

AQUARIUS

Episode One

"Everybody's Been Burned"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT:

April 28, 2014

Tomorrow Studios



McMovCo

ACT ONE

BLACK

Then WHITE LETTERS slowly FADE UP with the CHIRP of crickets:

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

1967

1 EXT. BEL AIR - THE KARN MANSION - NIGHT 1

Glassy. Sharp. Isolated. GLOWING from within.

A WINDOW ON THE SECOND FLOOR SLIDES OPEN

And 16-year-old EMMA KARN slips out.

2 EXT. A CAR PARKED IN THE SHADOWS NEAR THE HOUSE - NIGHT 2

Emma pulls the door open, kisses the driver, 19-year-old RICK ZONDERVAN: thin, anxious, excited. He starts the car and they drive off into the night.

3 EXT. LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT 3

MUSIC YOWLS from a LOUD PARTY in a bungalow.

4 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 4

ALMOST A HUNDRED BODIES crammed into a thousand square feet. Most dancing. Two distinct groups:

The dominant group -- BOYS in sport shirts, chinos, clean-shaven, hair neatly combed; their counterpart GIRLS in knit tops and Jax pants, hair chemically-helmeted. Call this group THE DEPARTMENT STORE REBELS.

Peppered among them, a smaller group -- GUYS in sandals, YOUNG WOMEN braless, both in tattered denim and explosively colored cotton; bodies defiantly unwashed, hair long, untreated, these are THE AUTHENTIC HIPPIE FREAKS.

And the host of the party, its center of attention, is practically that second group's mustached, long-haired, mid-twenties, stoner poster boy: STEVE ELMER.

NEARBY, EMMA KARN DANCES WITH RICK ZONDERVAN,

Both clearly Department Store Rebels.

RICK
Glad you came now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emma just nods in time to the music.

RICK (CONT'D)

I told you, this is where it's
happening.

He leans in close. They kiss. Rick wants more but Emma spins away. She's lost in the music, the bodies around her, the colors, happy, free. Both she and Rick are unaware that she's been singled out by --

A MAN ACROSS THE ROOM

Watching her. Except for the fact that he's in his early thirties, he's the archetypal Authentic Hippie Freak. Wiry, short, bearded. With him are two GIRLS in their early twenties, a pretty BRUNETTE named PATTY, and a freckly, gamine REDHEAD, LYNETTE, all watching --

EMMA

As she sways to the MUSIC.

A JOINT IS PASSED TO THE BEARDED MAN BY A BIKER

In a leather vest that displays the logo of the THE STRAIGHT SATANS. The Biker is late twenties, built like a Rottweiler, personality to match: DENNY KOVIC.

The wiry little Bearded Man takes a long hit, giving Denny a brother-hug as he passes the joint to his girls, who greet Denny warmly. Then the Bearded Man watches as --

RICK

Gives Emma a peck out on the dance floor and moves off to get a beer.

THE BEARDED MAN

Whispers to Lynette, who smiles and nods.

EMMA

Sways to the MUSIC on the floor. Then feels a body dance alongside hers. It's Lynette. They smile at one another. Lynette passes the joint to Emma, who takes it hesitantly and puffs briefly. Emma laughs at her own inexperience.

ACROSS THE ROOM, RICK

Sips beer. Turns. Is met with a warm smile from a lithe, dark-haired girl in her mid-twenties, SADIE.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

She leans in and whispers to him. We don't hear what she says but it makes Rick's face go slack with disbelief. Sadie's hands on Rick assure him what she just told him is true.

5 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - NIGHT

5

Emma, Lynette and Patty are high, feeling good, chatting quietly, the party a muted, psychedelic SWIRL in the stained glass windows behind them. Then, they hear --

THE BEARDED MAN (O.S.)

Look at it.

He approaches from the shadows. His two girls greet him. Emma is wary. He's referring to the boulevard below, a wide, coursing river of light.

THE BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)

It's an electric snake. It wants me. You. Us. The whole world. It's gonna eat us all up, Emma.

EMMA

How... how do you know my name?

LYNETTE

He was born to know your name.

6 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

6

The party a far-off THRUM, the hall empty but for Rick, who leans against the wall as Sadie drops to her knees and undoes his pants. A large, busy bracelet JANGLES on her wrist.

7 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - CONTINUOUS

7

The Bearded Man gestures for Emma to look out at Sunset again.

THE BEARDED MAN

Emma, when that snake comes to eat everything up, know what'll save ya?

8 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

8

Pants at his ankles, Rick looks down at the tent of Sadie's hair across his naked lap.

9 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - CONTINUOUS

9

The Bearded Man smiles at the entranced Emma.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

THE BEARDED MAN

You think Daddy's gonna save ya?
Or that boyfriend of yours?

10 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 10

Sadie sucks Rick into ecstasy.

11 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - CONTINUOUS 11

THE BEARDED MAN

No. You survive with me. With us.

The girls are close now, MURMURING assent.

THE BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)

Snake eats the world. We eat the
snake. I'll show you how, and then
nothin' will ever hurt again.

(strokes her hair)

L'il thang, I'm Charlie Manson.

12 INT. KARN MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY 12

A sleek shelf of FAMILY PHOTOS is being studied by a 43-year-old white MAN in a grey suit and black tie. Something about him makes the suit seem like a uniform, the act of looking at these framed pictures, a mission.

This is L.A.P.D. SERGEANT SAM HODIAK. His eyes travel down the gallery of frozen years. Emma as a happy child with her mom, shy fifth grader with her dad, sullen teen alone.

Then Hodiak's gaze lands on a photo of Emma surrounded by adults, at a black tie event. Next to her, smiling: Richard M. Nixon.

GRACE KARN

Enters. 42, coiffed and polished, trying her best to hide a volcanic worry. She's the Mom in the photos, passing her husband --

KEN KARN, 48, behind the bar, mixing drinks. He's the Dad in the photos. A lawyer, good with words in a way that's always gotten him what he wants. Ken and Grace don't look at each other as --

GRACE

(handing Hodiak a stack of
snapshots)

These are the most recent.

(CONTINUED)

HODIAK

Flips through the Kodachrome snapshots of teenage Emma -- at a friend's birthday, at the beach, playing tennis, watching a garage band rehearse. In most of the photos, she's with Rick Zondervan.

HODIAK

(shot of Rick)

This her boyfriend?

GRACE

I've never heard her use that word.
None of them do anymore.

KARN

But she's probably with him...
again... and she'll come back with
some story... again.

GRACE

(sharply)

She's been gone four days.

(to Hodiak)

That's never happened before.

Arctic silence. Hodiak pockets the pictures and takes out a small notebook and pen, jotting.

HODIAK

The boy, you know his name?

GRACE

Rick Zondervan.

HODIAK

How old is she again...?

GRACE

Sixteen.

KARN

Look. Sam. We really appreciate
this. But just...

(beat)

This, it can't... be official?
With the election next year...

Hodiak sees Grace's eyes swivel contemptuously at her husband.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

KARN (CONT'D)

Obviously, yes, finding her is the important thing but if you can keep it quiet? There are people who'd appreciate it.

Hodiak's eyes flick to the family photo. Of Nixon.

13 EXT. KARN MANSION - DAY

13

Grace walks Hodiak to his car.

