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Speak Easy

Christopher O. Lukens

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SPEAK EASY

by

Christopher O. Lukens

A thesis presented to the

Faculty of the Department of
Writing for the Screen
Loyola Marymount University

In partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts in Writing for the Screen

April 30, 2024

FINAL THESIS

FEATURE SCREENPLAY PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Christopher O. Lukens

Thesis Logline: He was an alcoholic TV star until he was accused of a heinous crime. Now he's a sober bottom-rung private eye scouring the gutters for a paycheck. When his daughter goes missing, the trail leads right back to the same corrupt Hollywood system that destroyed his life.

_____ SPEAK EASY _____

Title

A screenplay written and produced and presented to the faculty
of the Writing for the Screen MFA Program in the School of Film &
Television at Loyola Marymount University of

Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

Writing for the Screen

By

_____ Christopher O. Lukens _____

Student Name

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing for the Screen:

Christopher O. Lukens
Student Name

4/30/24
Date

Patty Meyers
SCWR 690 Instructor Name

Beth Serlin
SCWR 691 Instructor Name

SPEAK EASY

Written by

Christopher O. Lukens

Christopher.O.Lukens@gmail.com
415-961-6394

OVER BLACK:

SUPER: HOLLYWOOD. 1997.

I./E. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - DAY

The shoulders and blonde hair of a TEEN GIRL slam against a wall. There's no sound. Shock waves ripple through her hair.

A MAN'S HAND grabs her shoulder. The Girl, face blocked by her hair, SHOVES her attacker off.

Hidden behind the hair is RUBY HART (16). If we could see her face, we'd see doe eyes with an innocence long since drowned in the gutters of Tinseltown, but a spirit still intact.

Pull back to reveal we're watching through a large window. It blocks all sound.

Ruby jabs her finger toward the window, arguing with her attacker. Face still hidden.

ADAM RODGERS (19), greasy, model handsome, junkie-gaunt, steps into frame. He gets in Ruby's face, arguing.

Ruby points toward the window, refusing to give. A tense beat. Adam stalks to the window. Jerks the blinds shut.

The blinds flutter closed. Pull back to reveal the fluttering blinds are a reflection on the lens of a TELEPHOTO CAMERA.

HARRY SPEAKS (50), faded TV star looks, grey stubble on his hollow cheeks, lowers his camera as he gazes at the window.

His piercing brown eyes have the emptiness of a man who's killing time, only it's dying harder than he imagined.

Harry rises from behind a row of fake bushes that bisect the parking lot. His chintzy tan blazer screams low-rent.

Over his shoulder, a beaten-down blue '77 Chevy Malibu IDLES.

Harry strides toward the pink shithole double-decker motel in front of him, casual. Tucking his camera under his jacket.

A HOLLYWOOD MOTEL SIGN looms above him on a pole. Its neon lights long since extinguished.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - CATWALK - DAY

Harry, crouched, inches toward the motel room window.

MUFFLED ARGUMENT SOUNDS slip through it as Harry perches beside it, the door just over his right shoulder.

He peers through the slats of the blinds.

Ruby argues with Adam heatedly. A sliver of her face visible.

Harry raises his camera, snapping photos. SNAP. SNAP. SNAP.

The camera shows the fight in FLASHES of black and white through the slats. Ruby's face still obscured.

THROUGH THE CAMERA: Ruby storms toward the bathroom. Adam shoves her onto the bed. Towers over her, his back to Harry.

Harry FLINCHES, lowering his camera. The Girl is YOUNG. He raises his camera. SNAP. SNAP. SNAP.

THROUGH THE CAMERA: Adam cocks his fist over Ruby. He stops. Whirls around. Stalks toward the table by the window. Straight toward Harry.

Harry ducks out of sight. A beat. He begins to peek back in.

A rotary phone SMASHES through the window, raining glass. Harry takes cover.

ADAM (O.S.)

Fuck you, fuck her, and fuck them!

Adam BURSTS through the door. His eyes land on Harry. Shock splits his face. Then fury. Harry stands, easing back.

HARRY

Easy, kid.

Adam spots the camera.

ADAM

They hire you? Huh? Track me down?

Adam swipes at the camera. Harry dodges. Backpedals past the shattered window, calm.

In the room, obscured by the blinds, Ruby scrambles about.

Adam flips a STILETTO KNIFE from his jeans, flicking it open.

ADAM

Gimme the camera. Now.

HARRY

Why don't you put the Crackerjack toy away before somebody gets hurt.

Adam advances, knife aimed straight for Harry's gut.

ADAM
You got five seconds before I
fillet you like a fish.

HARRY
You play this smart, and it's just
a bump in the road you won't even
remember.

Adam screws up his face, confused. A beat. He lunges for Harry, knife-first.

Harry matadors him. Snatches him by the wrist. TWISTS. Adam hits his knees. The Stiletto CLATTERS to the pavement below.

HARRY
Next move sends you over the
railing. And pavement-cracked faces
don't make for good headshots.

Adam looks down to the parking lot below.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - DAY

Harry slips into the driver's seat. Tosses the camera onto the passenger seat.

He yanks the shifter into reverse. Checks the rearview mirror. His eyes stare back. He averts his gaze. Turns his head toward the rear window as he pulls out.

In the distance, through the windshield, Adam bursts out of the motel room. A REVOLVER raised. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Three bullets SMASH through the passenger side of the windshield. Harry SLAMS the accelerator.

In the background, unnoticed, Ruby flees down the stairs.

The car reverse-fishtails out of the lot. TWO SHOTS RING OUT.

The Malibu whips into the flow of traffic, pulling a sharp one-eighty to right itself. It shimmies as it straightens out, disappearing into the never-ending sea of LA traffic.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - DAY

Harry cradles a payphone between his ear and shoulder.

He stands inside a weathered phone booth. Sun shines through.

HARRY

Kid took three shots at me, Sid.

His boss, SID COLEMAN, sleazy, talks on the other end.

SID (V.O.)

Hazard of the job, Harry. Take up
dry-cleaning if you don't like it.

Harry's eyes narrow. An LAPD CRUISER pulls up behind his car.

His eyes fall to his car just in front of the booth. Three
SPIDER-WEBBED BULLET HOLES gleam from the windshield.

HARRY

Meet me on the corner of Melrose
and Vermont. Make it fast.

Two COPS exit the cruiser. Harry's eyes glued to them.

SID (V.O.)

Kid still there?

HARRY

Hollywood Motel. Melrose and
Western.

The Cops amble toward Harry's car. Harry tenses. They pass it
without a glance. They approach a bus stop bench.

A STREET GIRL (18), rough but pretty, probably more than a
few needle marks on her arm, sits on it.

SID (V.O.)

And the girl?

HARRY

Too busy trying to keep the kid
from turning my head into a Bonnie
and Clyde remake to notice.

SID (V.O.)

Sit tight. I'll meet you in a few
hours.

The Cops approach the Street Girl. She inches away.

HARRY

I got three good reasons for Johnny
Law to hang me over a barrel in my
windshield. You want the photos,
get down here in a hurry.

SID (V.O.)
 Gimme two hours. I'll buy you
 dinner at Musso & Frank.

COP #1 snatches the Street Girl by the elbow. She FIGHTS.

STREET GIRL
 Help! They're kidnapping me!

HARRY
 ... Meet me at my office at nine.

Harry hangs up. Stares through the glass.

Cop #1 shoves the Girl against a storefront. Frisks her
thoroughly, lingering over his favorite parts.

Harry turns his back to it and opens the phone booth to exit.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/LILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Harry sits in his car, reading the paper.

Across the street is a white stucco apartment building.
 Spanish-style, three stories. A sign: CITY OF ANGELS VILLAS.

On the LA TIMES Front Page: PRESTON STERLING (55), JFK-WASP-
 handsome, flashes chiclet veneers. Pressing flesh with an
 LAPD COMMANDER.

Headline: UBC STUDIO HEAD PRESTON STERLING LEADS MAYORAL
 RACE. PROMISES A NEW LOS ANGELES.

Harry folds the paper, unimpressed.

HEADLINE: JACK MCKENZIE IN LINE TO RUN UBC?

Harry grimaces. Turns to the Metro Section.

Inside: A headshot. MARILYN TURNER(17). Her smile drips
 manufactured innocence. "RISING ACTRESS OD'S ON SKID ROW."

Harry flips and folds to the empty CROSSWORD. He pulls out a
 pen. Something across the street catches his eye.

A blonde LOOKER approaches the apartments. He raises the
 paper to cover his face. One eye scouting her.

The Looker turns, revealing her face. Harry settles,
 disappointed. Whoever he's looking for, it's not her.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/LILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The pen hangs over the last empty squares of the crossword. It drags to a clue: "77 ACROSS: Tourneur-Mitchum-Cain."

The pen moves to the crossword. Fills in: "OUT OF THE PAST."

Harry looks to the apartments. Deadsville. Checks his watch.

Resigned, he tosses the paper onto his passenger seat. THREE BULLET HOLES in the seat above it. The paper catches his eye.

On the back page: A steamy full-page movie ad for an erotic thriller: HIDDEN LIES. The glamorous face of EVE WASHINGTON (46) fills the page underneath her name in big letters.

He stares for a beat. Flips the paper over, putting the ad out of sight. Twists the key. The Malibu RUMBLES to life.

INT. CHATSWORTH CHURCH BASEMENT AA MEETING - DAY

Windowless. Dark. Scarred linoleum floors. A smattering of recovering ALCOHOLICS fills the rows of folding chairs.

A BEARDED MAN (53), his girth stretching his Hawaiian shirt to its limit, speaks from a chair.

BEARDED MAN

I know I can't change the past, but
I've made my peace with it.

Harry sits in the back row beside the exit. A piece of opened mail by his side. He stares at a RENT NOTICE in his hand:

RENT HIKE: \$200/month. HANDWRITTEN: Two months behind, Harry!
Last Warning!

At the front, seated at a folding table, the SECRETARY (47), neat, baby-faced, clutches his AA book as he scans the room.

SECRETARY

Thank you. Any volunteers?

Crickets. The Secretary's eyes drift to Harry.

SECRETARY

How about you?

Harry looks up, realizing all eyes are on him.

HARRY

Pass.

SECRETARY

The truth can set you free if you
let it.

HARRY

Pass.

A gangly, pallid REGULAR (51), scoffs from across the room.
Harry's eyes dart to him, clouding. A beat. Harry settles in.

INT. CHATSWORTH CHURCH BASEMENT - SNACK TABLE - DAY

Harry stares at his Styrofoam cup as he fills it from a
dented steel coffee urn. The Regular approaches.

REGULAR

I know you.

HARRY

That so.

REGULAR

Yeah. And I know why you come here
every week but don't speak.

Harry just sips his coffee. This grease spot isn't worth his
time. The Regular's face burns at the slight.

REGULAR

I know who you are. And I know what
you did.

Harry moves to pass him.

REGULAR

Don't ignore me --

The Regular GRABS his arm. In a flash, Harry THROWS him
against the wall. Jams his forearm against his windpipe.

Harry's eyes blaze. The Regular struggles, terrified. Harry
clocks the room's eyes on him. He drops him and exits.

EXT. CUPID'S HOT DOG PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Harry sits atop a table, feet planted on the bench. He
finishes the last bite of his chili dog.

Across the street is a billboard. PRESTON STERLING FOR MAYOR:
A NEW LOS ANGELES.

A twenty-something COUPLE amble by, tittering. Their hands locked together. Harry's hollow eyes follow them.

Bright lights flash on his face, blinding him.

A spotless 1992 black Cadillac Deville pulls to a stop in front of him. It kills its lights.

Harry reaches into his jacket.

MOMENTS LATER

Atop the table, beside Harry, sits SID COLEMAN (53) squat, muscular, a ring of jet-black hair around his bald head. His conservative black suit and demeanor project a respectability that masks his status as an oil-slick blackmail operator.

Sid eyeballs a manila envelope between them on the table. Reaches for it. Harry slides it back toward himself.

HARRY

It's a bonus job, Sid.

Sid eyes Harry, calculating. There's an air of casual familiarity between them that stops just short of friendship.

HARRY

Kid was packing heat. You know the rules. Rough stuff means a bonus.

SID

You snap pictures of actors doing shit they're not supposed to. Or you make it look like they are. Bound to be some heat once in a while.

Sid reaches for the envelope again. Harry picks it up.

Sid eyes the envelope, hungry. He pulls a white payoff envelope out. Harry side-eyes every move.

Sid pulls an extra C-note from his wallet. Hands the payoff envelope to Harry with the C-note outside.

Harry slides his envelope to Sid. Sid opens it. Shuffles through the photos. Harry eyeballs the cash in his envelope.

SID

These ain't worth shit.

Harry pulls a photo from the pile: Adam stands over Ruby, her face blocked.

SID
Kid's just standing over her.

HARRY
Tell them he screwed her after.
They'll believe it.

SID
You hear what they were arguing
about?

HARRY
Place might as well've had
bulletproof windows.

Sid eyes Harry for a moment. Returns to the photos.

SID
You can't see the girl.

HARRY
If the girl matters, you're light.

SID
... Just figured maybe she hits it
big someday, we could double back
and put the screws to her too.

Harry pockets his envelope. The dark morass of his existence
swirls around him.

SID
How'd you find him?

HARRY
Find the dealer. Find the addict.

SID
Nobody tracks the low-lives like
you, Harry.

Sid slips the envelope into his jacket. Harry's eyes catch on
his gold cufflinks. **Monogrammed: An "S" imprinted over a "C".**

HARRY
You raise your rates without
telling me?

Sid looks to Harry, confused. He tracks Harry's eyes to his
cufflinks. He rubs his hand over them self-consciously.

SID
Birthday gift from a friend.

Sid rises, heading for his car. Harry calls out.

HARRY
You muscling me out, Sid?

SID
(wary, smiling)
How many times I saved your ass
from the jackpot, Harry?

HARRY
Thought I spotted a tail while I
was tracking the kid. Shook him
over on Ventura.

SID
Probably Butch getting his jollies.

Harry nods. Sid heads back to his car. Harry stares up at Preston Sterling's billboard promising a NEW LOS ANGELES.

He crumples his hot dog wrapper and throws it in a trash can.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KEYS JINGLE from behind a closed door. In the shadows, Harry pushes the door open. He flips a light on.

Cramped. Worn. Tidy. Bookshelves. Weathered recliner. TV. Roller tray next to the recliner. As lonely as it gets.

IN KITCHEN

The fridge door opens. Harry stares in. A can of chili with an open lid. A can of seltzer. He reaches for the chili.

IN LIVING ROOM

In the recliner, Harry pulls a remote off the tray. Flips the TV on. Switches channels until the THEME SONG of MASH plays.

He settles in. The glow of the TV highlights his lifeless face as he digs into the can of chili with a plastic spoon.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT/INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Harry startles awake in his recliner. MASH on the TV. Looks at the clock. Back to the door, unsure.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Harry eases to the door, on guard. He looks at his closet, considering something. He decides against it.

He flips the light off. Cocks his fist. Cracks open the door.

He reacts as if the earth disappeared from under his feet.

Standing before him is the woman from the ad, EVE WASHINGTON.

If a woman could glow, she would. Even at this hour, her golden hair is perfect and her makeup highlights every inch of her knockout looks. There's a sadness to her eyes that makes her not just a star, but an *actress*.

HARRY
(barely audible)
Eve...

EVE
I'm sorry to drop by so late.

Harry's eyes harden, regaining his bearings.

EVE
We need to talk.

Harry just stares. Not giving an inch.

EVE
It's about Lilly.

Harry's eyes narrow. He holds the door, hesitant.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry leads Eve inside. Flips the light on.

She takes the lonely room in. Sadness flickers on her face. Her gaze falls to MASH on the TV. Recognition in her eyes.

Harry notices. He grabs the remote and turns it off.

HARRY
How'd you find me?

EVE
I'd heard you do work for the studios from time to time.

Harry nods. She knows what he does.

Eve glances around, pity in her eyes. Harry clocks it.

HARRY
You said this was about Lilly.

EVE
... She's gone missing.

Harry freezes, gut-punched. He slips to a bookshelf. Pulls an old pack of smokes from behind a book. Lights up. Retreating.

HARRY
When did you talk to her last?

EVE
(hesitant)
Three months ago.

Harry pauses, raising his eyes to her. She stands alone, vulnerable, out of place in the middle of the low-rent room.

EVE
... We had a fight.

He almost asks, but doesn't.

HARRY
Actresses disappear all the time.
She'll turn up.

EVE
She's not like that. She wouldn't --

HARRY
People change. You said you haven't
talked in three months.

EVE
I know my daughter -- I know Lilly.
Nobody's seen her in three days.

HARRY
So call the cops.

EVE
They said the same thing. Told me
to come back in a week.

HARRY
There's your answer.

Eve moves closer to Harry, softening.

EVE
She's your daughter, Harry.

Harry stubs his cigarette out on the seltzer can. Eve moves to his side. He doesn't look at her. He can't.

EVE
She needs you.

Harry's eyes remain downcast. Unable to meet her stare.

EVE
In all these years, I've never
asked you for one thing.

He locks eyes with her.

HARRY
You did ask me for one thing.
Remember?

Eve lowers her eyes in shame.

HARRY
Now get the hell out and don't ever
come back here again.

Eve nods, defeated. She slips toward the door. She turns.

EVE
She still wore that locket, you
know. Never took it off. Not even
for one day.

Eve eases out the door, closing it quietly.

Harry grips his recliner, trying to bury it all away.

EXT. CHATSWORTH PUBLIC PARK - DAY

A LITTLE GIRL (5), blonde, runs circles through the grass, giggling. Her FATHER (35), chases her.

Harry watches through a fence from the sidewalk.

A PHONE RINGS. Harry doesn't move. It RINGS. Behind Harry is a phone booth. He slowly turns away. Enters the booth.

Harry holds the phone to his ear, eyes still on the Girl.

SID (V.O)
If you're looking for another job,
I got bupkis.

HARRY
I need you to look into something.

SID (V.O.)
Must've heard that wrong. Could've
sworn you were a private dick.

HARRY
It's Lilly.

SID (V.O.)
Eve know about this?

Harry doesn't answer.

SID (V.O.)
Look, I don't want any trouble. You
want to go down that road, you can
do it yourself.

HARRY
This is important.

SID (V.O.)
Then you find her.

Harry stares through the glass. The Girl laughs as her Father catches her.

HARRY
Next job is free.

SID (V.O.)
... Next three jobs.

HARRY
Done.

SID (V.O.)
And no more bonuses for a month. I
don't care if you make it look like
Priscilla Presley is fucking a
horse.

HARRY
Call me when you find something.

Harry hangs up. Eyes on the scene in the park. He exits.

INT. CHATSWORTH SUPERMARKET - DAY

Dingy. Run-down. Harry's eyes scan a shelf. He pushes aside shiny name-brand chili cans. Behind them are dented, discount cans. He plucks them and loads them into his empty basket.

Down the aisle, an ELDERLY WOMAN (85) struggles to reach for the top row. Harry watches her for a moment, contemplating.

The Elderly Woman's face strains as she struggles to reach the too-high soup cans. LABELED: SALE 50 CENTS.

An arm reaches past her and pulls it down. Harry hands it to her, the slightest hint of a smile on his face.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Thank you so much, young man.

HARRY
How many do you need?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Two more, please.

Harry nods and pulls them down.

HARRY
They put the affordable ones out of reach.

Harry places them in her basket.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I know you.

Harry looks away, his eyes on the automatic EXIT DOORS.

ELDERLY WOMAN
You used to be that TV star.

HARRY
I think you're mistaken.

ELDERLY WOMAN
You played that surfer private detective... Powers. Every Friday at eight pm on UBC. I used to watch it with my daughter.

Harry checks to see if anybody's hearing this.

HARRY
Must be the tan. Have a nice day.

Harry walks away as the Elderly Woman adjusts her glasses.

IN ANOTHER AISLE

Harry tucks a seltzer pack beside chili cans in his basket. He moves up the aisle toward a checkout counter. Stops.

