

Bad Cop/Bad Cop

**By
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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A WHITE KID dressed like a rap star sits in the sparse interrogation room. His lackadaisical attitude betrays his youthful teenage face. He slumps in the forty year old wooden chair watching the thirty year old paint peel off the fifty year old walls. JOE RUBY and MICHAEL VERDEY enter. Joe is young, thirty, Mike is younger, twenty-five. They're both undercover. The words "young" and "undercover" in combination suggests a certain stylishness. This, however, is not the case. Joe wears a short sleeve Cubano barber shirt over a pair of chinos. Verdey looks like he was brought by his father to National Brands Outlet to pick out his ensemble, which he in fact was. They somehow both stink of cop. Their lack of uniform is more of a detective perk than a frankhearted attempt to blend in with the community. Verdey reads from a rap sheet as Ruby stares down the poised delinquent.

VERDEY

(reading)

Three counts of possession, the last two
black tar. Carrying a concealed handgun.
That's three strikes Bobby...

(no answer)

Anything you want to tell us?

(nothing)

Maybe we got the wrong guy? Maybe you
know where we can find the right guy?

Ruby approaches and drops a pack of SMOKES on the table. He throws Verdey a look, and in perfect choreography, Verdey leaves. The punk pulls out a square and lights it with the matches provided.

PUNK

Damn, I thought I was gonna need the
patch by the time that kid was done
talking. They must really be pissed at
you this time to put you with that
probie...

Ruby ERUPTS. He SLAPS the cigarette out of the kids mouth, grazing his goatee. The kid, for the first time, shows fear.

RUBY

Look, you little prick. You keep it up
with that smart mouth, so help me, I'll
send your little white ass down to County
for a little "carpet bombing" to soften
you up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

PUNK

Easy, Ruby, I was just making conversation...

RUBY

And what's with all the talk like we know each other. I never seen you in my life.

PUNK

What are you, kidding? Everyone knows you, Ruby.

RUBY

Where's the tar house?

PUNK

Bro, I give up the house, I'm dead. You know that. Not for nothing, bro, your dealing with a network. Mess with these dudes and they'll be blowing bagpipes for your ass, and it'll be your partner's chance to hug the widow for a change.

This was not the right thing to say. Ruby goes red. He pulls the kid out of his chair and throws him across the room. He hits the opposite wall and his oversized jeans fall around his ankles.

Ruby closes in on him and he tries to scramble away, tripping over his waistband. Ruby holds a foot on his chest.

Verdey pokes his head in, concerned for both of them.

VERDEY

Everything okay..?

RUBY

(barking)

Fine!

Verdey leaves.

PUNK

How much you want?

RUBY

Money!?! You think I want money!?!

He leans some weight on his chest.

(CONTINUED)

PUNK

Nooo... nooo... Sorry. I dunno what I was thinking. Why you messing with possession? You're homicide.

RUBY

I got news for you. You're a murder suspect...

PUNK

Murder? What the hell are you talking about?

RUBY

Someone was killed by a "hot package" you dealt them.

PUNK

I don't sling, Ruby. Ask the narcs, I'm a runner.

RUBY

If I don't get an address, far as I'm concerned, you're a murderer.

PUNK

Screw that. You got one of them smokes?

Ruby lifts him by his collar, puts down the smokes and a pen, then calls out...

RUBY

Come on in, Verdey!
(then to the kid)
Pull up your pants, for Christ's sake.

CUT TO:

INT. RUBY'S CADILLAC STS - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A sexy REVEAL as Ruby drives the late model caddy. Verdey sits next to him.

RUBY

There's only one thing made him spill the beans. Respect. Like when they see me drive up in this. It commands respect. Is it better to be feared or respected?

VERDEY

Respected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4.

RUBY

No. It doesn't matter. Either way, I'm covered.

VERDEY

All I'm saying is, we should get some sort of authorization.

RUBY

What does that buy us?

VERDEY

What does it buy us? It's protocol.

RUBY

And wait on the hidebound department? This address will be worthless. If we act as nerves and wait for authorization, we lose any advantage we may have. Our only hope is to beat them to the punch.

VERDEY

Department protocol was designed to protect the public.

RUBY

Untrue. It was created by bureaucrats to protect their jobs. Look, no one wants Nazis running around smashing windows. Least of all me. But, see, the problem is no longer the system's lack of concern with the rights of the accused. The problem is the rights of the victim.

VERDEY

It's not that simple.

RUBY

Not for nothing kid, but you just got your gold badge.

VERDEY

What of it?

RUBY

That's why they paired you up with me.

VERDEY

Not what I heard.

RUBY

What are you gettin at?

(CONTINUED)

VERDEY

Lieutenant Weinman told me we're partners to help keep you on the straight and narrow.

RUBY

That how you got gilded so young? You Weinman's toady?

VERDEY

Easy, Ruby...

RUBY

Weinman wouldn't even be Lieutenant if I didn't bring down the big boys. I hate that son of a bitch. You know why? He don't know from respect.

VERDEY

Well, he was the best man at my wedding.

RUBY

You're married?

VERDEY

Six months...

Verdey flips open his wallet to show Ruby a PHOTO of his young WIFE. Ruby reacts to it by cringing, as though he'd seen a ghost.

RUBY

Aw, Jeez... why'd you have to go and do that?

VERDEY

What?

RUBY

Show me the picture...

VERDEY

(holds it out)

This?

RUBY

Put it away!

VERDEY

(complies)

Fine. It's away. What got into you?

(CONTINUED)

RUBY
Nothing. Forget it. She's lovely.

VERDEY
Best thing that ever happened to me.
That's why I wear a vest.

RUBY
Good for you.

VERDEY
You're supposed to, you know.

RUBY
They're hot. Let me tell you something.
When your numbers up, it's up. Ain't a
vest in the world can stop that.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

The STS rolls down a Hollywood street. That sign is in the background.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

They turn a corner and are now in a pocket of pestilence. They settle in front of an ill-maintained walk-up. They sit in the car as they eye the door, casing the place.

INT. RUBY'S CADILLAC STS - HOLLYWOOD - SAME

VERDEY
This is it. Apartment 2G.

RUBY
Ready probie?

Ruby checks the clip on his Glock 9mm semi-automatic handgun.

VERDEY
We're not allowed to carry those.

RUBY
You worry too much.

Ruby picks up the police radio handset and calls dispatch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7.

RUBY (cont'd)
(over radio)
Officers Verdey and Ruby request backup
to 4811 Yucca. Shots heard fired.
Repeat: Shots heard fired. We're going
in.
(then, to Verdey)
Let's roll...

PRECINCT
(over radio)
Officers Verdey and Rubenstein, please
wait for authorization. Repeat...

VERDEY
Shouldn't we..?

RUBY
The clock's ticking. C'mon.

Verdey reluctantly follows Ruby into the apartment building
as the squawk box requests a response.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - SAME

The two undercover officers slip in through the unlocked
front door. Ruby points to a broken eyedropper on the floor.
They cautiously skulk their way to the stairwell.

RUBY
How many times does the average LAPD
officer draw his sidearm in the course of
his career?

VERDEY
Less than once.

RUBY
(drawing pistol)
Rule one: Statistics are so people who
don't know can have an opinion.

Verdey draws his .38 with reverence. They climb the stairs
in measured tandem.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - SAME

Trash and graffiti. They check the apartment numbers. Ruby
waves him over to 2G. A black steel door with a small hole
in the middle of it. They both lie flat against the flanking
walls. Ruby points out empty heroine balloons on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

8.

Ruby slowly extends his fist to knock. Verdey adjusts his pistol in his sweaty palms. Right before he's about to knock, they see a FIGURE step out of the stairs, see them, then step right back, out of view.

Ruby takes off like a shot. He catches up with him and pushes him down the last few stairs. He turns him over, and it's a cowering JUNKIE.

JUNKIE

I ain't holding. Get offa me, man. I ain't holding.

Ruby jams a gun in his jaw. Verdey watches from the top of the stairs.

RUBY

Shut the hell up, scumbag. Going to 2G?

JUNKIE

Nah, man. I live here.

RUBY

Let's see your keys.

He pries open his hand, and instead of a key there's a wad of TEN SINGLES.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. 2G - APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Inside P.O.V. through the 2G peephole of the junkie. He's in a panic.

JUNKIE

Lemme in man.

VOICE

(broken English)
Put the money in the hole.

JUNKIE

Open the door. You gotta let me in.

VOICE

Go away. Come back when you got money.

JUNKIE

You don't understand, man. The cops are onto you.