GRACE

Still married?

HODIAK

I guess. Technically.

GRACE

I'm sorry, I didn't --

HODIAK

It's okay.

GRACE

How's your boy?

HODIAK

Good.

GRACE

Must be in college.

HODIAK

Army.

GRACE

Overseas?

HODIAK

Da Nang. Just made corporal.

GRACE

My mother always said, you never know fear till you have kids.

HODIAK

How is your Mom?

GRACE

Still asks about you. First boyfriend she ever liked. Also the last. Who knew.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

HODIAK

Who knows anything.

She takes his hand. Tears shimmer in her eyes.

GRACE

Please? Sam? Get my little girl
back. I don't care where she is...
what she's done...Her free hand drifts up to his shoulder and she buries her
face in his neck. He's a little uncomfortable with how close
she is. But holds her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I want my baby back...

His eyes flick to the house and up there, in the floor-to-
ceiling window:

KARN,

her husband. Watching them.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...I want my baby... I want my
baby... my baby...

14 INT. THE SHED - NIGHT

14

A nightclub that STROBES with pulsing amoeba LIGHTS, swaying
BODIES, mostly of the Department Store Rebel variety,
everyone dancing to A GARAGE ROCK BAND, live on stage,
ripping through one of their hits.

HODIAK ENTERS,

The only one in a jacket and tie, the only one with a crew
cut and the only one over 40, slicing through the tangle of
the dance floor like a set of shears, ignoring hostile glares
as he heads straight for --

RICK ZONDERVAN,

Who is startled when Hodiak flashes his badge.

15 INT. THE SHED - BATHROOM - NIGHT

15

Hodiak and Rick alone.

RICK

I haven't seen her in a while.

(CONTINUED)

HODIAK

What's a while? A day, week?

RICK

I dunno.

Nervous and evasive, he starts to go. Hodiak's hand rests firmly on Rick's chest. Keeping him here.

HODIAK

(even, quiet)

Rick? The last couple times she was out all night, she was with you. So.

RICK

There was this party.

HODIAK

And?

RICK

She just, I don't know, took off.

HODIAK

By herself?

RICK

It was crowded and, y'know, just, I figured she saw a friend, went to another party, it happens.

HODIAK

And you didn't call her folks the next day, see if she was okay?

RICK

Her folks don't like me already. I'm gonna call and say, "Hey, I snuck your daughter out and she freaked on me?"

HODIAK

Freaked on you.

RICK

What?

HODIAK

Before you said, "took off," now, "freaked on you?" That's a little more specific.

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

RICK

Look, whaddayou want, man?

And now THREE MORE BOYS tumble in, LAUGHING, then going quiet as they see Rick getting braced by the jacket-and-tie Hodiak.

RICK (CONT'D)

She's a chick, y'know?

Hodiak studies Rick. Then --

HODIAK

Where was the party?

16 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - FRONT DOOR - DAY

16

A long, crooked set of wooden steps zig-zag up the hillside to the porch. Hodiak stands in the open doorway, talking to Steve Elmer, stoned, indifferent to the photo of Emma he hands back.

STEVE

(shrugs)

Sorry.

Hodiak glances over Steve's shoulder, into the gloom of the bungalow, seeing a YOUNG WOMAN cross from the kitchen -- wearing a crop-top blouse and nothing else.

And in this group, the Straight Satan Biker from that night, Denny Kovic. His eyes lock on Hodiak.

HODIAK

Mind if I talk to them?

STEVE

Mind if I see your warrant?

HODIAK

You think getting one is hard?

STEVE

You think telling you to kiss my ass is easy? Wait, sorry. It is.

He SLAMS the door in Hodiak's face.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17 EXT. THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE - DAY 17

A dilapidated Victorian pile in Topanga Canyon. Charles Manson crosses the front porch, passing under the swirling iron staircase that gives the home its name --

-- then down onto the lawn, passing MUSICIANS, STUDENTS, SURFERS, STRAIGHT SATAN BIKERS, HIPPIES MALE and FEMALE, a whole slew of counter-culture drifters, as Manson spies --

EMMA, UNDER A TREE WITH LYNETTE,

Who is teaching the sixteen-year-old how to macrame.

BACK TO MANSON

As Patty approaches. Leans into Manson.

PATTY

She told me last night, Charlie.
She's a virgin.

Manson gives Patty a fatherly kiss.

18 EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT 18

AN EARNEST, LONG-HAIRED BOY of twenty is looking directly INTO CAMERA, speaking to a TV REPORTER and CAMERAMAN, while behind him, protest MARCHERS with picket signs file past.

EARNEST LONG-HAIRED BOY

I'm old enough to get drafted, to go kill for my country but I'm not old enough to be on this sidewalk after ten? Well, I'm here, man. We're all here.

(begins to CHANT)

'N we're gonna stay! We're gonna stay! Not gonna move, move, move us TODAY!

He drops back and joins the passing MARCHERS:

MARCHERS

We're gonna stay! We're gonna stay! Not gonna move, move, MOVE us today!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Hundreds of BOYS AND GIRLS, Department Store Rebels and Authentic Hippie Freaks mixed, fifteen to twenty-five, move down a Sunset Boulevard sidewalk. All of them stoically observed by:

L.A. RIOT COPS

In gleaming white helmets and shiny black leather.

MARCHING KIDS AND HIPPIES

We're gonna stay! We're gonna
stay! WE'RE GONNA STAY!

Some Protesters stop, inches from the police line:

THE REALLY DEFIANT FEW

Move us TODAY? We're gonna STAY!
Go? NO! Go? NO! Go? NO!

The Riot Cops just stare, robots yet to be switched on.

19 INT. GLADNER'S COFFEE HUT - ON SUNSET STRIP - CONTINUOUS 19

A plate glass window looks out at the cops, the protesters and the boiling tension.

THE REALLY DEFIANT FEW

Go? No! Go? No!

In a rear booth sit BRIAN SHAFE and MIKE VICKERY. Vickery is late twenties, aviator glasses, velvet vest, a plastic hippie knockoff. Shafe is mid-20s, looks younger, bright, longish hair, scruff, jeans and a defiant nature that hums in him like an idling race car engine.

SHAFE

So, the thing we talked about?

VICKERY

(calling off)

Hey, Art.

This to the fortyish owner, ART GLADNER, who turns from a CUSTOMER.

VICKERY (CONT'D)

My friend here's in kind of a
hurry, could we get the check?
And a key lime slice to go.

(to Shafe)

You want anything?

(CONTINUED)

SHAFE

The thing. We talked about.

Outside we can hear a POLICE VOICE through a bullhorn:

POLICE VOICE

Clear the streets! It is ten p.m.
and curfew has now begun. Clear
the streets!

We hear ANGRY SHOUTS from the marchers out there:

SHOUTING VOICES

(variously)

Fark the Nucks! Fark the Nucks!
Fark the Nucks!

THROUGH THE WINDOW SHAFE SEES

A DOZEN PROTESTERS being SHOVED back by a FIVE MAN wedge of
club-wielding Riot Cops.

INSIDE, ART

Brings a to-go pie container, setting it in front of Shafe.
With the check.

VICKERY

Ya mind? I'm tapped.

Annoyed, Shafe flips the check over. The tab's \$100. Shafe
is surprised, looks up at Vickery, who just regards him
coolly.

