRYSKYLODON...

EXT. GATES AT CHRYSKYLODON - DAY
Doc goes through a security check. Patted down by security guards who are holding GUNS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRYSKYLODON - DAY
Doc drives up -- ESTABLISH SHOT... see building.
EXT. CHRYSKYLDON - DAY

Arrival and greeting, handshakes outside...

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Doc walking through with DR. THREEPLY and staff...

DR. THREEPLY
This is our Administrative
Lounge... Our Chenin Blanc comes
from the Institute's own
vineyard... Hand's steady as a
rock today, Kimberly?

KIMBERLY
So happy you noticed, Dr.
Threeply... more soup, Dr. Igor?

DR. IGOR
Thank you, Kimberly.

INT. OTHER AREA - DAY

Tour continues... picture of Sloane Wolfmann... sign
under construction that partially reads, "Made Possible
Through The Selfless Generosity Of A Devoted Friend Of
Chryskylodon."

DOC
What's in here?

DR. THREEPLY
A brand new wing for housing our
Noncompliant Cases Unit...

Doc sees a bunch of kids cleaning the place... etc...
Photo of Sloane, etc...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
Doc was visited by the creepy
feeling that somewhere close by,
in some weird indeterminate space
whose residents weren't sure where
they were, inside or out of the
frame, might indeed be some
version of Mickey, not quite in
the same way that the lady with
the big check was a version of
Sloane, but altered and -- he
shivered -- maybe mentally or even
physically compromised. If Sloane
was endowing looney bins with
Mickey's money, why not take some
credit? Why be anonymous?
DOC

Nice.

DR. THREEPLY

Come, let's continue...

A79  INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY/HALLWAY - DAY  A79

Walking the hallway -- TWO VERSIONS -- with dialogue and without.

STAFF ASSISTANT

Have you been with us here before, Mr. Sportello? I know I've seen your face...

DOC

First time I've been down here... normally I don't get much south of South City.

DR. THREEPLY

And ab-normally?

DOC

What?

DR. THREEPLY

I only meant that with any number of qualified facilities in the Bay Area, why bother coming all the way down here to us?

DOC

I believe that just as chakras can be identified on the human body, so does the body Earth have these special places, concentrations of spiritual energy, grace, if you will, and that Ojai, for the presence of Mr. J. Krishnamurti alone, certainly qualifies as one of the more blessed of planetary chakras, which regrettably cannot be said for San Francisco or its immediate vicinity... Burke Stodger?

DR. THREEPLY

Part of our Burke Stodger marathon. All Burke, all day. 24 hours of Stodger. It's quite popular with our patients...

Doc and the tour poke their heads in... BURKE STODGER on the screen... Doc watches all the kids watching Burke Stodger...

CUT TO:
Doc and tour continue...

DR. THREEPY

Come... see our Advanced Therapy Group...

Doc advances, sees a bunch of chanters in white robes...

... THE SOFT SOUND OF DISTANT CHANTING. A group of six or so in flowing robes/hoods... Doc looks a little closer -- one of them is Coy Harlingen...

A BIG ORDERLY is sitting in a nearby chair. He's rolling his TIE up under his chin, holding it there, then lifting his chin and letting the tie fall back down.....

DOC'S POV

THE TIE unrolls, revealing HAND PAINTED NAKED SHASTA WITH HER ASS STUCK OUT. Straight from Mickey's Tie Collection. The orderly rolls the tie back up to his chin...

Doc's POV TILTS UP FROM the tie to see the SWASTIKA ON TOP OF THE ORDERLY'S HEAD... is this Puck Beaverton???

BACK TO SCENE

DR. THREEPY

Any questions?

DOC

Does that man have a swastika on his head?

DR. THREEPY

No, he doesn't. That's an ancient Hindu symbol meaning 'all is well.' It brings good fortune, luck and well-being, what do you mean?

DOC

Only that it looks like a swastika to me...

DR. THREEPY

He isn't a regular employee of the Institute, perhaps you should pay no attention to that man...

DOC

Ah-huh.
A MOMENT OF EYE CONTACT between ORDERLY/PUCK and DOC...

CUT TO:

80 INT. LOBBY

Doc continues on tour...

DR. THREEPLY
Next, we'll see the Institute's own Zen garden imported from Kyoto. Each pebble, each grain of white sand was transported and reassembled here exactly in place...

A STAFF ASSOCIATE RUNS UP.

STAFF ASSOCIATE
Doctor -- there's a problem with the volt generator in the Dungeon...
(ALTERNATE)
Doctor, there's a broken volt generator in the Dungeon...
(ALTERNATE)
Doctor -- the electroshock machine is acting fussy again...

DR. THREEPLY
Excuse me, Mr. Sportello...

He leaves. Doc goes snooping...

81 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Kids cleaning hallways...

Doc walks down... O.S. voice "psssssst." He goes into a --

ROOM

Coy is there...

COY
Thinking of checking yourself in?

DOC
More like lookin' for a way to get outta here. Couldn't afford it. I thought you were supposed to be clean these days -- what are you doing here?

COY
Bi-monthly checkup.
DOC
Why can't you just leave, Coy?

COY
It's part of the job, it's part of being dead...

DOC
You can't go back to your family, because if you did...?

COY
It would be my ass. I've told you.

DOC
Or maybe you're as addicted to this as you were some other things...

COY
This is a higher discipline. They saw something in me I didn't know I had.

DOC
You're a snitch, man.

COY
I have a gift for projecting alternate personalities --

DOC
A spy and a weasel --

COY
I have an addictive personality.

DOC
You're a stool pigeon, what about your girls, then? What about THAT?

COY
Why are you mad at me?

DOC
I'm not mad at you...

COY
What else was I gonna do? The baby was gonna die --

DOC
-- you made a choice, Coy --

COY
I made the only one I had, man -- doesn't everybody wish they had a different life?
I'm not mad at you, Coy, I'm just -- what the fuck?

With that, COY is gone again... DOC hears CHANTING AGAIN...