CROSS CUT TO:

EXT. 2G - APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - SAME

Outside the door we see that, out of view of the peephole, the two cops are flanking the junkie. Ruby has a cocked pistol to his head.

The locks open and the door opens a crack. A frame-mounted security chain stops it at three inches. Ruby kicks it open, splintering the door buck.

CUT TO:

INT. 2G - APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

An instantaneous FIRE FIGHT fills the apartment with deafening reports and gunsmoke.

Ruby moves with the lyrical grace of experience:

The junkie is the first casualty, caught in the crossfire by the DEALER'S bullet.

The melee spills over into the kitchen. The dealer falls wounded. Into the bedroom. Verdey walks into the doorway to the bedroom, he freezes as he sees the two bad guys aim...

Ruby dives and knocks him out of harms way. Plaster flies.

RUBY

Stay here. Watch they don't leave.

Ruby looks around and scurries off.

Inside the bedroom the two dealers inch toward the door. Ruby leans in the WINDOW BEHIND THEM and takes down the two bad guys. They collapse onto a HEROINE PACKAGING setup, clutching their wounds.

The two officers are miraculously unharmed. They examine the rest of the empty apartment. AK-47's lean against the wall. Boxes of ammo.

The coast is clear. Ruby nods at Verdey, who nervously smiles back. His hands are shaking so hard he can barely holster his pistol.

Ruby snatches the PAGERS off the fallen criminals and squirrels them in his pockets. He doesn't touch the drugs or the cash that's out.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

(CONTINUED)

The two cops walk out front, relieved. A crowd has gathered. The two cops flash their GOLD SHIELDS and back off the crowd.

A powerful SHOT RINGS OUT. Verdey GOES DOWN in the street. He's on his back as Ruby kneels over him. He looks around, confused. No guns are out. A WHITE LINCOLN TOWN CAR pulls away. It has TINTED WINDOWS and GOLD RIMS. Ruby squints to read the PLATE NUMBER. He pulls out his less than flattering EYEGLASSES, but it's too late. They're gone. He takes them off and looks to the young Verdey.

VERDEY
I'm okay, I'm okay.

RUBY
You sure?

VERDEY
Yeah, I'm wearing a vest. I just gotta catch my breath.
(struggles to sit)
Help me up.

Ruby puts an arm behind him to help him sit.

VERDEY (cont'd)
Don't worry, Joe, I'm wearing a vest...
wearing a vest.

Joe FEELS SOMETHING. He looks at the hand that was on Verdey's back. His fingertips are red with a drop of BLOOD.

He lowers him and opens his shirt. A HOLE IN THE VEST. The high-powered bullet tore right through the kevlar.

Ruby's face drops as Verdey quickly fades.

VERDEY (cont'd)
Thank God my wife made me wear a vest...

SQUAD CARS pull up as Michael Verdey dies in his partner's arms.

FADE OUT.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Ruby pulls up to the front of the station and sits listening to a news report.

RADIO

... Detective Verdey was expecting his first child in October. What makes this tragedy even more horrible is that Detective Verdey's partner, Detective Joe Ruby, is no stranger to losing partners. Over the course of his career, Detective Ruby has remarkably lost...

He clicks it off and stares ahead.

A pair of BICYCLE COPS coast past his car and mumble.

CYCLE COP #1

Shoulda been you.

Ruby lifts his head to retort, but they've whizzed by.

They make it about three cars down, and a CAR DOOR FLIES OPEN. Cycle cop #1 SLAMS into the door and FLIES through the air, landing hard.

A MAN with a buzz cut and black suit steps out of the car with the smooth flow of a slight OVERCRANK.

The prone cop claws at his holster. The MAN reaches into his coat. Ruby, day late and a dollar short, goes for his gun. By the time he does, the MAN already has the drop on the cycle cop. Instead of a gun, he has thrust a GOLD BADGE in his face.

Ruby lets out a sigh of relief. The MAN walks up the stairs to the station. He and Ruby lock eyes for a second.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Ruby enters and the bustling downtown police station falls into a hushed silence. He passes a group of UNIFORMED PATROLMEN who look at him as they quietly exchange venomous comments. Ruby keeps his eyes forward as he serpentine through the maze of desks in the ancient overcrowded headquarters. Other DETECTIVES call out shitty quips as he passes.

DETECTIVE

Nice going, cowboy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

12.

Ruby avoids eye-contact. He sits behind his desk and takes a slug of Mylanta. As he pulls off the bottle, he notices a drop of his partner's blood on his wrist.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Ruby vigorously scrubs his hands like Lady Macbeth. A dashing dark young man in a Brooks Brothers suit makes eye-contact with him in the mirror. This is LANCE TEAGARTIN, D.A.. They are polar opposites.

TEAGARTIN

Three suspects in the hospital begging to confess. I guess that's one way to avoid the Miranda act.

He walks out.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

LIEUTENANT DAN WEINMAN, a frazzled red-head in his late twenties, leans in.

LT. WEINMAN

You happy?! Huh? You got anything to say for yourself?!

RUBY

Back off, Lieutenant. Now's not the time.

LT. WEINMAN

"Now's not the time", "Now's not the time"? Who the hell do you think you are!?!

Outside the bathroom his voice echoes through the station.

RUBY

I had a rough day.

LT. WEINMAN

You had a rough day? You selfish bastard. This whole damn station, hell, the Department is shaking. I got the Lynn Hunter of ABS News leaving word with my assistant every five minutes and now the Media's camped out front like it's a Dead show...

(CONTINUED)

RUBY

Christ...

LT. WEINMAN

No comments. Okay Ruby? Department policy. They want a bite, they can come to me.

RUBY

They'll be out for blood.

LT. WEINMAN

Can you blame them?! Do you know that right this freakin minute the Captain is on the phone with the deputy Mayor trying to find out how the hell, under his authority, a cop can lose, not one, but six partners in the line of duty. Six!

RUBY

Not once has it been my fault and you know it!

LT. WEINMAN

Six, Ruby. Six. You lose six, what are you gonna do? "Watch the Sign"?

Ruby's face drops.

RUBY

No way I'm watching the Sign...

A DESK JOCKEY pokes his head in.

DESK JOCKEY

The Captain's ready.

Weinman smiles.

LT. WEINMAN

(relishing)

This time, Ruby, this time it's different. You ever hear of karma?

RUBY

Do I gotta "watch the Sign"?!?

LT. WEINMAN

Captain's ready for you. After he lays it on you, come see me before your expression changes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES -
DAY

Over the CAPTAIN'S shoulder we see a silhouette cross to the frosted half-glass door. It opens and Ruby shuffles in gingerly. The balding, middle-aged African-American veteran is eating crow on the phone.

THE CAPTAIN

Yessir... No, sir, I'm not implying that... By no means. I understand... No, I haven't. I can only imagine. I've seen the news vans... Yes, sir. She's out there...

(to Ruby)

On the table.

Ruby lays his Glock 9 on the desk next to his gold shield.

THE CAPTAIN (cont'd)

(into receiver)

No. I understand... No one will say anything to her... That's the last thing we want either.

A wince from the Captain suggests the phone has been slammed in his ear.

Ruby crosses to leave.

THE CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Where the hell you think you're going!?!

RUBY

If I'm off the Force, I'm off the Force.

THE CAPTAIN

Sit your ass down, Ruby.

(he complies)

It ain't that easy.

(he picks up Ruby's pistol)

I don't believe this plastic Austrian canon falls within the parameters of department approved sidearms. Who the hell you think you are carrying a 45...

RUBY

It's a nine, sir.

THE CAPTAIN

Regardless, your name was specifically removed from the list of semi-automatic authorization.

(CONTINUED)

He throws the Glock into a drawer and slams down an unimpressive short barreled .38 Police Special.

THE CAPTAIN (cont'd)

You should do just fine with a Police issue .38. You'll notice there's no hammer handle to avoid the temptation of single-action fire that has known to lead to "accidental discharge".

RUBY

I.A. dropped the case, sir.

THE CAPTAIN

Yeah? Well, the LA Weekly didn't. So help me God, I should've fired your ass then and I'm a Chihuahua fart away from doing it now.

RUBY

I'm still on the job?

THE CAPTAIN

As of now. But before you go off celebrating, you might want to hear the condition.

RUBY

No way I'm watching the Sign

THE CAPTAIN

You don't gotta "watch the Sign". City Hall's been up my ass to find a position for an inter-departmental transfer to homicide. I been having a bitch of a time partnering him up. Nobody wants him. A real square peg.

RUBY

Fed?

THE CAPTAIN

Oakland PD.