VICKERY (CONT'D)

Tip's included, dig? Leave the
cash, take the box 'n don't open it
here.

(looking out at the cops)

Not that the fuzz'd have any idea
what it is.

The NOISE outside is building. YELLING. POLICE BULLHORNS.
WARNINGS. Shafe reaches into his pocket and takes out some
crumpled twenties. Which he sets on the table.

SHAFE

Walk me out to my car?

VICKERY

Scared of the cops?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

SHAFE

Nope.

Shafe's hand is resting on the tabletop. He moves it two inches, revealing an L.A.P.D. badge for just a second before he sweeps it back into his pocket.

SHAFE (CONT'D)

I don't want you, I want him...
 (meaning Art Gladner)
 ...so walk me to my car.

20 EXT. BACK OF GLADNER'S - NIGHT

20

Holding the to-go pie box, Shafe walks Vickery out to a small, fenced-in parking area. The nearby RIOT is getting LOUDER, the FLASH of POLICE LIGHTS brighter.

VICKERY

Man, come on, seriously?

And as Shafe is about to answer --

TWO UNIFORMED COPS with drawn clubs hustle around the corner, gripping THREE BOYS, 17.

UNIFORMED COP ONE

(to the three)

Hands on the wall.

Two Boys comply awkwardly. The Third sullenly refuses.

THIRD BOY

What's the charge?

UNIFORMED COP ONE

What I say.

UNIFORMED COP TWO

(to Vickery and Shafe)

You two. Grab some brick.

Vickery is swift. Shafe hesitates, holding his pie box.

UNIFORMED COP ONE

(to Third Boy)

You hear me or what?

Shafe watches Cop One SHOVE the Third Boy with his club.

SHAFE

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

Cop Two sees Shafe going for Cop One and swings a baton choke hold on Shafe --

-- but Shafe ducks it, elbows the Cop back, reaches for the badge in his pocket but his jacket rides up exposing his holstered snub-nosed .38 and --

UNIFORMED COP TWO

Gun, he's got a GUN!

-- the baton of Cop One SMACKS Shafe in the gut, doubling him over as Vickery, splayed against the wall, truly appreciates the rollicking irony here and lets out a short, sharp LAUGH --

VICKERY

Ohhh! Yeahhhh! Beautiful, baby, beautiful, yeah! Put that hippie down!

-- the baton of Cop Two comes down on the crown of Shafe's skull-back with a THUNDER CRACK and --

SHAFE'S FACE

hits pavement.

21

INT. L.A.P.D. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

21

Several NIGHTWATCH OLD TIMERS, white men in their forties and fifties, view this parade of YELLING, SHOUTING, SCREAMING REBELLIOUSNESS as DOZENS of the Sunset Protesters are hauled in by UNIFORMED and PLAINCLOTHES.

OFFICER ED CUTLER, 44, big, brutal, slicked back hair gleaming above quick eyes.

CUTLER

L.A.'s always gotta be first.
First spic riots, first jig riots,
now the first diaper riots.

This to Hodiak, the only cop not looking at the parade. He's with a UNIFORMED POLICE WOMAN, pinned-up hair, crisp in her skirted uniform: CHARMAIN TULLY, early twenties, dying to be taken seriously.

CHARMAIN

The guy you talked to? Steve Elmer? Is a record producer, owns the house, little under two years.

HODIAK

Arrests?

(CONTINUED)

CHARMAIN

None. Anything else, Sarge? Loo needs me for body-pats.

(re: the stream of HIPPIES)

Said we never had this many femmes.

CUTLER

Not true. Did a whorehouse sweep in '61. Double the tits, half the quality.

His eyes have landed on a HIPPIE GIRL in an almost-see-through bikini top.

CUTLER (CONT'D)

Charmain, go give that one a feel.

Charmain tries her best to politely ignore Cutler as she gives her paperwork to Hodiak and joins the fray.

CUTLER (CONT'D)

Tell her I'm "groovy, baby!"

Cutler pulls a bottle out of his desk and pours a quick shot into a paper cup, offers some to Hodiak, who shakes his head.

CUTLER (CONT'D)

Hey. Isn't that what's his name...?

Cutler points. Hodiak turns. Sees --

SHAFE

Head bleeding, being led in by the two Uniformed Cops who put him down. Cop One has him by the arm to steady him.

Shafe, holding ice to his blood-mopped hair, and the Uniformed Cop who hit him are going at it hard, in front of CAPTAIN GERALD DUNN, 45, hard to impress, and LIEUTENANT ALONSO PRIORE, 34, always looking to Dunn so he can anticipate his mood and meet it.

SHAFE

(to Uni One)

-- wait, you're gonna file on me?

UNIFORMED COP ONE

(to Lt. Priore)

What the hell was he doin' out there dressed like that?

LT. PRIORE

(cutting in, sucking up)

Captain, it's like this, Brian comes to me a few weeks ago --

(trying to read Dunn's reaction)

-- he's got a good idea --

(but Dunn is stone-faced, impossible to read)

-- I think, at the time, maybe, which is: try 'n look like one of 'em, follow some leads, see where it goes --

CAPTAIN DUNN

(to Shafe)

You make a buy?

SHAFE

Yeah.

CAPTAIN DUNN

Log it?

SHAFE

I woke up in the car after, it's gone --

UNIFORMED COP ONE

(over Shafe, to Captain)

He was goin' for his gun --

SHAFE

(over Cop One)

I was going for my badge --

UNIFORMED COP ONE

(stabs Shafe's chest)

-- shut up, freak.

SHAFE

Don't touch me unless you love me.

The Uni shoves, Shafe knocks his hand away and the two go at it -- fast, messy, grappling --

23 INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - BULLPEN - NIGHT 23

PARENTS have started arriving. Charmain and ANOTHER POLICEWOMAN walk TWO GIRLS to their glowering PARENTS.

Hodiak catches Captain Dunn on his way to the door.

HODIAK

Cap, can I talk to you? That kid, Shafe...

CAPTAIN DUNN

You wanna give him the haircut?

24 INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 24

SHAFE

Wait.

At his open locker, Shafe turns around to face Hodiak.

SHAFE (CONT'D)

I report to you.

HODIAK

Yep.

SHAFE

Because?

HODIAK

Cap says.

SHAFE

Because.

HODIAK

Missing girl's from a family with juice, Cap figures it can't hurt to help a Dad who's buddies with the mayor, governor, maybe the next president.

SHAFE

Look, I didn't crack some secret hippie code that'll tell you what they're really saying and I don't wanna be the bait that gets you in the door to start bashing heads.

HODIAK

Bash heads, who needs you?

(CONTINUED)

SHAFE

What else do you guys know how to do?

HODIAK

"You guys." Really?

SHAFE

See something you don't understand, you just wanna hit it, shoot it or bang it.

Shafe SLAMS his locker door shut.

HODIAK

'Cause you know me so well?

SHAFE

I know first time we say two words, you're leaning on me to do your thing, so...

Shafe starts off, away from Hodiak.

HODIAK

Then you know tomorrow morning, that hair's going high and tight again...

(which stops Shafe)

...and your uniform's coming out of plastic. Cap's orders. Unless...

Emma listens to a song, lost in the lyrics:

MAN SINGING (O.S.)