At the counter, the Elderly Woman points at Harry as she excitedly talks to a buttoned-up OLDER CLERK (72).

The Older Clerk stares for a beat. His face curdles. He whispers to the Elderly Woman, one eye still on Harry.

She shakes her head in disbelief. The Older Clerk nods and glares at Harry. The Elderly Woman stares, FEAR on her face.

Harry looks to the lone other checkout. A CLOSED SIGN. Harry glances back to the first checkout. The Older Clerk glowers.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/CHATSWORTH SUPERMARKET - DAY

Harry walks toward his car, empty-handed. Lights a cigarette.

He looks back over his shoulder. The Elderly Woman gawks beside her car. She shrinks under Harry's gaze, scared.

Harry gets into the Malibu. Flips the visor down. His keys tumble from it into his hand. He STARTS IT.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Outside his door, Harry pulls his keys out. He's SHOVED to the wall.

BUTCH ROLLINS (52), a haggard bruiser, neck thicker than a porterhouse, gut built on Coors and Jack, JAMS his forearm against Harry's neck. His cheap suit reeks of cop-ness.

HARRY

Easier ways to get a date, Butch.

BUTCH

Smart mouth for a guy about to go down for life.

Harry's eyes flash alarm. Butch YANKS Harry off the wall.

INT. HOLLYWOOD LAPD STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dim. 10x10. Stained walls. Harry sits in a metal chair. Butch leans against the far wall. He lights a cigarette.

HARRY

Hope you got some new tricks up your sleeve.

Butch looks up to a video camera overhead. Pulls the connecting wire from the wall. Harry eyes it as it dangles.

HARRY
That supposed to scare me?

Butch saunters over to the table. He places a LEATHER SAP in front of Harry. A threat. Harry betrays nothing.

BUTCH
Where were you last night?

HARRY
At home.

BUTCH
Anybody with you?

Harry's eyes narrow. Eve.

HARRY
Not unless you count the TV.

Butch circles behind Harry. Harry's eyes follow him.

HARRY
You wanna tell me why you dragged me down here?

BUTCH
You back on the sauce? Blank spots in your memory like the old days? Or you just playing pretend again? Blackout Harry can't remember what he did.

Harry twitches at the mention of his past.

BUTCH
Maybe you're back to hiding whiskey bottles under the floorboards. Oh, that's right. You got no wife to hide 'em from anymore.

HARRY
Spill the charge or release me.

Butch grinds his cigarette into the table next to Harry. Harry doesn't move. Butch nods. So that's how it's gonna be.

He tosses an unseen photo in front of Harry. Harry blanches.

BUTCH
Patrol unit found him like that in an alley this morning. Adam Rodgers. Twenty-two.

(MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Aspiring actor. Had to use dental records to ID him.

Harry stares at the photo.

BUTCH
I got three eyeball witnesses that connect the missing bullets in that kid's gun to your windshield.

HARRY
I was on the job. Last time I saw him was three pm. Right around the time he was venting my windshield.

BUTCH
Yeah, and you never touched Barbara Erdrich, either.

HARRY
You ever find a new partner?

Butch picks up the sap. A beat. He SLAMS it on the table.

The door OPENS. GLENN TATE (31), clean-cut, born ladder-climber, enters. Butch dead-eyes him, annoyed.

TATE
Commander wants me to sit in.

Tate sits in a chair in the corner. Butch focuses on Harry.

BUTCH
Witnesses said you threatened to throw the kid off the balcony.

HARRY
Then they saw me leave while he was still breathing... Maybe you can hang a loop on me again. See if it'll take this time.

Butch glares. Tate CLEARS his throat. Butch moves to the wall behind Harry. Lights a smoke.

Tate slides his chair across from Harry. Lays on the good cop routine.

TATE
I don't care about your past. I don't even think you're a bad guy. We all gotta make a living, right?

Butch scoffs. Tate ignores it.

TATE

You tell us who put you up to the surveillance detail, you're one step closer to clearing your name.

HARRY

Pass.

TATE

I know what everybody says about you, Harry --

HARRY

You don't know shit, kid.

Butch smirks. Tate bristles. He stares Harry in the eye.

TATE

Harry Speaks. Star of the hit UBC detective show Powers. Right up until your little mistake.

HARRY

I was acquitted.

BUTCH

On a fucking technicality.

Tate tugs on his tie. A signal to Butch. Cool it. Butch ignores it, dripping venom as he spits the words at Harry.

BUTCH

Every Tom, Dick, and Harry alive knows what you did to that girl.

(to Tate)

You look at the pictures? See what he did to her eyes?

Harry glares at Butch. Tate focuses on Harry.

TATE

You were on the front page of every newspaper in the country for most of '77. You start talking, maybe we get you out of here before the press gets wind.

BUTCH

(to Harry)

... Maybe you wanna call Jack, see if he can clean this mess up too?

Harry's eyes narrow. Tate shoots Butch a quizzical look.

BUTCH

Before Jack was King of UBC, he was an ex-cop who worked for the studio teaching Harry how to be a P.I. for his TV show. Even cleaned up old blackout Harry's messes. Until Harry created one so big even Jack couldn't clean it up.

HARRY

Memory serves, I came out of that mess a lot cleaner than you.

Butch twitches, a ticking time bomb of hate.

TATE

C'mon, Harry. You've got a chance to do the right thing here.

Harry shoots Tate a look. Butch gets close to Harry.

BUTCH

You know what I think? I think that kid took a swipe at you. And bad old Harry lost it. I know you...
 (points at the picture)
 ... This is who you are.

Harry stares at the picture.

BUTCH

You come clean now and I won't drag your family into this... Unless you wanna ruin their lives again.

HARRY

(acid-tongued)
 Your old partner, Palmer, how's his family these days?

Butch YANKS Harry up by his lapels, snarling. Nose-to-nose. Harry doesn't blink. Tate puts a hand on Butch's arm. A beat.

Butch drops Harry. Nods to Tate. Tate plops something down on the table. Harry's eyes go wide.

A plastic baggie. Inside, a gold locket. Engraved. LILLY.

TATE

That was found in Adam Rodgers' pocket. That's your daughter's name, right?

(off Harry's silence)
 We tried to get in touch with her.

(MORE)

TATE (CONT'D)

Thing is, we can't seem to find her.

Harry stares at the locket.

BUTCH

Just another fucking coincidence, right Harry?

TATE

You say you're clean. Give us something to work with... Have you spoken with your daughter lately?

Harry thinks, eyes on the locket. He raises his gaze to Tate.

HARRY

Book me or cut me loose.

BUTCH

He ain't gonna say shit. 'Cause that's what Harry does, right, Harry? Mum's the word, no matter who gets hurt.

Tate stares at Harry. Harry's face says it all. Whatever this is, it's done. Tate, disgusted, marches out the door.

BUTCH

You're gonna fry this time. You can take that to the fucking bank.

Butch exits. Harry stares at the locket in front of him.

I/E. SID'S CAR/HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Sid's Deville slinks down the empty streets.

Harry gazes out the rolled-up window. The neon lights of Hollywood cocktail lounges reflect on the window.

An AD plays on the RADIO.

PRESTON STERLING (V.O.)

For too long Los Angeles has ignored the youth homelessness crisis. As Mayor, I'll treat these young people and their plight of addiction as a humanitarian cause. No more turning a blind eye in the New L.A. I'm Preston Sterling, and I want to be your Mayor.

Harry clicks it off.

HARRY
What'd you get me into, Sid?

SID
Straight job. Nothing different
than usual.

HARRY
Nothing usual about what they did
to that kid.

SID
Kid was a true-blue junkie.
Probably had people lining up the
block to pull his plug.

Harry gazes out the window. Below the neon signs, they pass
UNHOUSED PEOPLE. Begging. Sleeping. Shooting up.

HARRY
You know who the girl was?

SID
I asked around after you got picked
up. Came up snake eyes.

HARRY
... Who paid for the job?

SID
Harry, our arrangement has rules.
You don't ask and I don't tell.

HARRY
I just got hauled in on a murder
beef. By Butch fucking Rollins.

Sid eyes Harry, weighing his options. He gives.

SID
Black box job. I put the pictures
in a P.O. box. Money's in the box
when I drop them off.

Harry thinks. Sid watches him closely.

HARRY
The kid had Lilly's locket.

SID
What?

HARRY

The actor. Adam. Lilly's locket was in his pocket. He knew her.

SID

... Look, I was trying to wait until I had confirmation. That TV show of Lilly's, the one on UBC --

HARRY

LAPD Vice.

SID

She'd been showing up late. Messed up. High.

The words hit Harry hard. He pulls out a smoke. Lights up.

SID

These actors. They all know each other. Maybe they were mixed up in something. Maybe she traded the locket for dope. Fuck if I can figure the mind of an addict.

Harry gazes out the window. SEX WORKERS huddle on the corner, bare flesh shivering.

SID

When was the last time you even talked to her, Harry? Kids grow up. And it ain't always good what they turn into.

Harry takes a long draw from his cigarette.

SID

This shit Lilly's involved in. Junkies. Actors. That's your bag, not mine. You know that, right?

Harry's lifeless eyes take in the sinkhole of Los Angeles. His cigarette glows in the darkness.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

A closet door. Harry stands before it. His hand slips around the doorknob. A beat. He turns it.

INSIDE THE CLOSET

DARK. Harry's outline is silhouetted by the apartment light. He pushes aside a row of coats.

Behind them, on the floor, is a closed cardboard filing box.

Harry's hands pull the top of the box off. Atop a blanket, barely illuminated, is a gold-framed black and white PHOTO.

Harry, crouched, pulls it close. He wipes dust from it.

An OLD PHOTO: YOUNG LILLY (5), hugs YOUNG HARRY (30) tightly as he crouches down to meet her tiny arms. The GOLD LOCKET around her neck. A white rectangular mansion behind them.

Harry stares. Lilly's smile could light up a city. He looks to the box. A small blanket inside. He unfolds it.

A 9MM BERETTA lies inside. A beat. His hand pulls it out.

Harry's free hand gently lowers the photo into the box. Young Lilly and Harry smile in the darkness.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/LILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Harry stares out the car's open window. His eyes on the apartment building we saw him scouting earlier. Lilly's.

The car IDLES. He twists the key and KILLS the engine. He opens the door and heads for the apartment's gate.

At the gate, Harry stares at the lock. Eyes the entry keypad directory: LILLY SPEAKS. #103. Stabs #207. A voice answers.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hello?

HARRY

Flower delivery.

VOICE (V.O.)

Fuck off.

The line CLICKS dead. Harry punches pound and three-number combos rapid-fire. A CACOPHONY OF VOICES answer.

HARRY

Package delivery.

A beat. The door BUZZES. Harry yanks it open.

EXT LILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - COURTYARD - DAY

Harry trods toward the main building. A bulky SECURITY GUARD (42) passes him, eyeing him. Harry nods politely.

INT. LILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALL - DAY

Pink carpets. Faded white walls. Gold-numbered pink doors. Harry stands before #103. Lilly's.

He tries the door. Locked. Lifts her mat, searching. Nothing.

He pulls a credit card out. Looks around. Leans against the door. Slips the credit card in between the door and the lock.

A door OPENS behind him. Harry palms the card.

A NEIGHBOR WOMAN (62), red beehive of curlers, oversized glasses, cigarette dangling, stares, trash bag in hand.

He nods, friendly. She glares as she slips back into her apartment and shuts the door.

Harry slides the card in and jimmys the door open.

INT. LILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry takes in his daughter's apartment.

Calm. Quaint. Clean. Computer desk. A giant rectangular glass table. And bookshelves. Just like Harry.

Sliding glass doors with partially opened curtains lead to a subterranean veranda. The ground level peeks out from above.

Harry shuffles through her mail. Flips through magazines. Looking for a clue. Something catches his eye.

A bookcase of tapes next to a TV. A row of VHS tapes: MASH. Below them, a home-taped episode of POWERS.

He turns away. He lifts a giant pink throw blanket off the couch. Flips cushions. Nada.

He eyes a PHOTO on a table. Lilly and Eve smile, hugging.

IN THE KITCHEN

Harry scans fridge notes. Checks the trash.

In the sink, a packaged grey steak rots. Flies circle. She didn't plan to be gone long.

Harry moves toward the living room. A voice:

NEIGHBOR WOMAN (O.S.)
I'm telling you. He was trying to
break into her apartment.

Harry ducks into the shadows of the veranda curtain.

Over his shoulder, through the glass doors, the feet of the Security Guard and the Neighbor stand on the ground level.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
I have to check with the manager
before I enter an apartment.

NEIGHBOR WOMAN (O.S.)
Make it fast, he could be some sort
of sex maniac for all you know.

Harry checks his watch. He steals through the apartment quickly, working against the clock.

INT. LILLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens. Harry steps in.

Lilly's name stenciled above the bed in pink letters.
Pictures of herself and her friends abound.

Harry rifles through drawers. Flips pillows. Nothing. He reaches under the mattress. Finds a pocket-size PHOTO ALBUM.

He flips through. Fast. Lilly grows up through the pages. From the small girl we saw earlier to LILLY SPEAKS (24), to a glowing young woman, her blonde hair reminiscent of Eve's. Track Team. Prom. Various volunteer gigs.

Harry takes it in. Stops at a PHOTO of Lilly beaming on the LAPD VICE set on the UBC LOT. Written underneath: FIRST DAY!

He flips the page. A grainy PHOTO, Lilly smiles in the center of a YOUTH THEATER GROUP.

He flips to the end. The photo from Harry's closet. Young Lilly hugs Young Harry tightly. The locket around her neck.

Harry stares at the photo, his lost life staring back at him. Two shadows pass the window looking up to the courtyard.

NEIGHBOR WOMAN
The police should be here any
minute.

SECURITY GUARD
You shoulda asked me before you
called. My regular gig is LAPD
Hollywood division. If there's a
proowler in there, he's going
straight to lockup.

Harry's face tightens.

INT. LILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CLOSET - DAY

Harry opens the closet. Jackets and dresses. He rifles through. Fast. Efficient. Clock ticking.

Inside a jacket, he locates a small black notebook.

He opens it. Dates. Handwriting. A JOURNAL. He pauses. It feels wrong. He resumes flipping. Stops. His brow furrows.

A list of women's names fills the page. Some circled in RED. Some circled in BLUE. Harry flips to the next page. Empty.

He tears the page with the names out.

INT. LILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry rifles through the drawers of Lilly's desk.

Pulls out a LARGE DATEBOOK: AUDITIONS. Flips through. Starts to close it. Stops. He looks close.

Small torn paper bits in the spine. A page missing.

KNOCK. KNOCK. Harry's eyes flash to the door.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Security. Anybody home?

Harry grabs a pencil. Starts shading in the next page. A number: 24300--

KEYS JINGLE outside the door.

He hurriedly finishes shading. AN ADDRESS: 24300 Malibu Road.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
If you don't respond, we're
entering the apartment.

Harry tears the page out.

The doorknob begins to TURN.

Harry's eyes flash about, searching for a place to hide.

The doorknob JIGGLES, stuck.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Lady, can you back up a bit?

The door pushes open. The Guard and Neighbor enter, surveying. A beat. It's empty.

SECURITY GUARD
Ma'am, there's nobody here.

The Neighbor shakes her finger at the veranda glass doors.

Below a curtain, a pair of LOAFERS peaks out. Above it, the faint outline of a figure behind the curtain.

The Guard turns serious. He reaches down and pulls a GUN out of an ankle holster. He moves toward the curtain, GUN aimed.

He stops before the curtain. GUN just inches from the figure. His hand reaches out... YANKS the curtains aside.

A flat, cloth SHOE ORGANIZER with a few shoes hangs mounted to the wall above the glass doors. The loafers sit below it.

The Guard gives the Neighbor a look. The Neighbor looks to the shoes. She exits, peeved.

The Guard follows her, closing the door. A beat.

Harry slides out from under the glass table in the center of the room. The couch's pink throw blanket draped over it.

He pulls the blanket off the table. Drapes it over the couch.

His fingers tug at one of its corners, straightening it. Making sure it's exactly how Lilly wanted it.

Harry moves toward the veranda's glass doors.

I./E.HARRY'S CAR/LILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Harry hustles out the gate. A police cruiser pulls up. Harry lowers his gaze. Passes it, heading toward his car.

Harry slides into the driver's seat. Pulls the PHOTO ALBUM from his pocket and slips it under the passenger's seat

EXT. VAN NUYS DRIVE-IN THEATER - DAY

Harry sits atop the Malibu's hood. Smoking.

He stares down at Lilly's photo album in his lap. He turns the pages slowly, taking in his daughter's life.

He stops at a picture. PHOTO: Lilly smiles as she ladles soup at a volunteer soup kitchen.

The SOUND of a CAR catches Harry's attention. He closes the photo album.

Sid's black Deville creeps into the vast abandoned lot. Beer bottles and tumbleweeds litter the cracked pavement.

Harry slides off his car. A giant movie screen towers over the lot in the distance.

MOMENTS LATER

Sid stares out his car window at Harry.

SID
(off the lot)
Strolling down memory lane?

Harry lights a fresh smoke, ignoring the comment.

HARRY
24300 Malibu Rd.

Sid's eyes narrow, thinking. Harry clocks it.

HARRY
Spill it, Sid.

SID
Look, this guy isn't some Z-list actor you can chisel.

HARRY
Then I'll use a jackhammer.

SID
How'd you get the address?

Harry pulls out the shaded notebook paper. Hands it to Sid.

HARRY
Lilly's apartment.

Sid nods. Harry's good, alright. He glances to Harry. Harry dead-eyes him, waiting. Sid relents. Hands the paper back.

SID
Lakewood Smith. Used to make skin flicks in the valley. Hired me to find a dooper who skipped out with her paycheck before her shoot.

Harry's tone goes terse.

HARRY
Lilly had his address.

SID
He makes family dreck now. Mom and
Dad get back together, that shit.

HARRY
He used his porno money to go
legit.

SID
(shaking his head)
Too small-time for that. Round '93,
he hit the scene with a load of
mystery cash. Opened up Footprints
in the Sand studios. Started with
Jesus-freak shit and expanded.

HARRY
Suppose he just found that startup
money in a Salvation Army kettle.

SID
Rumor has it he might be washing
money for a French skag connection.
Dirty little French francs come in,
clean Christian dollars go out.

HARRY
Guy goes from smut films to family
man and nobody blinks an eye?

Sid gives a casual shrug.

SID
He's a consistent money-maker. The
people riding his coattails aren't
exactly looking to tug on 'em to
see what's underneath.

Harry thinks.

SID
This is a finesse job, Harry. Let
me handle it.

HARRY
In case you forgot, I was an actor.
My whole life used to be finesse.

Harry flicks his cigarette away and heads for his car. Sid
watches. The empty screen looms over Harry as he walks.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/MALIBU WOODS ROAD - DAY

Harry's car drives up a windy, wooded road. He looks out his window as a 1977 RED CORVETTE ROARS by him.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - FRONT GATE - DAY

Harry's car creeps past a high brick fence. A SIGN: 24300 MALIBU RD. Two arched gates in the center. L.S. Monogrammed.

He eyeballs an incognito PRIVATE GUARD in a suit patrolling the gate. The bulge under his jacket screams HEAT.

Up ahead, Harry spots a van exiting a service gate.

EXT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - SERVICE GATE - DAY

Harry skulks across the road, the service gate ahead. Two giant solid steel hinged gates built into the brick fence.

Harry looks up at the gate. Ten feet high. Not a chance.

He slips beside the towering sculpted bushes along the fence, hiding. Peers around the corner.

The Private Guard waves in a PARTY BUS. Looks over to the service entrance, scanning. Harry ducks behind the bushes.

EXT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - SERVICE GATE - LATER

Harry leans against the brick fence in the shadows. The service gates GROAN as they open. Harry ducks behind one.

A VAN exits. Turns toward the front gate and passes Harry hiding behind the gate.