RUBY

Why's he transferring down here?

THE CAPTAIN

Cause it's as far as you can get from the Bay. He broke one too many rules up there and the people are screaming bloody murder. The Department won't take his shield. Somebody big must owe him one.

(CONTINUED)

RUBY
What's his name?

THE CAPTAIN
Rainbow Mulligan.

RUBY
How'd he get the nickname?

THE CAPTAIN
It's his real name. Hippy parents.

RUBY
So this is how you get back at me? Pair
me up with some crunchy Frisco tree-
hugger?

For the first time the Captain smiles. The sadistic smile of
irony.

THE CAPTAIN
Oh, I'm getting back at you all right,
but you couldn't be more wrong about
Rainbow. He mighta been raised by flower
children, but this son of a bitch went
the other way. Something snapped or
something, cause he's deep end. I'm
talkin Hollywood Old-School. Holes in the
desert and zero percent crime. A real
cowboy, this one.

RUBY
(recognizing the irony)
That's what they say about me.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Ruby holsters his new pop-gun and pockets his badge. He
knocks on a door marked "Lt. Dan Weinman".

LT. WEINMAN
(o.c.)
Come in.

INT. LT. WEINMAN'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - POLICE STATION -
LOS ANGELES - SAME

Ruby walks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LT. WEINMAN
 Detective Ruby, meet your new partner,
 Detective Mulligan.

Ruby looks into a shadowy corner of the room where stands the MAN from out front, DETECTIVE RAINBOW MULLIGAN. He looks like he stepped out of a time machine from 1950. He wears a post-war black FBI suit with matching tie and crew-cut. He looks to be in his early thirties, but his unwavering stare seems to belong to a much older man.

Ruby is taken aback. They stare each other down in a struggle for top dog.

RUBY
 I think it's best you know, I lost six partners.

MULLIGAN
 I lost eight.

Mulligan pushes past him with the conviction of a 1950's TV cop.

MULLIGAN (cont'd)
 Stay outa my way, Rubenstein, and we'll get along just fine.

Rainbow exits and Ruby is dumbfounded. A smile the size of car grille spreads across Weinman's freckled face.

RUBY
 Who told him my real name?

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Joe Ruby pushes through the double doors and starts down the front steps of the station with his head held low.

An eruption of electronic flashbulbs and video-cam lights shakes him out of his reverie. Front and center is LYNN HUNTER, the very attractive investigative reporter/media wunderkind.

LYNN HUNTER
 Detective Ruby. You are being held responsible for the deaths of six partners. Do you have anything to say for yourself?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

18.

RUBY

No comment.

He walks away in frustration as he is jeered by the small mob.

LYNN HUNTER

(self-righteous)

The people demand an explanation...

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Ruby is exasperated from the day's activities. He has eluded the crowd and now makes his way to his car.

He looks down to see his Cadillac STS completely VANDALIZED with "COP KILLER" scrawled across the hood in Krylon.

Uniformed PATROLMEN watch his reaction from across the street.

RUBY

I suppose you ain't seen nothing.

The cops turn away in silent conspiracy.

Ruby sees Mulligan climbing in his vintage 1951 FLEETWOOD. He jogs over to him. He takes a BEAT to check out his dope car, hiding his envy. He leans in.

RUBY (cont'd)

I'm having car trouble. You mind running me over the hill?

CUT TO:

INT. MULLIGAN'S CAR - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Ruby is eying the pristine interior of the car.

A tense silence is broken by Ruby.

RUBY

'51 Fleetwood?
(nothing)

Ruby spots SOMEONE on the street.

RUBY (cont'd)

Pull over for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

Mulligan pulls over on Hollywood Boulevard. Ruby steps out of the car.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

Ruby approaches a WHITE MAN flamboyantly dressed in the 70's pimp tradition.

RUBY
Shipment in, Cocoa?

WHITE COCOA
Can't we do this somewhere else?

RUBY
Who you worried about? Him? That's Detective Mulligan, my new partner. Don't sweat him.

WHITE COCOA
Nah, Ruby. I don't need my ladies seeing this, getting the wrong idea.

RUBY
(going through his long coat)
Aw, come on Cocoa, you know your ladies love you unconditionally. Shipment in?

He snatches his PAGER and begins to jot down numbers.

WHITE COCOA
Not the beeper. That's not cool, man.

RUBY
Shipment in?

WHITE COCOA
(reluctantly)
Jeez. Here. Take it, for Chrissake.

He pulls off his feathered hat and hands Ruby a small purple plastic EGG-SHAPED TOY. Ruby hands him the beeper back.

RUBY
How much?

WHITE COCOA
It's a gift.

RUBY
That would make it a payoff. You don't wanna be hauled in on bribery, do you, White Cocoa?

(CONTINUED)

WHITE COCOA

Twenty.

RUBY

(pays him)

I wouldn't haul you in. Hell, you're the last pimp on Hollywood Boulevard. You're a historical landmark.

WHITE COCOA

And you're the last hard-assed flatfoot gumshoe prick.

RUBY

We're a dying breed, Cocoa. A dying breed.

INT. MULLIGAN'S CADILLAC - LOS ANGELES - SAME

Ruby climbs back in the car. Mulligan pulls out. No comment on what just went down. Ruby puts away the Tamagotchi.

RUBY

(re: Tamagotchi)

It's for my daughter.

(beat)

Since you're new down here and me and you are gonna be partners, I got a set of "rules" I like to share with the new guys. The first rule deals with statistics. How many times does the average LAPD officer draw his sidearm in the course of a career?

Mulligan just drives in silence.

RUBY (cont'd)

Less than once.

(beat)

Whattaya think of that?

(beat)

MULLIGAN

I think the last guy you told your rules to is dead.

And the conversation ends.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEN RUBY'S HOUSE - THE VALLEY - EVENING

Joe walks up to a semi-attached townhouse. Christmas lights frame the windows. He rings the doorbell.

JEN RUBY, Joe's pretty brunette ex, answers the door. She empathetically looks into his eyes.

JEN

Aw, honey, not again.

EXT. JEN RUBY'S HOUSE - THE VALLEY - SAME

They hug, then drift into the breakfast area. He seems very comfortable around her. It's obvious that they've been sweethearts since high school. It's also obvious they've been separated since Easter.

The place is a mess.

He sits at the table as they watch a news report on the kitchen's 13". Lynn Hunter in a conservative blazer holds a microphone bearing the call letters "ABS".

LYNN HUNTER

(on the tube)

... What's more, the people demand it. If detective Ruby won't answer to the public, who will he answer to? If you think the Mayor should crack-down on the LAPD "boy's club", then E-mail me at our website poll at www dot....

(click)

She clicks it off? They sit in silence. He lifts a very frilly, flowery children's drawing from the table and stares.

RUBY

When are you gonna take down the Christmas lights? It's March already.

JEN

(hands him rubber-banded mail)

You got more mail. Did you send in the change of address card to the post office?

RUBY

Yeah, yeah. I'll do it this week.

(then, re: drawing)

Lucy drew this?

Jen nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUBY (cont'd)
 (out of nowhere)
 He was so damn young.

He starts to crack up. Jen hugs him like a mother.

They look up to see that LUCY, their adorable eight year old daughter, is watching. Ruby hides the tears.

RUBY (cont'd)
 Hi, Princess. Sorry I'm late.

She humorlessly scurries away. Joe looks to his ex-wife for an explanation.

JEN
 She misses you.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - SAME

Ruby opens his daughter's rooms door and pokes his head in.

RUBY
 Princess?

LUCY
 You're supposed to knock.

RUBY
 Sorry. I'm sorry. Do you want me to go?

No response as Lucy sits under the covers of her meticulously kept room. It contrasts the chaos of the rest of the house.

RUBY (cont'd)
 I guess I'll just sit down, then.

He respectfully crosses in and softly sits down on the foot of her bed.

RUBY (cont'd)
 Sorry I'm late, Princess, but there was trouble at work. Mommy said the recital was great and you were wonderful. Were you scared?
 (nothing)
 It'll never happen again. I'm so proud of you.
 (steel)
 Did you make that drawing downstairs?
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RUBY (cont'd)
(nothing, not even eye-contact)
Did you draw the puppy?

LUCY
(guarded)
It's not a puppy.

RUBY
(toying with her)
What?

LUCY
(softly)
It's not a puppy, it's a baby frog.

RUBY
Oh, a baby frog, huh? You want me to get
you a baby frog, Princess?

LUCY
No.

RUBY
No?

LUCY
No. I don't want anything from you.

RUBY
No?

LUCY
No.