"...think you're lovin', baby, and all you're doin' is cryin'."

She sits with an AUDIENCE of a dozen or so, some drifting in and out, some getting high, some as rapt as Emma, watching --

CHARLES MANSON SINGING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM

Strumming a guitar.

CHARLES MANSON

"Can you feel? Are those feelin's real?"

And here he opens his eyes, looking straight at Emma.

25

CONTINUED:

25

CHARLES MANSON (CONT'D)

*"Look at your game, girl... Look at
your game, girl..."*

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

26 INT. HODIAK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 26

Hodiak sleeps in white t-shirt and boxers. The area near the bed is mostly open boxes, clothes half-in, half-out. His gun and holster on a wall peg within quick reach.

Few personal items but: a high end turntable, speakers. Fanned LP covers on the floor, chairs, box tops. We GLIDE OVER the albums, CLOCK that his taste is wide-ranging:

Woody Guthrie. Dave Brubeck. Django Reinhardt. Sinatra. Ella. Basie. Elvis. Berry.

SUDDEN WIDE SHOT - A YOUNG SOLDIER STANDS OVER HODIAK

In a dress army uniform. Shaved head under the hat. Corporal's stripes. Ramrod straight. Almost at attention. Totally still. Staring down at Hodiak.

HODIAK

Wakens, sees the Soldier, is startled up onto his elbows, blinks, then --

HODIAK

Paul...?

PAUL

Hi, Dad.

27 INT. HODIAK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 27

Hodiak hands his son a cup of coffee.

HODIAK

So. This is kind of a...

(beat)

Does your Mom know...?

PAUL

I barely knew myself.

Paul looks around. More boxes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So this is the new place.

HODIAK

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

PAUL

Homey.

Then he sees something in the corner, against the wall. A satiny, honey-and-chocolate Martin guitar.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Still playing.

HODIAK

Never good enough to "play."

PAUL

Yeah, you are, just never want anybody to know. How come?

HODIAK

(beat, then)

I thought you were in-country...

PAUL

I was. I am.

HODIAK

How'd you get leave to come back...?

PAUL

New policy.

HODIAK

Little different than my day.

PAUL

'Lot of things are.

28

INT. HODIAK'S APARTMENT - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

28

Paul is almost asleep on a fold out couch. Eyes closed. Face peaceful. Like a child.

Hodiak passes in the hall and reaches in to turn out the light. Looks at his son with tender worry. Paul's eyes flutter open.

PAUL

Dad? I love you.

Hodiak doesn't know how to respond. Manages a tight nod. Flicks out the light.

29

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

Flickering candlelight reveals QUICK-POP CLOSE-UP DETAILS here:

- AN LP revolving on a stereo, playing mellow music.
- SHEET MUSIC, songs by "C. Manson" with titles like "Look At Your Game, Girl," "Mechanical Man," "True Love You Will Find," and "Don't Do Anything Illegal."
- OTHER RECORDS, in their jackets, spread here and there: The Beatles, The Beach Boys, Jefferson Airplane, Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul & Mary, The Rolling Stones and The Yardbirds.
- A SHELF of oft-read, cracked-spine books, almost all of them on Scientology and Dianetics, by L. Ron Hubbard.
- A BONE-HANDLE STRAIGHT RAZOR, gleaming and open, next to a wash basin.
- A SMOLDERING ROACH in an ashtray.

Manson and Emma are alone, sitting cross-legged on the bed.

CHARLES MANSON

What do you love?

EMMA

Don't you mean "who?"

CHARLES MANSON

No, I know the answer to that. You don't love anyone. You thought you loved your plastic little boy-oh-boy. Your folks, well, you loved 'em once, then put down your dollies and saw Mommy with that dead look in her eyes from listening to all Daddy's lawyer lies.

EMMA

(in awe)

How'd you know my Dad's a lawyer?
How do you know so much about me?

CHARLES MANSON

I don't look at you. I see you.
And when I see you, I see me.

(caressing her arm)

I see what they did to you. 'Cause y'know what she did to me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES MANSON (CONT'D)

My Mommy? I was five, she was
outta money, dyin' for a drink. So
she takes me to a bar, 'n she...

(pause -- sudden tears

spring into his eyes)

...gives me to the waitress for a
bucket of beer. Then left.

(off Emma's empathy)

It's what they do to all of us.
One way or the other. It's why we
think we're all alone. But we're
not.

(he leans into her and
they kiss lightly)

You're not.

(a deeper kiss)

You will never be alone again.

Manson eases Emma onto her back. He looks down at her
quivering, innocent longing. Her huge, trusting eyes.

He nods. A silent command. And she pulls off her shorts,
her panties. He unbuckles his belt as TWO SHADOWY FIGURES
slip in through the open doorway.

And as Manson now lowers himself onto Emma, she is startled
to feel female hands on her face, her neck, in her hair,
unbuttoning her blouse.

It's Lynette and Patty. Naked. Smiling. Emma tenses.

CHARLES MANSON (CONT'D)

I love Lynette and Patty. You love
me. They love you.

LYNETTE

I love you, sweet baby girl...

Lynette kisses Emma tenderly as Patty strokes Emma's hair.

CHARLES MANSON

It's all love, right here, right
now, the love you always wanted,
the love you need...

He starts to push himself into her. Her face pinches.

CHARLES MANSON (CONT'D)

...the love you love.

He thrusts in. Emma CRIES out in pain, overwhelmed by
Manson, the girls cooing sweetly and all the hands and lips
and tumbling hair that enclose her.

30 INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - DAY

30

Hodiak walks with Cutler.

CUTLER

I talked to my brother-in-law at Pendelton. Army's got no new policy. You can't just take off. Ain't college.

HODIAK

(what he dreaded)

Yeah.

CUTLER

Where is he now?

HODIAK

Home.

CUTLER

The thing I don't get is, how he just got out? I mean, my brother-in-law said the only way you ever get sent stateside is one of your parents is dying and you gotta have letters and doctors and --

Hodiak is struck by something. His eyes flick. Cutler notices.

CUTLER (CONT'D)

(laughs)

What, you dyin'?

Hodiak hurries out a door.

31 INT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - DAY

31

Dark on dark. The BARTENDER looks like he was born here. OPAL, a woman in her early forties, drinks and smokes alone.

Hodiak enters from the street.

HODIAK

Opal...?

OPAL

Officer.

HODIAK

...you sent the letter, didn't you?
To the army. To get him back.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

She ignites a new cigarette from her last butt.

HODIAK (CONT'D)
 Saying, what, you were sick, dying?
 Who'd you get to be doctor?
 (at the Bartender)
 Him?

Opal blows smoke rings in answer.

HODIAK (CONT'D)
 Our son is AWOL from a combat zone.
 He's a deserter. He could go to
 prison. You too.

OPAL
 Yep, you're in a real pickle there,
 Officer. You gonna turn me in?
 Your wife? Mother of your child?
 (eyes boring into him)
 No. You'll do what's right.
 You'll turn him in.

HODIAK
 I won't have to. They're gonna
 come for him. Do you know what
 you've done?

OPAL
 I sure do.

32 INT. HODIAK'S APARTMENT - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

32

HODIAK (O.S.)
 Paul?
 (footsteps getting closer)
 Paulie?

