

TENSPEED AND BROWN SHOE

"THIS ONE'S GONNA KILL YA"

by

Stephen J. Cannell

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Stephen J. Cannell Productions,
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REV. FINAL DRAFT

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TENSPEED AND BROWN SHOE

"This One's Gonna Kill Ya"

CAST

E.L. TURNER

LIONEL WHITNEY

WILLIAM BOGART

VERN LAWS

JIGGS DURRAN

SERGEANT

CAPT. MATHEWS

GAIL

OFFICER JERGENS

*

TENSPEED AND BROWN SHOE

"This One's Gonna Kill Ya"

SETS

INTERIORS:

WHITNEY'S OFFICE
CORRIDOR

BEER HALL

APARTMENT BUILDING
CORRIDOR
VERN'S APARTMENT

GEORGIANA HOTEL
LOBBY
ELEVATOR
JIGGS DURRAN'S ROOM *
ANOTHER ROOM

MERCEDES

POLICE STATION

EXTERIORS:

WHITNEY OFFICE BLDG.
ALLEY
PARKING LOT

BEER HALL
ALLEY

APARTMENT BUILDING

GEORGIANA HOTEL

DRUG STORE

POLICE STATION

HANSOM DAM

TENSPEED AND BROWN SHOE

"This One's Gonna Kill Ya"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. WHITNEY OFFICE - DAY

1

We OPEN TIGHT on an 8 X 10 glossy photograph of a pretty girl -- even beautiful. A tab identifies her as Sable Hill. We PULL BACK TO FIND that the photograph is attached to a punch board on the wall of the Whitney office. Also on the board is a map of the city scattered with flagged push-ins containing bits of information like: "Col. Albert Steel, 11:15 a.m., Brown Derby - deceased;" another one reads: "Claude Roclaire, 11:40, Studio - deceased;" another: Morgan Boston, 2:40, Polo Lounge - deceased." We MOVE ALONG the board as Lionel's voice is heard over.

LIONEL'S VOICE

Okay. Okay. So Sable Hill couldn't have been at the Studio Club that Wednesday morning because, according to Maria Theresa's sworn statement, she was suppose to be at a studio photo session at 9:45. So that begs the question of why Col. Albert Steel said he saw her there in the lobby at eleven.

Somewhere in here we WIDEN TO FIND LIONEL pacing in front of the board. E.L. is reading the Racing Form, paying absolutely no attention to him.

LIONEL
(continuing)

Boy, I'd like to get a shot at that guy, Col. Steel. I think he was lying through his teeth. I'm surprised they didn't grill him on that point.

He crosses over to his desk which is littered with books and old newspaper clippings.

LIONEL
(continuing)
Don't you think so, E.L.?

E.L. looks up. He hasn't been listening. Finally E.L. sneezes.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

E.L.

Huh? Oh, the Colonel. Yeah.
Yeah. Right. Grill him. Don't
stir up the dust on those old
news clippings... Okay?

Goes back to the Form.

LIONEL

Yeah, okay. Boy, I'll have to
talk to Mr. Laws about that.
'Course, the Colonel's dead,
but it's just another one of
those loose ends that doesn't
fit, E.L.

(a beat)

You know what I mean? E.L.?
E.L.?

E.L. looks up.

E.L.

Loose ends never fit, Lionel.
That's why they're called loose
ends.

(a beat)

Boy, the race form is a real
treasure hunt this morning.
Nothing looks too good here.
Maybe this filly in the sixth
race... Triangulation...
whatta you think? Should I
bet our lunch money?

LIONEL

What I think is that Sable Hill
was not at the photo session at
9:45. 'Course there's absolutely
no way to prove it, 'cause they're
all dead.

*

E.L.

What d'ya think? Should I get
down on this horse?

LIONEL

Wait. Wait. I think I have
something. Look, let's throw
out the whole idea that Sable
even went to that photo session.

E.L.

(back to Form)

Fine with me.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

LIONEL

After all, it wouldn't be hard to get Claude Roclair to lie for her. He loved her. And once he'd lied to the cops, he couldn't very well change his story. So, let's say she wasn't there at all. Let's say she was back at the Studio Club and that Col Steel saw her, like he said. And that, E.L., puts her in the approximate vicinity of Jiggs Durran. That means that Jiggs could have picked her up, killed her and dumped the body out at Hanson Dam. I bet Mr. Laws never thought of that.

*

*

*

*

*

E.L.

And I'm gonna bet this horse, Triangulation.

*

E.L. picks up the phone and dials the number. Lionel rushes to him, stops him.

LIONEL

Bet with a bookie? That's against the law. I mean... come on, E.L., I always worry about you when things are slow. I'm always afraid you're gonna try some kinda fast score...

E.L.

Bettin' a horse race is a fast score. Come on, buddy, gimme a break. It beats the hell outta trying to figure out who killed Sable Hill. That case is forty years old. Everybody who was involved with it is either in harp class or trying to remember what they had for breakfast.

LIONEL

Not Mr. Laws. He's sharp as a tack.

E.L.

(standing)

And look't these names...

E.L. moves to the bulletin board and Lionel moves with him.

E.L.

(continuing)

Claude Roclair... Jiggs Durran... Maria Theresa Valdez... Col. Albert Steel... and the immortal Lieutenant Laws. Sounds like the guest cast for a Saturday morning cartoon.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

LIONEL

It's easy to make fun.

E.L.

It's not easy. It's tough. All these old clippings make me sneeze.

He lets one go for good measure... a real good "Achooooo."

E.L.

(continuing)

I wish you'd either solve this old relic or take up knitting. It's really cluttering the office.

LIONEL

It's just a hobby, E.L. It's never gonna get solved. It's just for fun. You like horse races, I like old mysteries.

E.L.

How 'bout lunch? I need to get the dust out of my sinuses.

He sneezes again.

LIONEL

Okay. Okay.

He smiles and they head out of the office. Lionel pauses in the doorway for one more look at the bulletin board.

LIONEL

(continuing)

Boy, wouldn't it be great if I could prove that Sable wasn't at the photo session? Wow, what a terrible lead that would be. 'Course, Roclaire is dead and Steel is dead, but still...

*
*

E.L.'S VOICE

Lionel, give all these poor stiffes a little peace and quiet, will you? Let's go, I'm hungry.

Lionel hesitates, then we HEAR a loud "ACHOOOOO," and he quickly exits the office, closing the door.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. WHITNEY AGENCY - DAY

2

E.L. and Lionel walk along in the alley.

*

LIONEL

Boy, things are really slow right now. August is traditionally a slow month for investigators.

(CONTINUED)

E.L.

So, now you tell me it's seasonal.
Just like hotel work...

LIONEL

It must have been exciting back in
the forties... nothing like the
Sable Hill killings happening today.
It was a murder, but it had a certain
amount of romance. Now, all your
killings are dirty little things in
back alleys with no witnesses...
usually committed by street gangs
with zip guns...

They walk through an alley to their car and, all of a
sudden, there is the ROAR of a CAR ENGINE. They turn
to see a Chevy bearing down on them.

LIONEL

E.L.!

They run up the alley, exploding out into the street.
The car careens out of the alley after them. A SHOT is
FIRED, starring the wall next to E.L.'s head. Another
SHOT goes over E.L.'s head and he dives under a car.
Lionel dives off to the right as the car screams out and
away. Lionel runs over to E.L.

LIONEL

(continuing)

You okay?

E.L.

(panicked)

They were trying to kill me.

LIONEL

Yes, yes. But why?

E.L.

I don't know. I don't know.

He gets up and looks at Lionel.

E.L.

(continuing)

I don't know.

BOGART'S VOICE

I do -- sounds like bull to me.

*

CUT TO:

3 EXT. WHITNEY AGENCY - CLOSE ON WILLIAM BOGART

3

He is a plainclothes cop who hates crooks. He's tired and
wants to get off his feet. He's standing near the fountain
talking to Lionel and E.L. who is giving this flatfoot a
broad smile.

(CONTINUED)

E.L.

