

DEEP COVER

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by

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Revised by Henry Bean

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EXT. CLEVELAND STREET - NIGHT (1970)

Rain. Christmas lights. A rusted out '56 Lincoln rattles down the bleak boulevard. In it: JOE STEVENS, an angry, black man in his late 20's, beside him his 10-year-old son, JOE JR.

Joe Jr. stares out the window at passing: boarded buildings, whores with raincoats over their heads trying to flag down a john, a black Santa, a knot of drinkers. Breaking the silence:

JOE STEVENS

Your mother okay?

JOE JR.

Yes, sir.

They stop at a light. Joe Stevens tries to furtively snort a little something. He spots Joe Jr. watching.

JOE STEVENS

(firm, without irony)

Don't you do this shit, boy.

Don't you ever fuckin' touch it,  
you hear me?

Joe Jr. stares, silent; Joe Jr.'s about to hit him.

JOE STEVENS

(continuing)

You hear me, goddam it?

The boy nods. Satisfied, Joe Sr. draws in the stuff. It makes him feel good, strong, worried and determined all at once.

JOE STEVENS

(continuing; charged up)

What do you want for Christmas?

JOE JR.

I don't know.

JOE STEVENS

(light changes; he  
accelerates)

You don't know?? You gotta know  
what you want, boy, if you ever  
expect to get it.

A sudden charm to his bravado. Joe Jr. smiles uncertainly. Joe Sr. grins back, pulls up in front of a liquor store.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

JOE STEVENS

(continuing)

Wait here. This won't take a minute.

Joe Jr. doesn't notice or doesn't remark that his father, just before entering the store, draws a handgun from beneath his coat.

The boy gazes dreamily at the street. The lunatic Black Santa marches by, ranting to himself ("Then the white man say..."). The RAIN HAMMERS on the roof and windshield. Joe Jr. breathes on the glass, fogging the scene.

From the store: MUFFLED GUNFIRE.

Joe Jr. looks that way. Another GUNSHOT, then:

His father comes out the door clutching money in one hand. He strides toward the car with a reckless pride. He doesn't notice:

The liquor store door opens behind him.

A SHOTGUN BLAST. Joe Stevens' guts splatter onto the car windshield. A look of terrible amazement; he sinks to his knees.

JOE JR.

Daddy!!

He jumps from the car, kneels by his father.

The STORE OWNER (47, Slavic) drags the gun toward them, bleeding profusely.

STORE OWNER

(enraged, almost to tears)

Fuckin' niggers... fuckin' niggers...

2 JOE STEVENS

2

looks at the money in his hand: two 20's, two 5's.

JOE STEVENS

Fifty bucks... fifty goddam bucks.

(looks up at his son)

I'm sorry...

He stuffs the blood-soaked bills in the boy's shirt pocket and dies. Joe Jr. looks up at...

## 3 THE STORE OWNER

3

Bloody, nearly unconscious, he aims the shotgun at the boy who is too frightened to move.

JOE JR.

Please, Mister...

The man dies on his feet. As he falls backward, he pulls the trigger, the BLAST shattering the car windows.

Cop cars SQUEAL up. Uniformed cops leap out, guns drawn, survey the scene. Then one notices Joe Jr., staring motionless at his father and the store owner, dead together. ON HIS EYES:

DISSOLVE TO:

## 4 THOSE SAME EYES

4

-- but older, harder, colder. They're concentrating on a paper before him.

TITLE: 17 YEARS LATER

## 5 CLOSEUP - THE MINNESOTA MULTIPHASIC PERSONALITY INVENTORY

5

Hundreds of TRUE/FALSE questions...

- 1.) I have never indulged in any unusual sexual practices. (T/F)
- 2.) I have often felt that strangers were looking at me critically. (T/F)
- 3.) When I was young I occasionally stole things. (T/F)

Joe Stevens marks these TRUE, FALSE, FALSE then comes to:

- 4.) A person's station in life is at least partially determined by his race. (T/F) We are:

## 6 INT. A ROOM - DAY

6

Thirty-seven Black Cleveland police officers (many in uniform, including Joe) are taking the MMPI. Some roll their eyes at the questions. Some try to copy answers. Others, like Joe, work with rapid concentration.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

But he gets stuck on #4. Marks it false. Erases it. Marks it true. Erases that. Ponders. Goes on to: #5. At times I hear so well it bothers me. (T/F) He marks that true.