He opens the door and steps in. The room is empty. No sign
 Paul was ever here.

Hodiak stands. He closes his eyes and leans his head against
 the wall.

33 EXT. U.C.L.A. - QUAD - DAY

33

Rick Zondervan walks with a GROUP of FRIENDS to class.
 Suddenly, HANDS grab the back of his shirt and SLAM him onto
 a car hood and EVERYONE in sight jumps, startled, frightened
 at the sight of Hodiak, who flashes his badge.

HODIAK
 Back it up.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

They do. Timid and skittish as deer.

HODIAK (CONT'D)
(gets the cuffs out)
You really think you were never
gonna see me again?

Rick's wrists locked behind him, Hodiak YANKS the back door open and TOSSES Rick like a rag doll into --

34 INT. HODIAK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

34

-- where he lands on his face in the backseat, scared enough to piss himself.

Hodiak gets behind the wheel as WE REVEAL Shafe in the passenger seat.

SHAFE
You got to read him his rights.

HODIAK
What.

SHAFE
That new, that Miranda thing...

HODIAK
Gimme a break.

SHAFE
Hey. You gotta do it.

HODIAK
Fine.
(back to Rick)
"You've got the right to blah,
blah, blah," or I'll kick the shit
out of you.

SHAFE
Seriously. You know it?

HODIAK
Do you?

SHAFE
I got the little card they handed
out... hang on...
(looking in pockets)
...it's in my other --

(CONTINUED)

HODIAK

Fine, too bad.

He starts the car. From the back, Rick's eyes dart, watching the argument escalate:

SHAFE

Call the station, write it down.

(off Hodiak's fury)

I don't make the rules, man. We're gonna haul him in, we do it right.

HODIAK

Or what, you write me up 'n pencil-bone me?

SHAFE

Hey. You wanted to work with me. This? Is me.

HODIAK

I'm supposed to get out and go find a phone.

SHAFE

Unless you got one in the car.

Hodiak shuts the car off, gets out, SLAMS the door and stalks off. Shafe turns and looks at Rick.

SHAFE (CONT'D)

Okay, I bought you five minutes.

RICK

I want a lawyer.

SHAFE

No, you don't.

RICK

I want to call my dad.

SHAFE

You know this is personal for him, right? Emma. He knows her family. Her mom.

RICK

Jesus --

(CONTINUED)

SHAFE

Man, he is gonna get you someplace
sound-proof and stomp shit outta
you they can never put back.

RICK

I, I, I don't know --

SHAFE

(giving up, turning away)
Okay.

RICK

I don't know, okay? She freaked
and, and, and went off with this
guy!

SHAFE

What guy?

FLASHBACK TO:

*Rick is arched in ecstasy, his pants at his ankles. The
bobbing, brunette head of Sadie is between his legs.*

*Then Rick hears a MUFFLED SOB from down the hall, his eyes
open, he sees --*

*Emma. Standing there. Staring. Then, as Rick tries to
struggle away from Sadie and that large, busy bracelet of
hers JANGLES again on her wrist and he gets his pants
hitched, Emma runs off, REVEALING:*

*Charles Manson in the hall behind where she stood, flanked by
Patty and Lynette. Manson indicates Patty and Lynette should
follow Emma. They do.*

*Rick scrambles fully into his pants as Sadie backs up,
giggling, wiping her mouth. Rick stumbles toward the hall.
Manson stops him.*

CHARLES MANSON

She's gone, junior.

*Manson's small, easy to push aside. But the Straight Satan
biker Denny Kovic is neither.*

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

CHARLES MANSON (CONT'D)

*She don't need you no more, I
pulled her outta the womb of
ignorance and into the light of
now.*

DENNY

*She's with Charlie now. You get
that? She's with Charlie.*

*Rick tries to get past Denny. Manson nods. Denny DRIVES A
FIST INTO Rick's stomach. Rick drops to his knees, the air
hammered out of him. Sadie walks past him. He looks up and
sees Sadie kiss Charlie on the mouth. Then Denny. The three
walk off. Rick WHEEZES and GAGS on the floor. Alone.*

BACK TO PRESENT:

36 INT. HODIAK'S CAR - DAY

36

Rick and Shafe.

SHAFE

Then what?

RICK

I got back to the party and I'm all
like, who's Charlie? And Steve, he
owns the house, he's like, "Charlie
gets the girls."

SHAFE

Get a last name on Charlie?

RICK

No.

SHAFE

Turn around.

Shafe pulls out a key and unlocks the kid.

SHAFE (CONT'D)

Go.

Rick practically FLIES out the door. Beat. The driver door
opens and Hodiak drops back into his seat.

SHAFE (CONT'D)

Think we got what he knows.

(CONTINUED)

HODIAK

And he never wondered why I'd look
for a pay phone with a radio in the
car?

He refers to the large police radio in plain view, center of
the dash.

HODIAK (CONT'D)

(starts the car)

Yeah, country's gonna be in good
hands.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

37 INT. SPRIRAL STAIRCASE - DAY

37

Emma sits alone in a window seat, watching Charlie across the living room, talking to Lynette and Patty. Sadie comes over and sits next to her.

SADIE

Y'know, you're the only one I ever heard Charlie say he wanted before he even met you. It's like he dreamed you... then found you.

EMMA

He says I'm special to him but...

SADIE

...what?

EMMA

Well, he's with Patty, Lynette, you... how many others?

SADIE

Jealous?

EMMA

No, just... I don't know.

SADIE

You crave him, right? But Charlie will teach your craving to die down. He'll show you a whole new way to be. It's like, if you let go of everything from before, you're alive for the first time.

Sadie strokes Emma's face. And Emma hears a familiar JANGLE. It's Sadie's big, noisy, metal bracelet. Emma looks at it.

SADIE (CONT'D)

What?

EMMA

Your --

(bracelet on her wrist)

Were you... were you... there?

SADIE

Let go. Of everything. The only one who knows what was or will be? Is Charlie.

38 EXT. TACO STAND - DAY

38

A CLUSTER OF MALE AND FEMALE HIPPIES thumb rides and beg change on a corner. Hodiak watches them as he nurses a coffee. Shafe eats.

SHAFE

So this thing's totally off the books...

HODIAK

Yep.

SHAFE

So if I was to propose something that was slightly illegal...

HODIAK

Like?

SHAFE

I need five, six ounces of dope.

HODIAK

We can sign it out from Narco.

SHAFE

No, for one thing, it's not coming back and it's got to be good shit, for connoisseurs.

(off Hodiak's stoic stare)

This blowing your mind? Take a breath, I'm not giving you mouth to mouth.

Hodiak smiles into his coffee.

HODIAK

Maybe we can get it off my old man.

A forkful of beans stop halfway to Shafe's mouth.

SHAFE

Wait. Your dad? What?

HODIAK

Every night and twice on Sunday. Jazz drummer.

Shafe takes that in.

SHAFE

Your old man was a head?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

HODIAK
Probably still is. I don't feel
like finding out.

SHAFE
I just... wow.

Hodiak glances back at the panhandling Hippies.

HODIAK
Kids think you invented everything.

39 INT. VICKERY'S VENICE APARTMENT - DAY

39

A nervous Vickery shuts the shades, cutting out the beach glare. Shafe starts opening drawers and doors, searching.