But that's exactly the way it happened, officer. I mean I don't know why or who. I'm just a legitimate businessman trying to make it in this difficult inflation-ridden economy...

E.L. gives him a lot of teeth.

BOGART

Ain't I seen you around, Turner?

E.L.

Well, officer, my guess is no... Unless you're perhaps involved with the United Crusade. I'm down there a lot.

BOGART

You got a record, ain't ya? You're some kinda two dollar sharpie.

LIONEL

Now hold on a minute. He was shot at and almost killed... and I don't think you have any right to talk to him that way. We pay your salary. You are working for us.

Bogart looks at Lionel who becomes slightly intimidated by this pissed-off cop.

BOGART

Lemme get this straight... 'cause this is a hot new idea for me. You guys pay my salary? Holy Moley, and all this time I thought it was the city. Well, excuuuuuuuse me. I hope you ain't gonna get my badge or nothin'.

*

*

LIONEL

You can save the sarcasm. He told you what happened and I don't think his prior mistakes have anything to do with anything. He's straight now. He's paid his debt to society.

Bogart looks at Lionel.

E.L.

That's right... all paid up.

He gives Bogart lots of ivory again.

(CONTINUED)

BOGART

Then let me 'splain it to ya, Mr. Whitney... see, when you're dealing with your criminal element, they got this nasty habit of gettin' into squabbles over what we police call 'the loot.' And when that happens, Mr. Whitney, sir, they often settle up by gunnin' each other down in alleys.

There is a beat. E.L. is still smiling.

E.L.

Well, sir, Mr. Bogart... in my case, that theory doesn't apply because I'm certainly not involved in any illegal operations because, Officer Bogart, I learned one thing in prison and that was, we have a system out here and, well, darn it, sir, it's the best darn system in the world. It's called The Capitalist System and, well, sir, with a little effort and a little hard work, you can make that system work for you. And, well, sir, that's where the true reward in life really is.

Bogart reaches out and pulls the Racing Form out of E.L.'s pocket, looks at it and hands it back.

BOGART

Yeah. Well, you sure got me convinced, Turner. Lemme get outta here before I get all teary and make a silly Billy of myself.

*

He turns and lumbers away from them.

LIONEL

(yelling)

We expect your best efforts in solving this case. We're detectives and we'll be looking at the results very closely.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

E.L. winces, Bogart dismisses them by waving a hamhock hand at them and lumbering off to the blue suit who is trying to find the bullet. As soon as he's gone, E.L. looks at Lionel:

E.L.

I told you we shouldn't call the cops. Boy, what a rum-dum complete with sore feet.

LIONEL

(trying to remember)

Bogart... Badge no. 6579876...

(digging for pencil and paper)

6579876... 657...

(jot it down)

6579876... got it.

E.L.

We're not going to file a complaint, are we, Lionel?

LIONEL

You bet your life.

E.L. snaps the paper out of Lionel's hand.

E.L.

Look... please do me a favor and let it alone...

LIONEL

The police are not supposed to growl at people and make them feel like criminals. Mr. Laws would have that man thrown off the force.

E.L.

Well, too bad Mr. Laws got thrown off himself, because we could sure use the juice.

LIONEL

He's a pensioner, E.L. He wasn't thrown off, he was retired with honors.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

E.L.

Can we get something to eat?
 Maybe have a beer? I'm really
 beginning to get bummed out. It's
 no fun being a target...

*
*

Lionel looks at him and nods.

CUT TO:

4 INT. BEER HALL - DAY

4

E.L. and Lionel are in a booth in the back drinking
 beer. E.L. is throwing salted peanuts into an ashtray.
 Some of them are hitting their mark, some of them are
 hitting and skipping into Lionel's lap. E.L. is talking
 ON the CUT.

E.L.

Boy, I don't know. The whole
 level of civil servants is just
 ... just terrible...

There is a long beat. Lionel picks a peanut out of
 his lap and puts it in the ashtray.

E.L.

(continuing)

I mean... I was the one who got
 shot at. Right? But all that
 Bozo wants to do is peg insults
 at me. They just don't wanna
 let you up, Lionel. You make
 one little mistake and they got
 you under their foot forever.

LIONEL

E.L.... ahh... ahh... I, ah, have
 one little question. Okay?

E.L.

Sure, buddy. At least you trust
 me.

LIONEL

Right. Right. I do. I do.
 But, well, for the sake of
 just getting the old record
 straight... you, you... ah...
 are you --

*

(CONTINUED)

E.L.

On the con? Is that the question, Lionel? Are you asking poor old E.L. if he's out there scammin' old ladies or holding up markets? Are you... just like that flat foot, growling at me? Accusing me, through distrustful eyes? Are you gonna ask me that same old tired question one more time, buddy?

LIONEL

Yeah, I guess I am.

E.L. pitches another peanut and looks up at Lionel.

E.L.

(really down)

Oh boy.

LIONEL

I trust you, E.L. I do. Okay? So, okay, you're clean. We both know it. Next case. Right? So, who do you think is trying to kill you? How 'bout an old enemy? Maybe somebody who got out of jail carrying a grudge...

There is a moment, E.L. sparks to that.

E.L.

Yeah, yeah, maybe. Except I usually blow off the marks real carefully.

LIONEL

Usually?

E.L.

Used to. They either think I'm dead or something. It's an important part of a con... making sure the mark doesn't come off hot carrying a grudge.

LIONEL

Okay, then who?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

E.L.

Well, maybe... I mean, this is kinda crazy, but y'know what you were saying about kids with zip guns in alleys? The old street murders today as opposed to the really wonderful, dramatic killings of the forties?

LIONEL

Well, what I was saying was not quite that.

E.L.

What if it was just some hopped-up kids out joy-riding, shooting out the windows? What if there was no reason? Maybe we just dodged a random bullet. End of story. No repeat performance.

There is a beat as Lionel thinks about it.

LIONEL

Yeah, maybe. I mean, it does happen.

E.L.

A lot, it happens a lot. Buncha yo-yos go out, score some dust, decide to blow away an honest Joe...

LIONEL

(a smile)

You're the honest Joe... Right?

E.L.

Whatta you think? I mean, it's gotta be that, because we're not on a case, and I'm not on the con.

LIONEL

You're probably right, so...

E.L.

We'll just be careful the next couple of days.

Lionel thinks about it for a long moment, finally nods.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

E.L.
(continuing)
Have another beer.

He raises his hand to signal for the waiter.

LIONEL
(signaling)
Y'know, E.L., I feel better
already.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

5

Before we see E.L. and Lionel, we HEAR them SINGING:

LIONEL/E.L.
Ninety-nine bottles of beer on
the wall...
Ninety-nine bottles of beer...
If one of those bottles should
happen to fall...
Ninety-eight bottles of beer
on the wall...
Ninety-eight bottles of beer...
If one of those bottles should
happen to fall...
Ninety-seven bottles of beer
on the wall...

During the above, they exit the bar a little bit gassed,
with their arms around each other, feeling no pain.
They head back to their car.

E.L./LIONEL
Ninety-seven bottles of beer on
the wall...
Ninety-seven bottles of beer...
If one of those bottles should
happen to fall...
Ninety-six bottles of beer on
the wall...

*

They are now strolling down the alley to their car and,
as before, a car roars into the mouth of the alley,
the headlights illuminating them. A submachine gun is
thrust out of the window and as they turn, the MACHINE
GUN LETS LOOSE, spraying lead in the alley. E.L. and
Lionel dive in different directions, rolling for cover
as the GUN lets out another BURST. The car goes into
reverse and squeels out of the alley and away.

6 ANGLE - E.L. AND LIONEL

6

They shakily get to their feet and look at one another.

E.L.

So much for that theory.

He turns and looks at a beer bottle partly shattered by one of the bullets. He hits it disgustedly with his hand.

LIONEL

Ninety-five bottles of beer on the wall...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 INT. WHITNEY AGENCY - NIGHT 7

We OPEN ON Sergeant Bogart. He is walking around the office examining stuff.