7 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

7

GERALD CARVER, 36, an ambitious government lawyer with a relaxed, vaguely hip manner, looks over the file of the ingratiating BLACK OFFICER sitting across the desk from him.

CARVER

Officer Leland? You know the difference between a black man and nigger?

Leland is startled, insulted, but doesn't want to blow the interview. He smiles weakly, shakes his head no.

CARVER

(continuing;  
pleasant smile)

Yeah, most niggers don't.

Stung, Leland tries to laugh. Carver puts his file aside, picks up another.

CARVER

(continuing)

Nice to meet you.

8 INT. SAME - ANOTHER INTERVIEW

8

A SECOND BLACK OFFICER is powerfully built, politically conscious, takes no shit. Carver's leafing through his file.

CARVER

So, Winston, what's the difference between a black man and a nigger?

Winston is out of his chair before the question is finished, drags Carver by the shirt front halfway across the desk and hisses into his face:

WINSTON

Who the fuck do you think you're talking to?

Carver smiles cheerfully past Winston's cocked fist.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

CARVER

Thanks for coming in.

Nonplussed by this cool dismissal, Winston stalks out. Carver picks up the next file, unfazed.

9 INT. SAME - ANOTHER INTERVIEW

9

Joe Stevens watches Carver reading his file and waiting for an answer. When none is forthcoming, Carver glances up, finds Stevens looking right back at him.

STEVENS

The nigger's the one who falls for your bullshit.

He says it pleasantly, without belligerence. Carver smiles: he's found his man. He offers his hand.

CARVER

Gerald Carver, United States District Attorney. Call me Gerry.

10 INT. A DARKENED ROOM - DAY/NIGHT??

10

ON A TV SCREEN: a grainy black-and-white tape, date and time stamped at the bottom. A grungy street, palm trees. The light from the monitor dimly illuminates Carver and Stevens.

On SCREEN the CAMERA finds: A MAN in jeans, sneakers and sweatshirt on a street corner.

STEVENS

He ought to be wearing a sign.

CARVER

You can tell he's a cop?

Stevens laughs: it's obvious.

A real DRUG DEALER joins the cop. UNDERCOVER COP: "You got it?" DEALER: "In the motel, right over here..." The Cop's uneasy, keeps glancing back toward the CAMERA as they go.

STEVENS

He keeps looking for his back-up. Now, the other guy knows it, too.

CARVER

Then why's he taking him to the room?

(CONTINUED)

STEVENS  
(why else?)  
To rip him off.

Carver studies Stevens in the darkness, impressed.

ON SCREEN: The figures disappear into the motel. We hear their voices. DEALER: "Here, try some of it." UNDERCOVER COP: "Uhh... No, I don't..." DEALER: "Why not, you sonofabitch?" Two bursts of SOUND DISTORTION.

A plainclothes cop, TAFT, (black, stocky, powerful) bolts from behind the CAMERA, sprints toward the motel. The CAMERA wobbles after him.

STEVENS  
(continuing)  
Too late.

ON SCREEN: The CAMERA (jerky, hand-held) nears the open motel door. Taft is bent over the Undercover Cop's body.

TAFT  
Oh, Bobby... Jesus, Jesus...  
(to the CAMERA)  
Get an ambulance -- and back up.  
Now!

He slams the wall, starts past the CAMERA. Carver pushes the pause button; the tape freezes on a jerky image of Taft's face.

STEVENS  
(focussed on Taft)  
Who is he?

CARVER  
Charles Taft. LAPD Narcotics.

STEVENS  
He's a good cop.

CARVER  
He's a great cop. Two [names citation] and a [another citation]. As tough as they come and twice as honest.

Carver watches Stevens watch Taft, smiles at something.

STEVENS  
But the cops aren't getting it done here, are they? Gotta try something new...

(CONTINUED)

He opens a manila envelope, dumps the contents on the desk: driver's license, social security card, high school transcript, prison records... all in the name of William G. Hull. No photos.

STEVENS

(continuing)

Who's John Hull?

CARVER

You are. If you want to be.

(off Stevens)

Most undercover guys don't know what they're doing because it's a day gig.

(indicates dead  
cop on TV)

I need somebody who goes under and stays there; six months, a year, five years...

STEVENS

What does he have to do?

CARVER

Buy drugs. Sell drugs. Feed me information.

STEVENS

He's a snitch.