Harry eyes it and begins to step out. He freezes.

The van stops at the front gate. The Guard approaches it.

The gates begin to CLOSE. Harry eyes the van, tense.

The Driver jerks his thumb toward the Service Gate. The Guard glances back. Pulls out his GUN.

Harry ducks back. The Gates continue to close beside him. Any second now. He has to risk it. He peeks beyond the bushes.

The Guard shows off the GUN to the Driver.

Harry darts past the gate, slipping inside just as it closes.

EXT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - FRONT - DAY

Harry ambles up a service drive running alongside the house, acting like he belongs. Taking it all in.

A vast green lawn. A fountain encircled by a driveway. A gaudy white behemoth of a mansion.

The piece de resistance: A huge GLEAMING WHITE CROSS mounted atop a giant window in the center of the mansion.

Harry grimaces, preparing himself.

EXT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - REAR POOL AREA - DAY

Harry rounds the mansion's corner. His face flashes surprise.

A raucous pool party. YOUNG ACTRESSES in bikinis. Some serve drinks nude, in painted-on doctor's smocks. Men in expensive sunglasses and polo shirts mingle, eyeing the girls.

Harry circles the edge of the party. Scouting. PRIVATE GUARD #2, sunglasses, guards the MIRRORED BACKDOORS to the house.

By the back fence, a row of classic cars. A dirt road beside them. Leading through the fence up into the hills behind. The Corvette sits in front of them, parked drunkenly, door open.

Harry stops before them. His eyes linger on a green 1977 Porsche 911. A KEY BOX hangs on the fence behind the cars.

VANESSA (O.S.)
You like what you see?

Harry turns, startled. VANESSA WATERS (18), a hard-earned edge to her, black bob cut, nose ring, eyes him.

Harry side-eyes the dental floss masquerading as her bikini.

HARRY
I'm looking for someone. An actress.

Vanessa eyes him, skeptical. Harry puts on a Hollywood smile.

HARRY
I'm a producer.

VANESSA
Then it's your lucky day. I can act any girl here under a table. You want a quick audition?

HARRY
Lotta girls audition here?

VANESSA
Mostly for Lakewood...

She nods across the pool.

In a lounge chair, surrounded by Young Actresses, sits LAKEWOOD SMITH (47), a toned, sunbaked lizard of a man with a snake oil smile. A DIAMOND CROSS dangles from his neck as he fondles a Young Actress.

VANESSA
... But I was thinking something more private.

HARRY
Lakewood got an audition room we can use?

She eyes him, suspicious.

HARRY
I'm a friend of his. He won't mind.

VANESSA
Then you know his audition room is off-limits... But I know a place behind the property where I can demonstrate my talents. You just tell me what role you need me for.

She runs her finger down his chest. Harry fights the urge to remove it.

HARRY
I already got somebody in mind. You know a girl named Lilly?

Recognition flashes in Vanessa's eyes. She goes skittish.

VANESSA
I don't know anybody named Lilly.

Vanessa turns to leave. Harry grabs her elbow.

HARRY
Hold on a second --

Vanessa yanks it away. Her rough edge turns SHARP.

VANESSA

I don't think you know Lakewood at all. Maybe we should go have a chat with him and clear it up.

She waits, staring daggers. Harry's silence answers for him.

VANESSA

Stay the fuck away from me.

Vanessa slips into the party, painting on her plastic smile. Harry eyes the backdoor. Private Guard #2 scans vigilantly.

GUNSHOTS explode to Harry's right. A GIRL SCREAMS.

Harry whirls. A coked-up EXEC in swim trunks and shades FIRES BLANKS from a gun aimed at a TERRIFIED GIRL (18). He cackles.

TERRIFIED GIRL

Fucking asshole!

EXEC

It's blanks, baby. Hollywood magic!

The Terrified Girl storms off. Harry settles, perturbed. A female DRINK DOCTOR (19), swings by with a drink tray.

DRINK DOCTOR

Tom Collins? Whiskey rocks?

Harry shakes his head, eyes on the door. She begins to walk away. It hits him.

HARRY

You an actor?

DRINK DOCTOR

Everyone here's an actor, honey...
Why? You a producer?

HARRY

(smiling)
You know how to method act?

BY THE BACKDOOR

Drink Doctor sidles up to Private Guard #2. She stumbles and SPILLS her drink tray all over him. She wipes him down.

DRINK DOCTOR

I'm so sorry, I've been suffering from vertigo lately. Come on, there's seltzer right over here.

As the Guard follows her, Harry slips into the house.

INT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry closes the door behind him. Pauses. The party can be seen through the door. A two-way mirror. He grimaces.

A sunken white living room. Gleaming mirrors. Crosses. Girls and Hollywood Execs mingle on couches. Speaking closely. Men's fingers drift along young female bodies.

Harry slinks through the Crowd, blending in. He clocks a hallway. A red rope blocks it. A sign dangles: VIP ONLY.

INT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - HALL - DAY

Harry swings a leg over the red rope.

Mirrors and doorways line the interior wall. Then a turn.

He advances. Opens the first door. A guest bedroom. Empty. A VOICE speaks authoritatively from the second doorway.

AVALON (O.S)
You must cease clinging to the past
and free yourself.

Harry peeks in the open door, his view partly obscured. Sees:
A wood-paneled, domed room, circled by Benches.

In the center stands WARREN AVALON (60), grey-streaked long brown hair, Jesus beard, clothed in flowing, loose white clothes. A cultish power lurks beneath his hippie exterior.

A circle of rapt Girls in bikinis sit at his feet.

AVALON
You cannot blame others for your
mistakes.

Harry leans in closer. His view of the room widens.

By the back stands CARSON (42), slick-haired, muscular. Everything about him shouts GOON. His eyes glued to a Girl.

AVALON
The only solution is to reprogram
your mind until the trauma is
released.

Avalon lifts his arms. The Girls stand, blocking the doorway.

Harry slips past the doorway, using the Girls as cover.

He turns the hallway corner. He quickly lowers his gaze.

At the end of the hall, a PRODUCER (63), rotund, balding, in a pink designer polo shirt, exits a room.

He leads a DRUNK GIRL (18), ninety pounds soaking wet, toward Harry. She stumbles, barely standing. Jumbling her words.

DRUNK GIRL
(to Producer)
What's your name again?

Harry keeps his head down, advancing. One eye on them. The Producer opens a door on the exterior wall. Sun pours in.

PRODUCER
There's a cabin out back by the
cliffs I want to show you.

The Producer leads her outside. His eyes catch on Harry.

Harry looks away. Sees his face in the mirrored wall. His empty eyes stare back. The DOOR CLOSSES with a CLICK. Harry shifts his gaze to the end of the hall.

A door with a LARGE GLEAMING WHITE CROSS beckons.

INT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Lakewood Smith's temple. Red Carpet. Movie posters. A desk. A giant bed with a mirror over it. Two darkened glass windows.

Harry eyeballs them. Two-way mirrors look out into the party.

Harry eases to Lakewood's desk. Tattered scripts. Booze-stained paperwork. A gold tray with COCAINE LINES laid out.

Harry shuffles through the mess. Nothing. A Lakewood business card. He pockets it. Tries a drawer. Locked.

His eyes settle on twin closet doors in the back of the room.

INT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

Harry pushes the doors aside. Gaudy suits and ties in a giant walk-in closet. Harry rifles through the suits. Nothing.

He pushes them aside. A wall of videotapes stares back.

Harry plucks one off. On the cover: "DESPERATE YOUNG GIRLS." A Young Brunette, needle-thin, in her underwear stares back with deadened eyes. He flips it. Producer: LAKEWOOD SMITH.

On the shelf, more of the same. "FIRST-TIMERS." "BARELY EIGHTEEN." "DON'T TELL DADDY."

Harry stifles the bile. Places the tape back. He scans the closet, searching. Back to the shelf.

Something catches his eye. A NOTCH in the back of the shelf. His fingertip tugs it. It flips open. A BUTTON. He presses.

The shelves part, SLIDING to the side. Another shelf of tapes behind them. Masking tape labels. Homemade. Harry squints.

Girls' names. Greta. Hallie. Sam. Home Auditions. Lakewood Smith-style. Organized alphabetically.

Harry scans, faster now. Joan. Kelly. Lynn. But no Lilly.

A beat as Harry thinks. He presses a button on the shelf. It slides closed. The tapes stare back. "DESPERATE YOUNG GIRLS."

INT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

A lockpick slides into the lock on a desk drawer. It clicks. Harry pulls it open. On top, a gallon ziplock bag of cocaine.

Harry shoves it aside, rifles through various documents. Nothing connected to Lilly.

He pulls out an embossed business card. Gold Letters: **The Sandbox Club. (310)555-9331.**

The doorknob TURNS. Harry clocks it. Bolts from the desk to the wall of posters, pocketing the card as he does.

He admires the Christian and family movie posters: ELEVATOR TO THE HEAVENS. A FATHER'S LOVE. IN MY PAST LIFE.

Lakewood Smith enters, robe open. A TEEN ACTRESS (18) in tow.

LAKEWOOD

You've been a bad girl, you know --

He spots Harry. His counterfeit charm briefly darkens.

LAKEWOOD

This is a private room.

Harry eyes a PHOTO on the wall. Lakewood and Avalon in front of a REHAB CENTER. A golden-lettered sign: SERENITY'S CIRCLE.

HARRY

I was looking for the john and got turned around. Couldn't help but admire your work.

Lakewood pats the Actress on her ass, shooing her off. Harry mirrors Lakewood's Hollywood sleaze. His eyes on the Actress.

HARRY

Not bad.

Lakewood chuckles, moving to his desk.

LAKEWOOD

Perks of the job.

Harry follows him. Nods to the movie posters.

HARRY

Not exactly family fare though.

Harry eyes the cocaine tray between them. Lakewood grins.

LAKEWOOD

People see what they want to see.
(off the posters)
And if they want to bad enough,
they'll believe anything you tell
them.

Lakewood snorts cocaine. He looks up, cocaine-cocky.

LAKEWOOD

Right, Harry?

HARRY

So you know me.

LAKEWOOD

I know what people say.

Harry's eyes harden. Lakewood rips a line.

LAKEWOOD

I guess the million-dollar question
is, did you do it?

HARRY

People believe what you tell them,
right?

Lakewood cracks a crooked grin. Admiring no-fear Harry.

Harry moves to the double mirror, taking in the party outside. Lakewood stands beside Harry, gazing out the window.

LAKEWOOD

Bring back old memories?

MEMORY FLASH: Slightly HAZY. YOUNG HARRY stumbles out of a basement stairway, drunk. Falls to his knees. BLOOD on his hands. He looks out a glass door. A HOLLYWOOD POOL PARTY rages in the moonlight.

Harry blocks it out. Stares out the window.

HARRY

Girls like these can get a guy in trouble, he's not careful.

LAKEWOOD

Every girl here is angling for the role of a lifetime. What they do to get it is their business.

HARRY

And when they don't get the role?

LAKEWOOD

Half of them will go back to bumfuck nowhere, get knocked up by some asshole that whales on them for kicks. The other half will wait tables until they croak. But for each one, these parties will be the highlight of their small, misbegotten lives. The thing they talk about at cocktail parties when they want to show up the woman next door that they secretly hate.

HARRY

Or something they spend a lifetime trying to forget.

A strange glint to Lakewood's eye as he admires Harry's boldness. His words are almost existential as he speaks.

LAKEWOOD

Why are you here?

HARRY

You auditioned my daughter.

LAKEWOOD

I audition a lot of girls. I'm very hands-on with my creative process.

Menace creeps into Harry's voice.

HARRY

You know who I am. So you knew who she was when she showed up.

Lakewood's grin vanishes. He retreats to his desk chair. Snorts courage. His finger presses a BUTTON under the desk.

LAKEWOOD

She came looking for a role. I liked her. Got her mother's looks.

A beat. He rubs the coke on his gums, bravado replenished.

LAKEWOOD

Not quite the body though.

With a sudden fury, Harry yanks Lakewood from his chair. Pulls him nose-to-nose. Lakewood seems almost aroused by it.

LAKEWOOD

You got a darkness in you, you know that?

Harry's free hand opens the desk drawer. He pulls the bag of cocaine out. Dumps it onto the desk. Lakewood's eyes go wide.

LAKEWOOD

That's fifty-K worth of --

Harry yanks Lakewood's hair. Shoves his face just above the mountain of cocaine. Twists his arm behind his back.

HARRY

You start talking or we're gonna see what comes first, you run out of air or that black heart of yours pops like a balloon.

LAKEWOOD

(desperate)

She came for an audition. She looked like she was using.

HARRY

What'd she want?

LAKEWOOD

Same thing as all of them. She wanted me to get her a movie role.

HARRY

You try to put her on tape?

LAKWOOD

No, man. I don't know what you're talking about.

Harry presses down. Lakewood's nose dips into the cocaine.

HARRY

This would give those girls out there a real story to tell, huh? Hollywood exec drowns in a mountain of cocaine.

LAKWOOD

I can get you anything you want. Drugs. Money... Girls --

The door OPENS. Carson and Private Guard #2 enter.

Lakewood's face washes over with relief. Harry's eyes harden.

EXT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - DUMPSTER AREA - DAY

Private Guard #2 shoves Harry beside a dumpster. Harry turns. Back to the wall. Carson and the Guard loom.

Harry rears back to punch. They overpower him. Carson yanks Harry's Beretta from his shoulder holster. Pockets it.

Carson and Private Guard #2 take turns holding Harry against the dumpster. They lay in STIFF punches. Harry crumples.

Private Guard #2 cocks his fist.

On his wrist: A TATTOO of A SNAKE IN STRIKE POSE IN FRONT OF A SIDEWAYS HORSESHOE on his wrist. The Guard HAMMERS Harry.

Carson stands over Harry. Lands a vicious KNOCKOUT BLOW.

EXT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - SERVICE GATE - DAY

The gates open. Private Guard #2 and Carson SHOVE Harry out. He stumbles, barely able to stand.

Private Guard #2 grabs him by the lapels. An LAPD badge peeks out from his waistband under his jacket.

PRIVATE GUARD #2

You come back here and I'm gonna put a fucking bullet in your eye.

He shoves Harry and heads back toward the gate with Carson. Harry staggers toward the woods.

I./E. MALIBU PAYPHONE - DAY

Harry, beaten and bloodied, pumps change into the phone. A cigarette dangles from his mouth.

Across the street, a POLICE CRUISER pulls up. The COPS stare.

Harry grabs a newspaper from atop the payphone. Pretends to read it to obscure his bloody face. Pulls the SANDBOX CLUB card from his pocket. Dials the number. A beat.

AUTOMATED VOICE(V.O.)
This number has been disconnected.

A beat. He punches a number on the keypad.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
How may I help you?

HARRY
Address lookup for 310-555-9331.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Just a moment, please.

Harry's eyes focus on the paper while he waits. Something clicks in them. He reads hurriedly. Eyes glued to the paper.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I'm sorry, sir, there's no such number on file.

HARRY
... Thanks.

He hangs up. Pulls Lilly's list out. Raises it to the paper. It's the LA TIMES from yesterday.

The dead girl, Marilyn Turner stares back at him, her name under her photo. On the list, circled in RED: MARILYN TURNER.

EXT. CHATSWORTH LIBRARY - NIGHT

Harry ascends the steps. Cleaned up, but moving gingerly.

INT. CHATSWORTH LIBRARY - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Harry waits in line. The person in front of him exits. He approaches a LIBRARIAN (47), reserved, but warm.

She looks beaten-up Harry up and down. Turns cold. Moves her hand beside a red phone labeled SECURITY. Harry clocks it.

HARRY
You got a microfilm room?

LIBRARIAN
No loitering allowed in the
library.

Harry touches his beaten face, feigning self-consciousness.

HARRY
My dog Lucky got loose. I spent all
day chasing him through the woods.

She softens.

HARRY
I'm running late as heck on this
project for my non-profit.

LIBRARIAN
What kind of non-profit?

Harry spots a PRESTON STERLING button on her lapel.

HARRY
Youth homelessness outreach.

LIBRARIAN
Have you considered the Internet?

Harry gazes back, confused.

INT. CHATSWORTH LIBRARY - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. The glow of a computer highlights Harry's puzzled face.

Harry sits at a computer. The Librarian leans in next to him,
opening the login page.

LIBRARIAN
If you have a library account, all
I need is your name.

HARRY
... Harry Speaks.

She types it in. LOGIN SUCCESSFUL

LIBRARIAN
All you do is type what you want to
search...

She types. Harry eyes her, not used to being this close to someone, paying no attention to the screen.

LIBRARIAN

Oh...

She backs away, recoiling from Harry. He looks to the screen.

ON SCREEN: A WEB SEARCH RESULT for HARRY SPEAKS.

--"UBC Star Acquitted in Brutal Teen Basement Slaying"

--"Cop accused of planting evidence in Speaks Trial."

Harry turns cold. He can't escape it.

HARRY

I think I have it from here.

She eases out, shutting the door behind her. She stares at Harry through the window. He refocuses on the screen.

ON SCREEN: "Barbara Erdrich, 16, murdered in TV Star's basement."

He closes the window and sets to work. He pulls out Lilly's list. First name in RED: AMY DENIS. He types and clicks.

ON SCREEN: LA TIMES article: "Actress Amy Denis (18), found OD'd." Amy (18), smiles angelically in her photo.

INT. CHATSWORTH LIBRARY - COMPUTER ROOM - MONTAGE - NIGHT

--Harry checks the RED NAMES on the list. Types. BECCA GOULD. Results: LA TIMES: "Actress Tragically Overdoses."

--LA TIMES articles flash. "Young Actress found dead of overdose." "Hollywood Tragedy: Young Actress OD's." "Aspiring Actress Drug Death" The names on the list whir by as Harry checks them off.

--Harry leans back in his chair, exhausted. Eyes the list.

--Harry types slowly, checking his list.

--Search engine results flash by. "OD." "Actress." "Teenager"

INT. CHATSWORTH LIBRARY - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Harry checks off the last RED name on his list.

ON SCREEN: MARILYN TURNER smiles in The LA Times article.

Harry moves to the BLUE CIRCLED ACTRESSES. ANGEL NICHOLSON.

He types. The first result: IMDB. ANGEL NICHOLSON.

He clicks. Surprise on his face. Never seen anything like it.

ON SCREEN: Angel's IMDB PAGE. CREDITS: **LAPD VICE**. 5 EPISODES. **ELEVATOR TO THE HEAVENS**.

MEMORY FLASH: Harry admires the posters in Lakewood's office. ELEVATOR TO THE HEAVENS. A FATHER'S LOVE. IN MY PAST LIFE.

He moves to the next BLUE NAME. JULIA MITCHUM. Types. Her smiling face pops up on IMDB.

LAPD VICE. 4 EPISODES. A FATHER'S LOVE. IN MY PAST LIFE.

He looks to his list. Written by each RED NAME: OVERDOSE.

AMY DENIS, circled in RED. Types into IMDB. CREDITS: IN MY PAST LIFE. ELEVATOR TO HEAVENS. **No LAPD VICE**.

Types. MARILYN TURNER. CREDITS: IN MY PAST LIFE. A FATHER'S LOVE. No LAPD VICE.

He eyes Marilyn's smiling photo. Same as the paper. Clicks.

Her photo gallery pops up. He squints. Scrolling through:

Marilyn with Lakewood on set. Marilyn with another girl on set. Marilyn with Amy on set.

Harry's eyes go wide. He clicks back.

ON SCREEN: Marilyn smiles with VANESSA WATERS, the girl from the party. On the set of LAPD VICE.

He clicks. Vanessa's profile pops up. The girl who swore she didn't know Lilly stares back, smiling for her headshot.

CREDITS. **LAPD VICE**. 6 EPISODES. ELEVATOR TO HEAVENS. A FATHER'S LOVE.

He checks Lilly's list. No Vanessa.

He clicks on Vanessa's photo. Scrolls through. Vanessa with other actors. Vanessa with Lakewood. He freezes.