BOGART

Hey, I ain't calling you a liar, Turner. Maybe it's one'a the guys from the United Crusade. Y'know? Maybe he thinks you're trying to hog the neighborhood collection sheets... get all the glory... right?

LIONEL

Y'know, we could get very tired of your sarcasm.

BOGART

I'm hopin' you're gonna let me know when that happens so I can instantly cut back on it. Till then, let's get back to this second attempt. Got enough lead down in that alley to issue a reclamation contract. Looks like a machine gun.

He reaches into his pocket and bounces the slug in his palm.

BOGART

Whoever it is wants you pretty bad, Turner.

There is a long beat. He starts to move around the office again, taking a large manila envelope out from under his arm.

BOGART

(continuing)

I pulled your package. I got curious... all kinds'a cute deals in here.

He flips it open.

BOGART

(continuing)

I especially like this Brooklyn Bridge sale, in... nineteen seventy-two...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOGART (CONT'D)

(to Lionel)

Your friend actually sold the Brooklyn Bridge... can you believe it? To a doctor in Boston named Levin. This doctor must have stopped by the gas station and had his head pumped full of air every morning.

*

E.L.

Look, all that stuff had been settled in court. And, unless you have a new charge, maybe we could stick to this attempt on my life.

BOGART

I'm trying, Turner, but like I said, where there's smoke, there's fire...

E.L.

You might wanna get that one down, Lionel.

BOGART

(leaning in)

Okay, Turner... as long as you're telling me you're not involved in anything, then this attempted murder makes absolutely no sense. If you wanna tell me what you're up to, then maybe I can work it up into some kinda lead. It's your skin, pal. You wanna play it tight, then I'll just stumble around down in that alley, pick up the lead, run it through ballistics and wait for the next shot.

*

E.L.

But I'm not doing anything. I'm not. You got my word.

BOGART

Any guy who would sell the Brooklyn Bridge is not a guy whose word means much. Okay, Turner? I'll file this attempted 187. I'll do what I can, but my guess is we ain't gonna turn nothing.

(a beat)

Sleep tight.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

He turns and lumbers out of the office. Before he leaves, he stops and looks at the bulletin board.

BOGART

(continuing)

The Sable Hill Murder. You guys are really scrapin' the bottom. That homicide's forty years old. Everybody's dead.

LIONEL

It's a hobby. It's just a hobby. It's a puzzle.

BOGART

Neat case. Lotsa twists. Don't get a good, lush killing like that no more. Mostly it's junk... like what's going on here.

He lumbers out of the office, leaving E.L. and Lionel looking at one another. There is a beat and E.L. shakes his head.

E.L.

I met a lotta cops along the way, but Sergeant Bogart takes the kitty litter.

LIONEL

The Brooklyn Bridge? You sold the Brooklyn Bridge? That's supposed to be a joke.

E.L.

Well, it's not. It's a hot con. Hey, I woulda preferred if it hadn't been the Brooklyn Bridge but I happened to be in Brooklyn at the time. And this con needed a bridge.

LIONEL

How? How can one sell a bridge you don't own? It belongs to the city.

E.L.

It's easy to just convince the mark you're the city structural engineer ... that the bridge is unsafe... being torn down... metal fatigue.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

E.L. (CONT'D)

You have spectographs... lotsa environmental reports... tell him the city is building a modern bridge and that the scrap metal contract on the old one is worth millions. And then you line up a phony city clerk who can be bought off and you con the guy into thinking he's got the inside track on the scrap metal contract. You sell him a worthless contract. It's a good scam. One guy I know sold the Eiffel Tower three times.

There is a beat and Lionel shakes his head.

LIONEL

Look, E.L. we gotta find out what's going on here. I mean, I think maybe we should take it to Lieutenant Laws. Tell him. Maybe he can help us out. Maybe pull some strings in the department.

E.L.

I've had all the old craggy cops I can take for one night. Besides, we're detectives. We can handle it ourselves. Let's not bring in some gummy old guy who smells of Vicks and who will give me another version of what you just heard.

*

*

LIONEL

You don't know him, E.L. He's terrific and sharp and he could maybe help us figure this out. It never hurts to get another mind on it. Besides, we haven't got a clue about what's going on anyway... do we?

E.L.

In the morning, all right?

*

LIONEL

Okay. We'll sleep in the office. I think we should have watches,
E.L.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (4)

7

LIONEL (CONT'D)

I mean, one of us should stay awake, as it were, to make certain that the killer doesn't try to take you here in the office.

E.L.

Yeah. I suppose.

Lionel moves to the safe, dials the combination.

E.L.

(continuing)

Getting the old hog leg out, are ya, buddy?

L

LIONEL

That's right. We're not totally helpless.

He pulls the gun out of the safe, it slips his grasp and clatters to the floor. E.L. shakes his head slightly.

E.L.

Just clumsy.

LIONEL

(retrieving it)

It just slipped. I'm not clumsy.

And he stands up, cracking his head on the open safe. E.L. looks at him as Lionel rubs his head and closes the safe.

LIONEL

(continuing)

I was just trying to make you laugh. Get your spirits up.

E.L. looks at him.

E.L.

It's not working.

Lionel crosses to the desk, puts the gun down. E.L. plops on the couch and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

8 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

8

The hood of a car opens and a hand is wiring a bomb to Lionel's car... then we hear:

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

LIONEL'S VOICE

It's easier to French kiss an alligator than to try and run the traffic lights on Sunset without getting stopped... but somehow Mark Savage had managed the short trip from Vine to the Polo Lounge without much trouble.

9 INT. OFFICE - CLOSE ON BOOK - NIGHT

9

The title: "Death Takes a Left-Hand Turn."

LIONEL'S VOICE

(continuing)

She met him in the lobby... an overwhelming collage of sight, sound and smell... Jasmine mixed with ash blonde and a figure that could get them up off the marble slabs at the morgue. Savage didn't trust her. He knew she'd tried to kill him once already. 'Have you missed me?' she purred. 'Like a wrong turn on the freeway,' he growled...

*

SMASH CUT TO:

10 CLOSE SHOT - BACK DOOR OF OFFICE - DAY

10

E.L. and Lionel are in the doorway, looking out tentatively.

11 THEIR POV - THE ALLEY - DAY

11

empty, but chewed up by the bullets of the last two attempts on their lives.

E.L.

Looks clear...

LIONEL

Okay, let's go.

They exit and move fast down the alley, looking in all directions. They're in the middle of the alley when a car turns in and starts down toward them. E.L. and Lionel dive in opposite directions as the car pulls on through.

12 ANGLE - THE CAR

12

Three little old ladies peer out of the windows at them.

13 RESUME E.L. AND LIONEL

13

E.L.

Whew, that was close. They
coulda beat us to death with their
canes!

They get up and move toward Lionel's car. They stop
at the car.

LIONEL

I had a thought last night. I
wonder if... well, what I was
wondering is... you're... you're
gonna laugh, but I'm thinking...

E.L.

Lionel, I'm not gonna laugh. I'm
not. I may never laugh again.

LIONEL

Well, okay... what I was thinking
is... now, don't laugh...

E.L.

We're wasting time here.

LIONEL

Okay. Well, what I was thinking
was... what if Mr. Laws and I...
that is, what if we turned up
something on the old Sable Hill
murder?

E.L. is smiling, then starts to laugh.

LIONEL

(continuing)

You're... you're... you're laughing.
You said...

E.L.

Look, Lionel... they were trying
to kill me, not you. Right?

LIONEL

Well... but do we know that? I
mean... do we really know that?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL (CONT'D)

I called Mr. Laws this morning while you were sneaking out for the paper and he said... he said that it could be Jiggs Durran because I found out where he's living. I went out and questioned him yesterday morning.

*

E.L.

Come on Lionel. Let's not U-turn into a forty-year-old murder case. Please.

LIONEL

Maybe they were trying to kill me, and they were lousy shots.

E.L.

Come on, get serious, will ya?

*

LIONEL

I just think we shouldn't ignore it. Jiggs is bitter and violent. I think we should go over and warn Mr. Laws. He could be in some danger, E.L.

E.L. looks at him for a beat, then shrugs.