CARVER

He's a drug dealer. A criminal. A scumbag. But for the right side.

(beat)

I want you to come to Los Angeles on loan to the Justice Department as a federal agent. Your experience there will be credited toward your seniority here. And you'll come back to Cleveland a P3 or higher.

STEVENS

(uncomfortable)

I can't do that. I've got a wife and kids.

CARVER

You're separated from your wife, she's filed for divorce. You see your kids every other weekend.

Stevens takes a breath: this is awkward to explain.

(CONTINUED)



STEVENS

(almost a confession)

All my life I've stayed away from that stuff. I've never touched drugs.

CARVER

(tolerant)

Come on, a little grass...?

STEVENS

Not grass. Not nothing. I never even had a drink.

(his motto)

Never have, never will. You don't understand. I made a choice in my life.

CARVER

What's to understand? You saw your father killed when you were ten, and you decided you wouldn't be like that.

(off Stevens' surprise,  
Carver grins)

I'm God, I know everything. You wanted to be a good boy, so you became a cop. Hiding out in uniform... That's why you got the hard-on for Taft.

STEVENS

It's not that simple.

CARVER

(opening Joe's file;  
as if reluctantly)

I'll tell the truth, Joe. You're never going to be a Taft.

STEVENS

I don't believe that.

But he does.

CARVER

(looks at MMPI  
results)

You ever take a look at your psychological profile? You score almost like a criminal.

(reading)

"Resents authority..."

(CONTINUED)

STEVENS

I do not.

CARVER

"... Exaggerated moral standards, but with no underlying value system." Look at the anger, the repressed violence, it's almost off the scale...

STEVENS

Let me see that...

Carver hands him the scores which are, of course, just clusters of numbers. Stevens is upset, though oddly unsurprised, as if this only confirmed his secret fears.

CARVER

Why'd you join the force?

STEVENS

(awkward, but felt)

I wanted to be of use.

CARVER

Well, now you can be. You won't be Taft, but maybe you'll be something more... interesting.

(sits back)

There's a man named Ramon Gallegos who supplies 60% of the cocaine to the West Coast. He's smart, smooth, and sufficiently elusive that we don't even have an adult photograph of him.

However, his uncle is Hector Guzman, an important Latin American political figure. Gallegos uses Uncle's connections to get product into the country, and everyone we've sent after him has ended up like that...

Indicates dead body on TV.

STEVENS

Why would I be different?

CARVER

You already are, that's the point...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)

(indicates file,  
test scores)

You've got the ability and the personality to go underground and blend in completely. That's what the others couldn't. Some part of them showed. That's why they're dead. See, there's only one rule in this game.

Stevens raises his eyebrows: what?

CARVER

(continuing)

Don't blow your cover.

11 EXT. WORKING CLASS CLEVELAND NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

11

Stevens parks outside a small, well-maintained house. As he gets out, he spots a GROUP OF KIDS (black and Hispanic) playing down the street. He's not pleased about that.

STEVENS

(calls to them)

Joe-J, Carmen...

A BOY, 7, and a GIRL, 5, (both light-skinned) run to him shouting, "Daddy," jump into his arms, competing for attention, as if they haven't seen him in ages.

STEVENS

What were you doing with those kids?

JOE-J & CARMEN

Playing...

STEVENS

(displeased)

Your mom lets you play with them?

JOE-J & CARMEN

Yes, sir... Yes, sir.

His strictness has already sobered their enthusiasm. Sensing this, he attempts to embrace them which he can do only awkwardly.

Meanwhile, his wife, TERRY (Southern white) has come out the screen door. She and Stevens bristle at each other.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

STEVENS

I thought we talked about this.  
The older brother up there's got a  
sheet with --

TERRY

Lay off it. They're just kids...

Both are ready to fight, but restrain themselves. A  
big Polynesian, TITO comes out the door.

TITO

Hey, Joe.

STEVENS

Tito...

A moment of surprise, then he gets it. He looks to  
Terry. She gives a little shrug, refusing to be  
embarrassed.

12 INT. KITCHEN - FIVE MINUTES LATER

12

Stevens is trying to seem interested in Carmen's little  
drawings.

STEVENS

They're real nice, honey. Is that  
a horse?

CARMEN

(exasperated)

Daddy! It's a bunny...

She puts her arms around him.

CARMEN

(continuing)

I don't want you to go away,  
Daddy.

STEVENS

It's my work. I've got to.