Something draws Doc to the window... he sees: PUCK BEAVERTON... leading the group of CHANTERS IN ROBES...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
It was occurring to Doc now something someone said once about vertical integration... that if the Golden Fang can get its customers strung out, why not turn around and sell them a program to help kick? Get them coming and going, twice as much revenue and no worries about new customers... as long as American life was something to be escaped from, the cartel could always be sure of a bottomless pool of new customers.

Doc follows Puck...

Doc follows Puck through the water... leads him to a BUNGALOW surrounded by FBI...

Doc sees MICKEY WOLFMANN.

Doc gets closer... and talks to Mickey... who's lounging on a patio/deck area --

DOC

Mickey...

MICKEY
... (Hello, little hippie... how are you?)

DOC
What are you doin' here?

MICKEY
They're helping me wake up from my bad hippie dream...

DOC
What did you dream? Mickey...

what did you dream?
MICKEY
I dreamed I gave away all my money...

(I spent my whole life making people pay for shelter... ...when all along I didn't realize it should've been for free...)

DOC
Who's brought you here?

MICKEY
My friends...

DOC
(...)

MICKEY
The bigger my setback, the bigger my comeback...

DOC
... Mickey... where's Shasta?

Mickey gets emotional...

FBI
Step away from the subject...

CUT TO:

83, 84 OMITTED

85 INT. FBI - HOLDING ROOM - DAY (VERSION 1) 85

FLATWEED and BORDERLINE questioning DOC:

FLATWEED
You're making things awkward. This curiosity of the Michael Wolfmann matter is inappropriate.

DOC
Mickey? No longer even a active case for me, man, fact, I never even made a ticket on it, 'cause nobody was payin' me.

FLATWEED
Yet, you're up here.

DOC
Looking into something totally else. I can see how busy you fellows are, so rather than keep you, I think I'll just... LIKE, FUCKIN' RUN?
INT. HOLDING AREA (VERSION 2)

FBI AGENT FLATWEED comes in...

FLATWEED
Your somewhat out on the probability curve and sure merits a closer look.

DOC
How close is that, you're already upside my face here.

FLATWEED
I'd say you're the one who's too close. You recognized that subject, didn't you?

DOC
Elvis, was it?

FLATWEED
You're making things awkward. This curiosity of the Michael Wolfmann matter is inappropriate.

DOC
Mickey? No longer even a active case for me, man, fact, I never even made a ticket on it, 'cause nobody was payin’ me.

FLATWEED
Yet, you pursue him all the way here.

DOC
I'm here looking into totally something else.

FLATWEED
Then you won't mind my sharing a thought. It's you hippies. You're making everybody crazy. We'd always assumed that Michael's conscience would never be a problem. After all his years of never appearing to have one. Suddenly he decides to change his life and give away millions to an assortment of degenerates -- Negroes, longhairs, drifters. Do you know what he said? We have it on tape. 'I feel as if I've awakened from a dream of a crime for I can never atone, an act I can never go back and choose not to commit.

(MORE)
FLATWEED (CONT'D)
I can't believe I spent my whole
life making people pay for
shelter, when it ought to've been
free. It's just so obvious.'

DOC
You memorized all that?

FLATWEED
Another advantage of a marijuana-
free life. You might want to try
it.

DOC
I can see how busy you fellows are
so rather than keep you, I think
I'll just... LIKE, FUCKIN' RUN?

INT. CHRYSKOLODON - HOLDING AREA - LATER (VERSION 3)

FLATWEED and BORDERLINE questioning DOC:

FLATWEED
You're somewhat out on the
probability curve and sure merits
a closer look.

DOC
How close is that, you're already
upside my face here.

FLATWEED
I'd say you're the one who's too
close. You recognized that
subject, didn't you?

DOC
Elvis, was it?

FLATWEED
You're making things awkward.
This curiosity of the Michael
Wolfmann matter is inappropriate.

DOC
Mickey? No longer even a active
case for me, man, fact, I never
even made a ticket on it, 'cause
nobody was payin' me.

FLATWEED
Yet, you pursue him all the way
here.

DOC
I'm here looking into totally
something else.
FLATWEED
Then you won't mind my sharing a thought. It's you hippies. You're making everybody crazy.

DOC
So you guys have your own ideas about how Mickey should be spending his money?

FLATWEED
Yes we do. There's better places it can go -- just look at Mr. Howard Hughes...

DOC
... Howard Hughes...

FLATWEED
Bought the Desert Inn Hotel and Casino, a fine investment in the future of Las Vegas.

DOC
... Las Vegas...

BORDERLINE
-- we'd always assumed Michael's conscience would never be a problem after all his years of never appearing to have one. Suddenly he decides to give away millions to Negroes, longhairs and drifters.

DOC
My bad luck and lousy timing. Man sees the light, tries to change his life, my one big chance to rescue somebody from the clutches of the system, and I'm too late. I can see how busy you fellows are, so rather than keep you, I think I'll just... LIKE, FUCKIN' RUN?

CUT TO:

86, 87 OMITTED

88 CLOSEUP - NEWSPAPERS
"MICKEY WOLFMANN RE-EMERGES! Opens New Casino in Las Vegas."
SORTILEGE (V.O.)
So in the never-ending battle
between the FBI and the Mafia for
control over Las Vegas... score
one for the FBI... Mickey
Wolfmann's money would be now
spent a different way, opening the
Kismet Hotel and Casino... no more
acid-head philanthropist, no more
Arrepentimiento... he was now back
with Sloane and the kids and back
to his greedy-ass ways...

IMAGES INCLUDE A GROUNDBREAKING CEREMONY WITH MICKEY,
looking reprogrammed. Sloane smiling. FBI lined up
behind him... etc., etc., etc.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Doc at home. Watching “ADAM-12” with Bigfoot doing some
extra work. DOC LOOKS UP TO HIS DOOR.

DOC
Hi, Shasta.

REVEAL: INSIDE THE APARTMENT, in beach wear, T-shirt,
flower print bikini bottom.

SHASTA
Hi, Doc.