RUBY
You don't want me to bring you nothing?

LUCY
No. Just leave me alone.

RUBY
Not even this?

He pulls out the TAMAGOTCHI. Her eyes light up. He gives it
to her.

LUCY
Omigod. A Tamagotchi.

RUBY
Is that the right one?
(she nods)
Show me how it works.

LUCY
(pushing buttons)
First you hatch it, like this. Then,
when it cries you feed it. You have to
clean up its poop...

RUBY
Wow, I don't even clean up my own poop...

LUCY
And you have to play with it all the time
or else it dies.

RUBY
It dies?

LUCY
Yeah. I can't believe you found one.
Where did you get it?

RUBY
From someone at work.

Her fleeting enthusiasm instantly wanes.

LUCY
I don't want it.

RUBY
Whatta you mean you don't want it.
You've been asking for one since
Christmas. Daddy worked very hard to get
it for you.

LUCY
I don't want it anymore.

RUBY
Mommy said you asked for it again today.

LUCY
I don't want it and I don't want you.

RUBY
You don't want me?

LUCY
No.

RUBY
Why not?

LUCY
You don't love me.

RUBY
That's a horrible thing to say. Don't say that. I love you so much I... How can you say that? Princess, I love you more than anything.

LUCY
More than work?

RUBY
Of course more than work. More than anything. Silly.

LUCY
Then how come you always forget about me?

RUBY
I never forget about you. I think about you every minute of every day.

LUCY
I don't believe you.

RUBY
It's true. I wish there was some way I could prove it to you.

She hands him the Tamagotchi.

LUCY
Take care of it.

RUBY
You want me to play with the toy?

LUCY
You can come see me as long as you keep it alive.

RUBY
Don't be silly, honey. Daddy has to work.

LUCY
You said you loved me more than work.

He's nailed.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Ruby struggles to push the tiny buttons of the Tamagotchi with his huge fingers. He is frustrated by the electronic toy. It makes the "crying noise".

A SMALL BOY sits next to HIS MOM. He snoops as his mother sleeps. Ruby looks at him defensively. He struggles some more.

BOY

He won't eat unless you play with him.

Ruby looks at the boy, then the toy, hits some buttons and it makes the "happy noise".

RUBY

(reluctantly)

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Ruby walks in the main entrance, leaving a wall of VIDEO JOURNALISTS outside behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

He steps into the men's room for a brief reprieve. He washes his hands vigorously. A WOMAN'S VOICE starts him.

LYNN HUNTER

(o.c.)

"Out, out, damn spot"

RUBY

What the hell are you doing in here?

LYNN HUNTER

Can't get more unofficial than this.

RUBY

Last time I talked to you "off the record" it was your lead story.

LYNN HUNTER

If you don't want to be quoted as "an undisclosed source", you gotta be specific. My guess is you're mad at yourself for getting sloppy. So what do

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNN HUNTER (cont'd)
 you say you get your say this time? A
 six minute one on one exclusive?

RUBY
 You know Department policy. You gotta
 talk to Lieutenant Weinman.

LYNN HUNTER
 I got no more tape to waste on that
 political pull-toy. I need a quote with
 carbs. How about a nice hairy sound bite
 for sweeps?

RUBY
 Policy's policy.
 (turns to go, then)
 Not for nothing, I don't appreciate your
 coverage.

LYNN HUNTER
 Ruby, without a scoop I gotta fill in the
 blanks. What say you play ball and we
 turn the worm?

He goes to leave.

LYNN HUNTER
 Make your bed, Ruby. Get ready for
 another one across the bow.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Ruby weaves his way past icy stares. He arrives at his desk. It butts up against another where Rainbow Mulligan sits waiting in his chair. Ruby avoids his stare. He sits at his slovenly station, facing Mulligan's meticulous desk.

He finds a CLIPPING from the Los Angeles Times. It reads: "COP KILLS COP... SIX PARTNERS FALL. PUBLIC DEMANDS INVESTIGATION." The picture is of Ruby from the day before, head held low.

He looks up to Mulligan, who stares back unwavering. Neither will back down in the desk to desk stare down.

Several BEATS of tension, until...

The TAMAGOTCHI beeps out a cry from Ruby's pocket. He tries to ignore it, then pulls out the toy and "feeds" it, awkwardly losing the stare down. He tries to explain in a gruff voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUBY

I'm holding it for my kid...

Mulligan just stares.

Lieutenant Weinman approaches the two.

LT. WEINMAN

We got a drowning/possible homicide in Venice. You two ready to play nice?

RUBY

My new wheels come through?

MULLIGAN

(rising)

I got a car.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

INSERT of SMOKING TIRES.

Ruby's neck whips back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - VENICE - DAY

Ruby and Mulligan arrive at the crime scene, stepping over yellow tape. They look very out of place on the beach.

Red bathing suited Baywatch type LIFEGUARDS guard the scene. A WELL-DRESSED FEMALE CORPSE lies in the sand. The woman was beautiful.

Ruby, with pad, approaches a sexy Pamela Anderson Lee type LIFEGUARD as they survey the victim.

RUBY

Whatta we got?

LIFEGUARD

A body.

Ruby and Mulligan share a look.

RUBY

Anything pertinent?

LIFEGUARD

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUBY

Witnesses? Clues as to cause of death?

LIFEGUARD

(getting short)

Well I assume she drowned.

RUBY

I don't think so.

LIFEGUARD

Look, officer...

RUBY

Detective.

LIFEGUARD

You can't just come down here and get all bossy...

The other tanned beautiful members of the BEACH PATROL fall in behind her. Mulligan stands behind him.

LIFEGUARD (cont'd)

You just got here, and all of a sudden you're telling us how to do our jobs!

LIFEGUARDS

Yeah...

RUBY

I'm just saying she's not wet and there's a needle in her arm. I don't think she drowned.

BEAT. The lifeguards all scatter quietly. The two detectives study the O.D.

RUBY

My God, she's beautiful.

MULLIGAN

Horrible teeth. My guess from her coloring, she's Eastern European.

RUBY

I.D.?

MULLIGAN

No bag. Nothing.

RUBY

Tracks?

(CONTINUED)

MULLIGAN
(shows scars on arm)
San Andreas.

RUBY
Other than that, we got nothing?

MULLIGAN
Nothing.

The lifeguard walks over with a piece of PAPER.

LIFEGUARD
I don't know if it helps, but she had
this in her hand. Does it help.

She hands him a time-stamped VALET STUB from CENTURY CITY
PARKING.

Ruby and Mulligan share a look.

RUBY
A little bit, yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTURY CITY MALL - LOS ANGELES - DAY

The two detectives briskly walk towards the "RUSSIAN
ROULETTE" nightclub. Mulligan stands by the door.

INT. RUSSIAN ROULETTE - LOS ANGELES - SAME

Ruby enters, and Ruby's eyes scan the main dining area. He
sees the white PUNK from the first scene sitting at the bar.

The punk sees him and scurries to the back door. Ruby
follows. He darts into the rear dining room and FLIPS A
TABLE into Ruby's way, buying him a healthy lead out the side
EMERGENCY DOOR.

It looks like he's home free, until...

WHAM! Rainbow Mulligan plants a flying SHOULDER BLOCK into
the breadbasket sending him to the pavement with his
oversized jeans around his ankles.

Ruby is impressed as Mulligan cuffs him with an antique LUGER
to his temple.

RUBY
Old cars and old guns, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mulligan shoves the kid toward Ruby.

MULLIGAN
Read him his rights.

And goes off for the car.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

The punk, once again, sits at the table. Ruby and Mulligan enter. This time, BOTH Ruby AND Mulligan drop a PACK OF SMOKES on the table, indicating they both want to be "Bad Cop".

After a brief stare down, Rainbow retrieves his pack and retreats, leaving the room.

FUNK
Yeah, yeah. I know the drill, Ruby.
You're the bad ass. Go ahead, slap me
around. I don't know nothin' bout nothin'.

Ruby lifts him by his shirt.

RUBY
That's two junkies killed by your supply.

FUNK
Ain't my fault they can't handle the good
stuff.

Ruby violently SHAKES HIM.

RUBY
A "hot package" is a murder weapon! Your
parents know that you're being charged
with double murder!?!

FUNK
You gonna fly to St. Petersburg to tell
them?

RUBY
Wise ass!

He stands him up and pushes him into the wall with a THUD.

FUNK
Look, Ruby. Send my ass to Rikers. I'm
a minor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUBY
You'll get tried as an adult.

FUNK
Fine. Least they won't "Chicken Chop" my
ass.