VICKERY
I can't believe you're a cop. We
were friends. This is bullshit.
And who's the totem pole...?

He's referring to Hodiak, still and quiet in the corner.

VICKERY (CONT'D)
...he gonna wail on me now?

Shafe starts flipping cushions on the couch. Opens a guitar case.

VICKERY (CONT'D)
Easy, that's a Martin! I got
lawyers, man. This is harassment.
(re: Shafe's search)
Okay, okay, the drum, okay?

Shafe flips a bongo drum over, reaches in and takes out a swollen baggie of loose weed, another bag of about a dozen joints.

SHAFE
Thanks, Mike.

Shafe starts to go. Hodiak picks up Vickery's guitar, studies it as:

VICKERY
(grabs a joint, lights up)
I got rights! I'm callin' my
lawyers! Dig that!
(to Hodiak)
Careful, man, I told you, it's a
Martin!

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

Hodiak tosses it lightly across the room. Vickery fumbles, drops his lit joint, barely catches it --

HODIAK

(exits)

It's a knockoff.

40

INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

40

Shafe and Hodiak talk to Police Woman Charmain Tully.

HODIAK

If you're not comfortable with this, Charmain...

CHARMAIN

No, I'm okay.

HODIAK

You're sure.

She nods.

SHAFE

And you get the look, right?

CHARMAIN

Got an eyeful the other night. What time?

SHAFE

Ten-thirty.

CHARMAIN

I'll be there.

We PRE-LAP an UP-TEMPO ROCK SONG, which takes us to --

41

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - NIGHT

41

-- where there's another PARTY that spills out onto the deck. Shafe drifts up the crooked Z of hillside stairs, moving into the CROWD of Authentic Freaks and Department Store Rebels. He looks like a half-way point -- not as polished as the Rebels, not as grubby as the Freaks.

He scans the faces. Off in a corner, he spots --

THE BACK OF A MOTORCYCLE VEST

Bearing "THE STRAIGHT SATANS" logo. It's Denny Kovic.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

SHAFE

Takes note, keeps moving, deeper into the party, toward the center, where the MUSIC is even louder and there's DANCING and food and wine. Smoke hangs thick in the air.

He stops, opens his jacket, takes out one of the loose joints and starts to put it in his mouth. Sees A WOMAN NEXT TO HIM, looking at him. Shafe offers her the unlit joint. She takes it, a GUY next to her fires it up for her and she takes a long, smoky hit, mouthing: "Wow."

JUMP CUT TO:

42

SHAFE - LATER

42

Rolling a joint now. Talking to some Department Store Rebel boys who look on, impressed with Shafe's smooth technique.

JUMP CUT TO:

43

SHAFE - LATER

43

Dancing with SEVERAL GIRLS. ONE of the girls passes a joint to Steve Elmer, who raises it in a little toast to Shafe, then tokes.

JUMP CUT TO:

44

SHAFE - LATER

44

Offers Steve Elmer the bag of Vickery weed. Steve pretends he doesn't want it -- *no, no it's too much* -- but Shafe insists. Steve takes it. Hugs Shafe. Friends for life now.

Through it all, Shafe has not taken a single hit.

45

INT. OPAL HODIAK'S SMALL RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

45

Dark, silent. The front door opens, Hodiak slips in, pockets his lock pick. He moves quietly through the living room in the dark; stops, seeing a half-dozen framed PHOTOS on a tabletop, illuminated by street light. He focuses for a moment on one of:

PAUL, HIS SON, late teens, awkward, smiling, braces. His mother Opal has her arms around him.

Hodiak moves on, going deeper into the dark house.

46 INT. OPAL HODIAK'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 46

Opal sleeps on her stomach, naked, sheets around her knees. She is completely out, barely breathing. Next to her a big, beefy MAN, also naked, slab-like arm thrown across his head, SNORING.

Hodiak doesn't react to his freshly-fucked wife or her lover. He just doesn't want to wake them, so passes her doorway, in the hall, moving to:

47 INT. OPAL HODIAK'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 47

Hodiak steps in, turns on a single lamp in the corner. It throws more shadow than light, illuminating a plain, neat room, allowing Hodiak to quickly open drawers, closet doors, look under the bed and around the bedside table.

Nothing.

He ducks his head under the bed. Finds a crumpled folder with a picture of a bus on the cover. It's a bus schedule. There are a few illegible scribbles and doodles on it.

Hodiak straightens, pockets the schedule, moves back into --

48 INT. OPAL HODIAK'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS 48

-- making his way quietly to the front door.

Behind him, A SHADOW MOVES silently. And begins to CLOSE IN ON Hodiak, who doesn't see or hear as --

-- a .38 Police Special rises, catches the light and kisses the back of Hodiak's neck. A thumb CLICKS BACK the hammer.

Hodiak FREEZES as WE REVEAL who's put the gun to his head:

HODIAK'S PARTNER, OFFICER ED CUTLER.

CUTLER

Hands high, asshole.

Hodiak recognizes the voice but raises his hands anyhow. Cutler starts to pat him.

HODIAK

Cut?

Hodiak turns his head slowly, taking in his partner's nudity with relative calm.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

49 INT. OPAL HODIAK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

49

Cutler, dressed now. The partners sit across from one another.

CUTLER

Look, I... Okay. See. Jeanie and me would come over, after you guys split up, but then Jeanie'd get tired, y'know, she's not much of a drinker but me and Opal, we both, well, you know, so pretty soon I'm comin' over alone and...

HODIAK

Jeanie know?

CUTLER

(appalled)
Are you crazy? No.

HODIAK

Thought maybe you guys're swingers now or something.

CUTLER

Jesus, what is wrong with you?
I'm sorry, okay? I'm really,
really sorry. It happened.

HODIAK

How long?

CUTLER

Five... months? Look, you want me to end it, it's over.

HODIAK

Cut. I don't give a shit. Okay?
She's a lousy wife, a shit mother
but she can fuck, she can drink and
since those are the only hobbies
you ever had, the two of you are
made for each other, I only wanna
know one thing: where's my son?

CUTLER

I haven't seen him.

HODIAK

But he was here.

(CONTINUED)

CUTLER

After you told me he was back and you were all worried, I asked her. She said he was here about a day; gave him all the money she could scrape together.

HODIAK

Where'd he go?

CUTLER

I don't know.

HODIAK

Does she?

CUTLER

Probably. But good luck gettin' it out of her.

Hodiak nods, stands.

CUTLER (CONT'D)

(stands also)

So, we're good?

HODIAK

We're good.

Cutler holds out his hand. Hodiak takes it. They shake.

HODIAK (CONT'D)

And we're done. I don't work with liars. It's not a moral thing. It's a safety issue. You understand.

Hodiak keeps Cutler's hand gripped in his till Cutler looks down and nods. Hodiak lets go, turns and --

-- there, in a doorway, in her robe, is Opal.

OPAL

Eddie, I ever tell you the time he hit me? Fist. Four stitches. Drunk off his ass. Crying the next day, begging me to forgive him. A wife beater, that's your partner who's too goddamn good for you.

Hodiak looks at Opal evenly, then exits quietly.