Which is all it takes. He slides the newspaper casually
down to conceal his hard-on.

DOC
Either I'm on the time machine or
you're back.

SHASTA
I've been away.

DOC
Where?

SHASTA
Up north. Family stuff. Anything
been happening down here?

DOC
Your friend in the construction
business?

SHASTA
Oh, that's all over...
DOC
You got a load of people out lookin' for you, Shasta...

SHASTA
Well, here I am.

DOC
... he isn't back by any chance?

SHASTA
Some rumors. He's back with Sloane and the kids and so what? C'est la vie.

DOC
Que sera, sera?

SHASTA
Something like that...

DOC
I like your necklace...

CUT TO:

90 ANOTHER ANGLE

THE PHONE RINGS... Doc answers. Shasta mingles around the edges, gets a beer, smokes a joint, Doc watches her... INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BIGFOOT'S HOUSE

His kids screaming and killing each other in the b.g.

BIGFOOT
Word is your girlfriend's back.

DOC
Oh, yeah? And her front's not so bad either.

BIGFOOT
Where've you been?

DOC
No place I'd recommend.

BIGFOOT
Any developments on the Coy Harlingen matter? Any of them include young, what was his name again... Beaverton?

DOC
Any results on those Fang marks?
BIGFOOT
Nothing yet from Dr. Noguchi's people. They seemed very upset with me for suggesting lab work --

DOC
Only thought it'd be a helpful tip to a fellow professional. Just trying save you some trouble down the line, is all.

BIGFOOT
How's that?

DOC
When your own hearing comes up.

BIGFOOT
My, Sportello -- what are you suggesting?

DOC
One county supervisor with a bug up his ass is all it takes to bring you down, Bigfoot --

TOTAL SILENCE.

DOC
Bigfoot?

An extension is picked up and we hear MRS. BIGFOOT get on the phone.

MRS. BIGFOOT
This is Mrs. Chastity Bjornsen, and if that is one more sociopathic 'special employee' of my husband, I'll thank you to stop harassing him on his day off --

BIGFOOT
There, there my little boysenberry. Sportello's only been indulging in his idea of humor.

MRS. BIGFOOT
Doc Sportello? The Doc Sportello? Mr. Moral Turpitude himself! Have you any idea of the therapist bills around here for which you are directly responsible?

BIGFOOT
The Department picks up most of that, honey --
DOC hangs up...

SHASTA
What kind of girl do you need, Doc? Maybe a thing for those Manson chicks?

DOC
Well, thing... that depends what you -- are you sure you wanna be doing that?

She's unbuttoned her shirt and is rubbing her nipples.

SHASTA
Submissive, brainwashed, horny little teeners who do exactly what you want before you even know what that is. You don't even have to say a word out loud, they get it all by ESP. Your kind of chick, Doc?

DOC
You the one that's been stealin' my magazines?

She slides out of her shirt and down on her knees, crawls over and grabs his hard-on...

SHASTA
Now, what would Charlie do?

DOC
Probably not this...

Doc lights a joint... he holds it for her to smoke...

DOC
Look, I'm sorry about Mickey, but...

SHASTA
Mickey... Mickey could have taught all you swinging beach bums a thing or two. He was just so powerful. Sometimes he could almost make you feel invisible. Fast, brutal, not what you'd call a considerate lover, an animal, actually, but Sloane adored that about him, and Luz -- you could tell, we all did.
SHASTA (CONT'D)
It's so nice to be made to feel invisible that way sometimes...

DOC
Yeah. And guys love to hear this shit like this.

SHASTA
He'd bring me to lunch in Beverly Hills, one big hand all the way around my bare arm, steering me blind down out of those bright streets into some space where it was dark and cool and you couldn't smell any food, only alcohol -- they'd all be drinking, tables full of them, in a room that could have been any size, and they all knew Mickey, they wanted, some of them, to be Mickey... He might as well have been bringing me in on a leash. He kept me in those micro minidresses, never allowed me to wear anything underneath... just offering me to whoever wanted to stare. Or grab. Or sometimes he'd fix me up with his friends. And I'd have to do whatever they wanted...

DOC
Why are you telling me all this?

She drapes herself over him and plays with her pussy.

SHASTA
Oh, I'm sorry, Doc. Do you want me to stop? If my girlfriend had run away to be the bought-and-sold whore of some scumbag developer? I'd just be so angry I don't know what I'd do. Well, no, I'm even lying about that, I know what I'd do. If I had the faithless little bitch over my lap like this --

And they're fucking.

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Doc and Shasta together.

SHASTA
This doesn't mean we're back together.
'Course not.

BEAT.

DOC
You didn't get that necklace up north did you?

SHASTA
I went on a boat ride.

DOC
Like a three-hour tour?

SHASTA
They told me I was precious cargo that couldn't be insured because of inherent vice.

DOC
What's that?

SHASTA
I don't know... something on your mind?

DOC
I met a friend of yours...

SHASTA
Who's that?

DOC
Coy Harlingen. And he's clean.

SHASTA
Glad to hear it. Long may he wave.

DOC
He's been working as a snitch for the LAPD, and I also saw him on the tube working undercover for this outfit called Vigilant California... and you don't look surprised enough, Shasta, he's meant to be dead...

SHASTA
Then I guess that one's on my ticket because it was me who introduced him to Burke Stodger and Burke who set him up with the Viggles...

DOC
Help me out here, how do you know Burke Stodger?
SHASTA

We were neighbors in Hancock Park.

DOC

Didn't think you liked those kindsa movies...

SHASTA

I saw him on a ‘Brady Bunch’ episode once. We walked our dogs at the same time each morning...

DOC

Which one?

SHASTA

Which one what?

DOC

Which episode?

SHASTA

Jan gets a wig. Gets tired of being a blonde.

DOC

Not the same thing as changing your politics, I guess.

SHASTA

I told him I had a friend who needed to kick drugs -- and he told me he knew a program that really worked... and then Coy just disappeared.

DOC

... and were you seeing Mickey then?