E.L.

Okay. I gotta take this car out anyway. I'm putting mileage on it for Mercedes of Hollywood. It's a demonstrator. They can't sell it as a used car until it has 5,000 on it.

There is a beat and Lionel looks at the new Mercedes, then he looks at E.L.

LIONEL

Oh, no... no... another car. You promised that you weren't scamming.

E.L.

Look, Lionel... I'm not in the mood for this. Will you get in? Your car's probably wired up like the nose cone of a missile, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

Lionel looks at him for a beat, moves over to the hood of his car and lifts it.

LIONEL

E.L.! E.L.!

E.L. scrambles out and moves over to look into Lionel's engine.

14 THEIR POV - ENGINE 14

Six sticks of dynamite are wired to the engine.

SMASH CUT TO:

15 OMITTED 15 *

16 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 16

They move fast down the corridor.

LIONEL

Talk about perseverance... I mean three attempts in one day. It's right here.

17 ANGLE - DOOR 17

It has bullet holes in it.

LIONEL

(softly)

E.L., look.

Lionel pulls his hog leg and E.L. steps to one side of the door, Lionel to the other. Lionel nods at E.L. who kicks in the door and they fly into the room, Lionel hitting the floor in John Wayne fashion, rolling and coming up looking into the barrel of a shotgun.

18 ANGLE - LIONEL AND E.L. 18

and we WIDEN to SHOW Vern Laws behind the shotgun. He has a head wound and he is shaking nervously.

(CONTINUED)

VERN

Lionel...

There is a moment, then Lionel scrambles up.

LIONEL

Mr. Laws. Mr. Laws... what happened?

VERN

(lowering the gun)

I... I don't know. There was a knock at the door... I went to answer it and somebody shot through it. I was grazed and I went down. Then I heard them running and... I went out. I came to a minute ago, heard you outside and...

Vern looks at them.

VERN

(continuing)

Who's this?

LIONEL

Mr. Laws... I'd like you to meet my partner, E.L. Turner. This is Lt. Laws.

E.L. moves over to him and shakes his hand, looks at his forehead.

E.L.

You were lucky, there.

VERN

Lionel... what you said this morning... I think we have to consider it a real possibility now. Obviously we're on to something.

LIONEL

Yes sir. I know. Yes.

VERN

But why?

There is a moment, then Vern gets to his feet a little shakily and moves off. E.L. looks at the apartment.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

VERN

(continuing;
moving off)I'm gonna wash up. I'll just be
a minute.He moves into the bathroom. E.L. moves around the
apartment.

19 E.L.'S POV - THE APARTMENT

19

The walls are like Lionel's office with bulletin boards
and pictures of Sable Hill, Claude Roclaire, Jiggs
Durrant... push pins... the whole thing. But even more
elaborate, old news clippings and police reports. This
is the nerve center of the old case.

*
*

E.L.

Boy, this is some layout.

LIONEL

Right. Mr. Laws has everything
on the case. He got his stuff out
of the public records room back in
the Forties. When I got interested
in the case and looked him up, we
got it out of storage and started
reconstructing the case.

Lionel moves across the room. It is literally a shrine
to the old Sable Hill killing.

LIONEL

(continuing; excited)

Look't this, E.L. We got all
the old files... news clippings...

E.L. moves over, getting more and more interested.

E.L.

Y'know, Lionel, I think maybe you
were right. I mean, maybe you and
Lieutenant Laws stumbled into
something. Who was this guy?
This nut who loved Sable? Jiggs
Bogan or something?

LIONEL

Jiggs Durrant. And E.L., listen to
this... they found a gun out by
Hanson Dam, but there was never
any fingerprint card made on it.

(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

LIONEL (CONT'D)

(calling)

Vern, what'd you find out on that fingerprint card stuff I brought you?

After a beat, Vern comes back into the room with a towel to his forehead.

VERN

Fingerprint card? What fingerprint card?

LIONEL

Remember the lead I talked to you about? Jiggs Durran said that fingerprints were taken from the gun they found out at Hanson Dam. Three good latents. But that card was never part of the official investigation papers. He had the officer's name... Officer Kinney. You were gonna see if he's still around, remember?

*

Vern looks at him, shakes his head.

VERN

You told me about that? I don't remember. Boy, I tell you that's happening more and more these days, total blanks.

(a beat)

You sure you told me that?

LIONEL

Yes sir. You were gonna check it out at the department.

There is a beat. He shakes his head.

VERN

No, but now I will. But first I guess it's time for us to go pay another visit to Jiggs Durran. You got his address?

*

LIONEL

Yes sir. The Georgiana Hotel on Main Street.

Vern grins with satisfaction.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

VERN

Good. Glad to see he ain't in no Sheraton.

(looks at E.L.)

Don't believe I caught the name.

LIONEL

Yes, Mr. Laws... remember? I introduced you. E.L. Turner, my associate in the detective firm.

VERN

(shaking hands)

Proud to know you... Vern Laws. Used to be a detective myself.

*

E.L.

It makes us like brothers then, I'll bet.

Vern leans in, looks real close.

VERN

You done time, ain't ya?

E.L.

Here we go.

VERN

This boy's got old jailhouse moves. You been a guest a the State, ain't you, Mr. Turner?

LIONEL

That's amazing, Mr. Laws. How can you tell that?

*
*
*

E.L.

It's not amazing. You probably told him, Lionel.

VERN

Yeah... think maybe you did, Lionel. Then again, maybe not. Don't matter none. You keep your nose clean now, do ya?

LIONEL

Yes, sir. Absolutely. He's straight as an arrow.

E.L.

Lionel... you mind if I do my own hedging?

Vern slaps E.L. on the back.

(CONTINUED)

VERN

When I was on the force, I used't say gimme a con any day for company. Cops an' cons got the same language... the same experience. Hey, boy, we're in the same game, just playin' in different jerseys.

E.L.

I don't believe I'm hearing most of this.

(a beat)

Can we get outta here?

Vern grunts, moves over to the dresser, opens it and takes out a gun and clips it to his belt. He heads over to E.L. and Lionel.

VERN

Let's roll on over there, bust this guy's britches.

LIONEL

Uhh, sir... Mr. Laws, only thing is I don't think he'll say anything to you. Jiggs Durran said he hates you.

*

VERN

Don't blame him. I cut that boy a new place to sit down.

LIONEL

Yes. He said you beat him with a rubber hose trying to get a confession... and, well sir, it didn't sound like you. I'm sure he was lying, but...

VERN

He wasn't lying, boy. Things was different then. But I'll compare the arrest records back then with now any day. Hell, time we get through reading rights and recommending lawyers and waiting for the case to get into court, most everybody is stuck trying to remember what it was all about to begin with. Back then, we booked 'em, beat 'em, tried 'em and fried 'em.

(a beat)

Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

19

E.L.

Tried 'em and fried 'em?

Off E.L.'s appalled look, we --

CUT TO:

20 EXT. GEORGIANA HOTEL - DAY

20

This is a dive. A Main Street toilet... bums and drunks and grafitti decorate the front wall.

21 INT. LOBBY - DAY

21

Old, a dump. They move into the elevator and start up.

22 INT. ELEVATOR

22

They ride up.

LIONEL

Well, sir, I think the way to handle this is to sit down with Mr. Durran and we'll talk to him. I think there are some subtle interrogation techniques that could be useful here.

*

On this line, Vern has reached into his pocket and pulled out a short length of rubber hose.

LIONEL

(continuing)

What... what is that? That's a rubber hose. What're you doing?

E.L.

I don't think he's gonna water plants with it, Lionel.

LIONEL

Mr. Laws, sir... no. I don't think... Mr. Laws...

VERN

Forty years I been lookin' for Jiggs Durran. You found him for me. That was good detective work ... real good. Now that we got this killer where we want him, it's time to settle an old score.

*

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

E.L.

Lionel, if this guy has a handbrake, I'd sure pull it.

LIONEL

Yes. Yes. Mr. Laws, please, this is against the law. You used to be a policeman. You know you can't commit an assault without going to jail for it.