ON SCREEN: In front of an LAPD VICE TRAILER, Vanessa hugs LILLY, cheek-to-cheek, smiling. A UBC LOGO above them.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry limps to his door. Pulls out his keys. His eyes narrow. A narrow gap between the frame and the door. It's open.

Harry reaches for his holster, forgetting it's empty. He eyes a glass-encased fire hose and axe on the wall.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry BURSTS in, FIRE AXE raised. Eve sits on the edge of his recliner, smoking. She JUMPS, dropping her cigarette.

EVE

Jesus, Harry.

Harry lowers the axe. Looks back to the door. Then to Eve. She picks up her cigarette, recovering her movie star poise.

EVE

(off the door)

Building manager's a fan.

Harry lumbers to the kitchen, weary. Pulls a seltzer from the fridge. Takes a long draw. The light reveals his beaten face.

Eve's eyes flash worry for a moment. She hides it.

EVE

Tell me you found something.

HARRY

Who says I'm looking?

She gives him a soft look. He moves toward her, resigned.

HARRY

Lilly had this list. Buncha OD'd actresses circled in red. Buncha successful actresses in blue. Every one of them worked for a shitheel named Lakewood Smith. She auditioned for him last week.

Eve's eyes go somewhere else, thinking. Harry clocks it.

HARRY

You know him.

Harry sits in the lone kitchen table chair, across from Eve.

EVE

I've heard about his parties.

HARRY

I went to one. An actress there got spooked when I mentioned Lilly. Swore she didn't know her. But I saw pictures of them together on LAPD Vice.

EVE

Lakewood's connected to LAPD Vice.

HARRY

Not on paper. But all the successful actresses worked on LAPD Vice with Lilly. And they all worked for Lakewood before that. Lilly made some sort of connection and started looking into it.

EVE

So what's our next move?

Harry shoots her a look at the mention of "our."

HARRY

I go to the LAPD VICE set tomorrow. Find that actress, Vanessa.

Eve stubs her smoke on a can on the recliner tray. She rifles through her purse, looking for more. Puts a flask on the tray.

Harry eyes it. She clocks it, embarrassed.

EVE

I'm sorry.

HARRY

Seventeen years clean. If one flask is gonna tip me, I'm already done.

EVE

I'm glad you're sober, Harry.

He nods. She watches him as he presses his seltzer can to his bruised face, wanting to reach out. She doesn't.

HARRY

... Was Lilly using?

EVE

No. Absolutely not. What would make you think that?

Harry rises. Walks toward the kitchen. Unable to face her, as he struggles to get the words out. He lights a smoke.

HARRY
Some things people have said.

Harry closes his eyes. Eve moves toward him as he speaks.

HARRY
With my history, I was worried that
maybe...

He can't finish. She's close now. Sees the pain on his face.

EVE
She's clean, Harry. I promise.
She's still that bright, beautiful
girl you knew.

Harry nods, unable to speak. She reaches for his arm.

EVE
Harry...

He walks away, his back to her. Retreating into his gruff P.I. persona.

HARRY
I need to use your connections to
get onto the UBC lot tomorrow.

Eve startles at the sudden shift.

EVE
I'm not sure that's a good idea.

HARRY
Wouldn't want your name anywhere
near mine, huh?

Eve winces. Harry faces her. Pain and anger infuse his voice.

HARRY
Why'd you come to me? Huh? After
all these years?

EVE
(defensive)
I needed someone I could trust.

HARRY
... You could've gone to Jack.

EVE
 (surprised)
 I can't trust Jack. You
 know --

HARRY
 You trusted him enough to let him
 boost your career.

Stunned silence as Eve realizes how much Harry knows.

HARRY
 Helluva maneuver, leaving me in the
 gutter and gliding straight to the
 top.

Eve recoils, hurt and shocked by his vitriol.

HARRY
 Tell me something, how long did it
 take before you decided to crawl
 into Jack's bed?

Eve SLAPS Harry across the face. Fighting tears.

EVE
 Who knew you could be so mean
 sober, too?

She storms out. Her flask sits on the table, staring at him.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/UBC STUDIOS ENTRANCE - DAY

Harry's car pulls up outside the front gate.

Harry stares at the giant UBC STUDIOS logo.

EXT. UBC STUDIOS FRONT GATE - DAY

Harry approaches the guard shack on foot. Inside:

A UBC GUARD (28), arrogant, not as good-looking as he thinks,
 highlights a script. He doesn't look up.

UBC GUARD
 Name?

HARRY
 Lakewood Smith.

The Guard pulls a clipboard off the desk. Scans.

UBC GUARD
Not on here.

HARRY
Must be a mistake. I have a three
pm with Jack McKenzie.

The Guard eyes Harry dubiously. Double checks his clipboard.

UBC GUARD
No mistake. Hit the bricks.

Harry eyes the Guard's ID BADGE. Labeled: TRAINEE.

HARRY
You're new here, yeah?

UBC GUARD
What's it to you?

HARRY
Jack hates lateness. Would be a
shame if had to tell him I got held
up by some kid who didn't know
Lakewood Smith when he saw him.

The Guard hesitates. Reaches for the phone. Harry clocks it.

HARRY
What time is it?

UBC GUARD
2:53 pm.

HARRY
By the time you get through, it'll
be three. When I'm late, he's gonna
ask your supervisor who the hell
made me late to our meeting.

The Guard eyes Harry, unsure. Harry eyes the script.

HARRY
How many roles you think you're
gonna get once Jack McKenzie puts
you on his permanent shitlist?

The Guard's hand hovers over the phone.

EXT. UBC STUDIOS LOT - DAY

Harry moves through the lot, taking in the studio where he
used to be king. Trailers. Office buildings.

He passes a sound stage. A PAINTER paints a huge three-quarters-finished MURAL of Jack McKenzie over a black-and-white TV Star. JACK MCKENZIE in giant letters.

Harry turns the corner. Stops dead in his tracks.

Preston sits in a chair on a mini-stage, holding a microphone. Before him are photogs, cameramen, and reporters. Behind them is a throng of actors and executives, watching.

PRESTON STERLING

Everyone wants to turn a blind eye to Youth Homelessness. But these kids deserve more than to be treated like trash and thrown away.

Harry slips into the crowd, taking it in. In the front row, A GRIZZLED REPORTER speaks up.

GRIZZLED REPORTER

Lot of people have tried and failed before, Preston.

PRESTON STERLING

When I took over UBC, people said the same thing. But I cleaned up this studio and righted the ship. I promise I'll bring that same gusto to the office of Mayor.

GRIZZLED REPORTER

That's a lot of pretty talk, but I don't hear anything concrete.

PRESTON STERLING

Jeez, you guys are a lot tougher than the Hollywood Foreign Press.

CHUCKLES from the crowd. Preston grows serious.

PRESTON STERLING

There are no simple answers. But the first step is eliminating the ecosystem that feeds off these kids. No more shuttling between for-profit halfway houses and rehab centers. These kids deserve city-funded care centers that make sure they're taken care of, instead of being treated like dollar signs.

(checking his watch)

That's a wrap for me. I'll see you in the conference room in thirty.

The crowd begins to disperse. Harry follows the flow of the crowd deeper into the lot, scanning for signs of LAPD VICE.

MARLENE (O.S.)
Harry? Harry Speaks?

Harry hurries away from the voice. A Woman chases him.

MARLENE (O.S.)
Harry, wait up!

MARLENE KATZ (52), willowy, an actress in another life, steps beside Harry. She lugs a makeup kit.

MARLENE
I knew it was you.

Harry reluctantly meets her gaze. Glances around.

HARRY
Long time no see, Marlene.

MARLENE
No shit. It's been what, twenty years?

Her excitement dissolves into concern.

MARLENE
You're not supposed to be here.

HARRY
My daughter's on a show here. LAPD Vice. She got me a pass.

MARLENE
Bullshit, Harry. Liz Taylor herself couldn't get you on this lot...

She looks over to Preston glad-handing reporters. A gaggle of SECURITY surrounds him. Apprehension covers her face.

MARLENE
If somebody knew I saw you and didn't say anything...

HARRY
I'm here looking for my daughter.
(reluctantly lying)
She's been using. Showing up high.

MARLENE
And you?

HARRY
Seventeen years sober.

MARLENE
That's beautiful. I got ten years
myself. What happened to you...

She shakes her head at the repugnant memory.

HARRY
I need directions to her set.

MARLENE
53C. Right down that street ...
(pointing)
We used to shoot your chase scenes
there.

Harry nods. Pushing the past away.

HARRY
You know an actress named Vanessa
Waters?

MARLENE
Actresses are a dime a dozen in
this town, sweetheart.

A Security Cart rolls past. Harry hides his face. Marlene
clocks it. She gazes at him, care in her eyes.

MARLENE
Whatever you're doing, be careful.

She pecks his cheek. Her hand lingers on it, their past lives
bubbling to the surface. She raises her makeup box.

MARLENE
Duty calls.

She hurries away. Harry's eyes stay on her as she does.

EXT. LAPD VICE SET - DAY

ACTORS. CREW. Cameras. Crawling with FAUX COPS.

Harry slinks through the background, cautious. Sidles up to a
TOUGH ACTOR (43), Latino, tattooed, mouthful of gold teeth.

HARRY
(conversational)
How many cops are on this show?

TOUGH ACTOR
The actors or the real ones?

Harry shoots him a look. What the fuck is he talking about?

TOUGH ACTOR
Director's French. Uses real cops
for authenticity.

Harry's eyes narrow. Lakewood. France. Money laundering. He looks around. Cops EVERYWHERE. He tightens up.

HARRY
You know where I can find an
actress named Vanessa Waters?

TOUGH ACTOR
You some kinda creep or something?

Harry slips him Lakewood's card. The Actor's tenor changes.

TOUGH ACTOR
Don't know her. But if you got
anything besides this gangster
shit, I was top of my class at
Juilliard.

Harry eyes him. The Actor slides his gold teeth out.

TOUGH ACTOR
Anything where I don't have to say
vato or homie.

Over the Actor's shoulder, Harry clocks a COP eyeing them.

EXT. LAPD VICE LOT - TRAILERS - DAY

Harry weaves between trailers, putting distance between himself and the Cops. He turns a trailer corner.

A SLEAZEBAG (37), wild-eyed, twitchy, argues with a REDHEAD ACTRESS in oversized sunglasses by a trailer.

SLEAZEBAG
You fucking dumb bitch. You know
what I could do to you?

The Sleazebag PUNCHES the trailer beside her head.

Harry steps forward, ready to intervene.

His eye catches on something. Down a row of trailers to his right, a group of COPS stand with their backs to him.

The Sleazebag menaces the Actress. Harry turns, heading away.

SLAM! Harry whirls around. The Sleazebag PINS the Actress against the trailer.

SLEAZEBAG

When I give you instructions, you
fucking listen!

The Sleazebag's face twists with anger. He cocks a fist back, ready to unleash. A HAND SNATCHES his wrist. Harry.

HARRY

You oughta consider moving up in
weight class.

The Sleazebag spins around, trying to snap off a punch. Harry liver-punches him, sending him to his knees, wheezing.

The Redhead starts to slink off.

SLEAZEBAG

Don't you fucking move!

She freezes. The Sleazebag glowers at Harry as he rises.

SLEAZEBAG

You got no idea who you're fucking
with.

HARRY

Some asshole dumb enough to ragdoll
an actress a hundred yards from
thirty cops. Maybe we should go
talk to them.

The Sleazebag shoots Harry a look that could chisel concrete. He glares at the Redhead Actress and limps off.

Harry looks to the Redhead. She avoids his gaze.

HARRY

Friend of yours?

The Redhead looks up at him. A NOSE RING glints. VANESSA.

HARRY

You.

She looks down the row of trailers. The Sleazebag limps off in the distance. Harry's her best option right now.

She pulls off the red wig and the glasses. Vanessa all right.

VANESSA

Look, I don't know what the fuck
your deal is --

HARRY

Lilly. Spill it.

Vanessa looks off in the distance, contemplating bolting.
Harry pulls the photo of Vanessa and Lilly out.

HARRY

Lilly's my daughter.

Vanessa's eyes flit between the photo and Harry, unsure.

HARRY

Explain a few things and you'll
never see me again.

Vanessa glances around, spooked. She nods.

HARRY

Lakewood and LAPD Vice.

VANESSA

He owns LAPD Vice through a dummy
company. Major studios won't go
near him 'cause of his past. So
he's got a front guy in France.

HARRY

And he uses LAPD Vice as a carrot
for girls at his pool parties.

Vanessa nods.

HARRY

Sometimes it goes bad and the girls
OD. So Lakewood dumps them. Lilly
figured it out and went digging at
Lakewood's. Only somebody twigged
to it so she got scared and ran.

VANESSA

I-I have to get back on set.
They're gonna notice.

She moves to leave. Harry's arm shoots out, blocking her.

HARRY

Where's Lilly?

VANESSA

I don't know.

Vanessa scratches her arm. Track marks. Harry clocks it. He softens, seeing a glimmer of his old self.

HARRY

My daughter's in trouble and I know you're involved... These guys who are after her, they aren't the type to just roll over after one try. If I connected it to you, it's only a matter of time before they come knocking at your door.

VANESSA

... Lilly found out about these parties.

HARRY

The pool parties.

VANESSA

No, these other parties. Bad things happen at them. Real bad. I told her to let it go, but she wouldn't.

HARRY

How'd she find out about them?

Vanessa averts her eyes. Harry stares. It clicks.

HARRY

You told her.

VANESSA

She tried to get me to go public... I was too afraid. So she went looking on her own and found something. Something that scared her. When she came home that night, a man with blond hair was in her apartment. So she ran.

HARRY

Why didn't she go to the cops?

Vanessa gestures around them. LAPD VICE on every trailer.

VANESSA

How many cops you think are eating off Lakewood's plate?

HARRY

... I need to know what she found.

Vanessa bites her lip, losing her nerve.

HARRY
 Look, some junkie actor I was
 tracking got his clock punched two
 nights ago. He had Lilly's locket
 in on him. You don't start talking,
 she's gonna end up the same way.

Vanessa stares like she's seen a ghost.

VANESSA
 Adam?

HARRY
 You knew him?

VANESSA
 Adam's dead?

HARRY
 Why did he have Lilly's locket?

Vanessa goes catatonic.

HARRY
 How did you two know him?

Silence. Harry SLAMS his fist against the trailer.

HARRY
 Where's Lilly, goddammit?

Vanessa snaps out of it. Answers quietly.

VANESSA
 Wherever she is, she's with Ruby.

A RADIO CRACKLES from around the corner. Harry's eyes dart to
 it. Vanessa's fear-filled eyes plead with Harry.

Harry opens the trailer door. Hurries her into it.

HARRY
 Stay put. I promise I'll come back
 for you.

She looks back, scared. Harry closes the door.

Two LOT GUARDS round the corner. Their eyes lock on Harry.

EXT. UBC STUDIOS LOT - DAY

The Two Guards escort Harry. He eyes the guns on their hips.

He spots a bathroom on the corner of a building. They pass it. He clocks windows on the building's side. An escape.

HARRY
 You mind if I stop to take a leak?
 (off their silence)
 Look, I understand tossing me off
 the lot, but --

LOT GUARD #1
 Mr. McKenzie doesn't like to be
 kept waiting.

Harry sets his jaw, steeling himself for what lies ahead.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Oak. Leather. Reeking of old-school Hollywood Authority.

The doors open. Harry enters, flanked by the Lot Guards.

Behind the desk sits JACK MCKENZIE (53), charming, refined, handsome enough to be a star in his own right, but there's not enough power in that.

He holds a mirror in his hand, appraising his face. A MAKEUP GIRL (25) powders it above a bib.

His eyes raise to Harry. A warm smile spreads across his face in the mirror. Jack lowers the mirror, his face replaced by Harry standing by the doors.

JACK
 Harry.

HARRY
 Jack.

Jack nods to the Guards. They exit. He shoos away the Makeup Girl. Jack nods to a chair in front of the desk. Harry sits.

JACK
 (removing his bib)
 Preston and I have a presser in
 twenty minutes. He's gonna announce
 his successor for studio
 president... I'll give you two
 guesses as to who it is.

Silence. Jack moves to a dry bar. Pours himself a whiskey.

JACK
 One for you?

HARRY

No thanks.

JACK

Had to see if it was true.

Jack raises his glass for a mock toast. He opens a dry bar cabinet. Pictures inside. He pulls one down.

He lays it on the desk in front of Harry.

INSERT: Young Harry and Young Jack smile in front of The Brown Derby. Jack's arm around Harry.

Harry doesn't touch it. Jack sits. Smiles at the photo.

JACK

Had to bribe half the Hollywood division after you broke in there with that girl after hours.

Jack chuckles. If Harry remembers, he doesn't show it.

JACK

(conversational)

Took me forever to find those whiskey bottles under the floorboards when I moved in.

HARRY

This gonna take all day?

JACK

... How's Sid treating you these days?

HARRY

Keeps a roof over my head.

JACK

Imagine things are slowing down. Town's changing, after all.

Silence. Jack contemplates the whiskey in his glass.

JACK

You find Lilly yet?

Harry tries to hide his surprise. Jack clocks it.

JACK

She's been missing off one of my sets for two days. You don't think I have my ear to the ground?

HARRY
Smart guy like you, I imagine you
got ears everywhere.

JACK
I reached out to Eve.

Harry's face tightens. A flicker of a smile on Jack's face.

JACK
She said she was taking care of it.
I assume that means you.
(off Harry's silence)
This is just two old friends
talking.

HARRY
Between two old friends, what do
you want?

JACK
Lilly just started a new storyline
and our shooting schedule's in the
toilet without her.

Jack pulls out a legal document. Slides it across to Harry.
Harry eyes it like it's got the clap.

JACK
Figure we put you on retainer. Find
Lilly and you collect a tidy
payday. Win-win.

HARRY
Pass.

JACK
I had them double the usual fee for
this sort of thing, considering.

HARRY
No thanks.

Jack rises. Stares out the window. His nearly finished mural
stares back from the sound stage.

JACK
Used to be you up there, remember?

HARRY
You were there. How much you think
I remember?

JACK

You may not believe it, but not a day goes by when I don't regret what happened that night... If fucking Butch and Palmer --

HARRY

If "if" was a fifth, we'd all be drunk.

Harry rises to exit. Done with this. Jack grows serious.

JACK

You're going after Lilly anyway. We both know I owe you... Consider the contract an amends.

Harry stares at Jack. Shakes his head. Moves toward the door.

JACK

You know, I helped Lilly as best I could after you left.

Harry stops in his tracks.

JACK

Looked out for her. Got her into the best schools... When she told me she wanted to be an actress, I tried to talk her out of it. Because I knew that's what you would've wanted. But she's stubborn, just like you.

(softening)

She's a bright ray of sunshine in a dark world, Harry. You know that. I don't care about LAPD Vice. I just want her found.

Harry remains silent.

JACK

Please, Harry. I'm asking as an old friend who wants to see some good in the world for a change.

A long beat. Harry nods. Jack holds a pen out to him.

Harry takes it. Signs the contract. Flips a page: NDA.

JACK

Not like the old days.

Harry glances up briefly. Reads the NDA.

JACK
You got any leads?

HARRY
You know a guy named Lakewood
Smith?

Harry signs the NDA.

JACK
Scumbag ex-porno producer. Been
trying to maneuver his way into a
deal with us for years. He
connected to all this?

Jack slides the check to Harry. Harry reluctantly pockets it.

HARRY
Just a name that popped up.
Probably nothing.

Harry heads for the door.

JACK
Harry.

Harry pauses.

JACK
Lot's crawling with press. Straight
to the exit, yeah?

Harry nods. Exits. Jack gazes out the window, watching the
Painter work on his sound stage mural.

EXT. LAPD VICE LOT - VANESSA'S TRAILER - DAY

Harry KNOCKS on the trailer door, furtive. A beat. Nothing.
He opens the door. Shock sweeps his face.