SHASTA

... god, you're a nosy fuck, aren't you?

DOC

Put it this way... how did you and Coy's wife get along?

SHASTA

Was I running around on Mickey? What a thing to ask.

DOC

When did I --

SHASTA

In case you haven't figured it out, I was never the sweetest girl in the business...

(MORE)
...but there was no reason for me to waste a minute on a sick junkie like Coy... he wasn't my charity project and if you stop to think about some of the girls you've hung out with...

DOC
Alright -- whatever you meant to do, Shasta, you ended up saving Coy's life... now he's a snitch for the LAPD and an undercover agent for the Viggies and maybe the Golden Fang -- the outfit, not the boat -- and there's a few stiffs so far that may or may not be on his karmic ticket.

SHASTA
I should be saying 'Coy's a big boy and he can take care of himself,' but the only thing is I don't think he can...

DOC
But whatever these people are into, it ain't helping junkies get back on the straight and narrow... What did he think was gonna happen? That cover story about him being dead fell apart from the second he started using it? What the hell was he thinking?

SHASTA
... what do you think was gonna happen when you got into your whole P.I. trip?

DOC
Different situation.

SHASTA
Oh? Far as I can see, you and Coy, you're peas in a pod.

DOC
How's that? I'm not working for them.

SHASTA
Cops who never wanted to be cops.

DOC
Yeah, but I'm not working for any of those folks...
SHASTA
Rather be surfing or smoking or fucking or anything else but what you're doing.

DOC
Yeah, but I'm not working for anyone, Shasta, I'm a force for the good.

SHASTA
You guys must've thought you'd be chasing criminals, and instead here you are both working for them.

DOC
Ouch.

SHASTA
Courage, Camile. You're still a long way from LAPD material...
(Sorry... I'm just being actressy, Doc. I love those zingers, I can't resist 'em...)

CUT TO:

93 BEACH

(NOTE: see pg. 314. Shasta and Doc walking, etc...)  

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
Could that be true? All this time, Doc assumed he'd been out busting his balls for folks who, if they paid him anything it'd be half a lid or a small favor down the line or maybe only just a quick smile, long as it was real. He began to run through the cash customers he could remember, starting with Crocker Fenway and going on through studio executives, stock market heroes of the go-go years, remittance men from far away who needed new pussy or dope connections, rich old guys with cute young wives and vice versa... It was sure a piss-poor record, not too different, after all, he guessed, from interests Coy had been working for. Forget who -- what was he working for anymore?

(NOTE: Poss. actressy line here on beach, post-narr.)
Doc comes to see Bigfoot who's in the Chicano/Negro/Hippie section.

BIGFOOT
Mrs. Bjornsen sends her regards.

DOC
Can I say something out loud, is anybody listening?

BIGFOOT
Everybody. Nobody. Does it matter?

DOC
 Alright, then: Correct me if I'm mistaken, Bigfoot, but it's clear to me that you're desperate to have a word with Adrian Prussia but can't let on, because otherwise you're in deep shit with powers unnamed -- so you're using me instead -- have I got that more or less right?

BIGFOOT
We're in sensitive territory here, Sportello.

DOC
Well, somebody's gonna have to be less sensitive for a minute and just wipe off their chin and stand up and deal with it. If there's something you need, just come on out and say it, how hard can that be?

BIGFOOT
Pretty hard. Internal Affairs has it all locked down.

DOC
Internal Affairs, what does Internal Affairs have to do with this?

BIGFOOT
Figure it out. Use what's left of your brain. The trouble with you people is that you never know when somebody's doing you a favor -- you think you're entitled because you're cute or something. Go look in the mirror sometime.

(MORE)
'Dig' yourself, 'man,' till you understand nobody owes you anything. Then get back to me.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

DOC comes into see current girlfriend: PENNY KIMBALL. Her cubicle mate is a straight-looking DA RHUS FROTHINGHAM.

RHUS
Are you all right? Should I call security?

PENNY
(to Doc)
Am I?

DOC
Only wondering when you'd be free for dinner. Didn't mean to freak you out. I'll even spring for it.

PENNY
I'm fine, Rhus, thank you. (as he leaves)
Listen, would you mind if we just went back to my place?

DOC
Wait... what?

PENNY
And we can pick up a pizza on the way.

DOC
A pizza?

PENNY
I can hear you getting a hard-on.

DOC
Well, okay, I'll see you back at your place -- no, no, no, wait a minute, I came here for a reason --

PENNY
What is it?

DOC
I need to look at somebody's jacket. Ancient history, but it's probably under lock and key...
PENNY
That's it? No big deal, we do that all the time.

DOC
What, break into officially sealed records? And here I had all this faith in the system.

PENNY
Oh, Doc. Grow up. What's the name?

DOC
Adrian Prussia.

PENNY
Ewwwwwww. Really?... that'd be an Internal Affairs file.

DOC
Internal Affairs? What does Internal Affairs have to do with this?

PENNY
Adrian Prussia has been booked on murder one charges more times than I can remember... and each time, he's walked...

DOC
So what are you guys doing wrong?

PENNY
Last time was called a justifiable homicide of one of the LAPD's very own...

DOC
Who?

PENNY
Your friend's partner...

DOC
What's that? Which friend? Hang on.

PENNY
Bigfoot.

DOC
What what now?

PENNY
Adrian's like the LAPD'S own personal hitman, doing deeds for them that they won't do themselves...
DOC
And you know all this because...?

PENNY
Everyone does. State Attorney
General's office has been after
him for years but nobody can touch
him, partly because of this
interesting portfolio of
IOUs he has -- and that's always
enough to guarantee obedience.

DOC
Obedience to who?

PENNY
Commanders. Controllers. The
Department itself.

DOC
So someone inside the LAPD ordered
a hit on Bigfoot's partner?

PENNY
You think it's all some monolithic
fun fest down here, Doc? Nothing
to do all day but figure out new
ways to persecute you hippies?

DOC
Did you change your hair?

PENNY
Somebody talked me into seeing
this hotshot on Rodeo Drive. He
put these streaks in and called it
the Surfer Chick Special --

DOC
For me?