RUBY
"Chicken Chop"?

FUNK
Yeah. So why don't you cool out, Ruby.
It ain't gonna happen I talk. You can
gimme the chair.

Ruby knows he's been out-terrorized by something or someone.
This kid ain't gonna talk.

He opens the door. Mulligan steps in.

FUNK (cont'd)
Oh, now Mr. Good Cop is gonna work on
me..?

Before he can finish his sentence, Mulligan FLIES ACROSS THE
ROOM and UNLEASHES a RIGHT CROSS that knocks the kid clean
out of the chair. Ruby cringes as the frenzied detective
UNLEASHES a barrage of punches.

FUNK (cont'd)
Christ! Which one of you's the "Good
Cop"?

He picks him up and slaps him silly.

RUBY
They got to him, Mulligan. He ain't
gonna talk.

Mulligan grabs him by his goatee and holds a SWITCHBLADE to
his THROAT.

MULLIGAN
Who's your supplier?

FUNK
Tok! His name's Tok!

MULLIGAN
Where's his operation?

FUNK
I don't know...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mulligan applies pressure. Ruby is attentive.

PUNK (cont'd)
It's on his plate. His name's on his
plate.

Mulligan slides up the blade and CUTS OFF most of his goatee.

Mulligan leaves, the punk sighs.

RUBY
(to punk)
Don't ever make me look bad again.

CUT TO:

INT. MULLIGAN'S '51 CADILLAC - VENICE - DAY

Mulligan drives in silence, ignoring Ruby as he preaches.

RUBY
Sure, it's easy to get them to fear you,
but respect, respect must be cultivated
over time. Like a vineyard. Through
years of carrying yourself in a certain
way...

He is interrupted by the ELECTRONIC CRY of the TAMAGOTCHI.
Ruby grumbles as he feeds it. Mulligan throws a look.

RUBY (cont'd)
Damn pain in the ass...

MULLIGAN
(pulling over)
Here's the DMV address on the license.

They are parked in front of a boarded-up abandoned building.

RUBY
(sarcastic)
Big surprise.

He is interrupted by the RADIO. Ruby answers, hanging the
TAMAGOTCHI on the radio knob.

RUBY (cont'd)
(answering radio)
Ruby.

PRECINCT
(radio)
Still no prints found at either scene.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRECINCT (cont'd)
but we do have a possible 20 on the
vanity plate "TOK".

RUBY
(writing)
Yeah?

PRECINCT
(radio)
It might be a mistake, though, because
the make and model don't match the DMV
records. The patrolman said the plate's
on a white Town Car.

Off Ruby's look...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE STREET - DAY

The vintage caddy SQUEALS around a corner at FULL SPEED with
a gumball machine on the roof.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEAD END - ANOTHER VENICE STREET - DAY

They spot the WHITE TOWN CAR with gold rims, tinted windows
and the "TOK" vanity plates in a DEAD END ALLEY.

They roll in, turn sideways, and block the only exit.

STILLNESS.

INT. MULLIGAN'S CADDY - SAME

RUBY
This is it. This is the same Lincoln
that dropped my partner.
(into radio)
Request backup. These are the guys that
killed Verdey.

PRECINCT
(radio)
Sit tight. Cavalry's on the way.

SLAM! Mulligan has exited the car, pistol in hand.

RUBY
You nuts? These guys are armed to the
teeth. This ain't Frisco, we got a way
of doing things here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ruby is ignored as Mulligan walks toward the Lincoln like Gary Cooper in "High Noon". He aims his Luger at the Lincoln's tinted windows.

MULLIGAN

Lower your windows. I want to see hands and keys.

The windows SLOWLY LOWER. Ruby watches from the passenger seat, rapt.

THEN, Mulligan senses something and LEAPS, running for his car as a HAIL OF SEMI-AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE erupts from ALL THE LINCOLN'S WINDOWS.

He DIVES BEHIND the caddy as the bullets "Sonny Corleone" the passenger side of the car to swiss cheese.

Ruby's head emerges like a turtle from a shell as the smoke clears. He speaks with the confidence of Foghorn Leghorn as Mulligan dusts off his black suit and surveys the damage.

RUBY

You wouldn't listen. You had to do it. I tried to tell you, but you knew better...

Mulligan crosses to the trunk and pulls out an antique THOMPSON'S SUB-MACHINE GUN and slaps on a fifty-round gangster BARREL CLIP.

RUBY (cont'd)

Holy Jesus.

Detective Rainbow Mulligan walks toward the suspect's vehicle as he holds down the trigger, EMPTYING THE ENTIRE CLIP.

WINDOWS and TIRES EXPLODE as the Town Car quakes from the concussion.

A LONG BEAT of STILLNESS as Mulligan stands tall with a smoking barrel.

Ruby peeks out the window.

A SET OF KEYS, GUNS, then EIGHT OUTSTRETCHED HANDS slowly reach out the window.

The backup SQUAD CARS finally arrive. Ruby can't believe what he sees as Mulligan empties the car alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

36.

"BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP" he looks to the TAMAGOTCHI as it cries
from the radio knob.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ALLEY - VENICE - DAY

The alley is lit up like the Christmas window of FAO Schwartz. Cops and cop cars of all shapes and sizes. Lynn Hunter and her news van are on the scene just past the tape.

Rainbow is behind the wheel of his BULLET-RIDDLED caddy. He tries to turn it over, but it just whines. Joe pops the huge hood.

INSERT under the hood of the vintage caddy. The eight cylinder engine is immaculate as it sits in the huge cavity under the bonnet.

RUBY

Christ. You could hide a damn body in here. You couldn't even point to the engine in my STS.

(fiddles)

Try it now.

It TURNS OVER. Ruby slams the hood.

RUBY (cont'd)

Distributor cap came loose. This thing's a tank.

MULLIGAN

(looking at damage)

Punks ruined nine coats of lacquer.

Lt. Weinman and D.A. Teagartin corner them.

LT. WEINMAN

You couldn't wait for the robot...

RUBY

That thing's a piece of crap.

LT. WEINMAN

That "piece of crap" was one of the cornerstones of the Mayor's re-election. The public spent 1.5 million on it, they want to see it used...

RUBY

You coulda trained a dozen more cadets with that money...

MULLIGAN

What robot?

(CONTINUED)

RUBY

The Department bought him a radio control robot for infiltration. Thing's never been tested.

LT. WEINMAN

Yeah? It already boosted the Department approval rating by eleven points in an election year.

TEAGARTIN

(reminding)

The guns.

LT. WEINMAN

Right. Where are the guns?

RUBY

What guns?

LT. WEINMAN

The guns the perps...

TEAGARTIN

... suspects...

LT. WEINMAN

Sorry. Suspects threw out the...

TEAGARTIN

... allegedly...

LT. WEINMAN

Right. Allegedly threw out the window of their vehicle.

RUBY

Let me go search em.

TEAGARTIN

You must be crazy if you think I'm letting you anywhere near my defendants.

RUBY

This ain't your courtroom, Teagartin...

LT. WEINMAN

No, but it's my crime scene. And, thanks to your excessive use of force, these perps...

TEAGARTIN

...suspects...

(CONTINUED)

LT. WEINMAN
These suspects will probably walk.

RUBY
What!?!

TEAGARTIN
Please, Joe, I must've knocked out, what,
fifteen, twenty of your collars. Don't
act so surprised.

RUBY
But one of those guys killed my partner.

LT. WEINMAN
And thanks to you he'll walk.

RUBY
What if the lab boys link the hole to a
gun?

TEAGARTIN
Let's see the guns.

Mulligan pulls out THREE COMPACT AUTOMATIC PISTOLS and hands
them to the Lieutenant.

LT. WEINMAN
(to a tech)
Bag these.

TEAGARTIN
Three? There were four of them.

RUBY
One was driving.

TEAGARTIN
Yeah?

He looks to Mulligan, who doesn't even acknowledge him.

TEAGARTIN (cont'd)
I hope for your sake you're right.
You've already given me plenty to spring
them: Discharging an unauthorized
assault weapon in the apprehension of a
traffic violator...

RUBY
A cop killer...

TEAGARTIN

Am I wrong or does department policy now allow an officer of the law to investigate a homicide that he is under investigation for?

LT. WEINMAN

Maybe I shoulda made it clearer before. You're off the case.

RUBY

But, Lieutenant...

LT. WEINMAN

Period.

TEAGARTIN

Besides, Joe, I'll tell you right now, these pop guns are too small to penetrate a Kevlar vest. Without the weapon, the case is too thin. You just saved yourself another embarrassing headline.