A woman PA (27) rounds the corner.

Harry staggers back from the trailer. The PA hustles to the
trailer, KNOCKING on its side. She ignores Harry.

P.A.
Vanessa? You're late. Again.

She steps into the doorframe. Horror splits her face. She
lets loose a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM.

In the shadows of the trailer, Vanessa lies on the floor. Her
limbs splayed. Eyes open. Blood leaking from her mouth. DEAD.

INT. HOLLYWOOD LAPD STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The leather sap sits on the steel table. Harry stares at it.

BUTCH (O.S.)

That's two corpses now with you as
the last person to see them alive.

Harry doesn't react. Butch stands across the table from him. By the door, Tate stares at Harry, calculating.

BUTCH

Maybe the next one will have her
eyes done up just like Barbara
Erdrich.

Harry shoots him a look that could iron clothes.

TATE

You were talking to the Waters
girl, right? Security says they
found you at her trailer earlier.

Harry sits silent, brain churning. Dead Girls. Parties.

Butch and Tate play off each other, trying to turn Harry's
silence into submission.

TATE

She must've told you something,
Harry. Something important enough
for you to go back there.

BUTCH

How's Jack these days? He invite
you over to his place for drinks?

Harry shoots Butch a toxic look. Butch gets closer.

BUTCH

Musta stung real bad. Having to
sell your house to Jack to pay your
bar tabs... How much booze does
that kinda cash buy anyway?

Silence. Butch circles Harry like a shark eyeing its prey.

BUTCH

How long you think it took him to
clean up that blood stain in the
basement?

Harry twitches at the memory.

TATE

In case you didn't notice, there's a noose closing around your neck. If you know something about what happened to Vanessa, now's the time to speak up.

BUTCH

Every time I get you in this fucking box, you play innocent. Here you go then. Once and for all. Prove you got nothing to hide and tell us what the girl told you.

HARRY

My memory gets hinky around cops who promise to see me fry.

BUTCH

Always good for a fucking laugh... I got a real gasser for you. If you were innocent all this time, how come you've never done squat to clear your name?

Harry's eyes narrow. He doesn't have an answer.

BUTCH

See, that's how I know you fucking did it. 'Cause if you had a shred of human decency, you'd've never let up 'till you found the real killer.

HARRY

Maybe if you and Palmer hadn't been so busy trying to bury me, you could've done your fucking job and caught him.

BUTCH

Say his name again and you leave here in a fucking body bag.

TATE

You went looking for Vanessa. Which means she's connected to Lilly's disappearance. Withholding evidence is a crime, Harry.

HARRY

You know I was in Jack's office when she was murdered. Which means you got less than zero on me.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

(to Butch)

But that's never stopped you
before, has it?

Harry stares into Butch's eyes.

HARRY

Just hope you have the guts to turn
the lights off like Palmer when it
goes sideways.

Like lightning, Butch snatches the SAP and HAMMERS HARRY
upside his head. Harry hits the floor, seeing stars.

Butch dives atop Harry. Laying in PUNCHES. Tate tries to pull
him off. Butch elbows Tate in the face, sending him reeling.

Butch STRANGLES Harry. Harry's hand CLAWS for the sap beside
him. Butch pushes down harder. It's all going dark.

The sap CRACKS Butch across his head. He collapses to the
side. Harry darts atop him. He HAYMAKERS Butch's lights out.

He rears back to unleash another. A gun COCKS beside his ear.
Tate holds a pistol to his head. Harry eyes the gun barrel.

INT. HOLLYWOOD LAPD STATION - HOLDING AREA - DAY

Harry sits cuffed to a bench. Bloodied. A TV plays overhead.

ON SCREEN: Avalon is interviewed by a FEMALE INTERVIEWER
(28), on the local news.

AVALON (V.O.)

I was an addict/alcoholic. Until I
discovered how to reprogram my mind
and free myself from the past.

Harry's eyes drift to a RUNAWAY GIRL (16), cuffed to a bench.

AVALON (V.O.)

Thanks to anonymous donations, I
was able to found my rehab center
Serenity's Circle in 1993, where we
take in troubled teens and free
them from addiction.

A pair of hands disconnects Harry's cuffs from the bench.
Tate stands over him. Harry's eyes slide to the Runaway.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Up next, Preston Sterling extends
his lead in the mayoral race.

I/E. EVE'S CAR/HOLLYWOOD LAPD STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

The station's backdoor opens. Harry squints in the sunlight, cuffed behind his back.

Tate uncuffs Harry. Holds out his business card.

TATE

In case you decide to smarten up.

Harry takes it. Stares at it.

TATE

You help me break this thing and
I'll have enough stroke to get
Butch off your back for good.

Tate waits for an answer. Doesn't get one. He taps the card in Harry's hand and re-enters the station.

Harry moves through the sea of cruisers, headed for a solid steel exit gate in the center of a concrete fence.

Beside the gate, ORDERLY #1 (45), burly goateed, pushes the Runaway Girl into the back of a SERENITY'S CIRCLE VAN.

Harry approaches the gate. Off to his right, a CRASH!

Ruby (unknown to Harry), scrambles from the back of the van. Restraints chained to her wrists. She sprints for the gate.

ORDERLY #2 (43), wiry, greasy, bolts from the driver's side door. He TACKLES Ruby to the ground. HARD. She FIGHTS.

RUBY

Help! They're kidnapping me!

Orderly #1 tears out of the back of the van, his forehead BLEEDING.

He kneels next to Ruby and pulls out a NEEDLE. Injects her as she FIGHTS. She locks eyes with Harry.

RUBY

I know you.
(going woozy)
I know who you are ...

Harry's feet stay bolted to the ground as he watches.

Ruby passes out. Orderly #2 settles, relieved. Spots Harry.

ORDERLY #2

Fucking junkies.

Harry watches as they drag Ruby to the van. He turns away.

Harry wades toward the gate. It SLIDES open, automated. His eyes widen with horror.

A PAPARAZZI MOB snaps photos of Harry. Cameras CLICK and WHIR amid their shouted questions. Harry's worst nightmare.

PAPARAZZI

Harry!/How does it feel to be so close to a murdered girl again?/Did you do it, Harry?/Where have you been all these years?

Harry whirls his head around, searching for an exit. He spots Butch by the backdoor. Smoking. A quiet satisfaction to him.

A CAR SCREECHES to a stop at the gate. YELPS and CRIES. Harry whips his head around.

A white Rolls Royce sits in the center of the paparazzi. Eve stares through the windshield. Harry can't believe it.

He shoves his way into the mob as cameras CLICK and WHIRR, their focus now on Eve.

PAPARAZZI

Eve! Eve! Are you supporting Harry now?/Do you think he did it?/Are you two back together?

Harry muscles his way into the car. SLAMS the door shut.

He locks eyes with Eve. A beat. She shifts the Rolls Royce into reverse and PEELS OUT. Elegance under fire.

The car reverses onto the main road and glides into the distance, leaving the frenzied mob behind.

I/E. EVE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Harry eyes Eve, an intense focus to her. He lights a smoke.

HARRY

Thanks.

Eve side-eyes beaten-to-shit Harry. A flash of worry in her eyes. She nods, focusing back on the road.

Harry looks back through the rear window. No press in sight.

HARRY

You can drop me off up here. I'll take a taxi to UBC.

EVE

I had my driver pick up your car. Paparazzi were crawling all over it.

Harry shoots her a puzzled look.

EVE

You still keep the keys under the visor, right?

Harry nods. She knows him better than he'd like to admit.

A CELLPHONE BUZZES between them. Harry eyes it. Caller ID: UNKNOWN. Eve flips it over.

They pass an on-ramp to the 405 North.

HARRY

You missed the on-ramp.

Eve looks to him. That care in her eyes again.

EVE

Harry, you're famous again. You don't think the press is camped right outside your front door?

INT. EVE'S CAR/EXT. EVE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The Rolls eases to a stop in front of a classic Spanish-style mansion. Harry's Malibu parked ahead.

Eve exits the car. Harry's eyes are glued to the mansion through the window. Eve walks up a pathway through the yard.

His gaze shifts to his well-worn Malibu parked ahead. A beat.

EVE (O.S.)

Harry.

Harry looks out the window. Eve stands in her yard, the moonlight framing her. She practically fucking glows.

EVE

Are you coming in or not?

INT. EVE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Cozy, understated. Packed with stylishly refined furniture. Nowhere for boogeymen to hide.

At a gleaming dry bar, Eve pours herself a neat scotch. Harry sits on a couch, out of place amongst the elegance.

HARRY

Lakewood's trading the girls for favors. Or cash. Which probably answers the question of how he got the money to go legit.

Eve glides to a couch across from Harry.

HARRY

I don't think these girls were OD'ing by accident.

EVE

Harry --

HARRY

These girls've seen things. Things bad enough to kill for... Vanessa learned that the hard way.

A beat as the harsh reality cuts through Eve's armor.

HARRY

Lilly found something that has to do with the parties. Something they want.

EVE

If they find her --

HARRY

She's still in the wind. Vanessa said they were looking for her.

Eve takes it in, thinking. Harry rises to leave. He limps.

EVE

Where are you going?

HARRY

Lilly's with some girl named Ruby. I need to talk to Sid. See what I can dig up.

EVE

You can barely stand.

Harry's eyes fall to a picture of Lilly on an end table. Lilly smiles, the LOCKET around her neck.

HARRY
Stay here in case she calls.

He moves toward the door. Stumbles. Grabs onto the end table. Collapses. Eve rushes to him.

Harry stares up at Eve as she cradles his head, completely and utterly vulnerable for the first time in decades.

INT. EVE'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry sits on Eve's bed shirtless, a bandage on his shoulder. She cleans the blood from his face. His eyes glued to her.

EVE
This cop, Tate, did this to you?

HARRY
... Butch Rollins.

She pauses. She knows the name. Returns to cleaning his face.

EVE
Can I ask you something?

A beat. He nods.

EVE
You never tried to clear your name.

Harry takes a long pause.

HARRY
That night. I only remember bits and pieces of it. Like a movie with half the frames chopped out.

She searches his face. It's not enough. He knows it.

HARRY
Sometimes people say you did something so many times, even if you used to be sure that you didn't, maybe you start to wonder if you did.

EVE
I know you, Harry. You didn't do it.

She gazes deep into his eyes. Harry's eyes escape to a PHOTO of Lilly on the nightstand.

HARRY
She's lucky to have you.

She looks at the photo. Sorrow fills her eyes.

EVE
The last time we spoke... I said things to her...

HARRY
You got dealt a lousy hand. And you raised a great kid.

She shakes her head, unable to hear it. He eyes the photo.

HARRY
I follow her sometimes. Keep my distance. Just to see that she's okay. She looks happy when I see her. More than you can say for most people in this life.

EVE
Why didn't you talk to her? She sent you letters, she called...

He says it as if it's the simplest thing in the world.

HARRY
You told me not to.

Something breaks in her eyes. She places her palm on his cheek. He lets her. She speaks in a shameful whisper.

EVE
Harry --

HARRY
You did what you thought was right. Somebody had to.

A beat as she takes his forgiveness in. She kisses him gently. He doesn't move.

She looks into his eyes. Sees how vulnerable he is. Her Harry, sitting before her, after all these years.

She pulls him close for a deep kiss.

INT. EVE'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eve and Harry lie together atop the sheets, naked. Eve on her stomach. Harry on his back. They share a cigarette.

HARRY

She still eat those things, what are they called... fluffernutters?

EVE

(nodding)

You're the one who taught her how to make them.

Harry lets a small smile slip.

HARRY

She still snort when she laughs?

EVE

Do you still snort when you laugh?

Harry's smile disappears. He can't remember. Eve clocks it.

EVE

She still watched Powers, you know.

Harry takes a long drag. His least favorite subject.

EVE

That was her favorite part of the week. You two together on the recliner, watching her daddy on TV.

HARRY

We watched MASH, not Powers.

EVE

She watched MASH because Powers came on after it. It was the only way she could get you to watch it with her.

Harry smiles to himself. Eve watches. His eyes drift to a row of photos on the wall. Lilly at charity events. Eve notices.

EVE

She would've taken in every stray cat in the city if I'd let her. Always volunteering at this or that. Food drives. Cancer runs. Coaching teens at a rehab clinic.

Harry nods. A beat. His mind ROARS.

HARRY
What did you just say?

EVE
She volunteered as an acting coach
at a rehab clinic.

Harry stares at her, his eyes dinner-plate-wide.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/EVE'S MANSION - DAWN

Harry rips open the door to his car. Reaches under the seat.
Pulls out the PHOTO ALBUM. Flips through.

On the last page: In the GRAINY PHOTOGRAPH, Lilly smiles in
the center of a YOUTH THEATER GROUP.

She holds a plaque: **SERENITY'S CIRCLE THEATER CLUB**. To her
right: **VANESSA**. To her left: **ADAM**.

Kneeling before them is **RUBY HART**.

Shocked realization covers Harry's face. He slides the photo
out. Flips it A label with NAMES.

TOP ROW: VANESSA WATERS, LILLY SPEAKS (COACH), ADAM RODGERS.

FRONT ROW: RUBY HART.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Harry's car swerves through traffic at breakneck speed.

Harry grips the steering wheel. Eve in the passenger seat.

HARRY
Avalon's funneling vulnerable girls
to Lakewood for his parties.

EVE
(putting it together)
On the news, he said they reprogram
the mind to forget the past.

Harry SWERVES. A car HONKS.

HARRY
Avalon founded Serenity's Circle
with anonymous donations.
Lakewood's got a picture of them
together.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Dollars to dimes Lakewood's funding Serenity's Circle. They pimp out girls nobody will miss and split the cash.

Eve grows quiet. An echo of her past haunts her voice.

EVE

The girls who stay quiet get the roles.

HARRY

(missing Eve's reaction)
And the troublemakers end up like Vanessa.

EVE

Twenty years in Hollywood, I've seen things. Things I've never told a soul. But this...

Harry glances to Eve, momentarily taken aback.

The Malibu blows a light. A car CROSSES in front of them.

Harry SWERVES.

The Malibu dodges, its FENDER barely missing the car's tail.

Harry passes the theater photo to Eve. Points at Ruby.

HARRY

I saw that girl get dragged away to Serenity's Circle yesterday. Look at the name on the back.

Eve flips the photo. RUBY.

HARRY

Either Lilly's there or we have to get to Ruby before they question her.

EVE

But if the reprogramming doesn't take...

Eve's eyes fill with terrible realization.

EVE

They've been saying Lilly's a drug addict.

Harry nods. His foot presses on the accelerator.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/SERENITY'S CIRCLE - DAY

Grey skies. The Malibu pulls to a stop before an OPULENT WHITE DOMED BUILDING with a vast front lawn.

A road winds up its side. A sign: REAR STAFF PARKING LOT.

Harry eyes the sign from the Lakewood and Avalon Picture: SERENITY'S CIRCLE in golden letters. He looks to Eve.

HARRY

Pull around back. Keep her running.

EVE

We go in together. I can distract them while you sneak in.

HARRY

We'll need to get out of here fast.
I need you back there.

A beat. She nods. He starts to get out. She touches his arm. Kisses him. He stares into her eyes. He exits the car.

EXT. SERENITY'S CIRCLE - FRONT - DAY

Harry hurries up the lawn. Darts to the side of the building. Looks back over his shoulder. Empty.

He eyes a side door. No handle. He moves to it. Thinks. He KNOCKS. Nothing. KNOCKS again.

The door CREAKS open. Harry ducks behind it, stepping into a rock bed. A DOCTOR (48), in a white coat, peeks out.

DOCTOR

Hello?

Harry kicks a rock in front of the door.

The Doctor stares at it. Looks behind the door. Harry's FIST SLAMS into his face. The Doctor crumbles.

Harry's hand snatches the door as it closes.

INT SERENITY'S CIRCLE - LOBBY - DAY

Empty. Cavernous. Concrete. A front desk with a single attendant at the far end.

Harry strides through the lobby in the Doctor's coat, sticking close to the wall.

He passes a hall lined with doors. Eyes it as he passes. His gaze shifts straight ahead. His eyes flash alarm.

Harry ducks down the hall, back to the wall. Over his shoulder, Avalon guides a dapper male VIP (60s) toward Harry.

AVALON

We offer troubled young people,
primarily women, alternatives to
prison sentences for drug offenses.

VIP

(French Accent)

Wonderful.

They close in on the hall. They pass it. Just an empty hallway. No Harry.

INT. SERENITY'S CIRCLE - HALL - DAY

Harry speed-walks down the concrete hall. Doors with small windows line it. Peeks in as he goes. Nothing but empty beds.

He approaches the corner of the hall. A SIGN hangs overhead. It points around the corner to the IN-PATIENT WING.

A RADIO CRACKLES from around the corner. Harry's eyes ping about, searching. They land on a supply closet.

INT. SERENITY'S CIRCLE - MEDICAL SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

Dark. Harry eases the door closed. Leaves it open a crack.

Harry peers into the hallway. His eyes go flinty.

Carson stands in the hallway. He speaks into a walkie-talkie.

CARSON

East Wing clear. No girls left.

Harry eyes the medical supplies on the shelf.

INT. SERENITY'S CIRCLE - HALL - DAY

Carson pulls out a cigarette. His eyes hit the cracked door.

He reaches for the BERETTA in the back of his waistband.

Harry LEAPS OUT. Yanks Carson into a chokehold. Drags him into the closet

INT. SERENITY'S CIRCLE - MEDICAL SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

Harry presses a SYRINGE to Carson's JUGULAR, his hand covering his mouth.

HARRY
So much as blink wrong and I paint
the walls red. Got it?

Carson nods, eyes on the syringe. Harry uncovers his mouth.

HARRY
Where's Lilly?

CARSON
I don't know.

Harry presses the syringe down. Carson panics.

CARSON
She's in here somewhere, I don't
know where.

HARRY
Ruby Hart then.

CARSON
I don't know where they stash them.
I just drive 'em where Avalon says.

HARRY
(putting it together)
You work for Avalon, not Lakewood.

CARSON
I ship the girls from here to
Lakewood's and LAPD VICE.

HARRY
... The actresses live here?

Carson nods, sweat jeweled on his brow.

HARRY
You drive Vanessa?

Silence. The syringe presses down, indenting Carson's skin. Carson nods frantically.

HARRY
You kill her?

CARSON
They brought in some other guy.

HARRY

Who?

CARSON

This guy in a tracksuit. They don't tell me the details.

HARRY

This guy, he have blond hair?

Carson nods. The Blond Man from Lilly's apartment. Harry thinks.

CARSON

Look, you just let me go and --

Harry presses the needle. A trickle of blood. Carson quiets.

HARRY

Why's it so fucking empty in here?

CARSON

Avalon got word from on high. We're closing up shop.

HARRY

Word from who?

CARSON

I don't know. All I know is we're supposed to release any girl who doesn't know shit.

HARRY

They keep a list of the girls in here?

CARSON

There's a records room around the corner, if you let me go I can show you where it is.

Harry thinks. Carson ELBOWS Harry in the face. Harry REELS.

Carson whirls around. Reaches for the Beretta. It's GONE.

In front of him, Harry aims the BERETTA at Carson.

INT. SERENITY'S CIRCLE - HALL - DAY

Harry closes the door. A sliver of a KO'd Carson peeks through as he does.

He slips the SYRINGE into his pants pocket.

Harry turns the corner. His jacket flaps. His Beretta in its shoulder holster. Two doors down, a windowed door. RECORDS.

INT. SERENITY'S CIRCLE - RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Dim. Dusty. Cluttered. A maze of file cabinets. He wades through. Eyeing cabinets. Finally: RECENT ADMISSIONS.

He pulls the top drawer open. Eyes the files as he thumbs through them. Plenty of names. But no Lilly. No Ruby. He pulls out Lilly's list. Compares it to the files. No matches.

He scans the room. All the way back, against a wall in the shadows, a cabinet. RELEASES.

He slides the top drawer open. A VOICE outside the door.

ORDERLY #3 (O.S.)
You got anything lined up?