DOC
Who else?

PENNY
Or maybe you'd go for Lynette
Squeaky Fromme-type look?

DOC
Long and curly? Well, huh?

PENNY
Thing for those Manson chicks?

DOC
Wait a minute...

PENNY
Word around you go in for that
sort of thing...
Doc is speechless.

**DOC**

Why was I here again?

**PENNY**

You wanted to see a restricted file. (Adrian Prussia.)

**DOC**

So Adrian Prussia kills Bigfoot's partner with the apparent collaboration of elements within the Department. Everybody knows he did the deed but there's no back channel outcries in the paper, no vigilante revenge by horrified fellow officers... No, instead it's locked up tight for the next thirty years, everybody pretending it's another cop hero fallen in the line of duty. Forget about decency, or respecting the memories of all the real dead-cop heroes -- how can people be that fuckin' unprofessional?

Penny is tearing up... Doc sees she's human.

**DOC**

Penny?

**CLOSEUP - DOC**

looking at Adrian Prussia's INTERNAL AFFAIRS FILE. He sees of picture of Adrian onboard the **GOLDEN FANG**...

**SORTILEGE (V.O.)**

What Doc was seeing now was something that made his heart hurt... that Bigfoot's pain was deep. That Adrian Prussia worked not only as a what seemed to be a personal loan shark for the LAPD but moon-lit as their own personal contract-killer -- doing deeds for them that they couldn't do themselves. Time after time, he was pulled in, questioned, arraigned, indicted, no matter -- somehow the cases never quite got to trial, each being bargained down in the interests of justice, not to mention Adrian, who invariably walked. And one of those deeds appeared to be (MORE)
labeled ‘the justifiable homicide’
of one of the LAPD’S very own
named Vincent Indelicato...
Bigfoot's partner. Lieutenant
Detective Christian F. Bigfoot
Bjornsen... This was mourning all
right, and it was deep. Bigfoot's
air of possessed melancholy now
made sense.

CUT TO:

EXT. AP FINANCE - DAY

Adrian Prussia Finance is somewhere between downtown and
South Central and the Wash. Doc pulls up, parks, looks
around... There's a BUNCH OF MEN LOITERING AROUND... Doc
notices them, they notice him...

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
Doc knew he had needed to see
Adrian Prussia at some point...
he'd really been avoiding it,
mostly because Bigfoot was pushing
him towards it -- but here he is:
looking for something he doesn't
want to find and seeing someone he
doesn't want to see -- (and
where's the partner to watch Doc's
back?)

(ALTERNATE)
(wondering, 'where's the partner
to watch my back?)

OFF IN THE DISTANCE

Bigfoot watching...

CUT TO:

INT. AP FINANCE - DAY

It's nondescript offices. A SECRETARY is here:

SECRETARY
May I help you?

DOC
I'm here to see Adrian Prussia,
my name is Doc Sportello.

SECRETARY
Yes. May I tell him what it's
regarding?

DOC
(...)

(...
SECRETARY
What is it regarding?

DOC
Bigfoot Bjornsen.

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

DOC is let in by the Secretary. He enters. It's covered... wall-to-wall with BASEBALL BATS... ADRIAN is sitting behind a desk...

DOC
Afternoon...

ADRIAN
So, you here about... (Bigfoot)

DOC
Good question.

ADRIAN
Wait-a-minute. This is bullshit, I remember you -- the kid from Fritz's shop out in Santa Monica, right? I lent you my special edition Carl Yastrzemski bat once, to collect from that child-support deadbeat you chased down the Greyhound and pulled him off of, and then you wouldn't use it.

DOC
I tried to explain at the time, it had to do with how much I've always admired Yaz?

ADRIAN
There's no place for that in this business. So what are you up to these days? Skip tracing or'd you go into the priesthood?

DOC
P.I.

ADRIAN
They gave you a license? So who sent you here? Who you working for today?

DOC
All on spec. All on my own time.
ADRIAN
Wrong answer. How much of your own time do you think you got left, kid?

Adrian presses a buzzer under his desk...

DOC
I was just about to ask...

ENTER: PUCK BEAVERTON.

DOC
Howdy... Puck...

PUCK
Do I know you? I don't think I do.

DOC
You look like somebody I ran across once. My mistake.

PUCK
Your mistake.

ADRIAN
I have a busy day ahead. And I know nothing of any of this.

PUCK sits at Adrian’s desk and lights up a VERY LARGE JOINT. He takes a hit, hands it over to Doc... Doc notices PUCK wearing the same seashell necklace as Shasta.

PUCK
It helps to have a bad memory sometimes.....

(You didn't take my advice.)

So what can I help you with today?

DOC
I'm not sure. It's these cases I'm working on... wondering if you can shed some light on the winding out at Channel View Estates with Glen Charlock?

PUCK
Glen was the target all along. That outfit he was runnin' guns for didn't trust him anymore than the Brotherhood who shitlisted him for being a traitor to his race...

DOC
And what about Mickey Wolfmann...
PUCK
Mickey just saw things he shouldn't've. The boys in the John Wayne outfits at Channel View panicked and hustled him away -- then the Feds found out -- here's an acid-head billionaire about to give away all his money -- and, of course, they had their own ideas on how to spend it -- then they programmed Mickey into Ojai for a little brain work.

DOC
While we're just talking here -- did you know a detective named Vincent Indelicato?

PUCK
Sure.

DOC
He met an untimely end -- any ideas on what might have happened

PUCK
That was Adrian's. But I got to pull the trigger...

DOC
... So who hired Adrian?

PUCK
It's cop-on-cop. Kind of a waste of time to try and figure out...

DOC
... Why are you telling me all this?

PUCK
After faithful attendance at Ninja School in Boyle Heights, I have become a master in the technique known as false inhaling -- Acid invites you through a door. PCP opens the door, shoves you through, slams it behind you and locks it.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
So commencing a classic and memorable bummer...
FADE IN:

INT. ROOM WITH WINDOWS

There are two Docs, one on each side of a window in a strange room.