Over her shoulder he sees Terry sitting with a subdued  
Joe-J. Her face seems to say, "See, I told you..."  
Avoiding this accusation, Stevens notices a bruise on  
Carmen's arm.

STEVENS

(continuing)

What happened to you there, baby?

CARMEN

Tito did it.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

STEVENS

(instantly outraged)

He hit you?!

(up in a fury)

God damn it, what's he doing  
touching her? I'm gonna...

Terry intercepts him on his way out of the room.

TERRY

She was running behind his chair  
when he got up. It was an  
accident.

(he's uncertain)

A complete... total... accident.

Stevens looks at Carmen who giggles. He's humiliated  
by his own temper, attempts to calm himself. Terry  
puts a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. LOS ANGELES - AERIAL SHOT - DAY 13

The immense sprawl, the arterial flow of the freeways,  
the blinding light. We DESCEND...

14 INT. TRAIN STATION - UNDERGROUND - DAY OR NIGHT 14

People getting off, among them the former Joe Stevens,  
now known as JOHN HULL. He's carrying a suitcase.

15 INT. TRAIN STATION/EXT. STREET - DAY 15

Hull goes up the stairs onto a downtown street.

16 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY 16

South L.A. neighborhood. A 13-year-old BLACK YOUTH  
selling drugs through a car window. Hull walks by.  
He's at ease, looking around, his manner subtly  
announcing that he belongs here, just as in the train  
station he seemed to belong among the commuters.

17 EXT. TRANSIENT MOTEL - COURTYARD - DAY 17

A fat BLONDE WOMAN (61, large white glasses, tiny  
shoes) leads Hull down a corridor.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

## BLONDE WOMAN

Television mostly. I was on "Sky King" twice, "Ramar of the Jungle." That was a silly show. The jungle was mostly flats...

They pass an open door where a 6-year-old boy, JAMES, a latchkey, sits on the stoop playing Gameboy; inside, his mother, BELINDA, a broken down whore, is doing her nails and drinking Pepsi. She looks up, bats her lashes at Hull.

## BLONDE WOMAN

(continuing)

You want my advice, I'd stay away from that bitch.

She opens the door to the room across the hall. A dump. Hull walks in, drops his duffle: he'll take it. The Blonde lounges in the doorway. He closes the door.

18 INT. ROOM - DAY

18

Hull empties his pockets on the dresser. Looks at his money, room key, identification. Looks at himself in the mirror. He touches his clothes, his face, tries on different expressions.

(NOTE: Throughout the film, Hull continually checks himself out in mirrors, both to adjust his appearance to the circumstances and as if in an attempt to recall who he "really" is.)

19 EXT. 79TH AND FIGUEROA - TWILIGHT

19

On the seam between South-Central and USC. Lots of people out: children, students, dealers, whores. Hull with a new haircut.

20 EXT. ANOTHER, SIMILAR CORNER - DAY

20

Dealers (most in mid-teens) meeting cars, making transactions. All this casually observed. EDDIE comes up the street, reciting his version of an old street toast.

## EDDIE

On the day of the King's castration, all the counts and no accounts were down on the deck with Georgia Tech taking turns in the back seat...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Those dealers not at car windows, gather around. He never speaks to them, goes on declaiming as he exchanges drugs for money.

Hull watches, talking to another street person. His appearance continues to change: clothes, posture, walk, gestures subtly conform to the environment, a bit like Zelig. Throughout the film his appearance shifts, depending on who he's with. We always recognize him, but each time he's different.

He walks up to a dealer, makes a quick buy and keeps going. But he sees them and is seen.

21 INT. AN OFFICE - NIGHT

21

Hull drops eleven foil balls on a green blotter. Carver counts out money for him.

22 INT. HULL'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

22

He sits at the window, eating a burrito, watching little James play in the courtyard.

23 EXT. STREET - EVENING

23

Hull approaches another Dealer, the 13-year-old seen earlier (angelic face). Like Hull, he's trying to act tough.

HULL

Whatta you got?

13-YEAR-OLD DEALER

(voice just changing)

Nickel rock, dime rock. Excellent  
shit.

Hull exchanges a folded twenty for two foil balls. He walks off. He has gone twenty feet when...

24 A RED RANGE ROVER

24

SQUEALS to a stop opposite the Dealer.

A huge young black man, IVY (23, all in red with a red headband), leans out the passenger window, shouting at the 13-year-old.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

IVY

What the fuck I tell you about  
being here?