LT. WEINMAN

And let's tag that Tommy gun.

They take Mulligan's weapon. As he hands it to the TECH he hangs on as he pulls, staring him down.

MULLIGAN

Careful, it's an antique.

He lets go, to the nervous techie's relief.

The Lieutenant and the D.A. walk off. Ruby and Mulligan sit in the car and start it back up. It looks like a hunk of Jarlsbergur, but it still purrs.

The Tamagotchi cries.

RUBY

(feeding it)

Son of a bitch. It's like they don't care. They have absolutely no passion for anything but screwing me to the wall.

Mulligan pulls out an HUGE SHINY SILVER .50 CALIBRE ISRAELI DESERT EAGLE SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL, the mother of all handguns.

RUBY (cont'd)

Oh my God. Where did you find that?

(CONTINUED)

MULLIGAN

The perps dumped it. Is this the gun that killed your partner?

RUBY

Could be. This mother could blow a hole through an engine block. Fifty calibre. Magnum load. Look what they got me carrying.

(draws .38)

The bullets bounce off sheetmetal. They got us outgunned.

MULLIGAN

Not me.

RUBY

Why the hell didn't you show them the Desert Eagle? This'll prove it. We got them.

MULLIGAN

They'll walk either way. I knew nothing would stick as soon as I pulled out my "Chicago typewriter". We got enough now to find out who they are. Besides, I figured you'd want the gun.

RUBY

Why? To shoot him with it? Not my style of justice. You hang onto it.

MULLIGAN

You got an answer man?

RUBY

Yeah.

MULLIGAN

Let's go ask some questions.

RUBY

This is my mess, not yours. For me it's personal.

MULLIGAN

Any time a cop gets killed, I take it personal. Now where we going?

. CUT TO:

EXT. LOS FELIZ - DAY

The battle scarred cadillac draws many looks as it parks in front of a closed Italian restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

An empty white lined dining room.

An ANCIENT ITALIAN MAN from Central Casting greets Ruby who hands over his .38. He then feebly frisks Mulligan, emptying his pockets and holsters of a half-dozen antique GUNS and KNIVES as well as the huge DESERT EAGLE HAND-CANNON which the man can hardly lift.

MULLIGAN

I don't like being naked.

RUBY

The Old Man don't like guns around.
Reminds him of the old days.

MULLIGAN

The "Old Man"? You mean this isn't the
"Old Man"? How old is the "Old Man"?

OLD OLD MAN

Blow me.

He leads them into the back...

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - RESTAURANT - SAME

They enter the yet moodier, darker back room. There is a man shrouded in smoke and shadow sitting at the table with an espresso before him. This is MICHELANGELO JANIRO, the faded Don. He is smartly dressed and seems to be younger than expected.

JANIRO

Come in, Ruby. Sit, sit.

RUBY

This is Detective Mulligan.

JANIRO

I heard, I heard. They interrupted Jerry
Springer with the update. Nice touch
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANIRO (cont'd)
with the Tommy gun. Where you from,
Chicago?

MULLIGAN
Oakland.

JANIRO
Oi, gevalt. Even worse. Some associates
of mine tried to expand there from Nevada
in the fifties. Two of them committed
suicide while being held overnight for
disorderly conduct. The rest left.

RUBY
Coincidence, huh?

JANIRO
Yeah. Oakland was real big on
coincidences back then.

MULLIGAN
Kept all the dago scum out...

Janiro pulls out a revolver, Mulligan goes for his but it's,
of course, not there.

MULLIGAN (cont'd)
I thought you said he don't like guns
around.

JANIRO
(holstering it)
I don't like when other people have guns.
Gives me the willies. So, Ruby, how's
the family.

RUBY
Lucy's beautiful as ever.

JANIRO
And your wife?

RUBY
Ex-wife. She's fine.

JANIRO
There's nothing more important than
family, Joey. Nothing.

RUBY
You're not wrong...

JANIRO

It's a fact. You spoil them, Joey. There's nothing more important. People don't understand anymore. I see them on Jerry Springer. One goes with the other one, then he's got a baby with this one...

RUBY

Yeah. Listen. Mr. Janiro. I need your help. I recently lost a partner...

JANIRO

Yes, I heard. I'm sorry.

RUBY

Yeah...

JANIRO

What is that now? Six?

RUBY

Yeah, listen. I think we know who it is, but we need to know what we're up against. We got reason to believe they're hooked into an organization.

JANIRO

Well it ain't nobody I know. Heroine? Popping a straight rookie cop? We didn't do it like that. I'm telling you, Joey, times are changing. Used to be a guest would come on a talk show, a Donahue, they'd want to talk. Like a human. Now I turn on Springer and they immediately attack each other. Physically. You remember what a big deal it was when Geraldo got his nose broke by the Klan?

RUBY

Sure...

JANIRO

Now it happens every episode...

RUBY

Yeah, listen...

JANIRO

It's like they live to be on Talk Soup... .

(CONTINUED)

MULLIGAN
(leaving)
This is ridiculous.

RUBY
(stopping him)
Wait.
(then)
Mr. Janiro. We need some answers.

Janiro assumes an air of power and respect that completely transforms the mood of the room.

JANIRO
Whatta we got?

RUBY
My partner was killed in a heroine
cutting room...

JANIRO
China White?

RUBY
Black Tar...

JANIRO
Rule out the Koreans. Keep going.

Mulligan pays close attention.

RUBY
He was killed by a high powered slug from
a Town Car. We found it, cause it was
white with vanity plates...

JANIRO
Saying..?

RUBY
"TOK"

JANIRO
"T-O-C-K"?

RUBY
"T-O-K"

JANIRO
Keep going.

(CONTINUED)

RUBY

We collared the car, found a Desert Eagle...

JANIRO

.44 or .50?

RUBY

Fifty calibre. Powerful enough to penetrate a Kevlar vest...

JANIRO

And the Brinks truck behind it...

RUBY

But the collar won't stick...

JANIRO

Cause of the Tommy gun and D.A. Teagartin. I get it. Anything else? Anything strange?

MULLIGAN

No prints.

RUBY

Yeah. That's right. No prints at the scene. Also, the clocker that did the flip on the cutting room said he was scared of the "Chicken Chop".

JANIRO

That it?

RUBY

I think so. Yeah.

JANIRO

Russian Mafia. Sick bastards. Tired of waiting in line, I guess. Worse than the Colombians. The button men cut off their fingertips to avoid identification. Deal in everything from nuclear weapons to hockey player extortion.

MULLIGAN

You sure?

JANIRO

Chicken Chop clinched it.

RUBY

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

JANIRO

Punishment. The informant is carved up with a chainsaw like a Perdue fryer.

MULLIGAN

What about "Tok"?

JANIRO

Russian for "high voltage". Sounds like a nick name. So how was your daughter's recital?

SMASH CUT TO: ...

INT. FRONT ROOM - RESTAURANT - SAME

The two cops leave.

MULLIGAN

He's good.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE BEAN - COFFEE STORE - SUNSET PLAZA - DAY

Ruby and Mulligan walk out of the coffee store sipping black coffees. They pass the outdoor tables as they cross toward Mulligan's Fleetwood.

RUBY

You ask for a cup of coffee, they give you a damn malted...

A table of FOUR LAPD COPS sip ice blended vanillas and stare down our guys through mirrored Oakley Blades. Two are in short sleeve black uniforms, two are bicycle cops, all are buff. The inevitable shitty comment hisses out.

COP

I got money on which one of you gets the other killed first.

LEER. They both stop, turn, and do the Clint squint.

RUBY

Next one of you says a word...

But before he can finish his threat, Mulligan has already dove on the prick. He walls on the muscle-bound cop as fat-free froth flies.

Ruby breaks it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER COP

I never thought I'd live to see the day.
Ruby's breaking up a fight.

INT. LT. WEINMAN'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - POLICE STATION -
DAY

Mulligan and Ruby stand before Lt. Weinman's desk. Ruby is pleading, but Weinman will have no part of it.

RUBY

But, Lieutenant, we got enough to make it stick. What if I told you we had a weapon?

LT. WEINMAN

With prints?

RUBY

No, but that's because they cut off...

LT. WEINMAN

Then I'd say it was planted.

RUBY

But they...

The TAMAGOTCHI starts to cry. Ruby "feeds" it as they argue.

LT. WEINMAN

You're off the case. It's finished.

RUBY

But...

LT. WEINMAN

Finished. Any questions?

BEAT.

MULLIGAN

Can I get my gun back?

LT. WEINMAN

No, you can't have your gun back. Even SWAT needs authorization to fire on full automatic.