DOC #2
Hi.

DOC
You look just like you do in the mirror.

DOC #2
Groovy, because you don't look like anything, in fact you're invisible.

DOC
How can you see me?

DOC #2
Because I'm lookin' right at you. How come you ask so many questions?

DOC
That's my job. Like, what I do.

DOC #2
And perhaps you could get a fuckin' haircut.

Docs turn and look at another window. There's a LARGE BLACK-HOODED FIGURE WITH NO FACE.

GOLDEN FANG
As you may have already gathered -- I am the Golden Fang.

DOC
Like J. Edgar Hoover 'is' the FBI?

GOLDEN FANG
Not exactly... they have named themselves after their worst fear. I am the unthinkable vengeance they turn to when one of them has grown insupportably troublesome, when all other sanctions have failed.

DOC
Okay if I ask you something?
GOLDEN FANG
About Dr. Blatnoyd. Dr. Blatnoyd had a fatality for rogue profit sharing activities of which his coadjustors have taken a dim view.

DOC
So you... ate him up?

GOLDEN FANG
Sunk these into him --

Doc walks towards the Golden Fang, unable to do anything else, it embraces him, and then EATS HIM ALIVE.

VOICE (O.S.)
He's freaking out...

DOC
Am not.

THERE'S A BLUR AND BLAST OF NOISE.

101  ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER  101

Doc comes out of the PCP fog and realizes he's been HANDCUFFED to something. A bed? His gun is gone. He's in deep shit.

He's able to peer out a window, he's on the second floor of someplace with a warehouse. There's a CAR and a MOTORCYCLE parked here... Puck is here ....

PUCK
Didn't know you were a weekend warrior... I could have gone cheap and used beer...

Special treat for you today, Doc. We just got in a shipment of Pure Number Four, not a white guy's finger laid on it between the Golden Triangle and your own throbbin' vein, and there's worse ways to be removed forever from the major-pain-in-the-ass list. Just let me step out here and get you some. Don't go away now.

PUCK leaves... closes the door and locks it on the outside... DOC, still in a PCP fog... STARTS PULLING THE HANDCUFFS AROUND HIS WRIST THAT IS ATTACHED TO THE BED POST... BREAKS IT.

LIKE AN ANIMAL HE TEARS THE BEDPOST APART.

He stands up on the chair, unscrews the light bulb. It's pitch black. He waits.
Puck opens the door... Doc whips the TOILET SEAT INTO HIS FACE, then instantly smashes his foot down into Puck's knee, bringing him down ....

A TRAY AND NEEDLE AND DOPE FALL TO THE FLOOR FROM PUCK'S HANDS.

Doc takes the syringe from the floor, draws up the dope and plunges it straight into Puck's jugular. He gets his gun off Puck...

    ADRIAN (O.S.)
    Puck?  Puckie?

   DOC gets his GUN off PUCK'S DEAD BODY... and goes into the hallway...

   Adrian FIRES A SHOT THAT HITS A GONG BEHIND DOC -- THAT RINGS OUT THROUGH THE REST OF THE SCENE.

   Doc crouches behind a sofa, takes off his SANDAL and throws it in the general direction of Adrian...

   THIS DRAWS A SHOT FROM THE PATIO FROM ADRIAN. MUZZLE FLASH. SMOKE... DOC trains his gun up...

   Waits until he sees a DENSE PATCH OF MOVING SHADOW AND FIRES OFF THREE ROUNDS... THERE'S A FAINT SOUND... AND THERE'S NO SOUND AFTER THAT.

   DOC WAITS UNTIL HE HEARS SOME INVISIBLE CRYING, BREATHING IN THE ROOM SOMEWHERE:

   DOC
   That you, Adrian?

   ADRIAN
   I'm fuckin' lunch meat... oh, shit...

   DOC
   Did I get you?

   ADRIAN
   You got me.

   DOC
   Fatal, I hope?

   ADRIAN
   Feels like it.

   DOC
   How can I know for sure?

   ADRIAN
   Maybe it'll be on news at 11, asshole.
DOC
Stay there. Try not to croak,
I'll call this in.

DOC gets into the KITCHEN AND CALLS AN AMBULANCE... BELOW
THE KITCHEN, HE HEARS MOVEMENT IN THE GARAGE. He creeps
down for a look, his pistol ready --

102 INSIDE THE GARAGE

It's BIGFOOT, who's unloading a bunch of HEROIN PACKS
from Adrian's Lincoln Continental and into a '65
Impala...

DOC
Bigfoot? Bigfoot, what the fuck?

BIGFOOT
Take care of 'em okay, Doc?

DOC
You fuckin' lunatic. What is
this?

BIGFOOT
I'm in enough shit personally with
the captain and I've seen you on
the range... Nice work.

BIGFOOT puts the PARCEL into his car...

DOC
And that there, is that what I
think it is?

BIGFOOT
Well... it's only one. There's
more. Enough left for evidence.

DOC
Bigfoot, Bigfoot, I saw the movie,
man, and as I recall, that
character comes to a bad end.

BIGFOOT
I have obligations. Expenses.

DOC
This is the Golden Fang you're
about to rip off here, man. The
fully fuckin' weird outfit that
kills people --

BIGFOOT
That's according to your own
delusional system --

... COPS AND STUFF START TO APPROACH IN THE DISTANT
B.G...
BIGFOOT
Get in the car.

DOC
Fuck you, Bigfoot. You're a fucking lunatic.

BIGFOOT
Get in the car.

Bigfoot gets Doc in the car.

CUT TO:

103 INT. BIGFOOT'S CAR (MOVING)

They're driving. DOC is silent, he looks out the window that's open... wind blowing... Bigfoot's driving fast.

DOC
You're the LAPD's own Charlie Manson... where are we going?

BIGFOOT
We had to impound your car again.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. CANOGA PARK TOW YARD - NIGHT

DOC is waiting out front of the tow yard... filling out some paperwork...

Bigfoot is around back... he takes a KILO out of his trunk and plants it in Doc's trunk...