Harry ducks into a dark corner. Two SILHOUETTES darken the door's window.

ORDERLY #4
My cousin said there's a new clinic opening in San Dimas.

Harry eyes a metal broomstick to his left

ORDERLY #3
You got his number?

The door begins to OPEN. Harry grabs the broomstick, readying. Light spills into the room. It hits Harry's feet.

ORDERLY #4
It's in my car. C'mon.

The door CLOSES. A beat. Harry slips back to the cabinet.

He flips through the files. No Lilly. No Ruby. He stops. A file: ANGEL NICHOLSON. He pulls out Lilly's list.

BLUE NAMES. The alive girls. Julia Mitchum. Tina Steele. ANGEL NICHOLSON.

He opens Angel's file. Angel's photo stares back. A bedraggled runaway. Worlds away from the IMDB profile photo.

STATUS: SUCCESSFUL MENTAL REHABILITATION.

At the bottom: **DIVERSION OFFICER: GLENN TATE.**

Harry's face darkens. He puts it back. Pulls out another.

JULIA MITCHUM. A world-weary runaway photo. STATUS: SUCCESSFUL MENTAL REHABILITATION. OFFICER: GLENN TATE.

He eyes the RED NAMES on the list. The dead girls. Amy Denis. Becca Gould. Marilyn Turner. He pulls a file.

AMY DENIS. A runaway photo. She has a black eye. STATUS: **ESCAPED.** DIVERSION OFFICER: **GLENN TATE.**

He pulls Becca Gould's file. **ESCAPED. GLENN TATE.**

He stares at a name on a file. MARILYN TURNER. He pulls it.

Inside, a photo of a young, broken girl. A far cry from her headshot. STATUS: ESCAPED. OFFICER: GLENN TATE.

He starts to put the file back. Stops.

An INK SMUDGE on the file peeks out from under his thumb. He pulls his thumb back. Stained with ink.

He opens the file. The birthdate is SMUDGED. FRESH INK. The intake form is NEW.

The supervisor's signature on the form is marked: 3/3/97. He checks his watch. JULY 15TH. The form is FORGED.

His eyes hit a trash bin in the corner, marked INCINERATOR.

He rips open the lid of the trash bin. Marilyn's file in hand. Rifles through. Pulls out a stained INTAKE FORM.

Marilyn Turner. INTAKE: 3/3/97. BIRTHDATE: 1/11/81. **SIXTEEN.**

He compares it to Marilyn's official file: BIRTHDATE: 1/11/79. **EIGHTEEN.**

Harry rifles through the trash, frantic. Pulls out another intake form. BECCA GOULD. BIRTHDATE: 4/12/1982. FIFTEEN.

He digs, desperate. AMY DENIS. BIRTHDATE: 2/2/1981. SIXTEEN.

HARRY

Sixteen. They're all just kids...

He looks back to the open file cabinet. The enormity of it hits him. He looks back into the trash. His face goes white.

He pulls out a file. LILLY SPEAKS. He opens it. No photo. STATUS: **ESCAPED.**

INT. SERENITY'S CIRCLE - HALL - DAY

Harry hurries down the hall. Spots a FIRE EXIT MAP on a wall. He traces the map with his finger. It lands on a REAR EXIT in the IN-PATIENT WING.

INT. SERENITY'S CIRCLE - IN-PATIENT WING - DAY

Harry hurries down the hall, head down. He slows.

Through a window, he sees a SPACED-OUT GIRL (16) at a table, holding two metal tubes attached to a small machine. A THERAPIST (53), balding, skeezy, sits across from her.

He keeps moving. In the next room, a PASSED-OUT GIRL (16), lies strapped by restraints to a steel-framed bed.

He pauses. The Rear Exit door ahead. Looks back to the Girl.

She stirs. Trapped, helpless.

He hurries toward the door. He passes by a third door, careful not to look in this time.

His hand reaches for the exit door push bar. A SCREAM splits the air.

RUBY (O.S.)
Help! Somebody help --

Harry looks back to the third door. It came from there. He turns back to the exit door. The EXIT SIGN stares back.

INT. SERENITY'S CIRCLE - RUBY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry peers in the window. His eyes go wide. He BURSTS in.

Orderly #1 injects a syringe into RUBY, who wrestles against leather restraints chained to her wrists. He whirls around.

In one swift motion, Harry whips the Beretta out and PISTOL WHIPS him clean across the face. He goes down in a heap.

Harry pulls the syringe out of Ruby's arm. It's half-empty.

Harry tries to undo her restraints. A chain runs through them. It leads to a metal bar on the side of the bed, secured by a lock. Ruby gazes up at him, her eyes going glassy.

RUBY
I know you... You're Lilly's dad.

Harry stares into her eyes. He pushes the guilt away.
He searches the Orderly. Finds a ring of keys on his belt.
He tries them on Ruby's lock. There's at least fifty keys.

RUBY
(dazed)
You let them take me away.

Harry glances to her. Guilt gnawing as he works the keys.

HARRY
Have you seen Lilly?

RUBY
Lakewood took her.

Harry looks to the door, considering going after Lilly. He turns back, his gaze on Ruby.

Ruby stares up at him, helpless. He redoubles his efforts.

HARRY
Lilly found something Lakewood
wanted. I need to know what it was.

RUBY
Why didn't you try to stop them?

HARRY
... We don't have time for that
now. I need to know what Lilly
found.

Ruby stares. They lock eyes. She sees the regret on his face.

RUBY
Lakewood tapes the secret parties.
Nobody's supposed to know. Lilly
stole one of the tapes.

Harry's eyes narrow. Blackmail. Ruby starts to fade. Harry pats her cheek hurriedly.

HARRY
Stay with me now.

She perks back up. Harry works the keys.

HARRY
You know where the tape is?

RUBY
 (shaking her head)
 After she took it, she got me and Adam out of here. Vanessa refused to come... Lilly hid us in a motel. Some guy showed up taking pictures. Adam tried to shoot him... I got scared and ran.

MEMORY FLASH: Adam FIRES a gun at Harry from the motel balcony. In the background, a BLONDE flees. RUBY.

Harry's complicity hits him. He led them right to Adam.

HARRY
 And Adam told them about Lilly's tape when they found him.

Ruby fades, eyes fluttering.

HARRY
 Ruby. Ruby.

Her head lolls, out. Harry shakes her. Nothing. He raises his hand to slap her. Hesitates. He can't do it.

His eyes catch on a table by the bed. A cluster of bottles. He rifles through. Shoves one under her nose: SMELLING SALTS.

Ruby jerks awake. The restraints go taut. Terror on her face. She sees Harry. Settles. Harry works the keys, pushing.

HARRY
 What happened after you ran?

RUBY
 Lilly found me. We snuck into Vanessa's trailer to warn her after what happened to Adam. But a blond man broke in and cuffed us.

Harry's mind whirrs. The Blond Man. He looks over his shoulder. Checking for danger. Hurries.

RUBY
 When Vanessa came into the trailer, he was waiting. She'd been arguing with some guy outside. He pushed her inside and promised to come back for her.

Harry's face falls. He handed her right to the Blond Man.

RUBY
The blond man... He...

HARRY
... He killed Vanessa.

RUBY
And then they brought us here in
the van.

Harry freezes. Barely able to look at Ruby as it sinks in.

RUBY
I tried to get you to help us...

It slams him in the gut.

HARRY
Lilly was in the van.

RUBY
She was the one who freed me.

Harry's face crumbles with anguish. Ruby passes out.

An ALARM BLARES. The room goes RED. Harry whips his head to the door. Nobody there. Looks to the keys. Too many left.

He YANKS the bar. No give. A beat. He rears back and KICKS it. It dents. He KICKS over and over, possessed.

P.A. VOICE (V.O.)
All units to the in-patient wing.

Harry rears back. Delivers one final KICK with all his might.

The bar SNAPS. Harry's hand slides the lock off. He reaches for Ruby.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/SERENITY'S CIRCLE - REAR LOT - DUSK

Rain DRIZZLES. ALARMS BLARE. Harry tears out the backdoor. Ruby over his shoulder, her chained restraints dangling.

Eve sits in the Malibu's driver seat, looking out, panicked.

Beyond her, the Serenity's Circle Van sits parked. Orderly #2 scrambles out. He locks eyes with Harry. A beat.

He rushes Harry. Without missing a beat, Harry yanks his Beretta out. PISTOL WHIPS him across the skull. He collapses.

Harry leans over him, Ruby on his shoulder.

HARRY
Where's Lakewood?

Orderly #2 mumbles. Harry JAMS the gun to his forehead.

HARRY
Where. Is. Lakewood.

The Orderly snaps to. Eyes on the gun.

ORDERLY #2
He took some girl to his house.

HARRY
How long ago?

ORDERLY #2
Twenty minutes.

Harry SLAMS the gun into his skull. KO. Rushes to the car.

Harry eases Ruby into the backseat. Eve clocks who it is.

The backdoor of Serenity's Circle FLINGS open. CARSON. Harry locks eyes with him through the car window.

Carson whips out a GUN. Harry darts up, gun in hand. Carson FIRES. The bullet HITS Harry. He crumbles.

EVE
Harry!

Carson stalks toward the car, gun aimed. Harry reels on the ground, BLEEDING. His gun ten feet away.

Carson approaches the car. Harry crawls toward his gun. It seems miles away.

Carson stands over the car window. Aims his gun at Ruby. Eve jerks open her door. Carson KICKS it shut. He aims for Eve.

CARSON
Fuck the orders.

Harry's hand reaches for the gun. Carson's finger presses on the trigger. Eve covers her face.

Harry whirls around on his back, gun aimed through the window at Carson.

Carson clocks it. Whips his gun toward Harry. They both FIRE.

Carson crumples, shot straight through the skull.

Harry lies on his back. SMOKE rises from his gun through the raindrops. He holds it one-handed, shoulder bleeding.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/WOODED ROAD - DUSK

Rain POURS. The Malibu SCREAMS along a slick, windy road. Eve drives. Harry holds a handkerchief to his shoulder.

HARRY

I found these tapes at Lakewood's.
Lilly got her hands on one. The
tapes, they're --

EVE

They're blackmail.

Harry's eyes flash a murmur of surprise.

EVE

I've been working in this town a
long time, Harry.

Harry nods. He stares at Eve. He drops the hammer.

HARRY

The girls, they're all just kids.
Fifteen. Sixteen.

Eve looks to Harry, shocked. She SWERVES around a car.

The Malibu crosses double yellow lines, careening.

HARRY

They're closing up shop. Tying up
every loose end.

Eve looks back to Ruby, sleeping peacefully. A living,
breathing loose end.

HARRY

You got your cell phone?

Eve looks to Harry, questioning.

HARRY

I need backup.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Rain POUNDS the pavement. The Malibu's wheels pull up to the deserted front gate.

Harry looks to Eve, grim determination on his face.

HARRY
Take Ruby to your place. Hide her.

EVE
I'm not leaving you, Harry.

Harry touches her face, softening.

HARRY
Whatever happens, somebody has to
take care of that kid back there.

Eve glances back to Ruby. She nods, reluctant.

HARRY
No matter what, don't tell anyone,
not the cops, not the press, not
anybody, that Ruby exists.

Eve nods. Harry moves to exit the car.

EVE
Harry.

He looks back.

EVE
Be careful.

He nods. Closes the door behind him. The car pulls off.

Harry stands before the arched gates. Lakewood's glimmering white mansion beckons through the torrential downpour.

He lets the handkerchief drop from his hand. The acid rain soaks the bloodied kerchief as Harry moves toward the gate.

Harry's bunched blazer muffles the tip of the Beretta. He FIRES into a gate lock. The gate SWINGS loose, toward Harry.

His hand catches it, blood from his shoulder running down it.

EXT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - FRONT - NIGHT

Harry twists the front door knob. Locked. Aims the Beretta. Thinks better of it. The gun butt CRACKS the knob clean off.

He pushes the door open.

INT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry creeps through the sunken living room. Gun out.

WIND SLAMS the double mirrored backdoors. Harry jerks his gun to it. Crickets. He creeps toward the doors, careful.

At the edge of a hall adjacent to the backdoor, Private Guard #1 grips a GLOCK. Back to the wall. One eye on Harry.

Harry closes in on the backdoors, unaware of the Guard. He eyes the darkened pool through the doors.

Guard #1 aims his gun at the spot Harry's about to step into.

Harry reaches for the door. Something catches his eye. In the corner of the door, the reflection of Private Guard #1.

Guard #1 FIRES. Harry hits the ground. FIRES.

Private Guard #1 crumples. Clutching his BLOOD-SOAKED gut.

Harry steps over him, unharmed. Kicks the Guard's gun away. Points his Beretta down at Private Guard #1's face.

HARRY
Where's Lakewood?

PRIVATE GUARD #1
Fuck you.

Harry FIRES into Private Guard #1's hand. He SCREAMS and clutches it. Harry aims for Private Guard #1's crotch.

HARRY
That's gonna seem like a picnic
compared to what comes next.

PRIVATE GUARD #1
The cabin... by the cliffs.

Harry FIRES TWICE into Guard #1's skull.

EXT. LAKEWOOD'S MANSION - REAR POOL AREA - NIGHT

Harry exits the backdoors into the pool area. He advances, gun drawn. Raindrops HAMMER the pool's surface.

Harry stops in his tracks. Eyes on the pool. The Sleazebag floats face down. DEAD. Harry grimaces.

From behind the bar, Private Guard #2 JUMPS UP. He FIRES.

Harry hits the deck. FIRES. A bullet SMASHES through the lens of the Guard's shades. Straight into his eye. He crumples.

Harry clears the area with his gun. Nothing but raindrops.

He eyes the row of cars. The trail next to them. The GREEN '77 PORSCHE 911 beckons. The key box on the wall behind it.

I/E. PORSCHE/WOODED TRAIL - NIGHT

The Porsche rips up the trail through sheets of rain.

Harry's knuckles cling to the steering wheel. He leans close to the windshield, squinting through the deluge.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The wiper blades swipe furiously, giving brief glimpses illuminated by headlights.

In flashes, we see the trail open to a clearing. Cliffs rim the edge of it. Darkness hovers above the Pacific Ocean.

The trail turns inward into the clearing.

HARRY

guides the wheel, following it.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

In the center of the clearing, a RED GLOW. It grows closer. The Cabin BURNS. A fiery inferno at war with the rain.

I/E. PORSCHE/CLIFFSIDE CABIN- NIGHT

The Porsche's wheel SKIDS to a halt in the mud. Harry jolts from the car, GUN drawn.

The Cabin BLAZES before him, his silhouette framed by the flames. He eases toward it. Peers into a window.

Fire eats the house from the inside out. In the center of the floor, a PILE OF TAPES burn.

The reflection hits Harry's hollow eyes. He looks to the cabin's doorknob. Weighing it.

An ENGINE ROARS from behind the cabin.

The RED CORVETTE fishtails out from behind the cabin, spitting mud as it rockets toward a trail along the cliff.

Harry scrambles to the cabin's edge. Aims for the Corvette.

Through its rear window, a FLASH OF BLONDE HAIR in the passenger seat. LILLY.

The Corvette YANKS onto a trail running along the cliffs, tearing into the night.

Harry scuds to his car. Hops in. SLAMS it into gear.

It SCREAMS onto the trail, chasing the Corvette.

I/E. PORSCHE/CLIFF TRAIL - NIGHT

Harry white-knuckles the wheel.

The Porsche CAREENS along the trail. Tires playing chicken with the cliff's edge. Spitting pebbles into the ocean.

OVERHEAD: The Porsche TEARS along the trail winding along the cliff. The angry depths of the ocean THRASH below.

Harry focuses through the windshield: The red taillights of the Corvette appear, specks blurring in the rain.

Harry UPSHIFTS. Foot presses the accelerator. The Porsche ROARS. The speedometer needle clears 100 mph.

The Porsche RACES around a turn alongside the cliff.

Harry leans close to the windshield. Reckless. 120 now, easy. The taillights grow closer. Circles of red through the rain.

Harry PUNCHES the gas. Pushing the Porsche to its limit.

The red taillights vanish around a sharp turn.

The Porsche SCREAMS around the turn blindly.

Between wiper blades, the headlights land on a flash of RED.

In the headlights, Lakewood stands in the trail, gun pointed at Lilly. His arm around her, holding her up.

Harry JERKS the wheel. Everything goes BLACK.

QUICK SILENT FLASHES:

The cockpit of the Porsche goes inverted. BLACK.

The Porsche TUMBLES, flipping side-over-side. BLACK.

The roof SLAMS into the ground, upside down. BLACK.

I/E. PORSCHE/MALIBU CLIFFS - NIGHT

Steam wafts from the upside-down wrecked Porsche. Rain POURS. The driver's door GROANS open.

Harry crawls out, bleeding from the mouth. The cliff's edge a few yards in front of him. The OCEAN ROARS.

Two black loafers step into his view. He looks up. Lakewood stares down, a dry smirk on his face.

LAKWOOD

Not so tough now, are you, sport?

Harry reaches for his Beretta. Lakewood PUNTS him in the ribs. Harry clutches them, his shirt soaked with blood.

Lakewood reaches into Harry's jacket. Pulls out the Beretta. Dangles it before his dilated pupils. High.

LAKWOOD

You know, if you or your bitch daughter would've looked the other way, it wouldn't have had to come to this.

HARRY

I can talk to her. Make this all go away. Bury it forever.

Lakewood eyes him, a strange twinkle in his eye. He ambles toward the Corvette.

Harry's eyes dart to the cockpit. Searching for a weapon.

LAKWOOD (O.S.)

Let me know what she says.

Lilly drops with a THUMP beside Harry. His world collapses.

Lilly's perfect face inches from his. Eyes open. DEAD.

Harry's hand reaches through the rain. Caresses her cheek.

Harry's eyes fill with the emotions he's sought to bury for twenty years. All down the drain.

Harry takes a sorry lunge at Lakewood. He crumples to the ground, clutching his ribs. Lakewood steps back, amused.

LAKWOOD

Everywhere you go, women turn up dead. Like it's some kinda curse or something.

Harry stares into Lilly's eyes. A switch flips. His sorrow replaced by fire. He glares at Lakewood. The wind HOWLS.

HARRY

You're forgetting something.

LAKEWOOD

Oh, I don't think so. You're the last piece left on the board.

HARRY

The tape.

LAKEWOOD

We have the tape.

HARRY

Lilly mailed me a copy. Got it yesterday.

LAKEWOOD

Even if you did, nobody's ever gonna find it when we're done here.

HARRY

It's sitting in a reporter's mailbox. Figure you've got about three hours before she opens it.

Lakewood's playfulness vanishes. He aims the GUN at Harry.

LAKEWOOD

On the off chance you're not full of shit, you tell me where to find it and I'll make this quick.

Harry glares hatefully through the rain. Silent.

LAKEWOOD

You got two choices. Play ball or tomorrow the headlines read: disgraced actor kills daughter and turns gun on himself.

Harry glances at Lilly. The rain wets her hair, making it stick to her face. Harry SPITS BLOOD onto Lakewood's loafers.

Lakewood's face twists with anger. He FIRES. A long beat.

Harry stares at the bullet hole in the ground beside him.

LAKEWOOD

Last call.

HARRY

I'll save a seat for you in hell.

Lakewood, furious, SHOVES the gun to Harry's forehead.

LAKEWOOD

That wife of yours, Eve --

Like lightning, Harry SINKS THE SYRINGE from the supply closet into Lakewood's WRIST.

Lakewood drops the gun. SCREAMS. Steps back toward the cliff.

Harry grasps the gun, rising in the rain. Aims for Lakewood.

HARRY

Where's the tape?

Realization mixes with amusement on Lakewood's face. Harry played him. He GRUNTS as he pulls the syringe from his wrist.

LAKEWOOD

Fucking actors. Never can trust you people.

Harry's eyes smolder, gun aimed. Lakewood drops the syringe.

LAKEWOOD

The tape burned in the cabin.