*

VERN

Yeah. Well, that's the nice thing about being old. Time becomes real abstract. Most they're gonna get outta me is a year... maybe two. Okay, stay behind me.

The elevator doors open and they head off down the hall. A door opens somewhere halfway down the hall and a man exits, closes the door and turns.

23 INT. CORRIDOR - ANGLE - MAN

23

VERN

(screaming)

You're dead, sucker!

*

He digs for his gun and starts FIRING.

24 ANGLE - E.L. AND LIONEL

24

They dive back into the elevator as Jiggs takes off up the hall. Vern FIRES wildly, hits a fire extinguisher. It starts pinwheeling, throwing CO² all over the place. Through the gas, Durran starts firing.

*

DURRAN

You'll never take me alive, flatfoot!

He turns and bolts out onto the fire escape, snapping TWO more SHOTS into the hall and then he's gone. Vern runs after Durran. We play the moment as E.L. and Lionel get to their feet.

*

25 ANGLE - LIONEL

25

as he looks after Vern who is at the window, yelling.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

VERN

(yelling)

Come back here! I'll get you!

Come back here!

*

He looks out the window, finally he holsters his gun.

E.L.

I hate to bring this up, Lionel,
but in case you haven't noticed,
your friend is all over the road.

*

*

Play the moment and:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26 INT. JIGGS DURRAN'S ROOM - DAY

26 *

As we OPEN ON SHOTS OF Sable Hill. The room is a shrine to Sable, draped in black, a candle burning. Vern Laws passes IN FRONT OF THE SHOT and we hear Bogart's voice.

BOGART'S VOICE

So this is Jiggs Durran's pad,
huh? You shouldn't oughta come
out here without calling me, Vern.

*

We WIDEN and SEE blue suits prowling around, Bogart is looking at the shrine and E.L. and Lionel are off to one side of the room, trying to stay out of the way.

BOGART

(continuing)

What about these guys? Whatta
you think? Are they involved?

There is a moment, then Vern Laws looks at Bogart and moves him out of earshot.

VERN

I don't know, Bill. I don't know.

27 ANGLE - E.L. AND WHITNEY

27

They are watching this.

E.L.

The old duck is selling us out.
If you can figure a way to ditch
that cannon, I'd do it.

LIONEL

Boy, this is really disappointing.
I thought he was something else.
I mean, I can't believe he'd use
a rubber hose.

On that, Bogart moves across the room to Lionel and E.L.

BOGART

Understand you're packing a rod,
Whitney.

(CONTINUED)

He reaches under Lionel's coat and pulls out the target pistol and hands it to a blue suit. E.L. and Lionel look over at Vern Laws who is standing there nodding slightly.

LIONEL

Sergeant Bogart, obviously
somebody is trying to kill us
and I think we have the right to
protect ourselves.

BOGART

You got no rights to carry a
concealed weapon. How 'bout you,
Jackson? You got a gun?

E.L.

Not me... Jackson... I just dodge
the bullets and dance at the
funerals.

BOGART

I love a smart mouth.

E.L.

I'm glad it's workin' for you.

There is a long, hard look between them. After a beat,
Vern moves off.

VERN

I'm taking off, Bill.

BOGART

Right.

Vern looks at Lionel.

VERN

You shouldn't oughta carry a
weapon, Lionel... not unless
you're registered to do so.

There is a long beat.

E.L.

Thanks for the tip. We'll file
it under 'gee whiz.'

BOGART

I got some advice for you, Turner.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOGART (CONT'D)

Maybe if you didn't leave such a wide trail of insults behind you, you wouldn't be such an attractive target.

LIONEL

Mr. Laws... I'll be by your apartment later. I'm going to pick up all of my investigative material.

VERN

Okay, Lionel. I suppose under the circumstances...

LIONEL

I'm gonna check on that fingerprint card, myself. I'm beginning to have some real strong hunches about that card.

BOGART

What card we talking about?

VERN

Mr. Whitney thinks there was a missing fingerprint card forty years ago. He wants to dig around for it. We can file that under 'gee whiz' too.

*

He moves out of the room and Lionel and E.L. look at Bogart who is tired, pissed off and not sure what to do with them.

BOGART

I suppose I oughta take you two downtown and climb all over you, but, to tell you the truth, I'm just too tired, so I'm gonna keep the rosco here and cut you loose.

*

There is a long beat.

BOGART

(continuing)

So go.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

They stand there.

BOGART
(continuing)

Go!

They exit and we HOLD ON a picture of Sable Hill as
we --

CUT TO:

28 INT. LIONEL'S OFFICE - LATER (MATCH CUT ON SABLE)

28

Lionel is pacing while E.L. is looking at the bulletin
board.

E.L.
Gimme this again, Lionel. Okay?
Sable Hill was where? At the
photo session with Roclaire or at
the Studio Club at eleven fifteen?

*
*

LIONEL
I don't know.

E.L.
You don't know? You been stuffing
this turkey for two months. Whatya
mean you don't know? Come on. I'm
trying to take a crash course here.
Gimme a best guess.

LIONEL
I told you my best guess.

E.L.
But I wasn't listening. I never
listened when you rambled on about
this case. Now I'm listening. So
tell me again.

LIONEL
Well... like I said... everything
is just theory, here. And most
of these guys are dead, so we
can't...

E.L.
(interrupting)
Dead? Like in rat-a-tat-tat?

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL

Roclaire committed suicide in '45
... and Colonel Steel had a car
accident. He lost his brakes
in the mountains coming back
from a party in Malibu in the
mid-forties.

*
*

E.L.

And people wonder how detective
cliches get started.

*
*

LIONEL

Let's see... Morgan Boston was
her best friend. She wouldn't
talk in the forties but she can't
talk now. She was murdered by
an old boyfriend in '46...

E.L.

And Sable Hill died in 1940.

LIONEL

May of '44.

E.L.

So they all went over the rainbow
in the span of two years... all
of them from unnatural causes.

*

LIONEL

Mr. Laws and I entertained that
theory very carefully and came to
the conclusion that all of the
deaths were exactly as reported.

E.L.

You'll forgive me if I hold my
applause.

LIONEL

Under the circumstances, yes.

There's a beat as E.L. paces, then looks at the board.

E.L.

Okay. So you think Jiggs Durran
committed the murder.

*

LIONEL

Yes. Well... no. Y'see... well,
see, it was Jiggs Durran who told
me about that fingerprint card
which is supposedly missing.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL (CONT'D)

And if he committed the murder,
then his prints would be on the
card. He would get convicted.
But the police report said the
gun had been wiped clean.

E.L.

Somebody or everybody was lying. *

There is a long beat as Lionel and E.L. look at one
another. Then Lionel starts looking around in the old
clippings on his desk.

LIONEL

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

He looks through the clippings.

E.L.

What is it? What've you got?

LIONEL

There was a statement here, never
followed up, that Sable had a
mysterious admirer... a caller who
never came in at the Studio Club
... that she always went out to
meet in his car at the curb. A
night visitor. *

He finds it.

LIONEL

(continuing)

Here it is.

(holds up clipping,
reads it)

Yeah. They could never find out
who it was, but Sable had a lot
of visitors. They figured maybe a
famous politician or something... *

E.L.

Was Sable Hill a hooker?

There is a long beat. Lionel looks at E.L.

LIONEL

Huh?

E.L.

Well, look at the whole picture,
here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

E.L. (CONT'D)

She was broke... you said her rent was being carried by the Studio Club and then, all of a sudden, she payed off her rent and started dating the show biz biggies like Colonel Steel, right? New clothes ... fur coats... but still no parts in movies. So maybe old Sable was putting out. Maybe she was hookin'.

*

*

*

There is a long beat as Lionel thinks about it.

LIONEL

That's very good, E.L. I never thought of that. But how do we ever prove it?

E.L.

Well, I suppose we run her through the police computer.

LIONEL

But that stuff isn't still in the computer, E.L. That case was way back in the forties.

E.L.

Au contraire. If it wasn't solved, it is still open and all open cases are carried. In these matters, I have more than a casual knowledge of police procedure.