Bigfoot brings Doc's car around, hands him keys...

DOC
Maybe I should take a small commission for doing your dirty work.

BIGFOOT
BUT THAT WOULD PUT YOU ON THE FUCKING PAYROLL, WOULDN'T IT?????

Bigfoot gets in his car and drives off... Doc gets in his car...

SORTILEGE
(whispers)
Doper's ESP, Doc... doper's ESP... listen to it...
Doc has put the heroin into an CARDBOARD TV BOX. Denis is here with Jade... they hide it in Denis' apartment.

DENIS
What is it?

JADE
A new TV!!!!

CUT TO:

It's the next morning. DOC is sitting on his couch. He's waiting for the phone to ring, drinking coffee.

TV playing something... JOHN GARFIELD, He Ran All The Way. THE PHONE RINGS.

DOC
Hello?

MALE
It's sure been a long time...

DOC
And your name was...

MALE
This is Crocker Fenway.

DOC
Japonica's dad? Japonica's gone missing again?

CROCKER FENWAY (V.O.)
You have something that belongs to some people I represent and they'd like it back...

DOC
So not that it's any of my business, but you're a principal in all this?

CROCKER FENWAY (V.O.)
It's only because of me and our small transaction over Japonica that you're still alive...

DOC
Ever so grateful, sir... so what do we do? I'd come to your house, but don't you live behind a gate in an already gated community?
CROCKER FENWAY (V.O.)
You people do humor?

DOC
Well... more like practicality.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT (LOCATION TBD) - LATER

Doc is here, trying to keep it together. Crocker Fenway (50s, white, lawyer) slides into a booth with him and looks at him, orders a rum and Coke.

DOC
... How's the family?

CROCKER FENWAY
Mrs. Fenway still looks like the Gross National Product and Japonica is fine, if that's what you mean.

DOC
Yeah, thought I saw old Japonica at my doctor's office just the other day... By the way, did you ever run into a dentist named Rudy Blatnoyd?

CROCKER FENWAY
Yes, I do seem to recall the name, perished in a trampoline accident, didn't he?

DOC
The LAPD's not sure it was an accident.

CROCKER FENWAY
And you're wondering if I did it? What possible motive would I have? Just because the man preyed on an emotionally vulnerable child, tore her from the embrace of a loving family, forced her to engage in sexual practices that might appall even a sophisticate like yourself -- does that mean I'd have any reason to see his miserable pedophile career come to an end? What a vindictive person you must imagine me.

DOC
You know... I did suspect he was fucking his receptionist.

(MORE)
DOC (CONT'D)
But I mean, what dentist doesn't, it's some oath they all have to take in dentist school, and anyhow that's a long way from strange and weird sex. Isn't it?

CROCKER FENWAY
How about when he forced my little girl to listen to original cast albums of Broadway musicals while he had his way with her?

DOC
Japonica's legal age now, isn't she?

CROCKER FENWAY
In a father's eye, they're always too young.

BEAT. They look at each other.

CROCKER FENWAY
To the matter at hand.

DOC
So I suppose you want your drugs back. And I also suppose you think I want some money -- but what if it didn't have to be in the form of money...

CROCKER FENWAY
Well, money would be a lot easier.

DOC
I've been more concerned about the safety of some people.

CROCKER FENWAY
... How much of a threat are they to my principles?

DOC
There's a saxophone player named Coy Harlingen, who's been working undercover for different antisubversive outfits, including the LAPD. He's come to feel lately that he made the wrong career choice. It lost him his family and his freedom. Like you, he has an only daughter.

CROCKER FENWAY
Please.

DOC
Okay, well, anyway, now he wants out.

(MORE)
I think I can square it with the heat, but there's this other bunch called Vigilant California and... well, whoever's running them, of course.

CROCKER FENWAY
My guess is that they'd prefer he didn't disclose any confidential information.

DOC
Last thing he'd ever do.

CROCKER FENWAY
Your personal guarantee.

DOC
I'll go after him myself he tries anything.

CROCKER FENWAY
That's all you wanted. No money, now, you sure?

DOC
How much money would I have to take from you so I don't lose your respect?

CROCKER FENWAY
People like you lose all claim to respect the first time they pay anybody rent.

DOC
And when the first landlord decided to stiff the first renter for his security deposit, your whole fucking class lost everybody's respect.

CROCKER FENWAY
Ah, so you're looking for what? A refund? Plus how many years interest?

DOC
Course. Nothin' to you. Just a couple hundred bucks to roll up and snort coke through...

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL (ARTESIA AND HAWTHORNE) - MORNING

It's Sunday morning. Empty parking lot. DOC has brought DENIS along. JADE is in the backseat... They sit in (some borrowed?) car and wait...
DENIS
... You should be getting
something for your trouble...

DOC
I'm getting their word they won't
hurt somebody.

DENIS
You believe that?

JADE
I thought I was naive.

DOC
Good people get bought and sold
every day. Might as well trust
somebody evil once in a while, it
makes no more or less sense.

A '53 BUICK ESTATE WAGON carrying a BLOND FAMILY:
MOTHER, FATHER, EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER AND SIX-YEAR-OLD
SON. GOLDEN FANG OPERATIVES.

The MOTHER is wearing a TENNIS OUTFIT, smoking a
cigarette. The son has buzz cut and already looks like a
Marine and stares Doc down. The Daughter looks like she
has a future in drug abuse. The FATHER and DOC take the
dope and put it in the back of the station wagon...
MOTHER hands over something to DOC.

DOC
What's this?

DAUGHTER
A credit card. Don't hippies have
them?

DOC
I must have meant, why's your mom
handing me this?

MOTHER
It isn't for you.

COY HARLINGEN's name on the card. They drive off. The
Daughter gives Doc the finger. HOLD.

CUT TO:

109
EXT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - DAY

Doc is waiting in the car out front. There's a BUDDHIST
PRIEST walking around the yard with some girl groupies
... he's performing an exorcism...