RUBY

Yeah. They fight with robots.

LT. WEINMAN

At least that robot never lost a partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

49.

Ouch. Quiet.

LT. WEINMAN (cont'd)
Besides, I heard about the reindeer games -
at the Coffee Bean...

THE CHIEF
(o.c)
That Ruby and Mulligan!?!

RUBY
Yeah.

THE CHIEF
(poking his head out)
You two are "watching the Sign".

Ruby is sunk. The Lieutenant is smiling. Mulligan is
puzzled.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Mulligan and Ruby sip coffee as they "watch the Sign".

And that's exactly what they're doing. The two of them are
sitting in the car and protecting the famous Hollywood Sign
from possible vandalism by sitting and watching it. And
watching it. And watching it.

A COYOTE walks up to the car. Ruby looks and tosses it a
piece of scone. It gobbles it up and runs behind a cactus.

Silence.

RUBY
We were real close. Real close. A
sixteenth of an inch away from collaring
the guy killed my partner. This close.
The thickness of a piece of red tape. A
nanometer. The whole thing stinks.

MULLIGAN
I hate it when I lose a gun.

RUBY
You go nuts up here.

He clicks on the squawk of the police radio to break the
silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO
... RMP's requested at 1933 North Ivar.
Possible homicide.

COP
(over radio)
What makes you think it's a homicide?

RADIO
Cause it's hard to commit suicide with a
chainsaw. Forensics is already...

Ruby and Mulligan lock eyes. It's their guy.

RUBY
Leaving the Sign's as good as leaving the
Force.

SMASH CUT TO:

TIRES SQUEAL....

They tear down the road. VANDALS tentatively creep out of
the brush and begin to tag-up on the pristine Hollywood Sign.

FADE OUT.

INT. CRIME SCENE - APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Ruby and Mulligan arrive at the apartment. They step through the yellow tape and greet the OFFICER at the door. -

RUBY
How bad is it.

OFFICER
Bad.

They weave through the bustling hive of COPS and SCIENTISTS. They walk into the...

INT. BATHROOM - CRIME SCENE - APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - SAME

All we have to go on is the expression on their faces. It's awful

TECH
Hey Ruby. Heard you were watching the Sign.

RUBY
Outside.

They exit the bathroom.

INT. CRIME SCENE - APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - SAME

RUBY
Anything?

TECH
Not much to go on. Still looking for prints.

RUBY
You won't find any.

TECH
How's that?

RUBY
Give me a days lead and I'll save you the homework.

TECH
Shoot.

RUBY
Russian Mafia. No fingertips. Smart money says this is the kid did the flip
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

52.

RUBY (cont'd)
on the shooting gallery on Yucca. Check
it.

TECH
Thanks, Rube.

RUBY
... Tomorrow.

TECH
No problem. You still saved us a week
and a load of tax dollars.

RUBY
What do you got for me?

He hands Ruby a ZIP LOCK BAGGIE with an empty match book in
it.

INSERT of matchbook: "MAKAROV BATH HOUSE"

RUBY (cont'd)
One more thing. I need to review a piece
of evidence. Maybe you can make a call
to the lab?

CUT TO:

INT. MULLIGAN'S '51 CADILLAC - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Ruby hands Mulligan his weapon.

CLOSE UP of Mulligan's TOMMY GUN. He SMILES for the first
time as he SNAPS OFF the EVIDENCE TAG.

INSERT OF SQUEALING WHITE-WALL

CUT TO:

EXT. MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

TILT DOWN from the SIGN to the Caddy pulling up.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - SAME

THREE RUSSIAN YOUTHS dressed like rappers lounge and joke in
Russian in the lobby area. The WOMAN behind the counter's
face DROPS.

BEEP BEEP BEEP...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The youths look up as Ruby feeds the TAMAGOTCHI and Mulligan stands facing them with a TOMMY GUN in his right hand and a DESERT EAGLE in his left.

RUBY
This them?

Mulligan nods.

MULLIGAN
Which one of you is Tok?

Their faces drop.

RUBY
Cover them. I'll look for number four.

He puts the TAMAGOTCHI on the counter and draws his .38 as he darts down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - SAME

Ruby is faced with a hall full of doors. He looks. Listens. Turns the knob...

INT. ROOM - SAME

LIGHTS UP. A table is in the middle of the room. On it sits a KEY OF BLACK TAR HEROINE. It's cut open and being divided into balloons.

Ruby's face lights up.

RUBY
(shout whisper)
Mulligan... Mulligan! C'mere! I did it.

Mulligan walks in. Sees the dope.

RUBY (cont'd)
The motherlode.

Mulligan crooks his finger, beckoning him.

They walk into...

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - SAME

They enter a room that looks like an IGLOO built with walls made of kilo bricks. This takes the piss out of Ruby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUBY

Cover the punks and call for back up,
I'll cover the back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Mulligan leads a handcuff chain of perps outside and gets on the radio.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - SAME

Ruby skulks through the halls looking for the rear exit. He sees a sign that says "TO EXIT" over it. It is unclear which door it refers to. He goes through one and it's clearly...

INT. THE "WRONG DOOR" - MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - SAME

Detective Ruby finds himself in a steam room with THREE HUGE RUSSIAN MOBSTERS in towels. One's neck and arms are covered with tatoos. This is clearly TOK, as indicated by the ink on his pectoral. He's the HUGEST and he's now pointing a DESERT EAGLE at Ruby.

Ruby RUNS OUT, SLIPPING on the SLICK TILE. His fall saves his life, as the round shatters the tile where his head once was. He scurries out, soaking wet.

He runs through the halls, slamming doors as RUSSIAN SHOUTING echoes throughout the building. He squats, hiding in the corner.

One NAKED MOBSTER turns the corner and Ruby CAPS HIM and he drops on top of him. Ruby pushes him off.

Ruby is scared shitless.

RUBY

(whispering to self)
C'mon, Rainbow. Come on...

CUT TO:

EXT. MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Mulligan hears the gunfire and is concerned.

Squad cars arrive. They load in the punks. Mulligan snaps a circular fifty round clip into his Tommy gun and chambers a round.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULLIGAN
I'm going in.

COP
Lieutenant Weinman wants us to wait for
SWAT.

MULLIGAN
My partner's in there.

He turns and walks toward the door.

CLICK CLICK CLICK.

Several OFFICERS train their sidearms at him. He can't believe his eyes. COPS are threatening his life.

MULLIGAN (cont'd)
(disgust)
What kind of cops are you?

They take his Tommy gun.

COP
Lieutenant Weinman was very specific.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Ruby trades SNAPSHOTS down a hall with another shirtless MOBSTER who hides around a corner. He misses a few times. Ruby's bullets hit the tile wall and they ricochet harmlessly away.

The mobster shoots back with a powerful 9mm handgun which BLOWS A CHUNK out of the corner Ruby has ducked behind, showering him with grout and ceramic dust. He is hopelessly outgunned.

He checks his cylinder. ONE ROUND LEFT.

RUBY
Uh oh. Think, Ruby. Think.

He sees the hunched over mobsters reflection in a STEEL TOWEL CART.

He lines up his sights....

BANG - TWING...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bullet ricochets off the cart and HITS THE CROOK. He FALLS and shouts in pain.

Ruby smiles, then...

CLICK.

The hammer is pulled back on a DESERT EAGLE pressed to the back of his head by a tattooed arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - SAME

A ROBOTIC INFILTRATION UNIT rolls off a SWAT truck. It is equipped with treads and a video camera. It's the size of a small go-cart, and has attracted a crowd, including the ABS camera crew.

LYNN HUNTER

I am told that Detective Ruby, the infamous Detective Ruby is pinned inside this Mafia stronghold. The only thing that stands between Ruby and what some might call "poetic justice" is this. The LAPD-RIU Robotic Infiltration Unit. This real life "Robocop" might prove to be a messiah to the law enforcement community. Today it will be put to the ultimate test. A baptism by fire, if you will. Lieutenant Weinman of the LAPD's homicide division is here to explain the many features of the RIU. Lieutenant Weinman...

LT. WEINMAN

Thank you Lynn...

LYNN HUNTER

Hold on, Lieutenant... There seems to be some movement on the second floor.

In a second floor window, Tok is holding a gun to Ruby's head and hollering.

LYNN HUNTER (cont'd)

It looks like the gunman wants to negotiate. Does this outmode the RIU?

LT. WEINMAN

Quite the contrary. The RIU is perfectly equipped for a hostage situation. The two-way intercom and video transmitter

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LT. WEINMAN (cont'd)
allow us to negotiate using the RIU while
surveying the scene with our cameras.