Lionel looks at him.

LIONEL

I don't think the police are gonna want to run that case for us.

E.L.

That's why we're gonna do it ourselves.

LIONEL

(after a beat)

A scam. Now we're gonna scam the police department.

E.L.

The high point of my career, Lionel.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (4)

28

LIONEL

How? How do you think you're gonna do that?

E.L.

I don't know yet. Lemme have six seconds of uninterrupted silence and I'll come up with something.

They sit in silence, then:

E.L.

(continuing)

How'd you like to be in the air force, Lionel?

There is a long beat as Lionel looks at him, getting a little nervous.

LIONEL

I hate it already.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. DRUG STORE - DAY

29 *

THROUGH THE WINDOW we SEE E.L. paying for something at the counter and he comes out of the store and gets into the Mercedes which is parked at the curb.

30 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

30 *

LIONEL

What'd you buy?

E.L. hands him the package.

E.L.

Our identification.

Lionel opens the box and finds a U.S. Air Force model plane -- a sabre jet or some such plastic model -- along with two identical leather wallets and some aviator glasses.

LIONEL

(smiling)

I like it. We can put on the aviator glasses and walk in there with a model airplane. I can't miss.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

E.L.

You can save the sarcasm for
Sergeant Bogart.

E.L. opens the model box and takes out the little
package of insignias.

E.L.

(continuing)

Insignias, boy... that's the name
of the game. Gimme the I.D. cards
outta those two wallets.

Lionel opens the wallets and takes out the name and
address cards and hands them to E.L. who is already
peeling the decals.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 CLOSE SHOT - THE CARD

31

in the wallet, identifying the holder of the card as
Col. Arnold C. Wright, Air Force Police. It looks
very official with the Air Force decals in place in
the corner. Looks good.

E.L.'S VOICE

I'm afraid we can't divulge that.
It's a matter of national security.

We PULL BACK TO FIND E.L. and Lionel standing in front
of a desk SERGEANT... both are in dark suits, aviator
glasses, both are carrying attache cases and both are
showing identical wallets. The man looks at them.

SERGEANT

You'll have to see the watch
commander.

E.L.

I certainly hope so.

(imperious)

Could we do it now, son?

The Sergeant, who is older than E.L., winces, then
presses the button.

SERGEANT

Captain Matthews, we have two Air
Force M.P.'s... a Colonel Arnold
C. Wright and a Colonel Boyd
Fuller. They say they're from
the Pentagon.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

A long beat.

MATHEWS' VOICE

(a woman)

Send 'em down.

The Sergeant nods and shows them through.

SERGEANT

Captain Mathews... second door
on the right.

32 CLOSE ON DOOR

32

It opens and the face of a lady cop appears. This is
CAPT. MATHEWS. She looks at them for a long beat.

MATHEWS

Yes?

The fact that this is a woman throws Lionel.

LIONEL

We're sorry... we're looking
for...

E.L.

Captain Mathews. I'm Colonel
Arnold C. Wright. This is Colonel
Boyd Fuller.

*
*

He shows his I.D., flashing it quickly, then putting
it away.

E.L.

(continuing)

We're Air Force Internal Security.
Pentagon. Attached to SCAB.

MATHEWS

Whatever that it.

E.L.

You may have noticed, Captain
Mathews, that the Military has
a love affair with acronyms.
SCAB is simply Security Clearance
Actuary Background Investigations
... meaning it should be SCABI,
but that sounded too cute, so
somebody in NSC dropped the I,
giving us the ghastly name, SCAB.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

E.L. (CONT'D)

We need access to your computer
for five minutes. Where is it?

She looks at them for a beat.

MATHEWS

Might I see your identification
again?

E.L.

Certainly can... certainly can...

He starts to dig for it, then;

E.L.

(continuing)

Oh, by the way, could Colonel
Fuller get an aspirin? He's had
a headache since we left Virginia.

*

Mathews looks at Lionel who smiles weakly.

LIONEL

Yes. If you will. It's a
blinder.

E.L.

We had an eight-hour turnaround in
Paris and the air transport food
explodes in your system like a
grenade in a Russian tank.

*

She moves to her desk and digs around for the aspirin
bottle. She takes it to Lionel who shakes one or two
out into his hand.

MATHEWS

You were going to show me those
cards again.

*

E.L.

Abso-damn-lutely.

As he goes for his pocket with his left hand, he takes
the aspirin bottle from Lionel with his right and hands
them over to Capt. Mathews, making sure they miss her
grasp. Fifty aspirin tablets hit the floor and roll all
over the place. Capt. Mathews squats down to retrieve
them.

E.L.

(continuing)

Aww, sorry... son of a gun... Boyd,
give the captain a hand, there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

E.L. (CONT'D)

I'll check in with General Keaton
and tell them to hold the
transport at Norac for another
thirty minutes.

(to Mathews)

Use your phone, please?

MATHEWS

I guess. Boy, these are all over
the place!

E.L. picks up the phone.

33 ANGLE - LIONEL AND CAPT. MATHEWS

33

crawling around under the desk, picking up aspirin.

34 ON E.L.

34

into a dead phone.

E.L.

This is SCAB team L-2 on an open
line to team Captain. Right,
I'll hold it.

(a beat)

Yeah. Put it on a scrambler.

(a beat)

Sixteen-fifty code check...
affirmative previous date. No
contact... red system, mock seven.
Tell Bishop to shake a leg.

And he hangs up.

35 ANGLE - MATHEWS

35

She's crawling out from under the desk and she has the
last aspirin in the bottle.

MATHEWS

Okay. I guess that's all of them.

E.L.

(to Lionel)

We're ten minutes over the holding
pattern. Colonel Taylor is gonna
scramble a Scorpion, pick us up in
the chopper and...

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Lionel looks at him, doesn't know what to say. Finally he ventures something:

LIONEL

Ahhh... did Peter Rabbit make the touchdown?

E.L.

Negative.

There is a beat as E.L. smiles at Mathews.

E.L.

(continuing)

As you can see, we were kinda up the old flagpole. NSC is in a rip-roaring flap. We're already on a code red. Could we get into your computer room? We're running three names on L.A. locals, looking for police records. It shouldn't take more than two minutes.

*

Mathews looks at him for a beat.

MATHEWS

Well, okay. The computer room is in the basement. I'll call down to the operator. Her name is Gail. What's going on?

E.L.

Plenty, Captain Mathews. It'll probably hit the papers by Wednesday. It's big. When you read it, you'll know. We're just hoping it doesn't blow the lid off the Middle East.

(a beat)

Come on, Boyd. Let's make tracks.

He heads out, stops in the doorway.

LIONEL

You're good people, Mathews. You ever need a piece of influence in the Pentagon, give us a blast. I owe ya.

E.L.

Boyd... let's make it.

They head out, closing the door behind them.

36 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Lionel is jazzed.

LIONEL

Boy! That thing with the
aspirin. That was brilliant. I
thought we were goners. That I.D.
wouldn't've fooled her.

*

E.L.

Change directions. Get their mind
off the questions. It's elementary.
Let's take the stairs.

They head for the stairwell.

CUT TO:

37 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

37

as it spins out information, complete with print-out.
The pretty, white-coated OPERATOR in front of the
screen is looking at Lionel in his aviator glasses
like he was some sort of national idol.

GAIL (OPERATOR)

You guys are from the Pentagon?

LIONEL

Yes. Yes. Well... actually...
yes.

GAIL

Boy, that must be something. How
come you're running this old
murder case through the vice
records?

E.L.

Ours is not to reason why, Gail.
Ours is but to punch out the
information.

LIONEL

It doesn't rhyme, but we're in
sort of a hurry.

She tears off the print-out and hands it to them.

GAIL

(to Lionel)

You spend much time in L.A.?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

LIONEL

As a matter of fact, quite a bit.

GAIL

I... I'm in the book. Gail Stricklyn.

LIONEL

I'm Lionel Whitney. I'm in the book, too.

E.L.'s face goes absolutely pale.

GAIL

But, I thought he said you were Colonel Fuller.