Everyone turns to look, but Hull's view is blocked.

13-YEAR-OLD DEALER (O.S.)

No, wait...

IVY (O.S.)

Too fuckin' late.

POPPING noises. Ivy is waving an automatic weapon.  
Everyone on the street but Hull has hit the ground.

IVY

(enjoying it,  
shouting)

Get down, motherfuckers!

Ivy laughs and fondles a girlfriend as the car ROARS  
off. He sees Hull, pretends to fire, laughs as Hull,  
too, ducks. When Ivy's gone, he runs to where a CROWD  
has gathered around...

25 THE 13-YEAR-OLD

25

lying in the street, a bullet hole in his head, eyes  
open. He twitches and kicks, blood pulsing from the  
neat wound. Then he's dead. The faces around him  
(young, old, many races) watch with a variety of  
emotions.

CROWD

Who is he?....Why'd they shoot  
him?... Ivy did him, man... He's  
in the wrong fuckin' place... That  
poor boy... Get his beeper...

Cops push through to the body. As the crowd disperses,  
Hull can't take his eyes off the boy. When he finally  
does, he sees Eddie, drink in hand. Their eyes meet,  
and Eddie, a rapper, raises his eyebrows in brief  
acknowledgment of sorrow.

EDDIE

(sadly)

He done done, ain't he?

26 EXT. LeWAZZ - NIGHT

26

TITLE: TWO WEEKS LATER

A bar with a neon bird for a sign. Hull enters.



27 INT. LeWAZZ - NIGHT

27

A racial mix. Hull takes a seat at the bar. Stuffed birds line the lintel above the bottles. A female BARTENDER (long red nails) greets him familiarly.

BARTENDER

How's it going, John?

HULL

I'm in there.

Without being asked, she sets him up a Dry Sack with a long red straw. (NOTE: He never touches the drink.) Hull's appearance has continued to change. His clothes have become flashier, he has an earring, the start of a goatee.

Eddie approaches the bar compulsively reciting one of his toasts.

EDDIE

(to himself)

"Where's the Queen," said the King.

"She's in bed with laryngitis."

"Is that bastard still in town?...

Fuck the Queen," said the King, and ten thousand knights straaaained at their utmost...

(to the bartender)

Pina colada times two and a white wine.

He goes on muttering under his breath, tapping his foot like any crankhead. He notices Hull, greets him as someone he can't place but knows he's seen around.

EDDIE

(continuing)

How you doin', Dudley...

Tries to remember name.

HULL

John.

EDDIE

John, man, right...

Clasp hands. Eddie takes his drinks, carries them to...

28 A TABLE

28

where he rejoins a white man, DAVID ELIAS (30s, slick, powerful) and a well-dressed BLACK WOMAN (mid-20s, good-looking). She gets the wine.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Elias rises to let her out.

As the woman passes Hull on her way to the restrooms, their eyes meet: an instant of perfect chemistry. He's struck. Her features open, grow sensual for a moment, but then, as if seeing something she doesn't like, her eyes flick away, and she walks by as if he weren't there.

29 INT. CARVER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

29

(NOTE: Hull invariably meets Carver in this anonymous room, distinguished only by the green blotter and a view of the city. This simple regularity suggest visits to a psychiatrist, Carver probing, testing, teasing, trying to draw Hull out. And they feel like therapy, at once a respite and a torment.)

More foil balls on the blotter beside boxes of 3x5 photographs. Photos of Eddie and David Elias are up on a corkboard, the beginning of a pyramid.

HULL

Eddie something... a motormouth...  
he supplies the street dealers...  
buys from him...

(reads name on back  
of photo)

David Elias... who apparently buys  
from a guy named Barbolla or  
something. But I haven't seen  
him.

Carver produces a photo of a handsome Latin in his 50s,  
pins it on the board above Elias.

CARVER

Barbosa, Felix.

HULL

There was also a woman, but she's  
not here.

(as Carver reaches  
in a drawer)

I saw a kid killed. Twelve,  
thirteen at the most. Turf war.

Carver shrugs: these things happen. He hands Hull a  
lot of cash, much more than expected. Hull does  
understand.

CARVER

Get to Elias. Then to Barbosa.

(CONTINUED)

HULL

You can't rush this stuff.

CARVER

Rush it, please. I want art, John, not reality. Budget hearings start in April, and I need Gallegos by then. They won't give us funding for three ounce buys.