HARRY

Bullshit. Whatever's on that tape is too valuable for you to burn.

LAKEWOOD

You don't even know what's on it?

Silence. Lakewood chuckles at the absurdity of it.

HARRY

You got two choices: Tell me what's on the tape, or tomorrow the headlines read: Producer's corpse found without a face.

LAKEWOOD

It doesn't matter... Men in power will always have needs. All I did was provide a service when they needed someone to do their dirty work. Just like you.

HARRY
I never killed anybody...
Especially not any young girls.

LAKEWOOD
They were nothing but junkies we
dragged out of the gutter. That's
the beauty of it. Nobody cares.

Hatred fills Harry's face. He cocks the hammer back.

HARRY
I care.

LAKEWOOD
You kill me and you never know the
truth about what's on that tape...
That's what Lilly wanted, right?
The truth?

Harry glances at Lilly, the rain pouring down atop her.

Lakewood reaches behind his back. A GUN in his waistband.
Harry clocks it.

HARRY
Move another inch and I put a nine-
millimeter hole in your head.

Lakewood slides his hand toward the gun.

LAKEWOOD
Shoot me, then.

Harry stares. His finger presses slightly on the TRIGGER.

LAKEWOOD
What's the truth worth to you,
Harry?

Harry hesitates.

Lakewood makes a quick movement behind his back. BLAM!

Lakewood looks down, dumbfounded. BLOOD seeps into his shirt.

Harry stares, stunned.

Lakewood staggers back. His foot catches on the edge of the
cliff. He falters, on the verge of falling off.

Harry's eyes go wide. He hesitates for the briefest of
moments. His hand jerks out to grab Lakewood.

The cliff crumbles beneath Lakewood's foot. He tumbles down into the vast abyss, vanishing.

Harry's hand hovers in the air, too late.

Harry stares into the never-ending darkness hanging over the ocean, everything gone. He looks over his shoulder.

Sid stands behind him, a SMOKING GUN in his hand.

SID

He was going for his gun, Harry.

Harry's eyes fall to Lilly. Her eyes still open, face half in the mud. The rain falls like it may never stop.

INT. EVE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry stares straight ahead blankly.

NEWS plays on a BOX TV.

ON SCREEN: Avalon escorted by LAPD from Serenity's Circle.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

... records from Serenity's Circle were incinerated prior to the police's arrival.

ON SCREEN: Archival footage of Tate spreading out evidence on a table during a press conference.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Officer Glenn Tate, who was implicated in the underage sex ring, was found dead of a self-inflicted gunshot wound.

Harry watches from an armchair, in a black suit. Something catches his eye. He leans forward.

ON SCREEN: Tate points to a bag of cocaine. On his wrist a SNAKE HORSESHOE TATTOO.

Harry reaches for a notepad and pencil on the coffee table in front of him. He sketches the SNAKE HORSESHOE TATTOO.

Harry stares at it, trying to connect the dots.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Newly elected Mayor Preston Sterling had this to say...

The TV CLICKS off. Behind Harry, Eve holds the remote. She wears a muted black dress. Her eyes settle on Harry.

EVE
It's time, Harry.

Harry stares at the blank screen for a moment. He rises.

INT. EVE'S MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Harry stands before a door, hesitant. Lilly's name stenciled on it. He eases it open.

Inside the room, Ruby sleeps soundly in Lilly's bed. The bed's golden frame abuts the corner of a window. It overlooks the front lawn.

Harry watches. Eve steps behind him, looking in.

EVE
She needs a few more days of
sedation to wean her off.

Harry and Eve watch Ruby sleep for a moment.

EVE
I'm not sure we should leave her
alone.

HARRY
Her records burned at Serenity's
Circle. Nobody even knows she
exists. It's over, Eve.

Harry watches as Eve considers it. She nods.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - LILLY'S GRAVE - DAY

Grey skies. In the distance, a PAPARAZZI MOB snaps photos from the cemetery road. NEWS CREWS report beside them.

Around a grave, a PRIEST and a smattering of people.

Eve and Harry watch Lilly's casket lower into the ground.

Across from them, Jack watches the casket's descent, somber.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - DAY

Eve and Harry stand over Lilly's grave, just the two of them. She looks to somber Harry. Her red-rimmed eyes break a bit.

EVE
There's something I need to tell
you.

Harry gazes into her eyes.

EVE
You asked me why I came to you.

Harry waits, pensive. Eve casts her eyes downward.

EVE
The truth is, Harry --

JACK (O.S.)
Harry!

They look over. In the distance, Jack waves Harry over.

Harry gives Eve a reassuring look.

HARRY
I'll be right back.

He walks towards Jack. Eve watches as he goes.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - DAY

Jack and Harry amble amongst the tombstones. Harry gazes at the ground as they walk.

JACK
So what's the big plan now that
you're famous again?

HARRY
Haven't thought that far ahead.

JACK
You're a hero, Harry. Every newsman
in America wants to talk to you.

Harry glances at the Paparazzi. Puts his head back down.

JACK
I could use someone who I can trust
watching my back.

HARRY
(shaking his head)
Too much press.

Jack searches Harry's face for a clue. Doesn't get one.

JACK
 Guess you'll go back to working for
 Sid, then.

HARRY
 Don't think I have the stomach for
 it anymore.

JACK
 A man needs to eat, Harry.

HARRY
 Figure I might fade into the
 background. Maybe do some charity
 work or something.

Jack eyeballs Harry, a bemused glimmer of admiration in his eye. He reaches his hand out for a shake.

JACK
 You need anything, you know where
 to find me.

Harry shakes his hand.

HARRY
 I'll just look for the mural.

Harry's eyes catch on something as he shakes Jack's hand.

On Jack's suit cuff, a GOLD CUFFLINK. **MONOGRAMMED. An "S" imprinted atop a "C".** An EXACT DUPLICATE OF SID'S.

MEMORY FLASH: Sid's hand rubs the GOLD SC CUFFLINK.

SID (V.O.)
 Birthday gift from a friend.

BACK TO SCENE

Harry's face goes drum-tight. His MIND SCREAMS.

RAPID MEMORY FLASHES:

--Inside a phone booth, Harry stares at the Sandbox Club card in his hand. The gold "S" and "C" pop in the sunlight.

--In Lakewood's bedroom, Harry eyeballs the photo of Avalon and Lakewood. The gold-lettered Serenity's Circle sign behind them. "S" and "C" bigger than the rest of the letters.

Jack looks to the Paparazzi, unaware of Harry's eyes on his cufflink.

JACK
Fucking vultures... All part of the
business, I suppose.

Jack tightens his tie. The **SC CUFFLINK** glints on Jack's cuff.

RAPID MEMORY FLASHES:

--Private Guard #2 cocks his fist back. On the inside of his wrist, A TATTOO of A SNAKE IN A STRIKE POSE IN FRONT OF A SIDEWAYS HORSESHOE.

--Tate points to a bag of cocaine on TV. On his wrist, A SNAKE HORSESHOE TATTOO.

The SNAKE HORSESHOE TATTOO **FADES** into place over Jack's cufflink. A perfect match. **SC**.

JACK (O.S.)
Earth to Harry.

Harry jolts out of his fog. Raises his eyes to Jack. Jack gives him a shit-eating grin. Claps Harry on the shoulder.

JACK
Offer's good for as long as I'm
head of UBC.

Harry nods. Jack searches his face. A beat.

Jack heads back toward the funeral. Towards Eve, who stands alone over Lilly's grave. Harry watches him close in on her.

JACK
Oh, Harry...

Jack turns. Says it casual, like it just came to him.

JACK
Papers said there was a second
actress there when that actor kid
took a pop at you...

Harry waits for the other shoe to drop.

JACK
... You ever find her?

Harry buries the alarm sounding in his head. Speaks calmly.

HARRY
She's in the wind.

JACK
Too bad, woulda made a killer photo
op if we brought you on.

Harry nods, playing along.

JACK
If she turns up, let me know. I'd
like to try to make some sort of
reparations. UBC is a family. It's
important she knows that.

Harry nods. Jack waits to see if Harry reacts. Harry stares
back, stone-faced. Jack heads back toward Eve. Harry waits.

He begins to walk toward the front gate. His feet pick up the
pace between the tombstones, just short of a run.

EXT. CEMETERY - FRONT STREET - DAY

Harry jolts to the curb. Waves his hand, hailing a taxi.

A battered taxi pulls up. Harry bolts in. The Taxi takes off.

I/E. TAXI/EVE'S MANSION - DAY

The Taxi pulls to a stop in front of the house next door to
Eve's mansion. Harry scrambles out. Scurries onto Eve's lawn.

He eyes the house. Everything still. A beat. Then he sees it.

Through Lilly's bedroom window, the BLOND MAN steps into
view. Track suit. Sunglasses. Standing over the golden bed.

Harry bolts to the front door.

He yanks the door. Locked. Looks back up to the window.

The Blond Man raises a SYRINGE into the air, standing over
the bed.

Harry THROWS his shoulder into the door, frenzied. No give.
AGAIN. Nothing. He SLAMS his whole body into it. BURSTS into:

INT. EVE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry stumbles through the broken door. His eyes hit the
circular staircase leading up to the second floor.

He tears up the stairs, winding around them, racing against
the clock as precious seconds tick away.

INT. EVE'S MANSION - LILLY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry hurtles into the room. Empty. Except for Ruby.

The Blond Man TACKLES him from behind.

They FIGHT across the floor. Everything a BLUR.

Harry PUNCHES. Blond Man lands a vicious LEFT HOOK. Harry hits the floor, reeling.

The Blond Man pulls a REVOLVER from under his jacket. Harry DIVES atop him. PUNCHES. PUNCHES AGAIN.

The Sunglasses SKITTER away. The revolver CLATTERS to the floor beside the bed.

Harry dives for it. Snatches it. Whirls around on one knee. Gun aimed at the Blond Man.

Harry's fury disintegrates to SHOCK.

Sid rises beside the door. A BLOND WIG at his feet.

SID

I'm just an errand boy, Harry. I tried to protect you.

Harry rises, next to Ruby. Gun on Sid. An edge to his voice.

HARRY

I know, Sid. The Sandbox Club. Serenity's Circle. Avalon. Lakewood. Jack.

SID

You don't know shit, Harry.

Sid eyes the gun in Harry's hand. Sid's eyes slip to the door. Harry clocks it. He moves toward Sid.

HARRY

Jack used Serenity's Circle, AKA the Sandbox Club, to traffic young girls and blackmail executives. Only it wasn't for money, it was for power.

Sid's eyes narrow at the breadth of Harry's knowledge.

HARRY

When things went sideways with one of the girls, he had you slip a needle in their arm.

SID

If I'd said no when Jack first put it to me, how long do you think it woulda been until I turned up looking like Adam Rodgers?

Harry pauses, thinking. Sid senses he's got a foothold.

SID

The men on those tapes, they got names you wouldn't believe. They'd do anything to keep it quiet.

(off Ruby)

You know she's only sixteen? The fucking things they do to them on those tapes...

Harry glances to Ruby. Sid HURLS a LAMP at him. Harry ducks.

Sid BOLTS out the door. Harry tears after him.

INT. EVE'S MANSION - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Harry tackles Sid. They crash through the bathroom door.

INT. EVE'S MANSION - GUEST BATHROOM - DAY

Harry YANKS Sid into the shower. Shoves him against the wall, breaking the shower handle. Water POURS over the two men.

Harry presses his forearm to Sid's throat. Gun in Sid's face.

HARRY

Avalon. Now.

SID

You're not gonna put a bullet in me after all we been through.

Harry considers it. Flicks the revolver cylinder open. Empties the bullets, his thumb over a single chamber. Spins the cylinder. FLICKS it closed. Jams it in Sid's face.

HARRY

Now it's up to chance.

SID

You ain't got it in you. No rough stuff. That's your rule, remember? You just snap pictures and pretend like nobody gets hurt.

Harry's face clouds. A beat. He SQUEEZES the trigger. **CLICK.**
Sid BUCKS. Empty chamber.

SID
Harry, you can't --

Harry pulls the trigger. **CLICK.** Sid's fear spirals.

SID
This won't change anything!

Harry's finger presses on the trigger. Sid spills, desperate.

SID
Avalon was a hippie sex cult leader
with a PhD in getting girls to do
things they didn't want. Jack met
him at a party. They formed the
Sandbox Club in '76.

HARRY
'93. Avalon forms Serenity's Circle
and the Sandbox Club disappears.

SID
Sandbox Club was an invite-only
private club until an actress ran
her mouth. Whole thing almost went
up in flames. Jack flipped it into
Serenity's Circle and made sure his
name was nowhere near the thing.

HARRY
So Jack tapped his old LAPD
connections and got Tate to pick up
junkies off the street that nobody
would believe.

Sid nods, eyes glued to the gun.

HARRY
Lakewood's porno background made
him the perfect fall guy if it went
belly up... And you were Jack's
black glove.

SID
... So were you.

The reality slams Harry like a two-ton truck.

SID
How many actors you blackmail over
the years?

(MORE)

SID (CONT'D)

You looked the other way, Harry.
Never wanted to know the dirty
details.

The last pieces of the puzzle fall into place for Harry.

HARRY

You set me up from the beginning.
Sent me after Adam.

SID

Harry --

HARRY

You plant my daughter's locket too?

SID

It was all Jack's idea. I tried to
talk him out of it. But he knew
nobody would search for Lilly like
you. And he knew you would turn a
blind eye if you saw some dark shit
you shouldn't.

A tinge of guilt fills Harry's eyes. He pushes it away.

HARRY

And then you were gonna do her like
the other girls. Dirty her name up.
Just another OD after all that drug
shit you'd been smearing her with.

SID

Harry, it wasn't like that, I
swear --

Harry's finger squeezes the trigger.

SID

We weren't gonna kill her, we just
wanted to talk to her.

Harry's face darkens. He pulls the trigger. **CLICK.**

SID

Eve! Eve was gonna talk to her.
Make it all go away.

Harry's face contorts with confusion.

SID

Why do you think she came to you?
Because she trusts you?

(MORE)

SID (CONT'D)

Who do you think told her to mention the locket?... It's Jack, Harry. It's always been Jack.

The horror of it all crashes down on Harry.

SID

He's been playing you like a puppet from your own fucking house for the last twenty years.

From the bedroom, Ruby STIRS. Harry's eyes shift to it.

Sid grabs the GUN. They WRESTLE for control. Thrashing in the shower. Sid shoves Harry to the wall. Gains the upper hand.

Sid FORCES the gun toward Harry's face. Harry's hands wrapped around the gun. Fighting, but losing.

Sid muscles the barrel straight at Harry's face.

The two men lock eyes. Their faces crimson with effort.

Sid's FINGER PULLS the trigger. **CLICK.**

Both men's eyes go wide. In a flash, Harry GOUGES Sid's eyes.

Sid reels. Harry SLAMS Sid's skull into the wall. Sid crumples.

Harry's hand picks up the gun from the water running through the tub. He flicks the chamber open. Aligns the bullet with the barrel.

Harry presses his foot onto Sid's chest. Aims the gun down at him. Blood pours from Sid's nose as he looks up.

HARRY

How many girls you kill for him, Sid, huh? How many kids got off some bus with stars in their eyes only for your greasy mug to be the last thing they saw right before you snuffed their lights out?

SID

I'm just trying to survive, Harry. Same as everybody else.

HARRY

I'm sure that would make their mothers and fathers sleep real good if they heard that.

Harry glares into Sid's eyes. Finger PRESSES on the trigger.

SID
I have the tape.

Harry searches his face. Sid nods across the hallway.

In the bedroom, a STEEL COMBO LOCK BRIEFCASE lies on the floor.

INT. EVE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry stands behind Sid. Gun aimed. Sid kneels before the TV. The briefcase on the floor. He rolls the combo lock.

SID
You can still walk away. Take the girl, take Eve, go make a new life.

HARRY
Open the fucking briefcase.

Sid opens it. Looks over his shoulder. Harry's gun on him.

Sid pushes needles and vials inside the briefcase aside. A kill kit. His hand pulls the tape out. Below it, a GUN.

Sid pushes the lid down, leaving it open a crack.

He slides the tape into the built-in VCR on the TV. Presses the ON BUTTON. The LOCAL NEWS flickers onto the TV.

ON SCREEN: NEWS ALERT. Inside a studio, an ANCHOR speaks.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
Disgraced spiritual rehab leader
Warren Avalon hung himself in his
cell this morning.

Sid looks over his shoulder, shoots Harry an "I'm telling you" look. Harry wags the gun at the TV. Sid hits PLAY.

Sid rises. Eases to the side of the TV. Looks out a window, averting his eyes. Harry clocks the move. Stares at the TV.

Sid's feet take a small step toward the briefcase.

ON SCREEN: HIDDEN CAMERA FOOTAGE. A basement bachelor pad. 70s motif. Brick walls. Wood Floors. A YOUNG GIRL (14), rail-thin, sits on a long couch in her underwear. Nervous.

SID
You recognize the basement?

Harry stares at the TV, unable to believe his eyes.

HARRY
It's exactly the same. Every inch
of it...

ON SCREEN: A MAN enters with his back to the camera. He takes his suit jacket off.

SID
Right down to the fucking
chandeliers. Like the house is some
sort of sick victory prize.

We stay on Harry's face as the tape plays. JACK'S VOICE emanates from the TV.

JACK (V.O.)
You are a pretty young thing,
aren't you?

Harry flinches. Skin crawling.

JACK (V.O.)
Just lie back...

Sid side-eyes Harry. Harry's eyes glued to the TV. Sid takes a stealth step toward the briefcase.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
What are you doing? Stop. Stop!

Harry's face goes cadaver pale.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
You're hurting me. Stop. What are
you doing? Wait, my eyes. My eyes --

An unholy SCREAM ERUPTS from the TV.

Harry snatches the remote from the chair. Clicks it off. Stares at the TV, shock reverberating through his bones.

HARRY
It was him...

MEMORY FLASH: Slightly HAZY. Young Harry frantically scrubs blood from his hands. He looks over his shoulder to the basement stairway. YOUNG JACK (33) emerges. Clasps Harry's shoulder. Everything goes CRYSTAL CLEAR.

YOUNG JACK

I'll take care of it, Harry. I promise. Just get out of here as fast as you can.

BACK TO SCENE

Harry stares at Sid, utterly broken by the truth.

HARRY

He told me I did it. I tried to tell him I didn't, but --

SID

He knew Blackout Harry couldn't be sure. So he hung it on you after he'd killed Barbara Erdrich in the basement everyone knew you brought girls to. In the middle of a party everyone saw you run out of. Only Palmer and Butch fucked it up when they got worried the case wouldn't stick and got caught planting evidence.

HARRY

Lilly... Lilly had this tape?

SID

Lakewood glommed the tape from Jack's private stash as insurance. But Lilly got her hands on it when she went searching for evidence of the parties. She didn't know what was on it 'till she pressed play.

It hits Harry like a haymaker. His eyes settle on the TV.

HARRY

She was trying to clear my name.

His quiet shock turns to fury as his eyes shift to Sid.

HARRY

And you killed her for it. All of you. You killed my little girl. Because she was trying to save me.

Harry AIMS the gun at Sid's skull. Sid backs up, hands in the air. The backs of his shoes tap the briefcase.

SID

Harry, it's Jack you want, not me.

A CLATTER from Lilly's room. Harry's eyes rip to it.

Sid snatches the GUN from the briefcase. Aims for Harry. COCKS it.

Harry whirls around. The two men face off, GUNS aimed.

From the shadows of the hallway, Butch emerges. GUN pointed at Harry. Pure hatred in his eyes. Harry side-eyes him.

BUTCH

You don't get to skate this time.

Harry's eyes narrow. Sid clocks the exchange, calculating. He eases his gun down onto a table, surrendering. Butch eyes it.

HARRY

You don't understand what's going on here, Butch. You never did.

BUTCH

Erdrich. Rodgers. Vanessa. All these dead bodies around you. And you fucking skate every time. Even when we had you dead to rights.