*

E.L.

We all have our local cover I.D.'s. I think we better scramble code six.

LIONEL

That's right. Peter Rabbit makes the touchdown at 0-600.

(to Gail)

That's just Air Force code chatter. Thank you.

*

He moves out of the room with E.L.

38 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

38

as E.L. and Lionel move out of the stairwell marked BASEMENT and start down the corridor with the computer print-out.

39 ANGLE - SGT. BOGART

39

He is walking down the corridor with a cup of coffee in hand.

40 ANGLE - CORNER OF CORRIDOR

40

E.L. and Lionel and Bogart come together at the same time and smash right into each other, coffee spilling all over.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BOGART

Hey!

E.L.

Damn!

They push Bogart out of the way and take off, running.

BOGART

Stop them! Stop them!

Bogart gets up and runs after them.

41 INT. FRONT OF POLICE STATION

41

as several blue suits move in their direction, cutting them off.

E.L.

Come on.

42 ANGLE - E.L. AND LIONEL

42

They turn back and run the other way, skidding around another corner.

43 INT. CORRIDOR - ANGLE - COFFEE ROOM

43

E.L. and Lionel head into the coffee room.

44 INT. COFFEE ROOM

44

Fortunately it's empty.

E.L.

Get off your coat and tie. Scrap the glasses!

They do. E.L. moves over to the coffee machine and unplugs it.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

45

The door to the coffee room opens and E.L., now in his T-shirt and his white shirt wrapped around his head like a do-rag, heads out with Lionel. They're carrying the coffee machine.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

E.L.

(street)

Man, we gotta fix this thing ten
times a month! Man-oh-man, why
do this sucker keep messin' up?

E.L. and Lionel move down the hall with the coffee
machine, cops going both ways, looking for the black
suits. Play this moment for as long as possible.

E.L.

(continuing)

Man, this sucker gets more'n more
heavy every day. It don' pay a
body no way to work service. Dis
job don' get no betta. No sir.

And they're out the front door and down the steps with
the machines.

46 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

46

E.L. and Lionel carry the machine a few yards, drop it
in the street and take off running to their car and
pull out.

*
*
*

47 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRONT OF POLICE STATION

47

Bogart exits, looks around. He sees them.

*

BOGART

(into walkie-talkie)

They're out here. Get out front!

*
*

47A EXT. SQUAD CAR

47A *

It powers out of the driveway and smashes into the
coffee machine.

*
*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

48 EXT. E.L.'S MERCEDES - DAY 48 *

as it roars INTO CAMERA and parks at the curb.

49 INT. MERCEDES 49

E.L. still has the shirt wrapped around his head.

E.L.

Lemme see the printout.

LIONEL

I don't believe we did that.

E.L. reaches over and picks up the computer read-out.
He looks at it for a long beat.

E.L.

I'll be a son-of-a-gun.

LIONEL

What is it?

E.L.

I was right. Sable Hill had a
record for prostitution.

LIONEL

(craning his neck)

She did...?

E.L.

And you'll never guess who
busted her.

He hands the sheet over to Lionel.

LIONEL

(reading)

Lieutenant Vern E. Laws...
March 6th, 1944. He was
working the Vice Squad.

Lionel looks up at E.L.

LIONEL

(continuing)

Then... then... two months later,
when she's murdered, he ends up
over in homicide in charge of her
murder...

(a beat)

Big coincidence.

(CONTINUED)

*

There is a long beat as E.L. looks at Lionel.

E.L.

Big enough to stink up a flower shop!

*

LIONEL

But... but... Mr. Laws tried so hard to solve that case. I mean, it was like an obsession with him until, finally, the captain just plain forced him to put it in the inactive file.

E.L.

Or, for those skeptics among us, he booted the evidence around until it was hopelessly snarled up... beat Jiggs Durran into silence... lost the fingerprint card and killed all the possible witnesses.

*

There is a long beat.

LIONEL

You think he killed her?

E.L.

Well, Lionel, it wouldn't be the first time a vice cop got hooked on a hooker... excuse the puns. Suppose our mystery guest in the car outside the Studio Club is our favorite retired homicide lieutenant, Vern E. Laws. He gets burned now that she's hanging out Steel and Roclair and the other biggies, getting fur coats and penicillin shots... so he goes tootie-fruitie and grabs her, bags her, jumps her and dumps her.

*

*

*

*

Lionel looks at E.L. and shakes his head.

LIONEL

It certainly answers the question of why the case got so hopelessly snarled up.

(CONTINUED)

E.L.

And now you come along, forty years later, with this terrific hobby of solving old classic cases, and old Vern has no choice but to play along because he knows you will investigate it without him anyway.

LIONEL

I'll bet he doesn't have a faulty memory at all. I'll bet he's just stalling.

E.L.

And I'll bet he has you on a butterfly hunt for most of the time.

LIONEL

There were a lot of leads he gave me that seemed to go nowhere... like trying to find Morgan Boston's illegitimate son. I was on that dead end for one month, on and off.

E.L.

Lionel...

LIONEL

Yes?

E.L.

Do you think, and this is just a suggestion, that if we survive this mystery, you could maybe switch to crossword puzzles?

There is a long beat. Lionel smiles at him.

LIONEL

And not try to solve the Black Dahlia?

Off E.L.'s look we:

CUT TO:

50A INT. LIONEL'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

50A *

LIONEL

You sure we need to get back in there?

E.L.

Yeah. I want to get everything you have on that case, buddy. There may be something in there we can use to nail Vern Laws. As it stands now, all we got is a hunch.

*

LIONEL

What if the cops are here?

E.L.

They couldn't get here ahead of us. Let's go.

They enter the office.

*

51 OMITTED
&
52

51 *
& *
52 *

53 INT. LIONEL'S OFFICE - DAY

53

E.L. and Lionel quickly move into the office and start ripping the stuff off the bulletin boards. Lionel is stuffing the clippings into a box -- fast. As they work, the PHONE RINGS and Lionel lets out a karate scream. E.L. jumps a mile into the air.

E.L.

What're you doing?!

LIONEL

I'm sorry. Reflex action. I'm very hyper.

E.L. goes to the phone, picks it up.

E.L.

(into phone)

Yeah?

54 INTERCUT JIGGS DURRAN

54 *

In Vern's room.

*

(CONTINUED)

DURRAN

(nervous)

Who is this?

E.L.

E.L. Turner.

DURRAN

I've been calling this number all night. Is Mr. Whitney there?

E.L. motions to Lionel and he picks up the phone.

LIONEL

Lionel Whitney speaking... owner-operator of Whitney Investigation. How may we help you?

E.L.'s expression demonstrates his disbelief at Lionel's "business as usual" approach.

DURRAN

Mr. Whitney... it's Jiggs Durran. I'm afraid for my life. I think Lieutenant Laws is trying to kill me. I need some help. Can you meet me?

LIONEL

Of course. Where are you?

DURRAN

Not here. Someplace where we won't be observed.

(a beat)

Do you know where the Hollywood reservoir is?

LIONEL

Of course. Of course. That's where Sable's body was found back in the 40's.

DURRAN

I'm out in that area now. Do you know the spot where they found her?

LIONEL

By the old boathouse.

DURRAN

In an hour.

And they hang up. We STAY WITH Jiggs Durran. We WIDEN TO FIND Vern Laws is also in the hotel room with Jiggs. Vern is holding a gun on Jiggs. As Jiggs TURNS TO CAMERA, we SEE the other side of his face which is swollen and bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

VERN

Okay. Now, let's go.

Vern waves the gun in the direction of the door and Jiggs moves toward it with leaden steps.

CUT TO:

55 OMITTED

55 *

56 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

56

as E.L. and Lionel exit the building, three uniformed cops approach them.

E.L.

Officers Cartwright and Miller.
Which one of you guys is Bogart?

OFFICER JERGENS looks at them.

JERGENS

He's behind us. You guys aren't
from Hollywood Division.

E.L.

Metro Squad. We have the evidence
secured here. Gonna put in the
unit and send it to S.I.D. Don't
go into the office. Tell Bogart
we're calling in the lab team.