50

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - NIGHT

50

Shafe is out here with Steve, a CLUSTER of Hippies and Rebels. At the periphery, Denny Kovic. Then, from up the stairs --

-- Police Woman Charmain Tully appears. No longer in uniform. Her hair's combed out, parted down the middle, she's in denim and sandals, no make-up.

CHARMAIN

Bri? Hey.

She gives Shafe a shy little wave. Shafe pretends that seeing her is cool but slightly annoying.

SHAFE

(to Charmain)

In a sec. Grab a beer.

Charmain nods and moves to a cooler. A BOY hands her a beer, gives her a hopeful smile.

SHAFE (CONT'D)

(under his breath, to
Steve)

Aw, man.

STEVE

Problem?

(off Charmain's beauty)
With that?

SHAFE

Nah, she's okay, I picked her up couple days ago, hitching, but I can't shake her, won't stop talking about this Charlie cat, met him at some party, Charlie this, Charlie that, Charlie and all his girls...

STEVE

Charlie Manson.

Denny's ears prick up. He turns. Fixes his gaze on Shafe.

SHAFE

(trying to be nonchalant)
I guess. What's he, like, God or something?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Just a guy. Little weird. I dig him. Good songwriter. Gets more ass 'n a Ferris wheel.

Denny is drifting close to Steve and Shafe, listening:

SHAFE

Man, if you can tell me where to find him, be a life saver, I gotta shake this chick.

STEVE

(shrugs)
I'd love to help but, no idea.

DENNY

I know where he's crashing.

SHAFE

Cool.
(to Steve)
Hey, man, great party.

STEVE

My brother, you have an all access pass.

They grip, shake, hug. Then Denny puts a big hand on Shafe's shoulder and the two walk across the deck toward Charmain.

DENNY

Charlie's my guy, right? I got his back -- all ways, all days.

SHAFE

Right...

They're now at the stairs, a few feet from Charmain, who now hears:

DENNY

So if she's lookin' for Charlie, she's gotta go through me.

Denny grins. Shafe is cool. Charmain, holding her beer, has no clue.

SHAFE

So, what, you wanna, like search her?

(CONTINUED)

DENNY

I'll be ballin' her. That's our thing, me and Charlie, I ball 'em all, sooner or later.

(to Charmain)

Hey, sweetness.

Charmain has gone stone-still with fear and shock. The Boy who handed her the beer tries to pass her a joint. She looks down at it like it might bite.

Shafe reaches across -- quickly takes it and, for the first time tonight, tokes. He has to will himself not to cough like a newbie.

Seeing Officer Shafe take a hit, Charmain looks like she's in a nightmare. Her breathing visibly quickens.

DENNY (CONT'D)

(to Shafe)

What's her problem, man? You said she knows Charlie, then she knows how Charlie goes.

SHAFE

(a little cough)

Hittin' the speed all week, look, man, can we get you two together later?

(passes to Denny)

I gotta be in Redlands by one, I got no idea where Charlie's at.

DENNY

(taking a hit)

Beach.

SHAFE

Where, at the beach?

DENNY

(takes Charmain's hand)

Tell you in a half hour.

(pulls her with him)

C'mon.

SHAFE

Whoa, whoa, the beach? Jesus. I'm never gonna make Redlands. Tell ya what. You and me, we drive out to Charlie's, you two bone in the backseat.

(to Charmain)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (3)

50

SHAFE (CONT'D)

That's cool, right? Gets you to
Charlie.

Charmain has no idea how to answer.

DENNY

Back seat, what is this, prom
night?

SHAFE

I'm tellin' you, I gotta be in
Redlands by one, my connection's up-
tight, so back seat, gas station on
the way or when you get to
Charlie's, just, let's roll.

Denny puffs thoughtfully, sizing Shafe up for what seems an
eternity.

DENNY

Whatever.

He gives Charmain's ass a pat. Shafe and Denny head down the
long, crooked flight of stairs. Charmain hesitates. Looks
at Shafe. His look tells her -- *c'mon*. She numbly descends
with the two men.

51

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - STAIRS - NIGHT

51

The party floating above is a far-off ECHO. Denny and Shafe
descend a few steps ahead of the hesitant Charmain.

DENNY

What's your name, sugar bush?

Charmain can barely speak and when she does her mouth
crackles, dry.

CHARMAIN

Charmain.

At that moment, Shafe HOOKS AN ANKLE into Denny's, gives a
nudge with his shoulder and --

-- sends Denny TUMBLING forward, caught totally off-guard.
He SLAMS into the rail, pivots and CRASHES down a half-dozen
steps, landing in a surprised self-tangle.

Shafe pretends to fall with him, and as he's on top of the
big biker --

-- Shafe DRIVES THE HEEL OF HIS BOOT right into the side of
Denny's knee. There's a wet CRACK. Denny SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

DENNY

What the -- what the -- ahhhhh,
Jesus, man --

SHAFE

Shit. Shit.

He takes Charmain's hand and leads her down, around the splayed Denny.

SHAFE (CONT'D)

Stay there, I'll get a doctor.
 Don't move, I think it's broken.

DENNY

-- yeah, it's broken -- asshole --

On the canyon road below, Shafe hustles Charmain into his car. As Shafe drives off, a FEW CURIOUS HEADS appear on the steps above, reacting to Denny's WAILS.

HODIAK (PRE-LAP, V.O.)

Wow...

52 INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

52

HODIAK

...the Love Generation plays rough.

This to Shafe, who shrugs. Then, to Charmain:

HODIAK (CONT'D)

You okay?

CHARMAIN

I'm fine.

She gives a tight smile. Nothing else. Hodiak looks at her, still in her hippie garb.

HODIAK

Well. Thanks. You can clock out.
 (to Shafe)
 I'll go run the name.

Hodiak moves off, leaving Charmain and Shafe alone.

SHAFE

Listen. I know it got weird.

CHARMAIN

No, just... for a second, I just
 thought maybe...

(CONTINUED)

SHAFE

...I was gonna let that guy have sex with you?

CHARMAIN

You were on drugs.

SHAFE

On drugs.

CHARMAIN

You still are.

Shafe isn't quite sure how to react to this. Charmain's stare is pitiless.

Lt. Priore drifts past. Takes in Shafe. Then Charmain.

LT. PRIORE

Nice beads.

CHARMAIN

Thanks.

LT. PRIORE

I was talking to him.

Once Shafe and Charmain are alone again:

SHAFE

Look, Charmain, it gets weird sometimes... you don't have to do anything like this again...

She suddenly leans close and whispers:

CHARMAIN

I loved it.

Her face creases into a smile, she gets up and exits. Shafe sits, not quite sure what to make of that.

SMASH CUT TO:

"MANSON, CHARLES"

In HUGE typewritten letters. WIDEN TO REVEAL:

HODIAK

(truly shocked)

...Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

Hodiak is staring down at a thick police file he's just opened. Hovering behind, wolfing a sandwich, is Shafe. He glances over Hodiak's shoulder.

HODIAK (CONT'D)

(reading)

Assault, attempted murder,
pandering, rape.

(flipping page after page)

Thirty-three years old. Seventeen
inside. Released, Terminal Island
last March.

(flipping more)

Auto theft, check fraud, armed
robbery...

SHAFE

Go see his P.O.?

54

INT. SAN PEDRO PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

54

BRUCE TAMMINY, fifties, parole officer, empties file after file after file from a cabinet, piling them high on the desk. They're all marked, "Manson, Charles."