HULL

We're not just doing this for the funding, are we?

CARVER

Without funding, we aren't doing it at all.

TITLE: TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

Virtual darkness save splinters of light between the curtains. Pipes burn here and there in the gloom. Ten or fifteen crackheads huddle around a battery-operated TV on which Tom Brokaw is narrating an NBC documentary on drugs. A 12-year-old sits against a wall too stoned even for television.

Hull approaches Eddie, regally installed on an automobile bench seat-cum-sofa, a lit pipe in one hand. We barely notice the redhead kneeling between his' legs, face buried in his crotch. He greets Hull from wrecked bliss. They know each other now.

EDDIE

My man, Dudley, he's so fud-ley...

Hull greets Eddie, some of the others, drops familiarly onto an adjacent auto seat. The patrons are making fun of Brokaw, laughing, exchanging fives.

HULL

Eddie, man, I need...

Eddie holds up a hand telling Hull to wait. His mind is elsewhere. His' features contract in brief concentration.

(CONTINUED)

## CHORUS OF COMMENTS

Whatever happened to that Drug  
Czar motherfucker?... He gave up  
'cause he finally realized he  
didn't know nothing about any of  
that shit...

More laughter, etc. Eddie's concentration peaks,  
breaks off into a sigh and a smile.

Eddie sings a satisfied little song...

The redhead rises from Eddie's crotch, and we see it's  
a boy, seventeen going on death; he might have been  
pretty a year ago.

Eddie passes him the crack pipe, lets him suck greedily  
for a few seconds before ripping it out of his scabrous  
mouth and offering it to Hull, who, with a grimace that  
gets laughs, declines. The others continue to watch  
and comment on the speech.

EDDIE

So what is it you need so bad,  
blood? Need, need, need??

HULL

A whole K, quick as you can get  
it.

EDDIE

(impressed, a trace  
of envy)  
Comin' in the world, Dudley.

HULL

(winning grin)  
All because of my man...

Eddie likes that, holds out a hand. Hull hits it.

EDDIE

Give me a day.

Hull nods, rises.

EDDIE

(continuing)  
Stick around, let the bitch Hoover  
you, too.

Indicating redhead.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

In all these scenes, Hull acts indifferent to the horror, but here the effort costs him. He masters his disgust with a joke.

HULL

Only if you Clorox him first.

Everyone laughs, even the boy.

31 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

31

Eddie comes out the back door of a building, is immediately collared by Taft (the cop on the video-tape). He's in his mid-40s, stocky, balding.

TAFT

(cheerful, gregarious)

Eddie Shitface! Where you been, boy?

Eddie breaks free, runs three feet before HERNANDEZ (a muscular Mexican) knees him in the groin. Eddie crumples.

TAFT

(continuing)

Eddie, I don't think I introduced you to my new partner, Michael Hernandez...

HERNANDEZ

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Shitface...

32 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

32

Eddie folded over his wounded nuts. Hernandez and Taft sit on crates to either side. The drugs they've taken from him are neatly arranged on a garbage can lid.

HERNANDEZ

You have the right to remain silent... You have the right to an attorney.... You have the right to go back to Ontario for eight-to-ten on a second offense...

EDDIE

(in several kinds  
of pain)

Oh, man, I can't go back in there, I just can't.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

TAFT

(soothing)

'Course you can't, child, 'course  
you can't. That's why you're  
gonna start giving us some help.

33 EXT. DAVID ELIAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

33

A pleasant, Santa Monica neighborhood. Spanish style  
house.

34 INT. ELIAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

34

Pleasant, tasteful. Elias's wife, NANCY, (dressed like  
the attorney she is) sits in an alcove-study reading a  
real estate contract through half-glasses. Elias  
himself is helping his daughter, MIRANDA, 7, with her  
homework. He is 38, with the body and bearing of a  
powerful man.

ELIAS

Again. Three times four.

MIRANDA

Seven.

Elias is not a sweet Daddy. It should make us  
uncomfortable to watch him push his daughter.

ELIAS

No. You're adding again, you have  
to multiply. Three and four is  
seven. Three times four is...

MIRANDA

Twelve.

ELIAS

Three times five.

The DOORBELL.

NANCY

Can you get that?

MIRANDA

Eight.

ELIAS

(getting up; more  
about the answer  
than the door)

Damn it.

(CONTINUED)