Coy emerges from the house... looking a little paranoid
and confused, walks to Doc, gets in the car...
COY
Everything's cool...

DOC
Drac's a part of the band?
So... The Boards aren't so evil anymore?

COY
Maybe just confused now and then... you know a band that isn't? I'm officially off everybody's payroll. Burke Stodger called me personally...

CUT TO:

110 EXT. COY/HOPE'S HOUSE - LATER AFTERNOON

Drops Coy off at his place. Coy just breathes, emotional...

COY
You know what the Indians say. You saved my life, now you've --

DOC
Yeah, yeah, some hippie made that up. You saved your life, Coy. Now you get to live it.

Coy gets out, walks up to his house and is greeted at the door by HOPE and AMETHYST. Hope and Coy start making out... HOPE waves to DOC...

DISSOLVE TO:

111 FISH PLACE - DOC AND SAUNCHO - DAY

DOC
Anything you can tell me about an inherent vice clause?

SAUNCHO
It's what you can't avoid.

DOC
Like... original sin?

SAUNCHO
Stuff Marine policies don't like to cover. Usually applies to cargo like eggs break -- chocolate melts -- glass shatters, that sorta thing... thinking of --

THE PHONE AT THE BAR RINGS, SAUNCHO RUNS FOR IT... he listens, then hangs up...
SAUNCHO

They got her --

Sauncho runs out as fast as he can -- Doc on his heels.

CUT TO:

112  EXT. SAN PEDRO - DAY

Department of Justice and Coast Guard boats have taken hold of the Golden Fang...

Doc and Sauncho watch from the shore...

SAUNCHO

If she could be brought back in, into some kind of safe receivership and the owners don't come and claim her within a year and a day -- then she's officially abandoned.

DOC

And then what?

SAUNCHO

I don't wanna jinx anything -- everybody starts coming out of the woodwork -- multiple insurers; ex-old ladies -- maybe one of your lowlife millionaire friends will end up stealing her at auction -- but!... say there was a legal marine policy in force --

DOC

... you didn't happen to take out a policy yourself, Saunch...

SAUNCHO

If there's litigation -- I'll be on it.

DOC

Well... I hope it works out for you, man. That boat and you really do belong together...

Sauncho starts singing "We Should Be Together," from Little Miss Broadway.

CUT TO:

113  INT. DOC'S PLACE - DAY

Doc is on his couch. LONG PAUSE, THEN: BIGFOOT'S FOOT SMASHES HIS DOOR DOWN... The door is shattered in a thousand pieces. Doc looks up scared shitless:
BIGFOOT
Don't get up...

DOC
Bigfoot. Bigfoot, man... smash down my door?!?! Come on, man...

BIGFOOT
After a long and busy day of civil rights violations, I found myself in the neighborhood and compelled to drop in... just to check and see the current state of affairs of my old stomping grounds. Seeing as your effort to keep lines of communications open with me have been limited to say the least...

DOC
I've been busy...

BIGFOOT
Trying to figure out which side of the Zig-Zag paper is the sticky side?

Then... they both talk at the same time...

DOC/BIGFOOT
Listen... I'm sorry about last night. You? Why should you be sorry?

The spell is broken.

DOC
Weird.

BIGFOOT
Extraordinary...

Bigfoot looks over Doc's weed supply... BIGFOOT starts to EAT DOC'S WEED BAG AND JOINTS.

HE SWALLOWS... BIGFOOT takes another BIG BITE OF DOC'S DRUGS... FINDS SOME PILLS, EATS THEM UP, TOO.

BIGFOOT
This fucking Gordita Beach has been cursed from the jump. I've been trying my whole life to get out of here. Indians lived here long ago, they had a drug cult, smoked toloache which is jimsonweed, gave themselves hallucinations, deluded themselves they were visiting other realities -- why, come to think of it, not unlike the hippie freaks of our present day.

(MORE)
Their graveyards were sacred portals of access to the spirit world, not to be misused. And Gordita Beach is built right on top of one.

DOC
Yeah? And these spirits, can you, like, catch them, Bigfoot?

BIGFOOT
You plod along in pursuit, maybe only wanting to apologize and they fly away like the wind, and wait their moment...

He heads for the door and WALKS INTO THE WALL.

DOC
You okay, brother?

BIGFOOT
I'm not your brother.

DOC
No... but you could sure use a keeper.

Bigfoot walks out the door and falls over the balcony...

INT. DOC'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Doc driving on the freeway. Shasta is curled up in the passenger seat. A fog is rolling in on the Santa Monica Freeway. Headlights drift ahead and behind him...

SHASTA
Remember that day, the Ouija board set us off into that big storm?

DOC
One of a couple things I never forgot -- don't know why.

SHASTA
This feels the same way, tonight. Just us. Together. Almost like being underwater. The world, everything gone someplace else.

DOC
Figured it was Sortilege just settin' us up.

SHASTA
No, she...

DOC
Her Ouija board...
SHASTA
She knows things, Doc... maybe about us that we don't know...

DOC
This don't mean we're back together.

SHASTA
Course not.

She drifts -- off to sleep.

SORTILEGE (V.O.)
Doc fell into a car convoy, moving slowly, single lane through the fog. He figured if he missed the Gordita Beach exit, he'd take the first one whose sign he could read and work his way back on surface streets. He knew that at Rosecrans, the freeway began to dogleg east, and at some point, Hawthorne Boulevard or Artesia, he'd lose the fog, unless it was spreading tonight, and settled in region wide... Maybe then it would stay this way for days, maybe he'd have to just keep driving, down past Long Beach, down through Orange County, and San Diego and across a border where nobody could tell anymore in the fog who was Mexican, who was Anglo, who was anybody. Then again, he might run out of gas before that happened, and have to leave the caravan, and pull over on the shoulder, and wait. For whatever would happen. For a forgotten joint to materialize in his pocket. For the CHP to come by and choose not to hassle him. For a restless blonde in a Stingray to stop and offer him a ride. For the fog to burn off, and for something else this time, somehow, to be there instead.

FADE OUT.

THE END