LYNN HUNTER
But they're on the second floor.

LT. WEINMAN
The treads can climb stairs.

LYNN HUNTER
Amazing.

The RIU rolls in.

A BLACK AND WHITE P.O.V. of the inside of the bath house as
it climbs the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND FLOOR ROOM - MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - SAME

Tok holds a gun to the soaking, unarmed Ruby.

They see the RIU roll in. It speaks with the voice of Lt.
Weinman.

LT. WEINMAN
(thru RIU)
Please release the hostage. We are
prepared to negotiate. What do you
want...

CROSS CUT TO:

EXT. MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - SAME

Weinman is speaking into a mike, looking at the monitor,
flanked by SWAT soldiers. He is smug as Tawny covers his
heroics on live TV.

LT. WEINMAN
(into mike)
... Repeat: What do you want?

TOK
(thru RIU)
A Big Mac, french fries, and a coke.

LT. WEINMAN
What?
(nothing)
Please repeat....
(to SWAT tech)
We lost picture....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

58.

OUT THE WINDOW comes FLYING the RIU. It LANDS HARD and EXPLODES into a thousand pieces.

They're all stunned.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND FLOOR ROOM - MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - SAME

It is obvious that Ruby helped him throw it out.

TOK

Thanks.

RUBY

No problem.

He pins his head with the gun and yells out the window.

TOK

I want a car. No Lojack. That old one.
(the caddy)

CUT TO:

EXT. MAKAROV BATH HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

They push up Mulligan's '51 caddy.

TOK

I want to see keys on the roof.

They leave them there.

He SLOWLY COMES OUT. He keeps Ruby real close and points his pistol at the scores of officers and SWAT officers.

LT. WEINMAN

Back off!! Back off, He's serious!

Tok grabs the keys and they slide in. Tok stays low, with Ruby close by in the passengers seat.

RUBY

Were you the one? Was it you who killed my partner?

TOK

Now your partner leaves you to die.

He smiles at Ruby, then TURNS THE KEY to start the car. NOTHING. Again. NOTHING. Again...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BBBLAMMM!!!!

Tok falls dead on the horn. Ruby screams. He's been shot through the FIREWALL.

The HOOD FLIES OPEN. Rainbow Mulligan climbs out with a smoking DESERT EAGLE PISTOL.

The crowd is in chaos, Ruby gets out. Weinman is hollering...

LT. WEINMAN (cont'd)
Who authorized this!?! Who authorized
this!?!

LYNN HUNTER
(to Mulligan)
Detective Mulligan. What prompted you...

Mulligan hands the TAMAGOTCHI to the wet, bloody, and shaken up Ruby.

MULLIGAN
It cried, so I fed it.
(he grabs the mike)
All you mobsters, gangsters and gang-
banging scum. Remember the faces of me
and Rubenstein, cause we're gonna find
you and we're gonna kill you.

He slams the mike on the pavement and walks off with Ruby, leaving the chaos behind.

RUBY
I didn't want to say anything, but that's
the first guy you hit today.

FADE OUT.

EXT. JEN RUBY'S HOUSE - BELL BLVD - BAYSIDE, QUEENS - SAME

Jen answers the door. It's Ruby. He is wet, bloody, filthy, and exhausted. She moves out of the way as he walks into the house.

He climbs the stairs and goes to enter Lucy's room, thinks better of it, then knocks.

LUCY
(o.c.)
Come in.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - SAME

He walks in, a sight for sore eyes, treading moisture and filth on her rug. Lucy colors a drawing without even looking up.

He throws the TAMAGOTCHI on her bed. It lands on her drawing.

She hits some buttons. It BEEPS. It's alive and happy. She looks up.

LUCY
How's Sunday sound?

FADE OUT.

ALEX
Gotta be specific man. I've done a lot of bad things.

Coop comes within twenty feet, then Alex starts backpedaling to keep a distance.

COOP
Your brother and your sister. Your father.
Why?

ALEX
They screwed up... got me caught. They always said they'd do anything for me. I took 'em up on that.

Alex smiles. Coop strides faster. Looks like he wants to kill this fuck.

COOP
And the Lowry kid?

Alex tousles the Toddler's hair. She smiles and laughs, oblivious to the situation.

ALEX
Just a lark really. Win friends and influence people.

COOP
No remorse?

ALEX
Well one regret ... I wish I woulda got him to do something bigger. An Oswald or at least a Cunanan.

The Lear Jet touches down at the end of the block.

ALEX
I'll be going now.

DOWN THE BLOCK

PJ sits up, fires a large rock with a slingshot... right into the intake of the jet engine. There's a godawful whirring crunch and smoke pours out. The Pilot gets out... takes off running.

WITH ALEX AND COOP

Alex reacts to this. He raises the Uzi.

Coop fires once from the hip. The Uzi goes flying along with a chunk of Alex's hand. A half dozen shots expel from the Uzi as it slides across the cement.

Alex starts to pull another handgun... Coop fires a bean bag right into Alex's groin... sending him toppling over on his back.

PJ comes running over with a Tazer, has him covered.

ALEX
Should have never left her alive.

COOP
You'd be dead now... if you hadn't.

PJ hurries over, unbuckles the Toddler, pulls her from the papoose, moves several yards away.

Coop comes over... stands looking down at Alex, who holds his bleeding hand. Catching his breath. The gun is laying near him.

ALEX
You want me to go for it. I can see it in your eyes. Generations of precision killing.

Coop hands his .45 to PJ. She seems a little baffled as to why. Alex inches towards the gun. Coop pulls out a throwing knife.

ALEX
Oooh... old school. Up close and personal.

Coop steps near. Wants to cut this fuck's heart out.

ALEX
I'll get out you know. Somehow. Legal shenanigans... or a clever escape. You know I will.

COOP
No you won't.

Alex makes his move... lunges for the gun. Coop uncoils... arm in motion.

PJ
Coop... NO!

The knife flies.... **STICKING ALEX'S EAR TO THE GROUND.**

Coop turns away. Slowly regains his cool. PJ reacts to this dark side of him she's just seen.

FADE OUT

INT. JAIL - DAY

Travis Lowry emerges slowly from the shadows into the light... smiling as he comes over.

TRAVIS

It's true... you're really here.

We see Alex, as miserable as he can be, in the next cell. Holding his bandaged ear with his bandaged hand.

TRAVIS

Tonight's a really good night for that pact, ya know. (whispers) I figured a way to break into the gas line running under my bunk. I got matches. One strike bud and we go out in a blaze o' glory.

PJ and Coop observe this, across the way. (not hearing the conversation but sensing something ominous in store) Coop heads out, passing a near catatonic Mrs. Bryson, who stares into space. A bit singed from the explosion, holding the Toddler in her lap.

COOP

They never listen....

As Coop walks away... WE MOVE into a much larger, general lock up CELL. Twelve people in it. One person stares at Coop as he leaves.

LOCK UP

Continuing to move toward this GUY WITH A STOCKING CAP. Who repeats the words... "Cooper Rose" again and again. An extremely sinister look in his eyes. A GUARD comes over, points at him.

GUARD

Hey you... Goldychops... charges dropped... you outa here.

HALLWAY

Striding down the hall... PJ is looking at an adding machine print out of THE TALLY.

COOP

That's how it adds up... sorry.

PJ

Uh-huh! No way. This was the richest week we've ever had. Parnell... Childress... the huge Bryson score... c'mon...

COOP

The golf course alone was over thirty seven thousand. I pay my damages and all expenses incurred. You know that's my deal.

PJ

You're like one of those movie studios with a worldwide hit that never shows a profit. (beat) I'll never dig myself outa this hole.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

Moving down the stairs... they come upon Faye who leans against her Ferrari, clapping.

FAYE

Knew you could.

Behind Coop, the Stocking Cap Guy exits the jail, walking off down the street. Coop senses something. He glances over, just as the Stocking Cap Guy disappears around a corner, then shrugs it off.

Faye pulls out a bottle of Crystal.

FAYE

Like to take you out for a drink or two Coop.

COOP

Raincheck... I'm gonna sleep for about six days.

Faye turns to PJ with the same predatory look in her eyes, shrugs.

FAYE

What about you then?

Raises the bottle. PJ blushes. Doesn't know what to say, for once. Coop shakes his head, laughs.

AROUND THE CORNER

Stocking Cap Guy takes his cap off... revealing a tattooed third eye. Smiles, showing his gold teeth. Clay Rucker, the child killer.

THE END.