HODIAK

He's got an underage girl with him.

TAMMINY

Must be turnin' her out. That was
his thing. Up on Sunset, 'fore he
went in. Had a whole stable of
'em, good lookin', young. Ain't
much to look at, my little Charlie.
But he's got a quality. Rumor was,
he got girls for movie stars,
singers, politicians...

Hodiak looks up from his reading. Then starts rifling through the document pages, digging faster, harder.

SHAFE

So he was in for pimping?

TAMMINY

(head shake)

Forged a check.

SHAFE

Seven years for that?

(CONTINUED)

TAMMINY

Government check, made it federal.
Course the time he did was nothin'
compared to what he woulda gone
down for if they hadn't made that
fancy deal.

SHAFE

Fancy deal...?

TAMMINY

One of his whores disappeared.
Everybody said Manson did it.
'Cause she was gonna talk about the
client list... but he got himself a
good lawyer, made it all go away...

HODIAK

(reading it off a smudged
court record)

Ken Karn.

Serenely prosperous. Ken Karn is conferring with an OLDER
LAW PARTNER. Several desks down, a pert young SECRETARY hits
the hold button on her phone.

SECRETARY

Mr. Karn?
(Karn gives her his
attention)
It's Mr. Manson again.

Karn's features shadow for a heartbeat, then he shakes his
head at her and turns back to the partner.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Mr. Manson...?

INTERCUT:

Charles Manson is in a phone booth, the world outside the
smudge glass a psychedelic day-glo swirl of tye dye, skin,
wild hair, puttering VW's.

SECRETARY

...I'm sorry, I couldn't reach him.
May I take a message?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES MANSON

May you "take" my message? In
return for what? Or do you just
take and take and take?

SECRETARY

(beat)

I'm not sure...

(then)

I'll let him know you called. What
is the best number to reach you?

CHARLES MANSON

Sister Lady Cool Voice -- I will
reach him.

And he gently cradles the phones, steps out into the blaze of
California sunlight and into the group embrace of Sadie,
Lynette, Patty.

And Emma.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

57 INT. KARN MANSION - NIGHT

57

Hodiak sits on the enormous, curved divan as Grace enters with a pitcher of martinis and two glasses. She pours one for herself, starts one for him.

HODIAK

(stops her)

On the clock.

GRACE

I don't remember you being quite so rule-abiding.

HODIAK

Live and learn.

(off her silence)

So this guy...

(hands her Manson's

topsheet, with photos)

...ever seen him? Maybe just hanging around? His P.O. says he's got longer hair now, beard...

GRACE

(looking at the photo)

No, never.

HODIAK

Heard the name Manson?

(she shakes her head)

He got popped for check fraud in '59. Did seven years. Your husband was his lawyer.

GRACE

What.

He hands her a record of the trial. She glances at the sheet, worried and confused, then back at the Manson photo.

HODIAK

I don't think this is about Manson and your daughter -- it's about Manson and your husband.

58 EXT. KARN LAW FIRM OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

58

A few lights on. Deserted street. Palms rustle.

59 INT. KARN LAW FIRM - PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS 59

Ken Karn, in suit and shined shoes, holding a slim briefcase, moves to his car, one of the last here in the lot. As he opens the driver's door --

-- Charles Manson melts out of the shadows, into the light and walks up behind him.

CHARLES MANSON

Hey, Ken.

Karn turns, startled, then --

KARN

(relieved)

Jesus. Charlie...

CHARLES MANSON

Been callin'.

KARN

I know.

CHARLES MANSON

Got out, just need a few bucks now and then from ya, I'm tryin' to cut a demo, expensive shit, left messages a bunch.

KARN

I know. And it's got to stop.

CHARLES MANSON

I like your Cool Voice Little Miss Secra-tot answerin' your phone, bet she's a tight little mink...

(laughs)

... 'n you want everybody to think you're doin' her, right? Just like the old days. My best customers, you and all your big political friends there, I couldn't round the 'hoooores up fast enough for you boys, 'member?

Karn opens his car door and slides behind the wheel.

KARN

Listen. I did what I could for you. I'm sorry. Okay? Stay away from me.

(CONTINUED)

He starts the car and a POP SONG on the radio ECHOES eerily.

CHARLES MANSON

Okay. You don't wanna help your old friend Charlie no more, I'll just slink off, go home, tell my new little girl all my problems. She's sweet, that little Emma.

KARN

(realizing)

She's with you...?

CHARLES MANSON

Wanna hear what your little girl sounds like when she comes? "Uh, uhh, unnnnhhhhhh, God, God, God, right there, shit, it's so big..."

With a guttural YELL, Karn launches himself out of the car at Manson. But Manson is ready for this. He steps outside Karn's clumsy, middle-aged swing, punches him quickly and efficiently in the balls.

Karn drops to his knees, in agony, and snap-fast, Manson is behind him, gripping his hair with one hand, holding that bone-handle straight razor to Ken's neck with the other.

CHARLES MANSON (CONT'D)

Yeah, there's a good Daddy, that's what I like to see. How's this feel? Huh? You like this, Daddy? I do. Know why? First time I blew my load in a guy, it was just like this.

Manson, positioned behind the kneeling Karn, begins to slowly grind his crotch into Karn's ass.

CHARLES MANSON (CONT'D)

Juvie. Sweet little crying thang, begging me to stop.

(dry humping him)

You gonna beg, Kenny? Huh?

(Karn tries to fight, the razor draws neck-blood)

Easy now.

(Karn freezes)

Feel that? I'm 'bout to cross into brand new territory here 'cause I balled me a lotta daughters but never none o' their daddies.

What'cha thinkin'? I can tell ya.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES MANSON (CONT'D)

Know how? Dianetics. L. Ron Hubbard. Scientology. You read it? L. Ron says there are five ways we react to danger.

Manson reaches down and undoes Ken's belt. When Karn tries to stop him, the razor digs deeper into his neck flesh.

CHARLES MANSON (CONT'D)

One, attack. Tried that. Two, flee. Nope. Three, avoid. How'd that go for ya? Four, neglect. Didn't work. And five...?
(pulling off Karn's belt,
tearing his pants down)
...succumb. L. Ron is one jump-start genius, Jack.

As Manson unzips there's the SQUEALING SOUND of a car passing, exiting the structure.

Manson is startled, jumps back and off Karn as headlight BEAMS SPLASH Karn's car windows but miss Manson. Karn just CRIES OUT in a huge, hysterical, helpless SOB and tries to crawl away from Manson, pants and boxers at his knees, blood pouring from his neck, reddening his shirt.

The car turns and is gone. Silence. Darkness. Breathing.

CHARLES MANSON (CONT'D)

Sheeee-hot, that was a mood-killer.
(gets to his feet)
Anyway, I gotta git. You think about what you can do for me now, Kenny. I got mouths to feed.
(helps himself to money in Karn's billfold)
One thing I know. You ain't gonna tell the cops. Not with the loads you did, all them political boys you did it with. So hey. Let's get together again. Maybe next time I bring your daughter 'n the three of us get freaky-deaky!

Manson walks into the night, leaving Karn on the ground, in shock, the last chords of the pop song still echoing...

END OF EPISODE ONE