HARRY

You and Palmer --

Butch lurches forward, careening out of control.

BUTCH

How many times I gotta tell you not to say his name!

Harry quiets, eyes on Sid.

BUTCH

How many murders you think you can get away with because you're famous? Huh? Because the rules don't apply to you people?

(calming)

Palmer knew better. He worked the Polanski case. He knew people like you always walk. So he did what he thought he had to do.

HARRY

Butch --

BUTCH

Put the gun down or I bury two bullets in the back of your skull.

Harry eyes Sid, contemplating. He's got no play. He lowers his gun to the ground. Nods to the TV.

HARRY
There's a tape in there --

Butch FIRES TWICE, blasting the TV/VCR and the tape to bits.

Harry stares at it, gut-punched. The proof of his innocence destroyed. Butch moves close, gun moving toward Harry's head.

BUTCH
This is for Palmer.

Sid snatches his GUN. FIRES, drilling Butch in the chest. Butch crumples to the floor.

Sid swings his gun to Harry. Moves to Butch. Harry glowers.

Sid stands over Butch. Butch's blood pools below him on the floor. Sid picks up Butch's gun, one gun still on Harry.

Sid's face looms over Butch as he aims the gun down at him.

SID
At least Palmer put up a fight when
I hung him in that shithole
apartment of his.

Butch SNARLS. Sid FIRES TWICE, finishing him.

SID
(to Harry)
Time to go wake sleeping beauty.

HARRY
Whatever you want me for, you don't
need her.

SID
It's last call at the roulette
table. And you and the girl are the
only chips I got left to play.

Harry glares, with no moves left to make.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Harry drives. Ruby in the passenger seat. Sid sits in the backseat, double-fisting guns pointed at them both.

Ruby glances back at Sid. Fear in her eyes.

Harry clocks it. He gives her a reassuring look. Harry eyes Sid in the rearview. They lock eyes. Sid averts his.

The car's headlights illuminate the pitch-black road as it winds up the Hollywood Hills.

INT. HARRY'S CAR/EXT. JACK'S MANSION - FRONT - NIGHT

The car CRUNCHES to a stop along loose gravel, lights off.

Above it, a rectangular white mansion sits on stilts. Lights glow as it overlooks a tilted hillside lawn.

The same mansion from the Lilly photo in Harry's closet

In the car, Harry gives Ruby a comforting glance. She gazes back nervously. Sid eyes the mansion through the window.

HARRY

(to Sid)

This has nothing to do with her.

Sid wags his gun toward the door. Harry and Ruby exchange a look. Harry opens his door.

EXT. JACK'S MANSION - FRONT - NIGHT

Harry and Ruby march up the lawn. Sid behind, guns drawn.

Harry's eyes settle on the mansion where he used to live.

I/E. JACK'S LIVING ROOM/JACK'S BACK DECK - NIGHT

Harry and Ruby step onto the deck. Sid behind, gun drawn. They approach a half-open sliding glass door.

Harry peeks in, pressed to the wall. Sid peers in behind him.

Inside, Eve argues with Jack, out of her mind with grief.

JACK

Lakewood killed her, not me. He went expressly against my orders.

EVE

I'll expose you. I'll expose the whole goddamn thing.

JACK

And you'll go right down with the ship.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

How many times have you kept your mouth shut, Eve? When some young actress was crying in her trailer after her first one-on-one with a director?

Eve's confidence falters.

JACK

Everybody looks the other way. It's the grease that keeps the wheels spinning. Nobody says shit about shit because if they did, their own dirty laundry would get aired.

Jack touches Eve's hair. She recoils.

JACK

It's done. You got Harry back. Lakewood's dead. Pretend it never happened and move on. Like everyone else in this town does.

Eve's eyes burn into Jack.

EVE

I won't pretend anymore. Not for you. Not for anybody.

Jack's face hardens. Eve stares back, no give in her eyes.

The door SLIDES open. Harry enters, hands in the air. Ruby by his side. Sid steps in behind them, guns to their backs.

Eve and Jack look to them, shocked. Jack grins slyly.

JACK

You brought company.

SID

The tape's history.

JACK

That true, Harry?

Harry's venomous eyes bore into Jack.

HARRY

You ruined my life.

JACK

You ruined your life the second you decided to grow a conscience.

Harry's face contorts, confused. Jack smirks. Gazes at Eve.

JACK
How about you tell him?

Eve hesitates. Jack nods to Sid.

JACK
She doesn't start talking, put a
bullet in the girl.

Sid presses the gun to Ruby's head. Panic fills Ruby's eyes.

Eve steps forth. Side-eyes Jack. Gazes at Harry. Vulnerable.

EVE
You'd started coming home from
those parties. Drunk. Blacked out.
Saying you saw bad things happening
to young girls. That we needed to
do something. When you woke up the
next day, you wouldn't remember any
of it...

Harry stares, at a loss. Eve's voice trembles.

EVE
Jack said he would help us go to
the police... Two days later you
were arrested for Barbara Erdrich's
murder... I knew Jack had something
to do with it. It was too big of a
coincidence. But when I threatened
to expose him...

She can't finish. Harry stares, crestfallen.

JACK
(to Harry)
She really does love you, you know
that? I even threatened to go
public with some old Polaroids of
hers I dug up. Real nasty stuff...
probably had to burn the mattress
after.

Jack gazes at Eve, reveling in it. She shudders. Harry's eyes
darken.

JACK
But she still wouldn't give. Ready
to torch her career to save you...
I had to threaten Lilly before she
agreed to keep quiet.

EVE

He made me send you away. He said
if I ever let you near us again...

Harry watches Eve, alone in the middle of the room, broken,
Jack behind her. He LUNGES for Jack.

Sid FIRES a BULLET into the ground just before Harry's feet.
Harry freezes. Jack grins, in the catbird seat.

JACK

You wanna know the kicker, Harry? I
didn't even know what was on the
tape 'till you led us to Lilly. I
thought it was just some politician
screwing underage quiff... Looks
like you can save people after all,
just not the ones you love.

Eve turns her head to Jack. Eyes wide.

EVE

You told me we needed to find Lilly
to protect her from the men on the
tape. You made me drag Harry into
this... But it was you on the tape.

Eve's eyes fill with realization. She looks to Harry, then to
Jack. It clicks.

EVE

(to Jack)

You killed Barbara Erdrich.
Everything... all of this... it's
because of you.

Jack tenses. Eve moves toward him, a wildness in her eyes.

JACK

Easy, Eve. Don't do anything you'll
regret.

EVE

Regret? My whole life's been
nothing but regret since you
destroyed Harry. The only reason I
played your game was to protect
Lilly... And you, you killed her.

Eve POUNCES for Jack. Jack BACKHANDS her, knocking her to the
floor. She glares up at him with hate in her eyes.

Harry lurches forward. Sid circles around him, blocking him.
His guns on Harry and Ruby. Harry stares bullets into Jack.

SID
 History lesson's over.
 (to Jack)
 Trade time. You get them and I get
 my payoff.

JACK
 Money's in the basement.

SID
 So go get it.

JACK
 Waste of time. I'll have to count
 it twice. We all go down.

Sid hesitates. Jack eyes Harry, enjoying every second of it.

JACK
 It'll be just like old times. Me
 and Harry in the basement cleaning
 up his mess.

Harry's eyes settle on the basement stairway. The ghosts of
 his past coming back to life all at once.

INT. JACK'S MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Wide. Cavernous. The same room from the camera footage. A
 70's TV star fuck pad. The long sectional couch the girl sat
 on. Brick walls. Wood floors. A desk with a solid front.

Jack ambles down the steps into the basement. Harry, Eve, and
 Ruby follow, entering. Sid behind them, guns at their backs.

JACK
 Just like you remember, huh, Harry?

Harry glares. Jack takes Eve's arm. She shoves him off. He
 snatches it again. Pulls her close. Menace in his eyes.

Harry steps forward, eyes blazing. Sid jams the gun into
 Harry's back. Jack glances to Harry.

JACK
 (off Eve)
 A little insurance in case you get
 any bright ideas.

Jack pulls Eve behind the desk. Kneels. Pulls open a hatch in
 the floor. A SAFE inside. Turns the combo wheel. Opens it.

Harry gives Eve a reassuring look.

Jack places the bag on the desk. Pulls a briefcase from the desk. Counts money as he transfers it to the briefcase.

Harry looks back to Sid. Sid watches Jack like a hawk, antsy.

HARRY
(to Sid)
You're playing this all wrong.

Jack glances up. Sid nods for Harry to look forward.

HARRY
The only move that makes sense for
him is a double-cross.

SID
Shut the fuck up.

HARRY
He kills us and you're the only
loose end.

JACK
Sid's retiring to the Bahamas. He's
off my radar after tonight.

Harry looks back to Sid, digesting it. Sid avoids his gaze.

HARRY
You don't have to settle for what
he's counting out. You can take it
all. We stay quiet forever.

Sid looks at Harry, considering it. Jack clocks it.

JACK
While I have the utmost confidence
in you, Sid, I should warn you. I
have a deadman's switch in place.

Sid looks to Jack, confused.

JACK
Electronic mail. I don't click a
button at eight AM every morning,
everything about the Sandbox Club,
you, Avalon, Lakewood, all that
dirty laundry hits the papers.

Sid tightens his grip on the guns, mind spinning.

HARRY
He's bluffing. The money's on the
table. Right there for the taking.

Sid eyes the money, uncertain. Jack looks at Harry.

JACK
 You too, Harry. All your blackmail
 setups over the years go public if
 something happens to me.

Harry's face tightens. Jack closes the briefcase.

JACK
 (to Sid)
 All there, count it if you like.

SID
 Bring it over here.

Jack eyes Harry, who glares like a mad dog.

JACK
 I don't think so.

HARRY
 Sid --

SID
 Shut the fuck up, Harry.

Sid slips to the briefcase, one gun on Harry, one on Jack. He steps before the desk. Eyes the cash-filled briefcase.

JACK
 Give one of those girls down in the
 Bahamas a kiss for me.

Sid pockets the gun pointed at Jack. One gun still on Harry. His hand reaches for the briefcase atop the desk.

Jack's hand jerks below the desk. BOOM! A SHOTGUN BLAST SPRAYS WOOD as it explodes through the front of the desk.

Sid HURTLES back onto the couch, chest SHREDDED. His GUN CLATTERS behind the couch. His body rebounds to the floor.

Harry grabs Ruby. Dives behind the couch with her.

Jack jerks a DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN from a mounted holster beneath the desk. Aims at the couch. It's too long to be sure where Harry is.

Harry and Ruby press their backs to the couch, trapped between the couch and the wall.

Harry picks up the gun. Looks to Ruby. Puts a finger to his lips. Stay quiet.

Jack presses the shotgun to Eve's head.

JACK
I've got a twelve-gauge pointed at
your wife's head, Harry.

Harry grimaces. Thinking. Gun clutched beside his head.

JACK
Be a real shame if these movie star
looks of hers don't even make it to
the coffin.

Harry grips the pistol. Considering a shootout.

JACK
I'm gonna offer you a once-in-a-
lifetime deal. You give me Ruby and
your word that you and Eve keep
your mouths shut, and you both walk
out of here alive.

Jack slips an antique key out of his pocket. Eve eyes it,
tense.

He slides it into the lock of a desk drawer. Opens the
drawer. SHOTGUN SHELLS inside. He reaches for them.

Eve SHOVES it closed. WRENCHES the key so it BREAKS the lock.

Jack glares at her, murder in his eyes. Presses the SHOTGUN
to her forehead. His finger tightens on the trigger.

Eve stares back, defiant.

EVE
Don't do it, Harry! She's just an
innocent girl.

Jack glowers. SOCKS Eve with the gun butt. She falls with a
THUMP, OUT. Harry whips his head to the noise.

JACK
That sound was your wife hitting
the floor. Next sound you hear is
gonna be me unloading a round into
her skull.

Ruby stares at Harry, terrified. Harry locks eyes with her.

HARRY
(to Jack)
You've only got one round!

Jack jerks his shotgun to where the sound might have come from. He scans, unsure.

JACK

And you've only got one wife. Your daughter's dead. You wanna make it two-for-two?

Harry grimaces. Thinking.

Jack inches toward the couch. A thirty-foot distance. Sid's bloody corpse lies in the middle of the floor.

Jack's shotgun searches the couch for where Harry might be.

JACK

I can make you famous again. You can have it all back. Hell, you'll be bigger than before. A real-life hero on the big screen.

Harry's eyes dart about, searching for an angle.

JACK

Don't forget the dead man's switch. I wasn't bluffing.

Jack advances. Stops. Sid's other GUN lies below his body.

JACK

Even if you get lucky and hit me, I'll still have enough time to put a round through Eve's head. And all your dirty secrets will be exposed.

Harry's mind races. Jack creeps toward the gun.

JACK

All you have to do is give me some worthless actress nobody even knows exists. It happens every day. Somebody trades silence for a career.

Harry looks to Ruby. Her eyes plead. He looks down, thinking.

His eyes catch on something.

Jack nudges Sid's corpse away from the gun with his foot.

Below Harry's shoes, a short floorboard. In its corner, a hand-carved NOTCH.

JACK
I'm going to count down. If I get
to zero, we can add Eve to the list
of women you couldn't save.

Harry noses the floorboard aside with the toe of his shoe.

Below it, in a small crawlspace, a DUST-CAKED BOTTLE OF
WHISKEY stares back. Harry's old stash.

Harry stares at the bottle. Ruby clocks it. Looks to Harry.

Jack leans down toward the gun, shotgun aimed at the couch.

JACK
Five...

Harry looks to Ruby. Nods to the bottle.

JACK
Four...

Jack's hand reaches for the gun. It wraps around it.

Ruby grabs the bottle and passes it to Harry. He grips it
tight in his hand, readying. They share an intense look.

JACK
Three... Two...

Harry CHUCKS the bottle back over his shoulder. It sails
through the air over the couch into the center of the room.

Jack JERKS UP. FIRES the SHOTGUN at it. The bottle EXPLODES.

Harry bolts up. FIRES into Jack's chest through the downpour
of shattered glass and whiskey.

Jack stumbles back, hit. Shocked. Aims Sid's gun at Harry.

Harry SHOOTS him. Jack crumbles, dropping the pistol. A beat.

Harry's eyes land on Eve. He scrambles to her. Leans down.
Touches her face gently. Her eyes flutter.

EVE
Harry...

Relief washes over Harry's face. He looks over to Jack.

Jack crawls toward the pistol, his hand reaching for it. A
shoe steps onto his hand.

Harry stands over him, eyes flinty, hard. Jack looks up.

JACK
 If you kill me, everything you've
 done will be exposed. Everyone will
 know exactly who you are.

Harry stares down the barrel of his gun pointed at Jack.

HARRY
 Good.

Harry FIRES a bullet straight into Jack's skull.

Harry stands over the man who ruined his life, smoke rising
 from the barrel of his gun.

FADE TO:

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

A knife slices through the center of a sandwich, cutting it
 into two triangles atop a cutting board.

Harry's hand picks it up. Beside the board, Fluff and peanut
 butter.

Harry bites into the fluffernutter. Over his shoulder, on the
 fridge a RENT NOTICE. Stamped: UP TO DATE.

He carries the cutting board to the trash. Shakes the crumbs
 into it, over unopened chili cans. He checks his watch.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry opens the closet. Pulls out a different blazer, much
 nicer than the one we first met him in.

FROM INSIDE THE CLOSET

He puts it on. His eyes catch on something in the closet.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Harry stands at the tray beside his recliner. Brushes dust
 off Lilly's photo from the closet. He sets it down gently.

Her smiling face stares back at him. He kisses his fingers
 and places them on her forehead. He moves toward the door.

I/E. HARRY'S CAR/EVE'S MANSION- DAY

The Malibu pulls up to Eve's lawn. Windshield fully repaired.

Harry looks in the rearview mirror, straightening his tie.

He looks himself dead in the eye. Holds his gaze. He takes a breath and touches up his hair. He opens the car door.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - LILLY'S GRAVE - DAY

Harry and Eve stand before Lilly's headstone. Eve lays flowers on her grave.

They stand together. Harry takes her hand in his. A beat of somber silence as they gaze upon it together.

Harry squeezes her hand.

They turn, hands still held, and head towards Harry's car. In the distance, Ruby waits outside it.

EXT. LA CITY HALL - DAY

A mob of PRESS and PAPARAZZI wait on a red carpet leading up City Hall steps to a large stage. A BANNER: A NEW HOLLYWOOD.

Harry's car pulls up.

Paparazzi and Press swarm it, shoving microphones and cameras toward the driver's window.

PRESS

How's it feel to be a hero,
Harry?/Are you two back
together?/Did you suspect Jack was
the real killer the whole time?

Harry shoves open his door and pushes his way out. He opens the rear door. Guides Ruby out.

A REPORTER jams his microphone in front of Ruby.

REPORTER

Miss Hart, do you agree with the
Mayor's statement that your plight
is emblematic of the youth
homelessness crisis?

HARRY

(to Ruby)
We don't have to do this if you
don't want to.

RUBY

It's important that people know.

Harry nods. Eve joins them from the passenger side. They stand in the center of a red carpet, facing the press.

They step forward into the teeth of the mob. Harry in the lead, muscling his way through.

The Reporter pushes his microphone in Harry's face.

REPORTER

It came to light yesterday that you participated in blackmail schemes that smeared unwitting young actors. Do you have anything to say about your past?

Harry stops. Looks the Reporter straight in the eye.

HARRY

I made mistakes. And I'll live with them. But this is about the truth. And the brave young women who risked and gave their lives to expose what happens behind the closed doors of Hollywood. My daughter included.

The swell of the Paparazzi pushes in, threatening to engulf them. Jostling them like cows trapped in a slaughter chute.

A SWATH of LAPD OFFICERS muscle through the rear of the mob, pushing the press aside. Clearing a path on the red carpet.

Harry, Eve, and Ruby breathe. Harry looks ahead.

At the top of the steps, just in front of the stage, in the center of the red carpet, stands Mayor Preston Sterling.

Behind him is a seated table of HOLLYWOOD POWER PLAYERS.

Preston flashes a Hollywood smile. Gestures for Harry, Eve, and Ruby to come forth.

Harry sucks his teeth and looks to Eve. She nods. It's time.

Harry steps forward. Ruby grabs his arm. Harry looks to her, confused. Her face is paralyzed with fear.

HARRY

What's wrong?

Ruby's terror-stricken eyes are locked straight ahead.

RUBY

He was at the parties.

HARRY

Who?

Ruby nods ahead. Harry tracks her gaze to Preston.

Preston smiles wide. Photographers kneel beside him, snapping pictures of Eve, Ruby, and Harry.

The nightmarish depth of the situation hits Harry.

His eyes dart about, searching for an exit. Cameras FLASH. Cops on each side line the red carpet, staring stone-faced.

Ruby's fingers dig into Harry's arm.

RUBY

All of them... they were all there.

Harry tracks her gaze to the table of Power Players.

They rise from their table. Applauding. A standing ovation. As if it were the Oscars.

Harry looks back over his shoulder, desperation redlining.

The LAPD Officers form a wall behind them. There's no escape. Harry's head whirls about, searching for a way out.

A SERGEANT (43) grips Harry's arm. Stares Harry in the eyes. A quiet menace to him. He nods to the stage.

SERGEANT

Right this way.

Harry's eyes drop to the Sergeant's hand gripped on his arm.

On the Sergeant's wrist, an almost invisible SNAKE HORSESHOE TATTOO. A freshly removed tattoo.

Harry looks to Ruby, terror on her face. He looks to Eve, who gazes back, confused and scared by Harry and Ruby's alarm.

An OFFICER takes Eve's arm. Whispers something to her. He points to the stage.

A freshly removed snake horseshoe tattoo on his wrist.

Harry slowly turns his gaze back to the stage. Preston and the Power Players await.

The monsters of Hollywood smile down, beckoning for Harry, Eve, and Ruby to come forth.

FADE OUT.