JERGENS

Right. I'll sit on the door.
What've we got here? A murder?

LIONEL

What we have, Officer Jergens, is
one very damn sticky situation.
And I would suggest you don't ask
a lot of damn silly questions or
I'll have you up on charges.

JERGENS

What?

E.L. gives him a little "he-he-he" and slaps him on the back.

E.L.

What a kidder.
(a beat)
Let's go, Cartwright.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

And they head off, leaving the cop mystified as a plainclothes car pulls up and Bogart gets out with a couple of other plainclothes cops.

57 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 57

E.L. and Lionel get into the Mercedes with E.L. driving. Lionel looks at his car and just beyond it he can see Bogart and Jergens. We can imagine what's going on there, but can't hear it.

58 INT. MERCEDES 58

E.L. starts the car.

LIONEL

Wait.

59 EXT. LIONEL'S PARKED CAR 59

Lionel pops open the hood.

60 ANGLE - CAR ENGINE 60

and the six sticks of dynamite.

61 LIONEL 61

takes a deep breath and yanks the sticks of dynamite loose.

E.L.

(panicked)

Whatta you doing? Whatta you doing? Don't bring those in here!

But Lionel does.

62 ANGLE - BOGART 62

moving toward them at a dog trot (his fastest gait).

63 ANGLE - MERCEDES - DAY 63 *

E.L. pulls out and away. Bogart turns and runs back to his car.

64 OMITTED 64

65 ANGLE - MERCEDES - NIGHT
as it streaks PAST CAMERA.

65

DISSOLVE TO:

66 HIGH SHOT - PANNING HANSON DAM - DAWN

66

It is A.M. and the dam is quiet and foreboding. The BIRDS are just beginning to SING in the damp morning air.

67 ANGLE - E.L. AND LIONEL

67

They pull up in the Mercedes and get out. Lionel is holding the six sticks of dynamite. He looks at E.L.

LIONEL

You want some of these?

E.L.

No! And don't take it personally, Lionel, but would you stand a little further away?

LIONEL

Look, it could be a setup. And, except for this, we're unarmed.

E.L. looks over at Lionel who is sticking the sticks of dynamite in his pocket and in his belt.

E.L.

You can't be serious.

LIONEL

Come on. Let's go.

They head down toward the area where Sable Hill was killed.

68 ANGLE - THE DAM - DAY

68

Lionel and E.L. move in the direction of the aqueduct.

69 ANGLE - THE AQUEDUCT - DAY

69

as they approach.

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL
(calling out)
Mr. Durran. Mr. Durran... hello.
Hello.

*

There is absolute silence except for the ECHO of
Lionel's CALLING.

E.L.
Isn't there a more subtle way...

LIONEL
Well... I don't know...
(softer)
Hello, Mr. Durran... hello...
(a beat)
Like that?

*

E.L. looks around. He is really apprehensive.

E.L.
Boy, this is spooky down here.
(a beat)
Maybe I'll just take one of those
things, Lionel.

Lionel hands E.L. a stick of dynamite and E.L. stands
there with the stick of dynamite and a long fuse
dangling from his hand. He looks at it.

E.L.
(continuing)
This is getting more and more like
a Saturday morning cartoon.

*

*

LIONEL
(startled)
What?

E.L.
Nothing.

There is a beat, then Jiggs Durran appears from some
distance away and starts walking toward them.

*

LIONEL
Mr. Durran.

*

Lionel moves in the direction of Durran and, as he ap-
proaches, a SHOT RINGS OUT from some distance off, and
RICOCHETS.

*

DURRAN
He's trying to kill us all.

*

70 ANGLE E.L. AND LIONEL

70

as they duck for cover. Vern Laws is on the high ground.

VERN

You're dead. All of you!

Vern FIRES THREE MORE TIMES. E.L. and Lionel have taken cover behind a rock.

E.L.

Light me up.

LIONEL

(pulling out some matches)

Mr. Durrant... stay where you are.
Keep down.

*

TWO MORE SHOTS from Vern Laws and Lionel gets the dynamite going.

LIONEL

(continuing)

Hold it. Wait... wait for it to burn down.

E.L.

Now?

LIONEL

Not yet.

E.L.

(panicked)

Now?

LIONEL

Not yet.

E.L. throws it anyway.

LIONEL

(continuing)

I said not yet!

71 ANGLE - DYNAMITE STICK

71

as it disappears over a rock near where Lieutenant Laws is. Then, after a beat, it sails back, bounding down along the rocks and landing at their feet. E.L. and Lionel scamper for safety as it goes off... a huge EXPLOSION just like in a Road Runner cartoon.

72 ANGLE E.L. AND LIONEL

72

LIONEL
Now, you see what the problem
is?

E.L.
Let's do it again.

They move along the crevices and down to a new position.
Several more SHOTS from Vern Laws.

LIONEL
Okay. Okay. This time I'll
throw it.

They try the process again and wait for the fuse to
burn.

E.L.
Okay?

LIONEL
Not yet.

E.L.
Okay? Okay now.

LIONEL
Not yet.

Finally he throws it towards a high outcropping and a
moment later it bounces back at them, bounding down.

73 ANGLE - E.L. AND LIONEL

73

They take off again, the DYNAMITE BLOWING UP where
they were standing. Two more SHOTS from Vern Laws.

74 ANOTHER ANGLE - E.L. AND LIONEL

74

They are hunkered down in a new hiding place, closer
this time to Jiggs Durran who scampers over to them.

DURRAN
Try again.

E.L.
You kidding?

LIONEL
I got it.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

Lionel pulls another stick and lights it. They wait for the fuse to burn sufficiently, then Lionel throws it. It drops in the vicinity of Vern Laws who jumps up and starts running just before it goes off. The concussion knocks him down and he tumbles down the incline. E.L. draws his gun and he and Lionel run to Vern. Lionel grabs him before he can get up. E.L. grabs the gun and turns it on him.

E.L.

(cartoon character)

Tha-Tha-Tha-Tha-That s all, folks!

*
*

Lionel looks at him and grins as we:

FREEZE FRAME

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

75 EXT. WHITNEY OFFICE - DAY

75

We hear Lionel's voice.

LIONEL'S VOICE

Okay. Okay... now, wait a minute, here. Okay? Let's say that the Black Dahlia was not where the police said she was. Let's say she wasn't killed there at all...

76 INT. OFFICE - DAY

76

The bulletin board is up and Lionel is pacing in front of it. E.L. is looking at the Racing Form, but he has one eye on Lionel.

LIONEL

Boy, this is a mind twister, but I found that sometimes it takes a while before you get the whole case sort of straight in your mind.

He pulls a news clipping out of a box.

LIONEL

(continuing)

This mailman, for instance, he's dead, of course, but, well, he'd said he delivered the mail to her house at ten-thirty and she was there. Okay. Okay. Now, stick with me here...

E.L.

(casually)

You... ah... get that gift I sent you?

LIONEL

Oh, yeah. The crossword puzzle book. Yeah.

He holds it up and looks at it with a smile.

LIONEL

(continuing)

Now, listen to me. Okay? I got some good stuff down at the library.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

BOGART'S VOICE
Which, of course, it ain't.

79 ANOTHER ANGLE - E.L.

79

He looks over his shoulder to find Bogart standing there with Lionel's gun in a cellophane bag. Bogart turns E.L. around and slams his hands up against the wall.

BOGART
Just stopped by to get your statement signed and look what I got. A bonus: impersonating an officer.

He shakes E.L. down.

E.L.
Come on... I was just playing a practical joke on my partner.

Bogart jams the cuffs on.

BOGART
We'll sort it out downtown.

80 CLOSEUP - E.L.

80

dejected and angry as we --

CUT TO:

81 ANIMATED CARTOON

81

CARTOON CHARACTER
Tha-Tha-Tha-Tha-That's all, folks.

*
*
*

And he's gone as we --

FADE OUT.

THE END

Barbara's
Place

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7925 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
LOS ANGELES, CA. 90046
(213) 654-5902